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THE
SOUTHERN MONTHLY
MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.—MARCH, 1863.

AUCKLAND:
BEIGHTON AND SCALES, QUEEN STREET.
M.DCCCLXIV.

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"Quæ possint oculos æresque morari."—HOR.

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SOUTHERN MONTHLY

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THE
SOUTHERN MONTHLY
MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1863.

Is introducing a MONTHLY MAGAZINE to the notice of the inhabitants of Auckland, we wish to state briefly the objects at which we aim, and to give our readers some hint as to the kind of thing which we hope, in the language of our motto, may be able to detain their eyes and ears.

Our aim is to supply a monthly publication which shall embrace all subjects interesting to the general reader ; which may please the taste of those who read for amusement, and stimulate the appetite of those who desire information.

We have no desire to avoid the subject of politics, which is, or ought to be, interesting to every citizen. On the contrary, the progress, resources, and government of the country, will be freely, but we hope temperately, discussed in these pages. In handling such subjects, so far from us will be the heat and spirit of party that we shall not hesitate to admit articles which differ perhaps to some extent in their views and arguments, deeming calm discussion better than zealous advocacy.

With the controversies of theology we have nothing to do ; but it sometimes happens that such controversies involve indirectly considerations of much greater importance than the points at issue between rival parties. When this is the case, we shall not decline to speak in the cause of true religion and morality, and of the great principles of toleration and justice.

We hope to treat of scientific subjects with such absence of technicality, and such illustration of general principles, as may excite the interest of the uninformed, without incurring the contempt of the learned. We shall especially welcome contributions relating to this country, its aboriginal inhabitants, antiquities, meteorology, geology, botany, and zoology.

That large class of readers whose time and energies are occupied with the cares and labours of business, and who look to the periodical Magazine as a means of relaxation and amusement, will not find their tastes neglected. We know indeed that bad fiction is nearly as bad as bad poetry ; but, although we cannot command the assistance of those masters of their art who have raised the periodical literature of England to its present position, yet we may trust that the food for the imagination which our MAGAZINE will supply, will not be of that kind which is alike rejected of " gods, and men, and booksellers' shelves."

We hope that a pen may yet be found competent to engage our fancy with the poetry of Maori history, legend, and character.

Nor is it in this country alone that our future poet or novelist may find a yet unopened vein of material for the exercise of his art. The continent of Australia, with the mighty secrets of its old, and the wonderful development of its new life, offers a fertile field for the genius which can make every phase of human life " a joy for ever" to endless generations of readers.

Reviews of all books of interest, and particularly of such as may be published in this country, or in the colonies of the Southern hemisphere, will occupy a prominent position in our pages.

We have now said enough by way of preface. We leave our undertaking to the judgment of the public, claiming, it is true, the indulgence of the gentle, but not deprecating the criticism of the candid reader.

WHAT BECAME OF HIM ?

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.—IN COTTAGE AND IN HALL.

THE village had a sad look that day. The sun shone bright, it is true ; and the gentle summer breeze shook into music the rustling leaves of the huge old oaks and elms in the park and on the green. The long dark green grass in the meadows swayed to and fro gently, like the ocean before a storm ; and the rippling, glancing wavelets, washed the sand and the shells with a pleasant crisp murmur. Yet the village looked sad. It was not Sunday, yet a great many of the people hung round the cottage doors, listlessly and quietly. The fishermen pretended to be mending their damaged brown nets ; but any one could see that they were not thinking or caring a bit about them. At every sudden sound in the street you might have seen a dozen men start like nervous women, and look anxiously up towards that end of the village where, glistening brightly through the trees, might be discerned the roof of the Hall. There was evidently "trouble" in Beachford—to use the expressive country phrase—and it came from the Hall.

There was one group there which would most likely have attracted your attention amongst all the others, however. It consisted of three persons—an old man and woman, and a young man. The old man, who was evidently a fisherman, sat with a piece of an old discoloured net drawn across his knees, while he made a very poor pretence of mending a hole in it ; his wife sat on a low stool near him, with her hands clasped over her knees, and her eyes fixed on the motions of the young man, evidently her son, who walked with rapid nervous steps backwards and forwards before the house. She occasionally rocked herself slowly, as if in pain, and would now and then moan something unintelligible, at which the old man would glance at her with a pitying look.

"Father," said the young man, coming up to where he sat : "Father, I can't abear this no longer ! I must go up to the house and hear what's to be heard."

"Don't ye now, Jim ! Don't ye !" said the old man, earnestly. "Mayhap harm will come on't. They might turn ye away again, and then summat would happen belike."

"I can't help it, I tell ye, father. They do say as how the old man's dead ; that 't isn't all as it should be about Master Richard. I must know, I tell ye ; I must know."

"Well, my son, if you will go, I hope it'll turn out all right ; but mind, you were turned off not so long gone by. I wouldn't like to hear on't happen again."

"I'm off, then, father ! Never fret, mother, about young master. I daresay it's all lies that folks have been talking about it."

Sir Charles Fortescue had been buried that morning, and Sir Charles was owner of every acre of land for several miles each way from Beachford. It was not only the death of the landlord, whom they still looked on with a feeling of feudal reverence, that had caused the general excitement in the village. It had been whispered about that all was not right with the young master's claim to the estates. How, or why, no one seemed to know ; and tolerably wild some of the ideas were on the subject. It was well known that Richard Fortescue had quarrelled bitterly with his father, about a year before the date of our tale ; and some supposed that if the old Baronet had disinherited his son, as every one knew he was the very man to do, young Richard Fortescue might lose his inheritance. This seemed the more likely, from the fact that, during the last few months of Sir Charles' life, he frequently received visits from a nephew, of whom he was evidently very fond.

At two o'clock that day the will was to be opened at the Hall by the family lawyer, who was there on purpose. No wonder, then, the simple folks of Beachford, ignorant of the mysteries of entails, should have felt very anxious as to the result of the opening the dreadful document.

The excitement of the family about whom we have especially spoken was still more easily accounted for, as Jim Thurstal had been the young master's favorite groom, and had on that account been turned off when he quarrelled with his father.

In the room that had been his father's usual sitting room in former years, sat Richard Fortescue. He was a tall, handsome, manly figure, with a face which in all particulars appeared specially suited for his figure. His dress was plain, but of a military character, and his whole appearance suggestive of a gentleman ; perhaps rather proud—but yet essentially a gentleman.

He now sat at a table near the window ; his face resting on his hands, and his whole appearance giving evidence of a man suffering acutely. His thoughts were at that moment fixed on anything rather than his own elevation purchased by his father's death. On the contrary, it was with the keen grief of a noble mind that he now sorrowed for what he looked upon as his undutiful conduct to that father who, while living, he could never understand and hardly feel any affection for.

His meditations were indeed bitter enough, but they were totally unmingled with any fears about his own position and prosperity, although these were at the moment causing so much anxiety in the minds of his humble friends down in the village. He might indeed have heard something of it ; but if so it was only to dismiss the subject with a smile. He knew that *all* the Beachford estates were entailed.

As he was thus musing, the door of the room was quietly opened and a young man entered. The occupant of the room did not notice him at first ; and he stood still watching him.

The new-comer was a man to all appearance about twenty-three or twenty-four years old, but of that kind of appearance which does so often deceive in regard to age. He was certainly handsome, much more so indeed than his companion, although smaller, and as manly looking. His expression, however, was very inferior. It was no easy matter to say exactly where the defect lay ; but something in the face gave most people an unpleasant feeling with regard to the owner. As he gazed at his cousin, Charles Fortescue, for such was his name, wore, perhaps his

most unpleasant expression. There was something cat-like in the glitter of his small keen eyes, and a wicked look about his sternly compressed lips.

"Ahem! Mr. Fortescue!" said this individual at length.

His cousin started; and with a slightly heightened colour, replied: "Ah, Charles! is that you, you are really so silent in your movements that I didn't notice you. What is wanted?"

"Oh nothing; I only came in to see whether you were ready to go to hear the will read. Mr. Gibson is just going to begin."

"What!" said his cousin, "Begin without me? Mr. Gibson must be strangely oblivious of his own interests if he presumes to speak of such a thing."

"I'm not so sure about that as you seem to be," replied Charles; "these lawyers are usually pretty quick in discovering where their interest lies."

There was little in the words, but somehow the tone was such as to make the hot blood mount to his cousin's cheek. "You forget Charles; we are not as we were, when you and I were at school together, and you, as older boy could lord it over me. I tell you plainly, I don't like your tone."

"I am sorry to hear that, as you are likely to hear it for some little time longer," replied the other, as if anxious to exasperate him.

Richard made a step towards him, and then stopped. "Don't provoke me Charles, I beg of you. I should be really sorry to do anything inhospitable; but if I am roused I cannot always command myself."

"Oh, never mind, I don't see what you could do exactly, unless you took advantage of your size and tried fisticuffs."

"There is the alternative of having you shown out by the servants, Charles—but come—let us have no more of this. I will go down and hear the will at once, he will hardly begin I think until I get down!"

"No, I'll take care that he doesn't," said his cousin; and walked down stairs with the same stealthy tread, at which he had come up. The other looked angrily after him for a moment; then muttering, "ill-tempered fool!" he plunged into his own bed room for a moment, before following him.

The party assembled in the great dining-hall to hear the will was a large and brilliant one, for the Fortescues were widely connected amongst the nobility. At Richard Fortescue's entrance most of the party rose to receive him; he bowed gracefully, and took the seat opposite the lawyer which had been left vacant for him. Mr. Gibson bowed to him, and solemnly broke the seals of the huge parchment document, which contained the last will and testament of Sir Charles Fortescue, Baronet, of Beachford, &c., &c. Our hero paid but little attention to the document, which came to his ears much as a jargon of crabbed law expressions and circumlocutions, which he did not care to follow. His attention was at last arrested by the mention of his own name for the first time, in the long document. He looked up, and saw the looks of every one in the room, except the lawyer and his cousin, fixed on him with strangely varied expressions.

"What is that," he said, "Read it again please, Mr. Gibson as I was afraid I didn't catch what was said."

The lawyer began once more at the top of the page. It was a codicil, executed some months previously, and ran somewhat as follows ; leaving out a cloud of technicalities which only obscured the meaning, although doubtless most necessarily from a legal point of view :—

"I, Charles Fortescue, being at this time in sound health, both of body and mind, do hereby give and bequeath to my son Richard, commonly called Richard Fortescue, but being born out of lawful wedlock, as the annexed documents will clearly prove, the sum of one hundred pounds sterling, current coin of this realm, payable on demand, from the funds accruing from the Beachford estates. Also a plain mourning ring, to be worn by him in memory of his father, whom he has deeply offended, and in token that he is forgiven." Then follows a number of documents, showing that at the date of Sir Charles' supposed marriage with Richard's mother, his former wife was still alive in Italy.

The shock was too great—Richard Fortescue, as we will still call him, sat listening to each word that fell from the lawyer's mouth with slow, deadly distinctness, with a sense of horror gathering upon him, as it went on, but no clear idea of whom it was all about. It was not until that monotonous reading ceased suddenly and abruptly with his father's name, and those of the attesting witnesses, that he at all roused himself from the sort of stupor into which the first shock had cast him.

He looked round wildly—on every side he met eyes that looked at him with much more of curiosity than of kindness. The lawyer was rubbing his spectacles with his silk handkerchief, and looking blandly at his cousin Charles.

He staggered to his feet. "What ? what is this, gentlemen ? Can I look at that paper ?"

"Certainly sir," replied the lawyer eyeing him coolly—"Certainly, if you wish it," and he opened the will again, laying his hand however firmly upon it, as it lay stretched out on the table. How he reached the table between that terrible double row of eyes, that seemed to glare on him as he passed, he never knew. But he did reach it, and then read with his own eyes, the fatal words :—

"BORN OUT OF LAWFUL WEDLOCK."

It was enough ; he put both hands to his eyes, staggered, and fell flat upon the floor. The people were by no means unfeeling people, although with regard to our hero they had no specially pleasant associations. His mother had proved an apple of discord in the family, and there was scarcely one there who was not more or less glad,—in a decent and high-bred way, of course—that she should have been disgraced even at the expense of her husband's honour. They had also known something of it beforehand, as Mr. Gibson had made out the codicil, and had thought it advisable to prepare them in some degree for the revelation about to be made. Hence it was that the excitement was not much greater than it was, on this occasion.

When Richard Fortescue came to himself he was alone, with the exception of one old servant of the house, who had nursed him in childhood. All his other most faithful friends had been dismissed by his father after his quarrel, on one or other pretext.

He rose from the sofa on which he lay, and looked round ; at first

stupidly, and with confused faculties ; gradually, however, his mind began to act again, and the whole fearful story darted through it. He groaned, as though in bodily agony. It was actually a relief to him to hear the lamentations of his old nurse, and an attempt to comfort her, in his overwhelming grief, was the first healthier impulse of his mind, as yet too elastic to be wholly overpowered by even such a blow as it had just sustained.

His kindly solicitous manner, although it at first increased his old dependent's distress, was soon successful in the attempt to calm her ; as she could not believe but somehow all would yet come right.

It may not seem natural to some, that one in Richard Fortescue's position should, within an hour or two of such a fearful shock, have been found able and willing to comfort another. But after all, he had not yet realized it in its effects. He had felt the blow and been prostrated by it for a time ; but his mind had not taken it into consideration so as to examine its effect upon his future career. He had in a certain sense forgotten it indeed, whilst he talked kindly to the poor old woman whose grief on his account was largely mingled with, and not a little heightened by, thoughts of her own probable loss of a home in her old age. An expression of hers recalled him to a consideration of his position however—

"And, oh lauk, to think what'll become of me in my old age, sir ; and me bad wi' the rheumatis' every winter !"

"You shall never want while I—I mean"—and there he stopped ; for the whole bitter tide of thought, arrested for a few moments, rushed upon his mind in an instant. *He* promise anything to anyone ! He could almost have laughed at the idea. *He* able to keep anyone from want ! when he hadn't an idea of how he was to live himself. He shrunk as if from something too terrible to face, and dropping his face upon his firmly-clenched hands, tried to think. He could not. Thought after thought rushed through his mind, and was gone before he could grasp it. Scraps of plans for his future, hideously mixed up with scenes in which he imagined himself treated with insult like a man with a brand upon him. Then again—strangely incongruous—a scrap out of some play would ring in his ears. But through it all he saw, standing out in horrible relief, the one idea of utter and indelible disgrace.

How long he sat thus he never could tell, but it must have been for many hours. He was at last aroused by a voice in the passage, which called out,

"James ! Sir Charles says you had better give orders to have Lord Loftus's horses looked after for the night, as its going to be a storm, and my Lord won't be able to go."

"Sir Charles !" he muttered. "Sir Charles !" and then he gave a strange, wild, hollow sort of laugh. He looked round. It was getting very dark in the room where he was, but he could just make out the figure of the old nurse, fast asleep in a large easy chair. "What business have I here !" he muttered once more. "I'm dead and buried, and have got a successor. Why, I'm an anachronism, I declare ;" and he laughed again—the same wild low laugh. "Ah ! its going to be a storm ; a fine hearty, honest storm ; no taking one at unawares at that—no coming down on one without warning—I love a storm.—I'll be off !"

Richard Fortescue was evidently in a very dangerous state of mind ; no wonder his intellect was partly unhinged for the time. When the

idea of getting away had once taken possession of his mind, he was not slow to act upon it. Moving stealthily, as if afraid to wake the poor old woman beside him, he stole to the door, looked out to see that no one was looking at him, and moved quietly and quickly down the great staircase. In trying to cross the hall he saw that the dining-room door stood partly open, and heard voices as though from the dinner-table. Opening a door quickly on the opposite side, he let himself into what had been his mother's bed-room. Everything there stood just as it had been left twelve years before when the reputed Lady Fortescue died. Scarcely looking to the right or left of him, her son now stole towards the window with the view of letting himself out by that way. As he undid the fastening his eye caught the glitter of a large golden locket which he knew to contain a miniature of his mother. Muttering, "She too was injured then, poor thing!" he seized it and pushed it into his breast pocket. Then stealthily opening the window, dropped lightly on the walk in front, and in another second had plunged among the shrubs at the end of the house, and was effectually hid from sight.

Hurrying recklessly on, he never stopped until he had attained the highest point of the grounds contained in Beachford Park. It was a beetling crag that overhung the sea, not merely figuratively, but really. Far below, the great rollers burst upon the rocks during storms, but never sent any spray so high as the top. Now, there were no waves to break then, but to the experienced eye of our hero there was good promise of them in plenty. The sea was smooth and glassy, but it moved in long, massive ridges, that seemed to get larger and larger, towards the horizon; while a low moaning sound, which seemed to come from a great distance, produced an effect that was even more solemn than the full roar of the waves on the crags below. Somehow the scene had a calming effect on our hero's mind; he ceased for the moment to feel that crushing sense of his degradation, as he gazed at the huge hills of glassy water, stretching into the limitless distance, and listened to the solemn peal of the ocean as it gathered its strength up for the storm. He stood on the topmost peak like a statue gazing out to seaward. The air was still—a dead calm—one of that sort so suggestive of a violent change. Not a sound reached him but the moan of the ocean; not even an insect hummed through the torpid atmosphere.

"It's coming!" he exclaimed to himself, after a pause. "We'll have it in earnest this time, too. Ah! if a ship were only blown ashore now, there would be a chance for an honorable death. It would be easy to jump off here now, but then it wouldn't be manly. No, I won't; a fair death or none for me!" and he sprang back from the edge, to which the fiend of despair had urged him nearer than was at all safe.

In five minutes more the storm was upon him. First a long sigh-like sound, like one drawing a deep breath, came from the sea; then a long low wail, like some one in pain, accompanied by the rushing on of a bronze-looking low bank of cloud, that blotted out the view to seaward at once. No more warning than this, and the storm was there. Such a storm as hadn't been there for years, some said, within the memory of man. Yet Richard Fortescue didn't seek shelter; sometimes he was forced to lie down from the strength of the wind, but give way he wouldn't.

The storm might have lasted a couple of hours, when, as he looked

out to seaward, trying to make out the loom of the breakers below, his ear was startled by a fresh sound. He started, put his hand to his ear, and threw himself at full length on the grass. Again ! and he sprang to his feet, and without a moment's pause set off at a run before the wind.

It was full moon that night ; so that even the thickness of the storm did not entirely prevent there being a sort of light.

It would not have mattered much to our hero whether it were light or dark, as he knew every step of his way. He had just reached the edge of the descent to the village, when a man sprang towards him and caught him by the arm. He raised his hand to strike his assailant to the ground, but was arrested by his exclaiming in a voice which he well knew—"Oh, Master Richard, are you here ?"

What, Jim ! is that you ? let go my arm, Jim ! you mustn't have anything to do with me now. You know I'm a disgraced man. Don't trouble yourself about me any more !"

"Oh, Master Richard, don't talk so wild. I knows it all, and I'll never leave you let come what may. I'll go wi' thee to the end o' the earth, Master Richard."

"Come on now then, Jim," said our hero ; moved in spite of himself by the tone of affection in which these last words were said. "There's a ship coming down on the Tanner's Nose there, I'm sure. Let us see what a disgraced man can do to make himself of some use before he dies and gets buried in a ditch." He was hurrying along at a great pace, long before he had finished this sentence ; only parts of which came to Jim's ears, on account of the wind.

Jim kept close to him, however, and in five minutes more they stood on the edge of the beach. The cannons were heard distinctly enough here ; and groups of dark figures might be made out here and there at the beach, looking out to seaward, with stupefied curiosity.

It seemed in truth that nothing could be done ; the view to seaward gave an impression of utter helplessness, scarcely to be shaken off. There was just light enough to see the loom of the great rugged cliffs of red sandstone, from which huge mountain waves were momentarily thrown back with a roar absolutely deafening. The tide was almost at the lowest ebb, yet the great white crested rollers burst upon the beach with such fury, that they were borne in above ordinary high water mark.

Our hero and his companion did not stand for more than a moment to contemplate the scene ; but traversing the beach, they approached a group of fishermen who stood silently gazing at the waves.

Richard Fortescue was recognized before he spoke by his tall commanding figure ; and not a man was there who did not pull off whatever protection he wore on his head against the storm. It did him good unconsciously to feel that here at least he was not an outcast, and it was in his old hearty voice that he cried, in tones pitched to carry through the storm,—

"Where do you make her out to be, my men ?"

"Nor'-west o' the Tanner's Nose, your honour."

"Coming down like a race horse too, I'll warrant," added another voice.

"How is the tide ?"

"Dead low, within the half hour, sir."

"Not much that we can do, then, I'm afraid. A boat wouldn't live a moment in that sea, would it?"

"Lor' bless, ye no! Not if it was Noah's Ark, yer honor."

"To the point then, and—has any one a rope?"

"No!"

"Fetch one then, and come on at once."

The orders were issued like orders; no hesitation, no speaking twice. Richard Fortescue had forgotten all but the wreck. And not one of those who heard him, had a thought beyond doing what he bid them.

Ten minutes more and they had battled against the wind over to the north-western point of the bay, where the cliffs rose high and precipitous, partly protecting them from the wind, which could only get at them in finer eddies, round the corner.

Beyond the cliff the rock ran out in a long sharp point called the Tanner's Nose. It was here that a vessel coming from the north-west must certainly strike unless something could be done to change her course, and so round the end of it into the bay. A short consultation was held under the lee of the cliff, and then a party of the strongest and most daring men, headed by Richard Fortescue, left the shelter, and tried to make their way out to the end of the rock, which could not be even seen from the shore on account of the clouds of spray that rose above it. It was no easy matter. The gusts of wind came with almost hurricane force, and the blinding clouds of salt mist bewildered the senses, so that it was hard to know in what direction they were going. Still they battled their way, like strong brave-hearted men as they were. Richard Fortescue was the foremost man, and it was strange to see, and it seemed strange afterwards to those who followed him, what an influence his manner and bearing had on them. At last he stopped,—

"We can go no further" shouted he, using his hands as a speaking trumpet. "The water is rushing over here like a mill stream!" "Can you make out anything Jackson?" he shouted again, after a pause, during which all crouched down to escape some of the force of the wind, and gazed out to seaward.

"Not a sign your honor! Mayhap she'll clear us yet!"

"God have mercy on her if she does not," said Richard solemnly.

There was a silence again on the men's part for some minutes, and every sense was strained to the uttermost for a sight of the vessel.

"She must be gone by sir, I think," shouted Jackson at last; "we hain't heard a gun these ten minutes!"

"Thank God if it is so—but no! Look!—there to windward! Merciful heaven!"

It was the ship. There she came, looming large and black through the misty air, but close upon them before a sign of her was visible. A cry of horror burst from that daring group of men. In another moment the ship seemed to tower, huge and grand, over their heads; and then—every man of them closed his eyes involuntarily—there was a crash!—far above the roar of wind and waves—and a fearful cry. Then a dull, heavy, grinding sound. She had come down on a part of the reef not fifty yards beyond the spot where the group of fishermen were standing in helpless horror. Again came that wild unearthly scream, and then, with one hideous lurch, the great ship received a wave on her

broadside, and rolled over before their eyes into the black chasm of spray on the leeward side of the reef.

"Oh, God !" was the involuntary exclamation of each man on the rock. The next moment, our hero, shouting to his companions to hold on by the rope, one end of which he had fastened, unobserved, round his body, ran forward, and taking a spring, almost disappeared in the rushing struggling waves, where the huge ship had but just gone down. They could, however, with great effort just manage to trace his course ; and, after a moment's horrible suspense, Jackson, who was famous for his powers of sight, shouted—

"He has him ! Pull in—pull in, for your lives ! A man can't live in that sea five minutes."

Pull in they did, with a will ; and yet it was all they could do to stem the rush of that fearful current. He did, however, reach the shelf of rock, and was in safety ; and in his arms he bore the apparently lifeless body of a man.

"To the village !" he gasped, as soon as he could find the strength to speak, and pointed to the body. "It's all that ever will be saved from the wreck."

He was right. From that hour till this no mortal has seen or heard aught of the crew of the good ship 'Golden Promise.' Whether they lie in the deep bay of Beachford, or, as is more likely, were carried out to sea through the opposite passage, is a mystery now, and must so remain—for ever ! No ! not for ever.

The rescued man was better. He sat before the fire in old George Thurstal's cottage ; and there, too, sat his deliverer, and Jim, who had never lost sight of his young master from the moment he recognised his tall figure running down towards the village. The man was much better ; but, as yet, had never spoken. He sat with his hands over his eyes, and moaned at intervals. At last, our hero ventured to ask him if he felt better. He started at the question, and muttered, "Yes, yes," almost inaudibly.

"I think it will do him good to rouse him," he whispered to Jim. Jim nodded. "What ship was it ?" he asked, touching the man gently on the arm.

"What ship !" echoed the man, wildly. "What ship ! Oh, God ! The 'Golden Promise'—heaven help me—the 'Golden Promise'"—and he shuddered fearfully.

"'Golden Promise' ! Where was she bound for ?"

"California," said the man, in a lower and quieter tone.

"California !" echoed Richard Fortescue.

ON THE LAST WINTER AND PRESENT SUMMER.

On reviewing the past winter of 1862, as regards the effects it produced on our summer crops, we observe that the rain set in about the middle of last May, and continued until nearly the end of September, with very few fine days intervening. The consequence was that the ground was saturated to overflowing, compressed, and sodden; the roads became rotten; entrance gates to fields almost impassable; and where the fields were heavily stocked (more especially on retentive soils), every foot-mark stood full of water. The winter was very mild; we had no frost in the neighbourhood of Auckland to blacken the leaf of a heliotrope; the grass continued growing, and cattle were not in so bad a condition as might have been expected. It was, however, an exhausting winter for the soil, as the present summer shows.

The spring set in with harsh drying south-west winds, with occasional showers, accompanied by hot sunshine, and cold nights, with a great evaporation of the moisture in the soil. Labour could not be proceeded with till nearly the end of September, and the ground being baked with the rain, and the weather then setting in dry, it was next to impossible to work it: the spring crops went in badly; the ground would not pulverize by working, and, if I may so term it, the seed had no bed for its reception. Certainly light scoria ground wrought well, but the inert matter was either washed away from the surface or lodged deep in the subsoil so as to preclude the possibility of obtaining a crop without a large quantity of manure.

The advantageous action of the atmospheric air, in passing through the soil, is due to the fact of its losing a portion of its oxygen, and thus giving rise to the formation of a larger portion of carbonic acid. Hence arises the advantage of draining. The soil being always kept porous where the water has a free egress, and from its openmess preventing the accumulation of water, cultivation can be commenced earlier in spring on well drained land than on that which has not been drained. Manures are much more energetic in their action in soil that has been drained, which is likewise two or three degrees warmer. That being the case, the decomposition of the fertilizing substance is more rapid and uniform.

We are very much in want of correct Tables of Meteorological Observations showing the quantity of rain that falls in every month in the year; the temperature of the earth at one and two feet deep; the temperature of the air at one foot from the surface of the ground; the humidity in the air; and the direction and force of the wind. If we had correct information of the foregoing, monthly, it would be of great advantage to our agricultural community, and, by comparing one year with another, we might arrive, in seven or ten years, at a correct estimate of the climate.

Now, to return to our present subject, I will only state a few plants

that are valuable to grow in a dry season such as we have experienced. White Belgian carrots, that were sown in the last week of September in deep loamy soils, have grown well; and likewise all other plants with a tapering root that descend deeply into the earth. The later sown, however, were dried up before they had hold of the ground, or were destroyed by insects. Potatoes, planted about the same time, progressed and looked very well for a time, but the yield was inferior; that I attribute to the ground running together on losing the moisture, and the later sown ones are scarcely worth the trouble of digging. The caterpillars attacked the leaves about the time they came into flower and stripped every leaf off them. The crickets have been very troublesome of late to the potatoe crop, and likewise to the pastures; besides committing depredations on young fruit trees by barking the stems level with the surface of the ground. Sweet potatoes stand the drought well; they luxuriate in a dry, warm climate, and a friable soil.

Mangold wurtzel has grown well this season, especially that which was sown in September; and no insects appear to do much hurt to it. It is a very remunerative crop to grow, as the yield per acre is over thirty tons; but it requires to be sown early in the spring on well drained ground. Cattle are very fond of it—white carrots and mangolds, sliced up and mixed in about equal proportions of each, are a most excellent food for horses, cows, and pigs. Indian corn, that was put in early, promises a large return. This is another plant that ought to be grown more extensively than it is, as the yield per acre for green food alone is very considerable.

Sugar grass returns a large amount of green food throughout the Summer and Autumn months. Never allow it to rise more than two feet before it is cut; but the best way is to go over it every week, and thin the longest stalks from each stool. Cattle do not care to eat the stems when they get hard, unless they are cut in short lengths and mixed with other food. It makes good hay, cut and dried. As the hay crop is very light this Summer, and very dear, a few acres of the sugar grass made into hay would have been a remunerative speculation.

Although the pastures have been burnt up of late, stock are not in so bad a condition as might have been anticipated, and rain having fallen copiously in the end of last month, will increase the feed for the season; as it is not likely we shall want for rain this Autumn. The pastures have had a good rest for the last three months, and I am in hopes that the after Spring will be better than the first. As the ground is in a fine state to receive rain, it will carry the gasses in the atmosphere down into the fissures of the earth, and expand and close them in as new stimulants for the food of roots.

Trees that have been lately planted, have suffered much from the drought; but the ones that had been established for a few years have grown well.

Fruit trees look healthy, and the young wood is well matured and free from blemishes. Apples and pears are a fair crop, and remarkably fine in flavour, clear and sound in the skin, especially the latter fruit.

Peaches that bore a heavy crop had small fruit, and the flavour was rather indifferent; those that had a medium crop were very fine, both in size and flavour.

Figs, first crop, large and fine ; second crop, many falling off from the want of moisture.

Seeds have ripened well. It has been a very favourable Summer for the maturing of every description of seeds ; dews were not very prevalent, neither have we been visited with many storms, and what rain we did have, fell very gently, so as to be absorbed by the soil, without running to waste.

DAVID HAY.

SUNTHIN' IN THE PASTORAL LINE.

HOSEE BIGLOW AND A PILGRIM FATHER OF HIS'N ON THE
TROUBLE O' THE DAY.

* * * * *

"Now I wuz settin' where I'd been, it seemed,
An' ain't sure yit whether I r'ally dreamed,
Nor ef I did, how long I might ha' slep',
When I hearn some un stompin' up the step,
An' lookin' round, ef two an' two make four,
I see a Pilgrim Father in the door.
He wore a steeple-hat, tall boots, an' spurs,
With rowels to 'em big ez ches'nut burrs,
An' his gret sword behind him sloped away,
Long 'z a man's speech thet dunna wut to say."

"Ef your name's Biglow, an' your given-name
Hosee," sez he, "its arter you I came ;
I'n your gret gran'ther multiplied by three."
"My wut ?" sez I.

"Your gret-gret-gret," sez he :
"You wouldn't ha' never ben here, but for me.
Two hundred an' three year ago this May
The ship I come in sailed up Boston Bay ;
I'd been a cunnle in our Civil War—
But wot on airth hev *you* got up one for ?
I'm told you write in public prints : ef true
It's nateral you should know a thing or two."

"That air's an argyment I can't endorse—
'T would prove, coz you wear spurs, you kep' a horse ;
For brains," sez I, "wutever you may think,
Ain't boun' to cesh the drafts o' pen-an'-ink—
Though mos' folks write ez ef they hoped jes' quickenin'
The churn, would argoo skim-milk into thickenin' ;

But skim-milk ain't a thing to change its view
 O' usefulness, no morn'n a smoky flue.
 But du pray tell me, 'fore we further go,
 How in all Natur' did you come to know
 'Bout our affairs," sez I, in Kingdom Come ! "

"Wal, I worked around at sperrit-rappin' some,
 In hopes o' larnin' wut wus goin' on,"
 Sez he, "but mejums lie so like all split,
 Thet I concluded it wus best to quit.
 But, come now, ef you wun't confess to knowin',
 You've some conjectures how the thing's a-goin'."

"Gran'ther," sez I, "a vane warn't never known
 Nor asked to hev a jedgment of its own ;
 An, yit, ef 'taint got rusty in the jints,
 It's safe to trust its say on certain pints ;
 It knows the wind's opinion to a T,
 An' the wind settles wut the weather'll be."

"I never thought a scion of our stock
 Could grow the wood to make a weathercock ;
 When I wuz younger 'n you, skurce more'n a shaver,
 No airthly wind," sez he, "could make me waver !"
 (Ez he said this, he clinced his jaw an' forhad
 Hitchin his belt to bring his sword-hilt forrad.)

"Jes' so it wuz wit' me," sez I, "I swow,
 When I wuz younger 'n wut you see me now—
 Nothin', from Adam's fall to Huld's bonnet,
 Thet I warn't full-cocked with my jedgment on it ;
 But now I'm gittin' on in life, I find
 It's a sight harder to make up my mind—
 Nor I don't often try tu, when events
 Will du it for me free of all expense.
 The moral question 's ollus plain enough—
 It's jes' the human nature side thet's tough ;
 Wut's best to think mayn't puzzle me nor you—
 The pinch comes in decidin' wut tu *du* ;
 Ef you *read* History, all runs smooth ez grease,
 Coz there the men ain't nothin' more 'n idees—
 But come to *make* it, ez we must to-day,
 Th' idees hev arms an' legs an' stop the way ;
 It's easy fixin' things in facts and figgers—
 They can't resist nor warn't brought up with niggers ;
 But come to try your the'ry on—why, then
 Your facts and figgers change to ign'ant men
 Acting es ugly"—

"Smite 'em hip an' thigh !"

Sez gran'ther, "and let every man-child die !
 Oh, for three weeks o' Crommle and the Lord !
 O Israel, to your tents and grind the sword !"

"Thet kind of thing worked well in old Judee,
 But you forgit how long its ben A. D. ;
 You think thet's ellerkence—I call it shoddy,
 A thing," sez I, "wun't cover soul nor body ;
 I like the plain all-wool o' common-sense,
 Thet warnis ye now, an' will a twelvemonth hence.
 You took to follerin, where the Prophets beckoned,
 And, fust you knowed on, back came Charles the Second ;
 Now wut I want's to hev all *we* gain stick,
 An' not to start Millennium too quick ;
 We hain't to punish only, but to keep,
 An' the cure's got to go a centry deep."

"Wal, milk-an'-water ain't a good cement,"
 Sez he, "an' so you'll find it in the event ;
 Ef rashness venters suthin', shilly-shally
 Loses ez often wut's ten times the vally.
 That exe of our'n when Charles's neck gut split,
 Opened a gap that ain't bridged over yit :
 Slav'ry's your Charles, the Lord hez gin the exe"—
 "Our Charles," sez I, "hez gut eight million necks.
 The hardest question ain't the black man's right—
 The trouble is to 'mancipate the white ;
 One's chained in body an' can be sot free—
 The other's chained in soul to an idee ;
 It's a long job, but we shall worry thru' it ;
 Ef bag'nets fail, the spelling-book must do it."

"Hosee," sez he, "I think you're goin' to fail :
 The rattlesnake ain't dangerous in the tail ;
 This 'ere rebellion's nothin' but the rattle—
 You'll stomp on that an' think you've won the bettle ;
 It's Slavery thet 's the fangs, an' thinkin' head,
 An' ef you want selvation, cresh it dead—
 An' cresh it suddin', or you'll larn by waitin'
 Thet Chance wun't stop to listen to debatin' !"

"God's truth !" sez I—"an' ef *I* held the club,
 An' knowed jes' where to strike—but there's the rub."

"Strike soon," sez he, or you'll be deadly ailin'—
 Folks that's afeard to fail are sure o' failin'.
 God hates your sneakin' creturs thet believe
 He'll settle things they run away an' leave !"

"He brought his foot down fiercely ez he spoke,
 An' give me sech a startle thet I woke."

J. R. LOWELL.

REVIEWS.

OLD NEW ZEALAND: *A Tale of the Good Old Times.* By a PAKEHA MAORI. Auckland:—ROBERT J. CREIGHTON and ALFRED SCALES. 1863.

THE press of New Zealand does not yet teem with publications sufficiently to enable us to view with indifference a goodly volume containing two hundred and forty pages.

The printing of the work before us is so excellent as to make no small addition to the pleasure of reading it, and the publishers are to be complimented on the production of a book which will be a credit to the colonial press, and an encouragement to colonial authors.

In this book a "Pakeha Maori" has given us a contribution towards a great work which is as yet only partially completed,—the work of preserving to future times a picture of this country as it was before its peculiar features were modified or destroyed by the encroachments of British enterprise. Of this work, what remains to be done must be done quickly; "*dum loquimur, fugerit invida ætas*;" the time slips away while we talk about it, and the course of things will not be arrested for our convenience. Nature, as careless of the type as of the individual, keeps her inexorable course.

"—a thousand types are gone,
I care for nothing, all shall go."

This is her language, and it is for us to seize and record her phases before they vanish.

The Maori race is probably perishing and certainly changing. Their old customs, institutions, and ideas are fast fading away, even from their own memories, and whatever relating to these things is not put on record speedily, will be lost for ever. If it is too much to expect that the work will be undertaken by some writer who has the industry to collect, the judgment to discriminate, and the talent to depict the facts necessary for a faithful and popular history of New Zealand and its aborigines, we may at least call upon all those whose experience in the earliest days of colonisation enables them to do so, to follow the example of the author of this book, and give us all the information they can about Maori life in the olden time. Every item of intelligence is to be welcomed, whatever the form of publication, whether the elaborate volume, the short pamphlet, the magazine article, or half a column in the daily newspapers. But we must proceed to consider the contents of our book.

There is nothing strained or inappropriate in the title of this book, for although this contemporary historian of "Old New Zealand" is a living man, and, if we may judge from his writing, in full possession of his powers and faculties, yet so different is the life which he records from that which exists now, that he must feel as if he had indeed lived into

another age of the world, or as if the earth, having slipped round under him, had landed him upon another island, similar in its physical features, but differing in all other respects.

From an express statement in his book (p. 74), we may infer that it is at the least more than forty years since, for want of a wharf, our Pakeha Maori trusted himself to the treacherous shoulders of the "Eater of melons," and upon their failing to support his weight, was at length brought safely to shore by the more friendly tide. He recovered his personal dignity by conquering the melon-eater in wrestling, and his *mana* soon became established among his new friends. From this time we have an account of many amusing personal adventures, mixed with a good deal of interesting information on the manners and superstitions of the natives, and their customs both in war and peace. The character of native tenure of land is amusingly illustrated in his account of the purchase of his estate, and the various claimants by whom he was beset. One man claimed in right of his ancestor, who turned out to have been a lizard which formerly inhabited a cave on the land. One put in a claim because his grandfather had been murdered on the ground, another because his was the murderer. All the claimants agreed as to the existence of a *wahi tapu* or burying ground somewhere on the land, although no one could fix the precise spot, and they gave colour to their assertion by stipulating that the pakeha should fence this place round and make no use of it. He only got over the difficulties of his purchase by announcing that he had abandoned his intention, whereupon the rival claimants agreed among themselves as to the price they should demand, which they afterwards divided among themselves. We find it difficult to recognise in all this those definite ideas about the right in land which some writers assert to have existed from the earliest times among the natives. We rather suspect that in this, as in other instances, we have been more successful in recommending to our Maori friends such of our notions as happen to suit their purposes, than in introducing such as would answer our own.

Having acquired his estate, our author became the pakeha of a respectable old chief named "Lizard Skin." To become possessed of a pakeha was an object of ambition among the chiefs, for the acquisition involved an exclusive right of fleecing in the way of trade, combined with the duty of extending to the pakeha chattel a support chiefly moral, or if material, amply compensated by very material remuneration. Whilst fully sympathising with a man of our author's muscular development, in his regrets for those good old times when such lively and pleasant encounters were possible as that which he describes between himself and the amiable marauder who tried to kill him in his own house, we confess to a latent feeling of satisfaction that we, who are of a more degenerate type, should have our lot cast in a degenerate age; but then, to be sure, a poor writer of magazine articles might hardly have been thought worth knocking on the head in the heroic times. Of the character of the brave above-mentioned we have the following illustrations:—

"He was sitting in the verandah of his house, and told her [his wife] to bring him a light for his pipe. She, being occupied in domestic affairs, said, 'Can't you fetch it yourself, I am going for water.' She had the calabash in her hand and their infant child on her back. He snatched up his gun, and instantly shot her dead on the spot; and I had heard

him afterwards describing quite coolly the comical way in which her brains had been knocked out by the shot with which the gun was loaded. He also had, for some trifling provocation, lopped off the arm of his own brother or cousin, I forget which, and was, altogether, from his tremendous bodily strength and utter insensibility to danger, about as 'ugly a customer' as one would care to meet."

This amiable person, having learned that our Pakeha Maori had ventured to threaten him, in consequence of some depredations which he had suffered at his hands, quietly presented himself at his house with the laudable intention of tomahawking him. A terrible struggle ensued, which is very graphically described, and which, after more than an hour's duration, and the utter destruction of all the windows and furniture, ended in the triumph of English muscle and endurance over savage ferocity.

The tribe with which our author dwelt had attacked a neighbouring tribe at a time when a body of their fighting men were absent on a war-like expedition. Peace was afterwards made, but the news of the return of the absent band, who, flushed with victory, would have to pass through their settlement, caused considerable apprehension in our author's tribe. He describes in an interesting manner the energy with which they worked day and night to make their pa defensible, the approach of the suspected enemy, the manœuvres which took place between the two parties, the ratification of peace, and the affecting *tangi* by which it was accompanied; notwithstanding which—"twenty-seven years afterwards I saw the two tribes fighting in that very quarrel which was pretended to have been made up that day."

Our author was attracted by a group of natives seated on a hill, who had accompanied the above-mentioned war-party on their return, and who were better dressed than common. On a nearer inspection, however, he discovered to his amazement that the group in question consisted of heads alone, with cloaks so arranged as easily to deceive the inexperienced.

Whilst contemplating this new phenomenon, "I was saluted by a voice from behind, with, 'looking at the eds, sir?' It was one of the pakehas formerly mentioned. 'Yes,' said I, turning round just the least possible thing quicker than ordinary. 'Eds has been a getting scarce,' says he. 'I should think so,' says I. 'We a'nt ad a ed this long time,' says he. 'The devil!' says I. 'One of them eds has been hurt bad,' says he. 'I should think all were, rather so,' says I. 'Oh no, only one on 'em,' says he, 'the skull is split, and it won't fetch nothin,' says he. 'Oh, murder! I see, now,' says I. 'Eds was *werry* scarce,' says he, shaking his own 'ed.' 'Ah!' said I. 'They had to tattoo a slave a bit ago,' says he, 'and the villain ran away, tattoooin' and all' says he. 'What?' said I. 'Bolted afore he was fit to kill,' says he. 'Stole off with his own head?' says I. 'That's just it,' says he. 'Capital felony!' says I. 'You may say that, sir,' says he. 'Good morning,' said I. I walked away pretty smartly. . . . 'It's all very funny,' said I.'" It seems there was a trade in "eds" with the skippers of some of the trading schooners, a trade which we may suppose to have become at length precarious, in consequence of the unprincipled conduct of such persons as the slave who went off "tattoooin' and all," before he was fit to kill.

We meet with some interesting information on the subjects of *muru*

and *tapu*. The former was a legalised system of plunder, which was set in action so frequently, and on such trifling occasions, that personal property of all kinds was constantly changing hands. If a man's child was burnt by accident, he was subject to a *muru* from the tribe to which the child's mother belonged. He was invaded by a band of marauders, who, after one of their number had gone through a mimic spear fight with the father, proceeded to eat or carry away the whole of the goods and chattels of the latter. The commonest accidents subjected a man to this cleaning out process, and our Pakeha Maori himself had on one occasion to pay handsomely for having burnt a tree from the top of which the bones of somebody's grandfather had been removed some ten years before. The claimant in this case demanded damages on the ground that the pakeha had roasted his grandfather. Of the *tapu* there are several distinct sorts :—the personal *tapu* of chiefs, the *tapu* relating to the dead, the war *tapu*, the *tapu tohunga* or priestly *tapu*.

Our author himself was once subject to the *tapu*, for having handled a skull found in an old burying place, and he made the matter ten times worse by touching food with his hands, the height of abomination in one under the *tapu*. He was only released from this infliction by undergoing a formal disenchantment at the hands of a priest.

So firm was the belief in the efficacy of the personal form of *tapu*, that an instance is related in which a slave actually died from the effects of the discovery that he had eaten of food left by a great chief.

We find it stated that the priest and the oracle are still believed and consulted on all matters of importance.

Some curious instances of oracular responses are given. The oracle being consulted about a ship whose captain had carried away a Maori girl, replied—"The ship's nose I will batter out on the great sea." Ten days after, the ship came back, having sprung a leak in the bow from a violent gale. Another case reminds us at once of the promise to *Cresus*, that he should subvert a great empire, and of the "*te Romanos vincere posse*," the answer vouchsafed to *Pyrrhus*. In the case in question the answer given to a tribe intending to send out an expedition, was—"A desolate country ! a desolate country." As in the case of *Cresus*, it was their own country which was desolated.

But we cannot detail all the good things in this book. We must leave the tragedy of the Maori girl who followed her lover to the spirit land, as well as the life, adventures, and death of the illustrious "Lizard Skin."

We must confine ourselves now to a rapid glance at our author's views on the question of the decline of the native race. From the number of old hill forts, their size, the amount of labour expended on them, and the number of houses they contained, he is led to confirm the assertion of the natives themselves, that they were once far more numerous than when he came among them. Their decline had therefore commenced before the pakeha came, and is readily accounted for by their constant and bloody wars.

The accelerated rate of decrease in their numbers since the arrival of Europeans he attributes to several causes, the chief being the introduction of the musket. This enabled them to leave their hill residences, where alone they could in former times be safe, and to fix their dwellings on low and marshy ground, where "they were cut off by disease in a manner absolutely frightful."

The starvation and overwork to which they submitted in order to obtain the immense quantities of flax with which alone they could purchase the musket and other implements of the pakeha, also caused great mortality among them. He also states that the present race of Maoris are less tall and strong than those whom he found on his arrival, and this he attributes to excessive tobacco smoking.

We should have liked to know, from one so well able to tell us, what were the diseases common among the natives before the arrival of European settlers; whether the scrofula, the ophthalmia, and the skin diseases, which are now so common, existed then.

Between the days when the Pakeha Maori attached himself to "Lizard Skin" and the days when Sir George Grey weaves his web of diplomacy around the tottering dynasty of Potatau, a great gulf is fixed.

"Tantum evi longinqua valet mutare vetustas!"

Such is the power of time to change. The Maori, notwithstanding his own boasts, and the circumstances which still conspire to favour his resistance, is conscious that the *mana* of the white man is gradually superseding his own. If he could only learn the lesson that that *mana* is of a peaceful and conservative nature, he might yet be saved; but if he does not learn it soon, he will be too late to profit by it.

We hope that the author of "Old New Zealand" may give us some more of his experiences; and meanwhile we cordially recommend his book to our readers. It is written with great vivacity and spirit; and if the facetious part is a trifle overdone for good taste, ample amends are made by frequent instances of acute observation, sound reasoning, and good sense.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC NEWS OF THE MONTH.

As Christmas time draws near, there is always an observable change in the class of books which take up the largest space in catalogues and on reviewers' tables. December, 1862, seems to have been no exception to this general rule; indeed it may be said, on the whole, to have afforded an uncommon example of it.

Amongst a host of books of this class, that called "Golden Leaves" appears to have obtained a well-deserved distinction. It is a carefully selected series of extracts from the chief English poets, executed by Mr. Bell, the well known editor of the "English Poets." It is splendidly illustrated by the leading artists of the day, and altogether forms probably the most beautiful of gift books that has yet appeared.

Palgrave's "Golden Treasury," which is well adapted for a Christmas present of a less expensive sort, has, we observe, reached its thirteenth thousand. This success is excellently well merited by this beautiful little book.

In fiction the public seem to be, for the most part, reading the latest

novels of two new lady novelists—Mrs. Wood and Miss Braddon. The first, well known as the authoress of “East Lynne” and the “Channings,” both works of unusual interest, has lately published a new one, called “Mrs. Halliburton’s Troubles,” in no respect inferior to the others. Miss Braddon, who was unknown to fame until the publication of “Lady Audley’s Secret,” has at once attained the position of a popular novelist. The tale, which is certainly a clever and highly wrought one, has now reached a seventh edition, and seems likely to have a great sale. The authoress, who has another novel, “Aurora Floyd,” in the press, is taken to task by some of the reviewers, for still continuing the bad custom, only excusable on grounds of necessity, of carrying on three stories in different periodicals at the same time. With the exception of Trollope’s “Orley Farm,” now in a collected form, the works of these two ladies appear to hold the most prominent place among new fictions for the month of December. Almost all the most popular of the novelists are engaged in supplying the immense demand created by the monthly magazines, which have now adopted the plan of carrying on two stories at once. Thackeray is preparing for a new story in the “Cornhill,” to follow, we presume, that by George Elliot, which is not yet completed. Trollope is engaged upon his tale, “The Small House at Allington,” in the same magazine. Wilkie Collins has scarcely completed “No Name,” in the pages of “All the Year Round;” and is to be followed in January, by Mrs. Gaskell, with a short story, to be called a “Dark Night’s Work;” followed again in March, by Charles Reade’s new tale, of which the title has not yet transpired. Professor Kingsley is still engaged upon his “Water Babies,” in “Macmillan;” while Miss Muloch has but just completed “Mistress and Maid,” in “Good Words.” Bulwer Lytton, Dickens, and Henry Kingsley at present make no sign; they are probably resting on their oars after their respective exertions in producing “A Strange Story,” “Great Expectations,” and “Ravenshoe.” The system of writing for magazines, now in vogue amongst the leading writers, is evidently producing a very considerable change in the lists of new novels, which must now be rather looked for in the magazine advertisements, than as formerly in the more imposing, and in some respects more satisfactory, form of the three-volume novel announcement.

In other walks of literature there does not appear to be any scarcity of production, and, upon the whole, of a good class. Bishop Colenso’s book on the “Pentateuch” is engaging, as might be expected, a large amount of attention, and creating in some circles a good deal of excitement. On the whole, however, this seems to be owing rather to the name and position of the writer, than to any great intrinsic value in the work. It does not, on the whole, obtain favourable reviews from the press; not on account of the results which may be looked for from such a work, issuing from such a quarter, but because the work itself does not bear evidence of careful thought and conscientious scholarship. Answers have already appeared from various quarters, which have clearly established the fact, that Bishop Colenso is either ignorant of the Hebrew language, or has not in many cases consulted the original at all.

Mr. Merivale has completed his great work on the “Romans under the Empire,” by the addition of a seventh volume, which brings the history down to the period where Gibbon takes it up, and on which, therefore, no scholar would easily be found bold enough to venture. It

is a fine piece of history which Mr. Merivale has now given to the world, and one which will hereafter place his name deservedly high among English historians.

A new aspirant after fame in the same honorable but difficult path of literature, is Mr. Kington, a name hitherto wholly unknown; but if we may judge from the character of the two volumes which he has just published of the "History of the Emperor Frederick the Second," not likely to remain any longer in literary obscurity. The subject, which is no easy one, appears to be boldly and successfully grappled with, and the result is a work creditable to the young author, and interesting in a high degree to the general reader.

Of works which aim at the high character of philosophic treatises, the most noticeable, if not the only new one, is "Pre-historic Man," being "Researches into the Origin of Civilization in the Old and New Worlds," by Dr. Wilson, of Cambridge. This is an extraordinary, if not a very useful, monument of human labour. Dr. Wilson seems to be one of those men who have an almost unlimited power of absorption, without the further faculty of assimilation. His book is one vast collection of the authors whom he has read, and whom he has simply reproduced in a very fragmentary form. The book may have a value,—most monuments of great and conscientious labour have a value of some kind,—but it is not the value of a really philosophical work.

There are some interesting books of travel amongst the works recently published, among which may be specially mentioned "Travels among the Ruined Cities of Africa," by Mr. Davis—(Murray). The traveller's style of writing is decidedly against his work, as he seems to have imbibed and constantly acted up to the opinion that to be funny was a leading feature in his peculiar mission. Dreary funniness is perhaps the most painful characteristic of books of travel recently published, and Mr. Davis has given us one more example. Still, the book, even with this serious fault, is an interesting record of visits to places now too little known.

Amongst books on the eve of publication, we may mention "Barrington," a novel by Charles Lever. This veteran novelist is said to have lost none of his exuberant life and fun, and no doubt this new tale will be a popular one. Longman and Co. have in preparation for publication, a new work upon Japan, by Sir Rutherford Alcock, which will be looked for with some amount of interest. Macmillan has no less than three books in the press, bearing more or less directly upon the present war in America. One is "Six Months in the Federal States," from the pen, we believe, of Macmillan's Magazines' own Correspondent. Its tone may be easily guessed at beforehand. The others are the "Slave Power" and the "History of Federal Government," written respectively by a Professor at Queen's College, Galway, and a late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. From the publisher's name we may conclude that they will see matters somewhat from a Federal point of view.

In the scientific world there does not seem to be any unusual activity, at least the outward display is more than usually small.

A controversy which appears to be exciting some interest, has been entered into by several leading men of science, regarding the results which Mr. Leon Foucault deduces from his discovery of the greater velocity of light than was before supposed. He, it seems, holds that our

distance from the sun is thereby shown to be one-thirtieth less than that which has hitherto been generally received among men of science. His opponents, while admitting the truth and value of his discovery, question the correctness of his deductions on various grounds ; or at least consider that he has overstated some of the results.

The recent discovery that plants possess a muscular tissue as well as animals, made by Ferdinand Cohn, has excited a great deal of lively interest, as indeed might be expected, in scientific circles. Sensitive plants have been noticed and commented upon for a long period, but it was reserved for Cohn to discover what the term sensitive really meant. It now appears that some classes of plants are provided with a very perfect and well-defined muscular organization, which in some instances seems only to be used for protecting the plant from danger, by closing it at once, at the touch of any foreign body ; and in other cases, going further and providing sustenance for the plant, by seizing and detaining incautious insects which have come within its reach ; these once seized, are in a very short time digested, if not rescued from the fatal prison.

From Russia we learn that a new and interesting feature in metallurgy has just been discovered, which is likely to lead to the more general use of that curious metal platinum. It may not be known to some of our readers, that a small coinage of this metal was once issued from the Russian mint, but afterwards withdrawn, probably on account of the extreme difficulty of working it. This difficulty has apparently been overcome by fusing the platinum without separating it from the other metals in conjunction with which it is usually found. The result of course is, that they obtain a compound metal, which is now believed to be equal in most respects to the pure platinum, and certainly possesses the great advantage of a much greater degree of malleability. This discovery cannot fail of being of great advantage to the Russian government in whose mines in the Ural range of mountains large quantities of the metal are found.

LITERARY ON DITS.

It is said that the Scottish University of St. Andrews, is about to publish a Magazine of its own, in rivalry of the "Dublin University Magazine." Its appearance will be looked for with some interest.

A curious kind of biography is reported to be in preparation for the press, namely, a life of Victor Hugo, who is still living, by his wife. It ought, we should fancy, to combine the advantages of an autobiography in some degree with those of the more ordinary kind of biography.

The citizens of Florence are said to be erecting a memorial in their city, to commemorate the English poetess, Mrs. Browning, so long resident among them. The slab, which is inserted in the wall of her house, bears an inscription in Italian, of which the following is a translation,—“Here wrote and died Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who, in her woman's heart, united the wisdom of a sage and the spirit of a poet, and who made of her verse a golden link between Italy and

England." Surely a most fitting memorial to the gifted poetess, and in the place which she herself would most have loved to have it.

A fine and suitable monument is talked of, for commemorating the genius of the late Sheridan Knowles, at Glasgow. It is likely to be liberally subscribed to by the many admirers of his literary works. A petition has also been presented to Government in favour of the bestowal of a pension on his widow, which is almost certain to be granted.

NATIVE INSTITUTIONS.

ARTICLES FOR THE TIMES.—No. I.

THE story of Danaë, as fabled in the old Latin writers, the much-loved and cherished one, whom neither

“ ——— doors of oak
Nor watchful keepers,
Towers of bras,
And dogs—no sleepers—”

could preserve from the fatal influence of Love, aided by the invincible power of gold, is one of which every age, nay, to us, every hour, presents a striking example.

It requires no very deep study of human nature to find the radical meaning of this influence; all statesmen and most philosophers have dwelt upon this truth and recognised it, either in theory or practice—the latter have come to the conclusion that the passion for gold is the root of every evil; the former have synthesized it into the political maxim that “all men have their price.”

Perhaps no era in the world's history has ever given a clearer illustration of this maxim than the one in which we (New Zealand) have had our lot cast. Three years ago we were entering upon a causeless and to many an inexplicable war with the semi-barbarous nation that surrounds us; a war, the motives and origin of which the colonists (as a body) had no cognizance. After fifteen months of campaigning, the palpable absurdities of which would have made us “laugh all mortal” if it had not been for its too serious side—after a series of frolicsome attacks and funny expeditions, which ordinarily resulted in the capture of an undefended pah, the looting of a few sacks of potatoes or of a pair of old Maori inexpressibles, we found ourselves suddenly plunged into the mal-odorous whirlpool of an unjustifiable peace.

At the bidding of our rulers, who had commenced the war, and from its inevitable consequences sown an abundant harvest of ill-feeling between the two races, we were to let bygones be bygones; to treat the past simply as an unpleasant occurrence, and to stand once more in our

old position of "*Hoa aroha*" to our slightly disturbed, and as yet scarcely pacified Maori brother.

Meanwhile our task of reconciliation has been simplified and facilitated by the easily recognized fact that our Maori neighbours, the other contracting party in this dubious alliance, meet us with a smiling face and an outstretched hand—we surely cannot refuse this proffered friendship—but whence its cause, and why the sudden change from the war dance, the stealthy ambuscade and the threatening array, to the friendly approach, the smiling countenance, and the ready submission?

In a word, the New Institutions are working on the native mind, and the *native pulu* has felt the *magic touch of gold*.

"All discords, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good."

Wrote England's satirical poet; and although it has been a great call upon the faith of the colonists to see anything in the present Governmental system but an extravagant pampering of the Maoris, and an inducement to them to overrate their own position and capabilities at the expense of the European colonist, we may yet hope to see the Institutions bear a fruit worthy of the experiment, in the partial amelioration and eventual preservation of a noble and intelligent race.

Perhaps one of the most amusing features of the native improvement (if it really be so), as it at present stands, is the general adoption of the *runanga*, and in some cases the admission of the modified form of an English Court of Law.

By the reports of the Government Commissioners these attempts have appeared to us in a far from pleasing or satisfactory light, and the questionable motives that have driven the natives to appeal to them would almost disabuse the philanthropist of his hope for their ultimate conservation as a race that promises large capacities for civilization.

The great increase of cases of a particular kind, which would almost necessitate the creation of a Divorce Court, and the presidency of a Maori Sir C. Cresswell, bear testimony to the worst, the most self-destructive and poisonous, tendencies of the native character; and the zeal with which such cases are followed out with the invariable payment of a money fine to the injured party are, we fear, strong arguments against their possible improvement, while such a course receives the countenance and sanction of Government.

Another ridiculous feature in the present policy is the system of arbitration, which settles native disputes by summoning the belligerent parties to the town, and there feeding and entertaining them at the public expense,—thereby placing a premium upon native feuds, which will certainly increase in number under so paternal and fostering a patronage.

Many of our readers must have met with Sir F. Head's excellent work on the "Pampas of South America," and the description therein of the method pursued by the Brazilian Government, in their humane attempt to reduce to a peaceful submission the warlike Indian tribes that infested their territory.

In many points, such as the settlements and material aids to civilization offered to them, the reader will be forcibly struck by the similarity of some of the Native Institutions offered to the Maori; in one point there is a vast difference. The Government of Brazil admitted of no

half advances from their savage and treacherous *protégés*. The settled and peacefully-disposed Indian received protection and encouragement; the wandering and warlike were forbidden the neighbourhood of the town, *under penalty of death*. When carrying a license to trade in native produce, for which they paid an annual fee, the holders of which licenses were, on their visiting the white man's settlement, under strict surveillance from the authorities.

While pointing out some weak points in our present Native Institutions, and suggesting some improvements, we must deprecate any supposition that we are opposed to their development, or to the full proof and trial the present authorities are disposed to give them.

We trust that a *judicious benevolence*, a strong-handed but gentle treatment, will shew the native the folly of any organised resistance to the good advantages offered them; and that the gradual adoption of our own system of law will reconcile even the most hot-brained Kingite to an English Governor. We may then perhaps hear of the fall of the upstart dynasty at Ngaruawahia, or that the last of his Majesty's privy councillors have left the presence, heedless of courtly ceremony, to the tune of—

“O Richard! O mon roi!
L'mauvis l'abandonne!”

THE ICE MOUNTAINS IN VIRGINIA.—Appleton's “Illustrated Hand Book of American Travel,” gives the following notice of a mountain of ice in Virginia:—“The Ice Mountain is a remarkable natural curiosity, in the County of Hampshire, Virginia. It is upon the North River, (eastern bank,) twenty-six miles north-west of Winchester. The Ice Mountain rises 500 feet above the river. ‘The west side, for a quarter of a mile,’ says Mr. Howe, in his “History of Virginia,” ‘is covered with a mass of loose stone, of a light color, which reaches down to the bank of the river. By removing the loose stone, fine crystal ice can always be found in the warmest days of summer. It has been discovered even as late as the 15th of September, but never in October, although it may exist throughout the entire year, and be found if the rocks were excavated to a sufficient depth. The body of rocks where the ice is found is subject to the full rays of the sun from 9 o'clock in the morning until sunset. The sun does not have the effect of melting the ice so much as continued rains. At the base of the mountain is a spring of water, colder by many degrees than spring water generally is.’”

THE GREAT COPPER MASS AT MINNESOTA.—The “Lake Superior Miner” says that the cutting up of the immense piece of native copper is progressing. Eight masses were taken off in April, weighing in the aggregate 50,601lbs., to which should be added 12 bbls. of copper chips, 731lbs., giving a grand aggregate of nearly 20 tons. The total amount taken from it in every form up to the month of May is 70 tons and 593lbs. It will probably require one year or more to get the great thing cut up. The product of the Minnesota mine for April was 370,540lbs. This is probably the largest ever taken from one mine in the world during one period.

THE ROVER'S PRIZE.

CHAPTER I.

OUR tale opens on a fine mild evening in the month of September, 1814. The rich glow of the sunset was fast fading into a sober twilight, to be soon succeeded by the yet more sombre colouring of night. It was just at the hour at which day begins to verge into darkness, on this beautiful autumnal evening, that a small brigantine of most exquisite model, but rather unusual appearance, came to anchor in the harbour of Boston. Her appearance, as she lay almost motionless on the glassy water, from which her long low hull seemed scarcely to rise sufficiently for safety, was, to the eye of one accustomed to the sea, beautiful and graceful in the extreme.

She was of about two hundred tons burden, clipper-built, and of unusual beauty ; and, as she rocked gently to and fro upon the undulating swell of the bay, seemed proudly conscious of her beauty, so greatly surpassing that of any craft upon the waters around her. Her hull was black, relieved only by a narrow riband of gold scarcely two inches broad, and about two-thirds of the way above water. Her deck was painted of a dark red colour, with the exception of the hatch and companion ways, which were light green, as also the interior of the bulwarks, with the exception of the ports, which were black, and now closed. She carried twelve brass twelve-pounder cannons, which shone with as bright and clear a polish as could be imparted to the metal : their carriages were of the same hue as the deck. Besides these she carried, on a pivot amidships, a long thirty-two pounder ; it was painted black, and bore the name of the "Tormentor."

The masts of the vessel were exceedingly long, and raked in a most unusual degree, tapering almost to reeds, and, together with the yards, painted of the purest white colour. At a distance, the brigantine might have been mistaken for a white cloud, when all the great expanse of her snowy canvass was unfurled. The 'SEA SNAKE' was the name of the vessel we have thus described—a privateer, and just returned from a cruise as our story opens.

The crew of the brigantine, numbering in all a hundred men, were assembled on the deck : a portion of them young, gallant-looking fellows, but the great majority fierce weather-beaten looking men, while not a few bore the stamp of brutal and ruffianly passions. As the privateer came to anchor, a loud cheer burst from the former part of the crew, which was heartily re-echoed from the groups on shore, and the other vessels in harbour. A second cheer swelled loudly out on the air, when, ere it had died away, a loud, stern voice commanded "Silence !" and at the same moment a man sprang up the companion-way with a pistol clenched tightly in his grasp. He was a strongly-built man, rather above the middle height, with a fierce and evil expression on his face.

There were evident signs that that face had once possessed considerable personal beauty ; but vice and dissipation, whose marks were evident to the eye, and a perfect abandonment to every evil passion, had nearly obliterated all marks of former beauty. He cast a fierce glance at the group of young sailors as he strode towards them ; but neither his command nor his appearance were heeded, as another loud and hearty cheer burst from them.

"Silence, I say !" thundered again the Captain, in a tone of the fiercest anger. "Silence ! or by heaven I'll shoot the first who dares to raise his voice again ! We shall have the whole town aboard of us ; and I swear I shall not be boarded in these waters !"

For a moment there was a silence on board the privateer, when there stepped out from among the group a young and fearless-looking sailor, who exclaimed, in a loud, bold tone—

"I dare break the silence you have ordered, and don't care a pin for your threats of violence. My comrades and I acknowledge you no longer as Captain of the 'Sea Snake.' You have forfeited all right to the command of this vessel or its crew, by a deed that will bring you and most of those round you, to an ignominious but merited death. You have braved your own fate by running into this harbour, for, before sunrise to-morrow, I hope to see you and your evil followers within the walls of a prison. I swore, as all of us swore, to keep your hellish secret, not because I was afraid of death, but because I hoped for such an opportunity as has now arrived of bringing you to justice !"

The Captain's face had grown somewhat pale at the bold words of the young seaman—it was not from fear, but pent up passion. His brow was contracted into a dark frown, and there was a fearful expression about his lips, and a half-smile on his sinister features, as he gazed on the man who dared so boldly to confront him, and so openly denounce him. His face twitched nervously, and his finger trembled on the trigger of the pistol he clutched in his hand. For a moment he gazed on the young sailor, and then, in a voice calm and sarcastic, he said—

"I thank you heartily, sir, for so soon informing me of your kind intentions, as I can now thwart them. By all the powers of darkness," he muttered, in a fiercer tone, "*you*, at least, shall never betray me ! You shall be true to your oath. My secret shall never be told by you, if death can seal your lips !"

As he spoke, he levelled his pistol with the speed of thought full at the breast of the young sailor, and pulled the trigger ; it flashed, but missed fire. With an oath, he hurled the weapon with all his force at his intended victim. He was, however, doomed to a second disappointment : it passed by its intended mark, merely knocking off his hat, and falling harmless into the water at some distance off. Quicker than thought, after his miraculous escape from the fate so nearly his, the seaman sprang upon the murderous Captain, and felled him to the deck by a heavy blow on the face. The Captain was stunned—but only for an instant. He sprang to his feet, bleeding, and maddened with the pain ; and, in a voice of fury, shouted, "Seize him ! bind him fast !" and himself sprang towards him, as likewise did a score of the most ruffianly of the crew. Quicker, however, than they, the young man sprang from them and, with the bound of a tiger, cleared the bulwarks, and disappeared in an instant below the water. The Captain uttered an exclamation

tion of the wildest rage and disappointment at being thus foiled a third time. Snatching a pistol from the belt of a seaman near him, he sprung upon the bulwark.

All were now gazing over the side of the vessel from which the hardy sailor had leapt, but not a sign of him was visible. Darkness, which was now fast settling down upon the water, would soon prevent any object so small as a human head from being seen at more than a very short distance from the vessel. With straining eyes the Captain scanned the water in all directions in search of his victim. But nothing could be discovered above the surface indicating in the least the presence of the swimmer.

"By heavens! if he gets off, the brigantine must leave these waters sooner than I wished," exclaimed the Captain, fiercely. "But he ——— What is that?" he muttered suddenly to himself, as he peered through the gathering darkness at a small object upon the water nearly astern of the vessel, but within easy range for the pistol. Levelling his weapon, he fired at the object he had discovered before anyone on board was aware of his intention. The report of the pistol rung out sharp and clear upon the water, and all eyes turned in the direction in which he had fired. At that instant, the small object which had been the Captain's mark, rose from the water, discovering what seemed, in the deepening twilight, to be the head and arms of a man struggling in the agonies of death. The struggles were but momentary, and the victim sank out of sight the instant after. All eyes eagerly watched for his re-appearance, but there was no sign of him again. All on board felt sure who it was who had thus fallen a victim to the inhuman act of the Captain, but not a word was uttered by the crew.

"He'll tell no tales now, I'll be sworn," said the Captain with a wild sort of chuckle, as he leaped back on the deck. "Yet I'll be sure of it," he added, as if still uncertain of his victim's fate.

Ordering a boat to be lowered, an order quickly obeyed, and saying a few words in an undertone to a ruffianly-looking sailor, he jumped into the gig, and left the brigantine. The seaman to whom he had spoken, and who was a powerful-looking man, approached, and said a few words in a low tone to several of the worst-looking of the crew, who nodded an assent to what he said.

There was a sudden movement among them, and, in a moment, a general scuffle ensued on the decks of the vessel. It lasted but a few seconds, in which time nearly a score of men were bound and thrown on the decks. It was now too dark to distinguish who they were, and they were gagged to prevent any outcry.

In a few minutes more these men were removed from the deck to the hold, and left there, bound, in the darkness.

All was now as still and silent as the night on board the brigantine, where, but a few moments before, the murderous and mysterious scenes were enacted which we have just detailed. It was half-an-hour after the boat had left the vessel ere she returned. As the Captain touched the deck, he called the name of Marley.

"Ay, ay!" was the answer returned; and in a moment he was joined by the man he had spoken with, ere leaving the vessel.

"Have you done as I ordered, Marley? Have you secured them below?"

"Yes, they are all right; bound, gagged, and under hatches," answered he.

"That is well; but they can't stay there, Marley. The owners will be aboard in the morning. Somehow, we must get them ashore to-night, and keep them safe till we get under weigh again. As for that young lubber, Warner, he'll give no more trouble; he's safe enough in Davy Jones's locker! That shot settled his account?" After a moment's pause, he continued: "Oh! I know what I'll do; I must go ashore and see old Redskin; perhaps he can give us stowage for these chicken-hearts for a day or two. He *must*, indeed, for all must look right here in the morning: the owners are sure to be on board early, and they *must* find all square here. It's my opinion, Marley, that this war's nearly up, and there's an end of our commission. It's been part privateer and part free commission; and, by heaven! I hate the thought of giving up the brigantine and the free commission; as for the other, I don't care two pins for it. What do you think, Marley?"

"I think with you, Captain, to half-a-point," answered that worthy. "I like the free commission: it's get what you can, and keep what you get. Never mind the owners."

"And the hands, Marley?"

"Right as a clue-line, Captain; not a soul but would sooner fly a free flag than any other, I'll be sworn; and the sooner it's hoisted the better, say I, for one! But, Captain, what the mischief are we to do with these b——skulks below?"

"I'll manage that, if we can but get them ashore to-night under old Redskin's care; he'll keep them safe enough. I'll be sworn. I've an old account running with the old sinner, and I'll cancel it before I sail, I'll take my oath on th't! He thinks I've forgot; but I'll remind him of it yet. I'll go now, and be back in an hour. It's devilish dark, and will help us to get these fellows ashore." So saying, the Captain jumped into the boat, and once more shoved off.

The swift, stealthy dip of the oars was heard for some minutes, and gradually died away in the distance. The boat shot swiftly through the still waters of the bay; and in a few minutes touched the steps of the landing-place. The Captain sprang from the boat, and, ordering the men to await his return, strode rapidly up the pier like one familiar with the place. It was nearly ten o'clock, and the part of the town which he traversed was dark and deserted. He passed quickly on till he came to a street that intersected, at right angles, that which he was traversing. He turned into the street to the left, and passed on with the same confident familiar step as before. It was the lowest quarter of the town. Rays of light streamed here and there, through broken shutters, from miserable hovels; and sounds of drunken glee burst forth from what were clearly the lowest haunts of vice. The night was a mild one, and here and there, at the door of some miserable dram-shop, were collected groups of drunken sailors and wretched-looking women—some laughing, others singing, others unable to do more than sleep—a heavy, drunken sleep—on the pavements or in the gutters. Through such scenes as these did the privateer's Captain pass quickly on, without giving even a passing glance to the horrible scenes around him. At last he slackened his pace, and stopped before the door of a drinking shop, over whose door was suspended a sign representing an anchor; and, had the light allowed the

passer-by to read it, he would have discovered the name of "The Best Bower."

"This must be the place," said the Captain. "Ah! there's Mike himself."

It was a low-roofed, filthy place; the few flaring and unsteady lights of which could scarcely be seen through the cloud of smoke coming from the pipes of a score of smokers, seated, some on a broken form, others on the remains of a settee against the wall, and some unable to find a seat except upon the counter of the bar. Behind the bar, at one end of this uninviting-looking apartment, were two shelves, upon which were ranged in tempting array rows of black junk bottles, with a brass label suspended round the neck of each, indicating its contents. A dirty tumbler, with an old smoke-dried, shrivelled-up lemon upon it, between each row of bottles, completed the array. Inside the bar, seated upon the remains of what had once been an arm-chair, was an individual of the most corpulent dimensions and repulsive appearance. He leant both of his huge dirty arms upon the bar, which was always covered with small lakes of different sorts of beverages; his huge hands supported his head; and in his mouth was a large pipe perfectly black with age and use. His face was fearfully bloated and of a deep crimson colour, which it owed to a long-continued and free use of rum. His hair was short, and of a fiery red; his eyes small and hazel-coloured, and were now fixed, as if in deep calculation, upon a small stream of rum and water that crept slowly over the table before him. So deep was his reverie, that he never noticed the entrance of the privateer Captain, who walked up to him and slapped him on the shoulder.

"Mike! what the devil are you dreaming about now?" exclaimed he, laughing loudly at the astonished and by no means pleased expression of the public-house keeper's face. "How are you, old boy? Give us your flipper, Mike. What! you don't know me? Has a single cruise so changed me, that Mike Standish don't know me? Come, let's drink, old boy! Perhaps whiskey may quicken your perceptions!" said the Captain, laughing again.

A sudden expression of an uncertain character, but still of intelligence, flitted over the host's fat face at the mention of whiskey; but whether connected with that drink, or his recognition of an old acquaintance, it was impossible to say. Taking the pipe from his mouth, and with a chuckling laugh that sent a cloud of smoke into the face of a man in front of him, he exclaimed, in a quiet, subdued voice, strangely at variance with his appearance—

"Captain Holmes, as I'm alive!" and stretched out his huge hand.

It was grasped and shaken in so powerful a gripe, that the tears stood in Mike's eyes, and, with a cry of pain, he drew his hand away, squeezed apparently to one-half its size. Rubbing his injured member, and half crying, he exclaimed—

"What a devil of a squeeze, Captain! I'd as soon shake hands with him as with you, any day."

"We'll see about that," muttered the Captain, turning half round, with a grim smile on his face, and ejecting the quid from his mouth.

"But I vow, Captain, who'd ha' thought to see you here? I never heard that the "Sea Snake" was in this part of the world. When did

ye arrive? What luck have you had?" And, as he asked these questions, he placed a case bottle of whiskey or hollands on the counter.

"Got in to-night, Mike," said the other, as he filled the tumbler half full of the spirit. "No luck in life. Privateering's the worst trade going, I think. But come, let's drink first and talk afterwards, for I've got a private job to speak to you about."

Mike poured out a tumbler of brandy, and the pair drank to each other's health.

"Now, Mike, let's have a yarn with ye in the back room," said the Captain. "Is it empty?"

"Oh, yes, all right; take the light, I'll be with you in half a second."

The Captain took the light, and passed through a small door behind the bar into a little room, containing two or three rickety chairs, and a worm-eaten old table.

"Be quick, Mike, for I'm in a devil of a hurry," he whispered, as he passed.

"In a half moment, Captain. Here, Joe; come here and take my place, while I talk to the Captain in the back room."

Joe answered the summons at once, and seated himself with vast gravity on the landlord's chair. As he did so, he cast a look towards the others of pride, as if vain of his exalted destiny, and of the confidence reposed in him by the landlord; who, after cautioning him not to taste a drop, nor to credit a glass to anyone, passed into the back room, carefully closing the door behind him.

"Can we be overheard, Mike?"

"Not a syllable, Captain!"

"Well then, Mike, not to tack too much, I'm in a devil of a fix, and I look to you to give me a haul through."

"A bad fix, eh? Well, what is it? I'll help an old friend if I can. Scarce times for money now, though; scarce times. Business arn't lively, by no means."

"It's nothing of that sort, Mike," said the Captain, who saw what his companion was driving at. "It isn't money that I want of you at all."

Mike breathed more freely, and rubbing his huge hands, said—"No, Captain! No! I didn't guess it was. Had it been, you knows old Mike wouldn't be the man to refuse a friend."

"I'm well aware of that," returned the Captain, in a tone of mock earnestness.

"But, Captain, what is the trouble about? What fix are you in? Let's hear it, and if I can give you a hand, depend on't I'm your man."

"Well, Mike, I'll tell you; but first, it's a secret between us, you understand. Don't breathe it to a mortal."

"Silent as the grave, I swear!" said the other at once.

"That's silent enough, it's one blessing! But tell me Mike, could you hide a dozen men or so for me, for a day or two, while I'm in port? So they shouldn't be seen or heard, I mean!"

"Hide a dozen men! What's in the wind now?" exclaimed Mike, in a tone of surprise, as he stared at the Captain.

"Can you do it, Mike? Can you hide a dozen men? as I said before. You have the cellars now?"

"Yes!"

"Then you can manage it for me, Mike: and *must* now." This was said in a resolute tone, like a man accustomed to find his will given way to. "Come, Mike, I'll tell you all about it:—I had some row with a chap to-night just after we came to an anchor. He wouldn't obey my orders, as Captain, and flatly refused to obey me. We had some words, and he struck me to the deck: the blow stunned me, and cut a slight gash in my forehead. I jumped up in a moment, and levelled my pistol to shoot the mutinous vagabond, but it missed fire, and he jumped overboard to get away. I saw him when he came up to breathe, and shot him in the water. There were about a score that swore I struck him first, and I should hang for his murder. I know I would be acquitted by a jury, but I couldn't wait for that, you know; and so I took the best way I could to keep clear of the Courts, that take away a year or so to manage anything. I had them bound, and put down in the hold of the brigantine. But, you see, the owners will be aboard to-morrow morning, so that they must be got out of that to-night. And, Mike, your cellar is just the place; you must stow them away; that's what brought me here to-night. Now you know what I want of you. What do you say? Will you hide these fellows away till I sail?"

"A dozen men! How long will you be in port, Captain?"

"Perhaps a week."

"It's a mighty risky thing, Captain, to have a dozen men in my cellar for a week, as prisoners. If it should get out anyhow, I should be juggled for life, I vow. It's a deuced risky job. I won't meddle with it, Captain, that's plain."

"You won't, eh? But you *must*, Redskin; there's no getting out on't. You love money: you shall be well paid. How's that?"

"How much?" asked Mike, quickly.

"I'll give you a hundred dollars to keep them here a week, or if I don't lay here a day they come—what do you say?"

"One hundred dollars—twelve of 'em—keep 'em a week. It's not enough, Captain Holmes: it's a great risk to run. My reputation would be in danger—it's not enough. I'll have nothing to do with it, at all events."

"I'll give you two hundred dollars, Mike!" said the Captain, who had been watching him, and saw that he had only to bid high enough and he would secure him.

"No!" said Mike.

"I'll give you three."

"No, Captain Holmes! I tell you I'll have nothing to do with it at no price. Don't tempt me any more."

"I'll give you five hundred dollars, Mike Standish!"

"Five hundred dollars!—five hundred!—Twelve of them in my cellar—for a week—perhaps only for one day! Let me see! Yes; I'll do it, Captain, being as it's you in this bad scrape. It's only on account of old friendship that I'd put a hand to it—nothing else!"

"Nothing else, I'm well aware, Mike; and I hope I shall be able to repay you the obligation you put me under. I'll remember it, depend on't." As the Captain uttered these words, an expression of doubtful meaning might have been observed fitting across his features.

"Only on account of old friendship, I assure you, Captain; nothing

else would make me run such a risk," said Mike again, as if anxious to impress it on the mind of the Captain.

"Certainly, Mike; I feel sure of it. But at what time do you close? It's eleven now."

"Generally at twelve, Captain. I keeps good hours. Some, as is less respectable round here, are open till one."

"We must wait till they are all closed. About three o'clock, Mike, 'll be the hour; there'll be no one stirring at that time. Have the trap open, and the passage clear, so as not to hinder. We shall have to come twice with the fellows. Leave the door unlocked, and keep a light handy. I'll be off now: at two I'll be here again." The Captain rose as he spoke, and moved towards the door, when Mike said—

"But the money——"

"Shall be paid when the fellows are safe under hatches," said the Captain, who saw what Mike was about to say. "Remember, Mike, your oath. You have me in your power; you can save me or ruin me."

"Not a sound, Captain; I'm dumb as a stone. You know Mike Standish too well to doubt his word."

"I do, Mike; too well to doubt your honor," replied the Captain, in a significant tone.

"I'd not peach again' an old friend for ten times five hundred dollars," said Mike, in the tone of a man of honor, as nearly as he could assume it.

"Hang me, if I believe you will when I whisper in your ear what I know of you," said the Captain to himself, as he left the place.

"Let me get the five hundred dollars in my hand, and I'll square up accounts with you," whispered Mike to himself, as, now alone, he rubbed his great hands, and chuckled in the greatest apparent delight. "I've got him in my power, sure enough; and he'll find out how honest I can be with honest men like him. I'll set the fellows free; and have him where he won't see daylight till there's a noose round his neck. It's all gammon, what he told me. I believe he murdered the man in cold blood, and now he wants me to run the devil's own risk of my neck to save him. Humph! I'd tie the noose myself, for that matter. Curse me, if I don't think he'd as soon go pirating as privateering; but he won't leave this port again. I've got him, and I'll have my revenge of him now. No, no, Jack Holmes! I haven't forgotten *that* of you; and when you hang, I'll tell you of it."

Mike said this in a tone somewhat savage, and as if he fully meant it. He passed into the outer apartment; it was empty, with the exception of the man whom he had placed in charge, and who sat apparently as inanimate as the chair beneath him.

"Drunk anything, Joe?" asked Mike, looking hard at him.

"No, I ain't," answered he.

"Sold any?" inquired Mike, pulling out the till drawer.

"Nine glasses," drawled Joe, apparently more than half asleep.

"Trust any?" "No!"

"All right!" said Mike, in a highly satisfied tone. "It's nigh twelve. No more sales to-night. I'll close up, I guess. Throw on the shutters, Joe, as you go out, will you? Good night!"

In a few minutes, the tap-room of "The Best Bower" was closed to all business for that night.

COLONIAL EXPERIENCE.

To the newly-arrived settler in New Zealand, there is probably no greater blessing than a friend possessed of real colonial experience, and there is no advantage more rarely to be met with. I am aware that this want cannot be adequately satisfied by anything short of the living friend and adviser ; but I also believe, that much advantage might be reaped by newly-arrived settlers from a little practical and friendly counsel tendered to them through this Magazine's pages, as the results of a long and close acquaintance with the difficulties which beset the first steps of the new arrival, towards a satisfactory settlement.

In the present number I propose making a few practical remarks upon the best course to be pursued, on first arriving in this country, by the various classes of emigrants who come here.

A peculiar, and very colonial phase of experience is met with generally before the anchor of the emigrant ship has been fairly dropped. You will be sure to find, as I did, that the first shore boats that reach the vessel after she drops anchor invariably bring a certain number of individuals—settlers, they will probably call themselves,—whose sole intent appears to be the rendering the unfortunate new-comer, who listens to their professed friendly information, as miserable as the temperament of the man will admit of.

I cannot forbear to reproduce the sort of thing with which I, in common with hundreds of others, have been greeted as soon as I cast anchor. Of course we looked at the first settler who came on board with curiously-mingled feelings of awe and curiosity, feeling a strong desire to speak to him, to examine him, or even to touch him ; but withheld by a feeling of respect for a real live settler in New Zealand—the thing that we ourselves have been hoping for, and looking forward to, for months. Some one ventures to ask him how trade is in Auckland. "Trade, my good man ! Why, it's as dull as dull can be. Not an article doing—everybody wanting to sell, and not a soul to buy. I hope none of you have any thoughts of going into business !" Twenty enquiring faces possibly undergo a visible change for the sadder. "Is there plenty of good land to be got ?" asks some embryo farmer. "Land ! Why that's what everyone's crying out for, and Government can't get a bit from the Natives. Why it's only last week there was a land sale, and every bit of land that would grow anything, was sold at from two to three pounds an acre !" This is said with an air of irresistible sincerity ; and all the rest of the audience, not nearly interested in the state of trade, are at once depressed to a point some way below zero.

Whether it is malice, or the mere pleasure of hoaxing people, that induces this sort of thing, it is very difficult to say. Certain it is, however, that it must be undergone ; and very fortunate are those persons who have some relative to meet them, and disabuse their minds at once of such false and cruel impressions.

As a rule, the less new-comers place reliance upon board-ship reports as to the state of the country, the more likely they are to come to a just conception of the true circumstances of the case in a short time.

The emigrants from Britain to this country may be divided into three

classes—the first, those who have a fair amount of capital in money, say from six to eighteen hundred pounds ; next, those who have some capital, but not so much as the former class, say from one to six hundred pounds ; and, lastly, those who come possessed of no other capital than is embraced in strong hands and willing hearts. For each of these classes a different course is expedient ; and it will be my endeavour to point out as far as possible what my own experience has led me to think most advisable for each.

At first, however—and it is only of the first days of colonial life, that I propose to treat in this article,—a certain similarity of action may be observed by all three classes with advantage, although, of course, with minor modifications. Two rules there are which can scarcely be too strongly borne in mind by the new-comer. The first, of which I have already spoken, viz, never pay any attention to ship-board intelligence—at all events, from any other than official sources. And, in the second place, when once fairly on shore, neglect no means of obtaining information on every colonial subject, from persons of good standing and long experience.

Nothing is much more common, and nothing can be more foolish in new arrivals, than to form strong and decided opinions upon really difficult points of colonial practice, after a few weeks' residence in the city, and without the guidance of *one* really trustworthy authority. There can be no doubt that the habit of listening to everybody, which some new-arrivals have, is productive of much trouble and loss to them afterwards ; and so long as it is easy to find out what persons are really both able and willing to give good advice, the practice is, at least, a waste of time.

One point cannot be too strongly enforced upon the attention of the new arrival ; that whatever he has, or whatever he is about to do, his expenses should be curtailed as much as possible on his first landing. If he is fortunate enough to find anything to do, of which he is capable, he will be wise to avail himself of it *at once*. If his intention is to carve out for himself a farm, in the unsettled districts ; he will find it infinitely for his advantage to wait for a year or so before taking the irrevocable step of *going* to settle. Indeed under ordinary circumstances the man who does not rush to the land office to purchase waste lands, until he has spent a few months in the country and obtained some experience for himself, and also a knowledge of some reliable friend, of much greater experience, will, in nine cases out of ten, find himself greatly the gainer by the wise delay. I would not be understood as advising any man to linger about the town, unless he is really unfit for *any* country work ; in which case, unless his capital is considerable, he has made a great mistake in becoming an emigrant. To the intending settler who brings his two thousand pounds or so, I would therefore say ; do not stay in town ! Put your money out at interest, and go into the country. You will there live more cheaply, and what is of still more consequence, you will there daily learn something, which may hereafter prove useful to you, when you settle on your own land. To the labourer also I would say, go at once into the country. A thousand evils beset the living in town, of which you will there be free. Do not be ambitious of at once obtaining the very highest wages. Even if you are a good workman, you will find that you have yet much to learn, of what con-

stitutes a valuable servant in the colony. Do not be afraid of going to a distance from town. After all, it is a matter of no consequence whether you are fifteen or thirty miles off; for the less you see of it the better. And besides, if you have come out here in the hope of one day being able to occupy your small farm, and so leaving an inheritance to your children, the further you are in the "Bush" the more will your work resemble that which you look forward to doing on your own account, and the better will you be prepared to do it.

The third class, namely, that of small capitalists, is the most difficult of all to advise. He cannot live on the interest of his four or five hundred pounds, especially if he has any family; nor can he, in many cases, do anything by his manual labour to support them. He often seems in consequence to be driven to one of two things, either buying and at once settling on his land, or staying in town for months, gradually eating up his little capital. Either alternative has proved most injurious to many. The man who buys or selects his land from what he sees, as not yet not taken up in the land office, and goes at once to settle, in all probability finds himself engaged in an unequal conflict with a barren soil, which he has no idea how to manage; and in the end is obliged to desert his farm when all his money is expended, and no return forthcoming. The other plan is still less satisfactory. A man finds that a larger proportion of his only small means has ebbed away, and left him scarcely enough to settle with upon his land, with even the smallest chance of success. Both plans are clearly beset with difficulties. Yet I believe the last if subjected to some modification, to be by far the smallest evil of the two. Let every member of such a man's family, who is able to do anything, endeavour to earn something while they are obliged to wait. If there are any boys, let them learn as much as possible of what may afterwards be useful to them. If any member of the family is competent, let her become for a time a governess. If it is possible to obtain it, rent a house at some distance from the town; you may there get the means of keeping a cow, some pigs, or at least poultry; and thus save something in milk, meat, or eggs. This state of things need not, in all probability, last long; and at the end of from six to twelve months, you may obtain and settle upon your own land, with some experience of your own, and a good deal more obtained from others with whom you have become acquainted.

In the selection of land, one thing ought always to be borne in mind, that a few shillings per acre difference in price is a mere trifle as compared with the difference in value between good and bad land, or even between fine land, and that known as "fair." Another caution is worthy to be observed; never be too anxious about water frontage or existing roads. These things must not, it is true, be overlooked; far from it; but it is nevertheless a fact, that in New Zealand, the best land is rarely on the water frontages; and that as most persons are afraid of going far from a made road, much of the best land is the last to be taken up in a block.

I have thus endeavoured to say as briefly as possible a few words on the preliminary difficulties of new comers; I hope hereafter if the Editor of the "SOUTHERN MONTHLY" can afford me space, to give the results of a somewhat extensive experience, as to the best mode of procedure, different kinds of lands, and various amounts of capital.

LINES IN A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.

A PRETTY task, Miss S——, to ask
A Benedictine pen,
That cannot quite at freedom write
Like those of other men.
No lovers' plaint my muse must paint
To fill this pages span,
But be correct, and recollect,
I'm not a single man.

Pray, only think, for pen and ink,
How hard to get along
That may not turn, on words that burn,
Or love, the life of song !
Nine muses, if I chooses, I
May woo all in a clan
But one Miss S——, I daren't address—
I'm not a single man.

Scribblers unwed, with little head,
May eke it out with heart
And in their lays, it often plays,
A rare first-fiddle part.
They make a kiss, to rhyme with bliss,
But if *I* so began
I have my fears, about my ears,
I'm not a single man.

Upon your cheek, I may not speak,
Nor on your lip be warm,
I must be wise, about your eyes,
And formal with your form ;
Of all that sort, of thing in short,
On T. H. Bayley's plan
I must not twine, a single line,
I'm not a single man.

A watchmans' part compels my heart
To keep you off its *beat* ;
And I might dare, as soon to swear
At *you* as at your feet,
I can't expire in passions' fire,
As other poet's can—
My life (she's by,) wont let me die—
I'm not a single man.

Shut out from love, denied a dove,
 Forbidden bow and dart
 Without a groan, to call my own,
 With neither hand nor heart.
 To Hymen vowed, and not allowed
 To flirt, e'en with your fan ;
 Here end, as just a friend, I must—
 I'm not a single man.

THOMAS HOOD.

A DROVE OF IRISH BULLS.

THE following piece of "composition," may be "backed" against anything ever produced. It was written half a century ago, by Sir Boyle Roche, a member of the Irish Parliament—"The Troubled Times of Ninety-eight," when a handful of men, from the county of Wexford, struck terror into the hearts of many gallant sons of Mars, as well as the worthy writer himself. The letter was addressed to a friend in London, and is old enough to be new to nine out of ten of our readers :—

MY DEAR SIR—Having now a little peace and quietness, I sit down to inform you of the dreadful bustle and confusion we are all in from these blood-thirsty rebels, most of whom are, thank God, killed and dispersed. We are in a pretty mess ; can get nothing to eat, nor any wine to drink, except whiskey, and when we sit down to dinner, we are obliged to keep both hands armed. While I write this, I hold a sword in each hand, and a pistol in the other.

"I concluded from the beginning that this would be the end of it, and I see I was right ; for it is not half over yet. At present there are such goings on, that everything is at a stand-still. I should have answered your letter a fortnight ago, but I did not receive it till this morning. Indeed, scarcely a mail arrives safe without being robbed. No longer ago than yesterday, the coach with the mails from Dublin was robbed near this town. The bags had been judiciously left behind, for fear of accident ; and by good luck there was nobody in it but two outside passengers, who had nothing for the thieves to take. A few days since, notice was given that a gang of rebels was advancing here under the French standard, but they had no colors, nor any drums except bagpipes.

"Immediately every man in the place, including men, women, and children, ran out to meet them. We soon found our force much too little ; we were too near to think of retreating. Death was in every face, but to it we went, and by the time half our party were killed, we began to be all alive again. Fortunately, the rebels had no guns except pistols and pikes, and as we had plenty of muskets and ammunition, we put them all to the sword. Not a soul of them escaped, except some that were drowned in adjacent bogs ; and in a very short time nothing was heard but silence. Their uniforms were all of different colours, but mostly green. After the action, we went to rummage a sort of camp which they had left behind them. All we found was a few pikes without heads, a parcel of empty bottles of water, and a bundle of French commissions filled with Irish names. Troops are now stationed all round the country, which exactly squares with my ideas. I have only time to add that I am in great haste.

"P.S.—If you do not receive this, of course it must have miscarried ; therefore I beg you will write me and let me know."

WHAT SHOULD COLONIES DO FOR THEMSELVES?

THE question with which we set out is a most important one ; and, it must be confessed, one on which communities placed in our position may very likely have formed opinions of no unprejudiced kind. The old idea of comparing a colony to a shoot from some parent tree, was clearly better suited to those times in which the mother-country pampered, petted, and spoiled one or two favourite provinces, than to such a development as the present Colonial Empire of Britain.

We conceive that the idea of branch and tree, was one founded on an error, and not unlikely to perpetuate that error. The tree must always continue to support the branch ; the branch must be for ever helplessly dependent on the tree. Truly such a state of things could not continue, or if it did continue, surely it could not fail of proving most hurtful both to the political tree and the off-shoot. The true idea of a colony must be, we conceive, rather that of a sucker thrown out by a tree in the wantonness of its strength and vigour ; or it may perhaps be yet more aptly symbolized by the shoot of the banyan tree. Not a branch which must always be an increase to the weight of the tree, and so may eventually cause its downfall, but a shoot which, descending to the ground, may after a time form the surest support of that trunk of whose sap it has no longer need, yet whose connection it never under any circumstances casts off.

These two comparisons may be taken as embodying in some degree every idea that has ever been held by sensible men, on the subject of colonisation. The earliest idea was that of the banyan example. The early Greek colonists, in this, as in well nigh all things, the teachers of the world, never forgot this principle. The tie between the parent state and its child was of the most sacred kind, but the child was in no way encouraged to lean helplessly upon the parent. It was the mere development of the natural idea of the son leaving his father's house, not without aid and assistance, but yet not to return as a burden on the parent's hands.

England's first attempts at colonizing were based upon the diametrically opposite plan. Her earliest dependencies were petted as infants, and in return were expected to continue infants. The rebellion of the child broke, once for all, the delusion that such a course was either feasible or advisable. Since the American war of independence, Britain has become, year by year, more fearful of encouraging such a mistake as she had formerly fallen into. We cannot experience any feeling of wonder if she has even gone too far, and erred somewhat on the other side,—has not only, that is, renounced the idea of supporting a number of helpless branches, but has even thought that the sap needful for the establishment of the young off-shoot in a vigorous growth was all but thrown away.

The question, then, which we have to consider,—and it is one of the highest importance to us,—is how far the legitimate drawing of sap from the parent stem extends, and where it begins to argue the helplessness of

the branch. We have no desire to argue this question as though it referred wholly to New Zealand ; indeed we are inclined rather to take as an example, if example we must have, the great colony of Canada ; and so, if possible, establish a principle which may be capable of a very wide application. It is now almost exactly one hundred years since England took possession of the colony of Canada, after the surrender of Montreal. It was then—if we may still use our simile—but a very tender shoot ; it is now a great tree. It must therefore have gone through most of the stages of which we have spoken ; and we may learn the better to judge of its present relations, and those of other colonies, by following slightly the course of its development.

As we have already intimated, the colony may be said to have had its beginning about the year 1762. It was therefore in but a very preliminary stage of development when it was more than threatened by the breaking out of the American War of Independence. We have said more than threatened, because at one time during that war the very existence of the colony, as a colony, was in a state of uncertainty. The British Government were, however, by no means disregarding of the danger of their offspring ; troops were readily sent to their assistance as soon as possible, and by their exertions, ably and zealously assisted by the settlers, the threatened danger was warded off. It was not until 1812 that danger again menaced the young colony. It had then had fifty years of existence to strengthen it, so as to prepare it for the evil hour which was coming ; but it was not even then at all strong enough to cope with the enemy. The English Government never once dreamt of asking it to do so. Assistance indeed it demanded, and assistance it readily obtained from the colonists : so that the names of colonists are quite as famous in connexion with the struggle, as are those of any one. Another peace of fifty years has followed, and Canada is now of the dimensions of a nation.

What now are the duties of Canada to England, and *vice versa* ? or in other words, what should Canada now do for herself, which at an earlier period of her natural existence she could not, and was not expected to do. Some statesmen there are, and they have at least the merit we believe of sincerity, who assert that she should do everything for herself. That she should, in fact, separate the ligaments that bind her to the old stem altogether. Others again, more numerous, and we think more wise, hold a different opinion ; they think that now if ever in the world's history the tendency of things is to bind nations of like race and language into compact bodies, not to scatter them, weak and disjointed, over the face of the earth ; and that such being the case it will be simply suicidal for England and her colonies to begin now to divide. The question with the able and honest statesmen who hold these views simply is, what terms should the mother country stand on with its colonial children. The question is not easily answered, because at first sight the interests of the children and the parent may often seem to clash. We believe, however, it is only at first sight. Whilst the parent stem is vigorous, the banyan is one mighty tree, large enough it may be, to shelter an army ; when it has once decayed and fallen, a forest of young banyans, with no principle of mutual coherence or support, is the result. On the other hand whilst the young tree is vigorous, it gives incalculable strength to the old one, which it protects and supports ; if anything

happens to injure or kill it, the whole tree is weakened by the loss. We maintain that so it is exactly with England and her colonies. Nothing she may do, nothing which can affect her strength or her security, can be possibly any matter of real indifference to her colonies, however much it may appear to them, in the usual phrase, an "Imperial question." England's strength is the strength of her colonies; England's glory is the *Ægis* under whose protection they may grow great. Nor on the other hand is it possible, that anything which affects the welfare of one of her colonies, can be a matter of no consequence to England. Her colonies are essential to her greatness. We have only to ask ourselves what England's position towards the world at large was, before she began to colonize, and we shall see that colonization was one of the most essential conditions of her greatness. Now we believe it might almost be called one of the most essential conditions of her existence. What Greece was in the ancient world, such Great Britain may be in the modern. But Greece without her colonies, would have been a mere cypher compared with what she was; it was her colonies that spread her influence throughout the world; and it appears likely that so in her degree may it be with England. It may be imagined by some, that even if separated, England's colonies would still continue to spread the influence of England over the whole earth; and in one sense it may be true, but not in the full sense. American influence has been, and is widely felt throughout the world; but it is not, we should hope, the sort of influence which England's sons could bear to think of as hers. If then, as we have said, England's colonies should look upon themselves not as though their interests were divided by some great gulf from those of the mother country, but as being absolutely bound up with her interests, so that they must stand or fall together, it must follow that a great deal of the talk about "Imperial matters," and "Colonial affairs" are simply so many injurious misapprehensions of our actual position as regards one another. Whatever is an "Imperial matter," is sure, in some way to become sooner or later a "Colonial matter," and what now seems perhaps, merely a "Colonial affair," will at no distant period re-act upon the welfare of the mother country.

Some such thoughts as we have here endeavoured to express briefly, cannot we imagine, fail to lead us to a clearer view of many questions of colonial policy, which before seemed intricate enough. If we take the case of Canadian defence which has of late been assuming the aspect of a really serious question, and try it by this rule, we shall be able to see in how far it would be likely to assist us in forming judgments on general colonial questions. As we have already mentioned, Canada has arrived at an amount of population quite large enough to form a nation. Upwards of three millions of inhabitants ought at least to be able to do a great deal for themselves. So thought the British Government, when the near prospect of an American war made it turn its thoughts particularly towards Canada; and we cannot say that it thought amiss, or otherwise than with perfect fairness. None, we feel convinced, would treat with more utter disdain than the Canadians themselves, any assertion that they were as yet only in the infancy of their nationality, and as yet unable to judge or to act for themselves. When, however, they were told that they must do something, must do in short a great deal to defend themselves from threatened invasion, we find that they were

diately began to talk of its not being their business. This turn of events astonished statesmen at home almost beyond expression. To them the demands made seemed most reasonable ; as indeed they do to us, at least in the abstract. Little can be said against the propriety of a nation which is possessed of large revenues and a good round population, assisting at least in the defence of its own territory. Yet this was in effect what the Canadian Parliament did, when they voted a Militia of five thousand men for enrollment. We can scarcely wonder at the indignation of English statesmen.

There was, however, one thing which they did not, and we must endeavour to do. They did not place themselves in the position of the Canadian colonists, and then inquire how it was that things appeared so differently. Had they done so, they would have found that the leading idea in the mind of the colonists, was, not so much that the Militia was an expense which they could ill-afford to bear ; but rather that the whole need of any military preparation whatever, must arise from the Imperial policy with which, as they assumed, they had no concern. Thus, while the English member of Parliament was ready to exclaim with indignation, "What ! not assist with more than a paltry five thousand men, in their own defence ! What a degenerate race they must be !" the member of the Canadian Legislature, was on his part equally indignant, and ready to grumble,—“What an idea, to make men pay to support a war with whose origin they had no concern, and with a people who would not hurt them on any account except as the subjects of England !” each party probably wronging the other, and believing the other anxious to wrong him, merely from the want of looking upon themselves as being all part of one nation.

Were it not for this unfortunate forgetfulness, the English Minister would see at once, that even so serious a fault as that he supposed the Canadians guilty of, could form no good reason for talking of dividing the nation ; a tone which, taken at such a time, seemed nothing short of a threat, and sounded peculiarly ungracious in the moment of danger. While, had the colonist not lost sight, in even a worse degree than the statesman, of this truth, he would never have thought for one moment of raising difficulties which might weaken England's hands when she most needed her full strength. He would never have dreamt of calling the case of the *Trent* a purely “Imperial” cause of quarrel, when he knew that his own honour and safety was as much at stake in the question as that of any dweller in London or Liverpool. We in this part of the world, and in our peculiar position, can better judge impartially we believe of such a case as that in discussion than either the English or the Canadian statesman, who are both more or less excited by a certain sense of injustice endured at the hands of the other. When England was at war with her revolted colonies in America, she both demanded and received with cheerful alacrity the aid which the colonists could supply. Most of the victories which she gained, and which preserved Canada to the English Crown, were gained in great measure by the co-operation of the local militia. When again in 1812–1814, the States made considerable efforts to subdue and annex Canada, the attempt was chiefly frustrated by the energy and bravery shown by the colonial militia. In both these cases, the struggle was brought on by matters at least as purely “Imperial” as was the affair of the *Trent*, or as can be

any affair which will now bring on a conflict between Britain and the States. It is only natural that an English statesman should complain of so great a change of feeling on the part of the Canadian people, which could induce them to withhold any adequate provision for their own defence. Nor, even making every excuse for them, can we absolve them from a large share of blame. It may be true that they can find a thousand good objects on which to expend their revenue; yet that is clearly no reason why they should demand that England should defend them, who meantime are content to sit idly and refuse either to work or pay for their defence. We are far from supposing that Canada would act thus when the hour of invasion did actually arrive. We believe that their strength of affectionate loyalty would then prompt them to make no terms with the invader; but the question naturally arises, will such tardy repentance and such late efforts be sufficient to save the lives of the thousands of England's soldiers, who must then necessarily bear the brunt of the attack, at the best but feebly assisted by the people of Canada. The question briefly resolves itself into this. Does Canada look upon herself as a part of that British nation which is now spreading over the whole earth? If she does, as we believe she does, she is morally, though not perhaps legally, bound to give what aid she can to the other part of that nation which is in England. She is bound to second her efforts, as much as Scotland is bound to second the efforts of England, not because it will prove most injurious to herself, if England should withdraw her protection, but because she should always endeavour to be as entirely a part of England itself, as though no three thousand miles of sea intervened between; and as though her Colonial Legislature were no more than a small section of the British Parliament.

If colonies would view the matter in this light, and if they were fully recognised by the British nation generally, we should hear no more of "Imperial questions" and purely "colonial matters." The colonies would be really the sons and not merely the dependencies of England; and Britain herself would be truly a *mother* and not merely a *founder* of nations.

It must surely be the want of some such feeling as this that makes the thought of an expensive militia even for a moment considered. Military men say that Canada's vast frontier of fully a thousand miles, cannot be guarded with less than a body of at least fifty thousand men, in addition to the regular troops that England can send to her assistance. Why should a Militia Bill be necessary to raise such a force as this from among a population of at least three millions? Why should not each able-bodied man give a few hours in each week, of his own free will, to shew that he is no foreigner bearing the honorable name of a British colonist, but a real son of Britain? What after all would be required? Would not a very few hours weekly, at drill or at practice, suffice to render fifty thousand stalwart young colonists more than a match for any invading force, in a country so well known to its defenders?

We have made this long digression before even approaching the question with which we set out, because we felt sure that the only real difficulty in the way of answering it lay in a misconception of what a colony or what a mother country really meant. If we have now arrived at some idea of these points: if we see that it is no question of money or of taxes, that ought to make a national bond: if we are prepared, in

short, to admit that the colony stands in no less intimate a relation to the mother country (we love the name), than the son in family life does to his parent : we shall no longer be beset by a thousand difficulties, as to how much the mother country should do for the colony, or what sacrifices the colony is bound to make on account of the mother country.

The colony, we conceive, is bound, as the individual man would be bound, to exert itself to the utmost to provide for its own wants and exigencies ; to be ready in a manly way to put forth all its strength to help itself, and in helping itself, to help also its mother country : is bound not to run helplessly to its parent, calling her to aid on the first approach of danger, but rather to strain every nerve to shew itself worthy of being looked upon, and treated as the son of such a country as Great Britain.

We need scarcely enlarge upon this theme, as we cannot doubt that it does commend itself to the reason of every British colonist. It may not be amiss, however, in this place, and before we leave the subject, to make some slight reference to the action of such a principle as applied to ourselves. Our position bears, it must be allowed, a certain resemblance to that of Canada : let us be quite sure that our conduct will bear a favourable comparison with theirs. We have felt ourselves aggrieved by the treatment which we have received from the British Government ; and no doubt we have to some extent suffered an injustice, to which we would not have been subjected had England not to some extent forgotten, that though we have left her side, we are as much as ever a part of her family. But have we on our part done all that we could do ? Have we not allowed ourselves to indulge in a great deal of talk about "Imperial matters" as opposed to "colonial matters ?" Have we tried to shame the mother country into the remembrance that we are Englishmen ; and that, moreover, we are a part of her family of whom she has reason to be proud ?

We have not been niggardly of our money—let us not now become niggardly of our personal toil. Let us not imagine that we fulfil the duties of England's sons when we seat ourselves at our ease, and grumble at the unwillingness of Britain to defend us. We have heard much of Volunteering, but we should consider that England sees only the results, and that those results can scarcely give her much confidence in the truth of statements which have found place among us, that as soon as any sign of need is apparent, we shall start up, after the manner of the Grecian fable, a nation of armed men.

In answer then to the question with which we set out, we would say—A colony ought to do for itself as much as it possibly can. It ought not always to be calculating the price of a man's labour—so much more than it is in England. Its aim ought not to be its own petty individual advantage, but the good of that great whole of which it should be proud to form a part. If this were acted upon, we have no fears that the mother country would fail to do her part. She has never shown real backwardness to assist in the hour of peril, and this would be still less the case when she felt sure that her colonies were eager, as far as possible, to help themselves and her.

A CHAPTER ON MISERS.

It is quite a mistaken notion to suppose that misers consist of one class only—the wretch who hoards every penny he can accumulate, stores it in his chest, anxiously watches it, greedily counts his wealth, and never allows one stiver beyond so much as will just keep body and soul together to escape from his coffers. But there are others, who yet pass in the world as misers, and have much in common with them, but still form a very different kind of being amongst the Family of Man. I once knew a man, and at the time I knew him he was scarcely forty years of age, who was esteemed by all who knew him as a thorough miser and was despised as such; perhaps the more so, although I know not why, because he was a miser and yet not an old man. He possessed a small income, besides which he earned by toil and by his pen a trifle beyond the interest of his capital. This man would live in the most penurious style—debar himself not only the comforts but almost the very necessities of life. He presented a most mean and contemptible appearance; had scarcely an associate, fearing that such would lead him into some expense. He lived in an upper room in a cheap part of London, which room no one but himself, during his tenantry of it, was known to enter. And yet this man was, in many peculiar cases of distress, which were brought in any secret way before him, most liberal and munificent. He would not give to cases of distress ordinarily brought before him; but it required a most peculiar and roundabout mode of proceeding to get at him; and his horror seemed to be in the possibility of its becoming known that he ever gave away a sovereign; and yet to my certain knowledge, and I obtained this knowledge from time to time in a most extraordinary yet most reliable train, he had during my acquaintance with him given away some hundreds of pounds; but never once with his name appended as the donor. He was not known to have a single relative, and his life merely seemed to be one regular round of existence. Leaving England when he was about fifty years of age, I have for ever lost sight of him, and he would not answer my letter if I wrote to him, for it would cost him sixpence.

Again, I knew a couple who were separately and conjointly misers, a man and his wife, both becoming old, and in the middle walks of life, who would grind and screw to make a shilling or a sixpence out of each other, for they had separate incomes. They would each consent to live in the most niggardly manner, and would vie with each other in their petty savings, and yet there appeared no object whatever for this hoarding up of the filthy pelf. Still now and then these two would go out together, perhaps once in the year on some particular occasion, when they would act with such true liberality to themselves and all around them, that no one could conceive that they were misers.

But the most peculiar case which ever came under my own knowledge was an old man of sixty-five to seventy, tolerably rich. He possessed

I daresay forty to fifty thousand pounds. He had a brother within a few years of the same age, and a nephew about forty-five years of age, all single and about equally rich. Their money was, at the time of which I write, invested in the American Funds ; because they gave the largest interest. These three, uncles and nephew, were close and constant companions, had frequent money transactions, in buying and selling Stock and Shares to each other, and never in my life did I witness harder or more grasping dealings ; frequently talking hours in huxtering over a few shillings in a transaction of some thousand pounds. And with all this it was known to all of them how their money was to be left. In the event of the death of either of the brothers, the larger part of the property was to go to the other brother and the remainder to the nephew. The nephew had, in case of his death, decided that his property should be divided equally between his uncles. The greatest and most extravagant luxury I ever knew these men to go to was sixpence for a steamboat ride to Greenwich, a walk in the park, and back in the evening.

Upon the illness of one of them he was strongly advised to call in a medical man, but he refused, saying it would cost so much, and he could not afford it ; but he would go to a chemist and get some medicine, which would do just as well. What was money but a curse to such men ?

The two brothers died first, leaving their accumulated property to the miserable nephew, who thus became, from the joint accumulation of many years, enormously wealthy and miserably wretched. Who his money will go to, I know or care not ; but his greatest misery will be that he has to go away from his money. Although I would certainly say, " Give me neither poverty nor riches," yet if I had to choose between the two, with such certain results as I have above cited, I would choose poverty.

EPIGRAMS.

THE CHILD IN THE CRADLE.

BLEST babe ! A boundless world this bed, so narrow, seems to thee.
Grow man, and narrower than this bed the boundless world shall be.

THE CONNECTING MEDIUM.

What to cement the lofty and the mean
Does Nature ? What ? Place vanity between !

SCIENCE.

To some she is the goddess great ; to some the milch cow of the field ;
Their care is but to calculate—what butter she will yield.

THE
SOUTHERN MONTHLY
MAGAZINE.

"QUE POSSINT OCULOS AURESQUE MORARI."—*Horace.*

APRIL, 1863.

WHAT BECAME OF HIM?
IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.—THE 'GOLDEN PROMISE.'

"THE 'Golden Promise,' for California!" muttered Richard Fortescue, while his head drooped on his breast, and he sank into a deep reverie.

Not a sound was heard in the cottage. The old couple sat gazing into the red embers of fire, their hands clasped together, conscious that they were about to lose their son. Jim never took his eyes off the still form of his young master, his mental resolution of following him most plainly evident in his earnest eyes and firmly set mouth. The shipwrecked voyager grew gradually quieter: he ceased to sway himself to and fro as if in pain, and, leaning back, was soon asleep in the old arm-chair.

There was a long pause. At last our hero lifted his head, and met the earnest, enquiring look fixed on him by Jim.

"Yes, Jim," he said abruptly, answering his look: "yes, I'm going."

"To-night?" said Jim.

"To-night—this very hour—in five minutes."

"Then I must get ready."

"You! No, Jim, don't be so foolish; it is no use going with me; and there's your father and mother to be taken care of." His tone was low, but it sufficed to reach the ears of the old people.

"Go, Jim," said old Thurstal; "you have my blessing. I shall see you again, I know, before I die, and your mother too. Never mind us, but you go."

"But, my good old friend," said Richard, "you don't know where I'm going to—indeed I scarcely know myself yet. No, no! I can't accept such kindness."

"You be going into foreign parts, I know you be," said Jim ; "but no matter, I said I would go wi' you, and I will."

The bustle made by getting Jim's things together awakened the sleeping stranger.

"Gold !" he muttered. "Gold by bucketfuls ! Ah, that's the thing—that's heaven if you like ! Halloa ! Who—what—how's this ?" and he raised himself in his seat. "Oh, I forgot," he added, with a sort of groan, and sank back again. Again he raised himself : "I must be going," he ejaculated, impatiently ; "there's no time to be lost, or all will be gone perhaps."

Our hero looked at Jim, and a glance of intelligence passed between them.

"You can't start yet," said he, "but you will be able in a few days."

"How long did you expect to be on the voyage out ?" said our hero.

"About three months or so—she was a quick ship. But why do you ask ?" he added, after a pause, during which a strange suspicious expression stole over his face. "Why do ye ask ? Are you thinking of going too ?" The man's look was sinister and unpleasant.

"Yes," said Richard, quietly, "I think I shall ; I don't know that I can do better."

The stranger turned his wild glance on the ground, and his head drooped upon his breast. He muttered something which they couldn't hear—it was a curse !

A few days afterwards, and Beachford looked just as usual. The wreck had left no signs but the solitary survivor, who had not yet left the place. Richard Fortescue and Jim Thurstal were gone, and although far from forgotten, were gradually fading out of the first rank of subjects in ordinary talk.

The stranger, as I said, had not yet left. He had been more than once up at the Hall, and it was said that the Baronet had taken a fancy to him, or at least had been kind to him. He always came back, however, to old George Thurstal's cottage. He was rather a favourite with the old people, for he never seemed to tire of hearing of the young master, as they still called him, and "our Jim." He persuaded them that they were sure to have a letter from Jim before he left England, and even went to ask at the Post-office every day. No letter came, however ; and at last, after staying nearly three weeks at Beachford, he took his departure.

A strange, wild-looking scene. Daylight was beginning to throw a grey gleam over the sky in the far east. There was no want of light, however—every window in the broad, straight street absolutely blazed with it. Outside, too, dozens of lanterns and huge candles flamed and flared and flickered about, showing in a strange, unearthly sort of way crowds of men and numbers of horses and coaches. The street seemed absolutely blocked up with the huge mass of vehicles of every conceivable description, alike in nothing but the possession of four or five splendid-looking horses, that leapt and kicked almost incessantly at the delay. The scene might have been mistaken for Pandemonium : it was only Sacramento City half-an-hour before sunrise. The noise was almost

deafening ; everyone seemed to have something to say, and felt called upon to say it at the top of his voice. Shouts of "Ho, there !" "Nevada City, I reckon !" "No, Caloma !" "Just starting—fifteen miles an hour—greased lightning !" "Wo-ho, you brute ! &c." "Take your darned mule out o' that, can't ye !" "Here, you ! Palomba ! Here's a coon for Palomba !" Swearing, shouting, and vociferating, from twenty coach drivers ; screams, entreaties, and adjurations from as many touters for the same. Howls from an indefinite number of dogs ; fantasies of a unique character from a score or so of tin post-horns, blown upon with energy almost supernatural ; cries and anathemas of various kinds, and in a polyglot of languages, from intending passengers and superintending hostlers and waiters. A scene, in short, utterly indescribable to any one who has never seen it.

Gradually the grey light in the sky grows whiter and whiter, the flaring windows pale, and one by one have their lights extinguished ; the wooden houses, painted green, blue, or red, turned up with white, gradually show out in the full brilliancy of their colouring ; the yells grow more fervid, and the sounds more dissonant ; the drivers settle themselves fiercely on the wrong side of the front seat of each nondescript vehicle ; the guards wind still more frantic blasts upon their delightful instruments ; the touters for the various coaches—all whose places have already been taken up half-an-hour before—make one last, despairing effort to make the respective advantages of their particular vehicles publicly known. The last passengers rush out of the hotel doors, each with a roll of blankets slung over his shoulders ; the last waiter is sworn at, and replies in kind ; the last dog rushes howling forth from among the horses' heels ; and—the sun rises.

Away go the five foremost coaches abreast up the straight street. Away, at their very heels, go the second rank, followed in turn by the third and fourth ; and in two minutes the main street of Sacramento City is as quiet as need be. Away go the coaches, clear of the city in three minutes, and then out upon the plain, as smooth as a bowling-green—not a fence, not a ditch, not a tree-stump, nor a stone—a choice place for racing ; and the coaches did race. The horses—lashed without mercy—bound along at racing speed ; the coaches sway, and swing, and creak, as they are whirled along at a terrific pace. Not a sign of a road, yet minute by minute the throng of coaches lessens, and in a quarter-of-an-hour from starting no two coaches are within a mile or two of one another. Still the coach to which we are confining our attention hurries on past long lines of waggons creeping along, drawn by strange, uncouth-looking oxen with huge horns, and driven by men who look even more uncouth than themselves.

About once in twelve miles there is a wayside inn, at which fresh horses are put to, and away once more. Sacramento City soon sinks down on the horizon and vanishes. The other coaches are seen for a short time gliding along in gradually divergent lines upon the vast plain, until they, too, sink out of view. Away, over the smooth, grassy plains, sometimes as it seemed utterly alone, then again in company with waggons and oxen ; now at a weatherboard inn door for three minutes, and ten minutes after out of sight of human habitation : the vast plain dotted here and there with a few trees, and then again with nothing but grass and patches of gorgeous wild-flowers. At last the country changes.

The horses labour up long slopes, thickly dotted with oak and pine trees, and then gallop madly down the opposite slope, clearing rocks and stumps in a miraculous-looking way. Gradually more signs of life—half-a-dozen wild, shaggy-looking men, rather undressed than otherwise, are toiling in what look like graves in a small ravine by the side of the road ; then two men have dug a hole right in the middle of the ordinary road, and scarcely vouchsafe a glance to the energetic anathemas of the driver. Log cabins and more sheds gleam out among the trees : then the whole country on each side of the road is torn up and tossed about, as though a drove of Titan pigs had been at work ; and at last the coach rolls at a round canter between two rows of the most nondescript-looking things meant for houses that ever mortal man invented. An indistinct vision of slop-clothing, rifles, bowie-knives, blankets, casks of pork, barrels of flour, &c., &c., in almost endless confusion. The horses are pulled upon their haunches with a furious jerk—the coach is at Lynchville, and Lynchville is, as everyone knows, in California.

"Here we are, Jim, at last !" said a hearty voice, which could belong to no other than Richard Fortescue ; and in another moment he and Jim, got up in a costume which would, in any other part of the world, have argued at the least incipient insanity, jumped out of the coach, each with a roll of blankets slung over his shoulder. Had it not been for his voice, it would have been no easy task to recognise either of our two friends, as they stood looking round them for a few minutes before taking any further steps.

"Well, Jim, what's to be done now, do you think ? We're on the gold-fields at last, I should say !"

"All right, Master Richard ; hadn't we better set to work now ? There ain't nothing in the purse, is there ?"

"Come along, then, Jim !" And the pair were soon threading their way carefully over heaps of earth, and between grave-like holes.

Hundreds of men were at work on every side of them, but scarcely one lifted his head to look at them as they passed. They had wandered perhaps half-a-mile up the narrow valley in this laborious way, bewildered by the multitude of holes, and all but deafened by the crash of the cradles, or, nearer the stream, by the splash—clash—splash of the "long tons" at work, as it seemed, by hundreds, on every side of them.

"Hallo, mates !" shouted a rough voice, as they paused, puzzled what to do.

They looked up, and saw, directly above them on a sort of shelf of the valley, a figure dressed in a red shirt and pair of buckskin breeches a good deal the worse for wear.

"Hallo !" replied Jim.

"Are you on the look out for a claim ? Here's one I'll sell dirt cheap, for fifty dollars—yields an ounce and a half a day, 'pon my soul !"

"No !" said Jim ; "we're cleaned out—not a blessed dollar left."

"Come, you shall have it for thirty-five, I guess," said the other, evidently incredulous.

"But, I tell you, we haven't got a cent," replied Jim, angrily.

"Don't say so !" growled the other, convinced of Jim's sincerity. "Wal, I reckon there's lots of duffer holes round here ; you'd best choose one, stranger !" and he turned angrily away.

"What do you say, Jim?" said our hero. "Shall we try a duffer hole for a bit—it will save sinking, at any rate."

"All right," said Jim; and in two minutes more they had mounted to the more elevated shelf, where, as the Yankee had truly informed them, there were lots of duffer holes now deserted. "Now," exclaimed Jim, "I'll have the first spell, Master Richard"—our hero frowned—"I mean Dick, sir, begging your pardon." The other laughed at Jim's comical appearance of contrition, and watched him as, pick in hand, he jumped into the hole. It was not more than five feet deep, and the reason became at once apparent when, at the first blow of the pick, it struck fire from the rock. All the gold at that digging had been washed from the earth on the top of the rock, and this claim had been deserted because not even the colour of gold could be found in the bottom earth. Jim was, as yet, very ignorant of digging, and our hero couldn't give him much advice, so he picked away diligently for half-an-hour, at the end of which time he had pitched out a good heap of stones and loose earth, but nothing that Richard Fortescue could even fancy resembled gold.

"Let me try now, Jim," said he, at last. Jim got out of the hole reluctantly, and the other took his place.

"How do you get on, mates?" shouted their Yankee friend, getting out of his hole, and coming to look into theirs.

"Nothing yet, I think," said Jim.

"I should rayther say not," replied he. "You might dig there till almighty smash, and I wouldn't give a darned cent for your gold. Now there's my claim—that's something like——"

"I daresay," said Jim; "but I told you we hadn't no money, and it's true."

"Wal, you won't get much out o' that hole, I guess."

"The shovel here, Jim!" exclaimed our hero, in an excited tone of voice—"The shovel!"

"What is it mas—— I mean Dick?"

"I don't know!" He was shovelling away as if for his life. "There, Jim! look out above, will you? Here it is, whatever it may be." And a great shovel-full of earth and broken pieces of stone fell at Jim's feet. He stooped eagerly over the side of the hole and gazed at our hero, who was on his knees scraping away the earth with his hands in a frantic-looking way, having thrown down his spade.

"What is it?" shouted Jim, wild with excitement.

"Gold, Jim! Gold, as I'm alive." Jim almost precipitated himself into the hole head foremost.

"What a darned muss all about a piece of mica; I'm blessed if it don't chew up cock-fighting tarnationly!" said their Yankee acquaintance.

"Mica!" retorted Jim, angrily; "not a bit of it, I'll be sworn."

"Wal, I calculate we shall see, stranger."

"Do you call that mica?" exclaimed our hero, jumping to his feet, and pointing triumphantly to a small hole or crevice in the rock which he had just succeeded in laying bare.

"Gold!" shouted Jim, jumping nearly half his own height from the ground in extasy, and clapping his hands wildly together, so as to draw the attention of half-a-dozen miners at no great distance off.

"Wal, I'm tarnation darned if I don't think it's gold, arter all!"

muttered Silas Chobbin, for that was the Yankee's name. And it was gold ! In ten minutes, every man on the field within a quarter of a mile was congregated round the spot, watching our hero and Jim as they picked out the nuggets of gold which lay imbedded in that crevice. It was a noble pocket—to use the diggers' phrase—and many a hungry eye watched the fortunate pair, and many a black look followed their motions, as lump after lump was stowed away in Jim's little leathern bag. In five minutes more there was not a vacant claim on all the shelf—and Silas Chobbin had sold his claim to a party of four Missourian woodsmen for five hundred dollars down. As our hero and Jim jumped out of their hole, after clearing out all the gold they could find by the fading light, they were addressed in a surly tone by a great rough-looking man, in a huge frieze coat, and with his face so covered with hair that, save a mouth and two bright eyes, nothing could be discovered of his face—

"I say, mates, where are ye steering for to-night ?" he asked, in a low tone.

The two men looked at one another, uncertain what reply to make to a question which might be prompted by so many motives ; both had learnt a good deal of the needful lesson of suspicion already, yet they neither of them exactly knew what to reply when thus suddenly addressed.

"What port do ye steer for, I say ?" repeated the man still more urgently. "You needn't be so plaguy frightened o' me, I tell ye, I means ye no harm, by George !"

Something in the tone of the last few words decided our hero, and he replied in the same undertone—

"Why do you ask ? What's your name ?"

"Tom Smith's my name, if you want to know ; and I asked ye, because I didn't think ye knew properly how to take care o' yourselves wi' all that gold about ye."

"Is there any great danger, then ?"

Tom made a significant motion with his hand across his throat—"That's all," said he.

"We've got our revolvers about us !"

"I'm hanged if ye won't need 'em before morning, most places about here," replied Tom.

Richard and Jim looked at one another again ; they were evidently puzzled what to do. Tom looked the other way, and hummed "Tom Bowling."

"Come !" said Richard, sharply, turning upon him ; "you are an Englishman and a sailor—tell us plainly why you say this to us ! What do you want now ?"

"Well," said Tom, indulging in a sort of chuckle, "that's something like bracing up sharp to the wind. Well, I don't mind telling of you what I did it for—I wants a lucky mate ! I've been two years and a half on them blessed diggings, and I've never had as much luck as would buy me a ration of rum. I shouldn't mind joining you, as you looks something like luck, though you've devil a bit of experience ! What do you say to that, now ?"

"That's true enough, Jim," whispered our hero. "What do you say ?"

"Do as you like, Master Richard," replied Jim ; "only if it was me I'd say done, I think."

"Well, then," said he, after a moment's pause, "we don't mind taking you in, only we won't have any more."

"Devil a bit !" said Tom, "I'm not quite so green as to wait that. Come on, then," he added, looking round him with a quick, keen glance out of his sparkling black eyes ; "come on ! we've no time to lose ; we don't want too many eyes watching us to see what course we steer."

Slinging their bundles over their shoulders, the pair followed their new comrade, who strode along at a prodigious rate through the maze of dark-looking holes which honey-combed the whole valley. Every now and then he stopped and listened—it was now too dark to see far—and then again resumed his way. The number of holes gradually decreased, and at last the party got clear of them entirely, and found themselves stumbling over some rocky ground which, from the increased gloom, was easily conjectured to be forest. In a few minutes more they had reached Tom's hut, which was roughly built of brushwood on three sides, the fourth being formed of the solid rock.

"Here we are, then," said their guide—as, striking a match, he applied it to a lamp which hung from the ridge-pole—"you're safe enough here for this night, at all events ; not a soul has tracked us !"

"Things must be in a curious state here, by your account," said our hero.

"Well, you arn't very far off your course there. There's been—let me see—yes, just twenty-six men murdered here in the last six weeks, and this never was a bad diggin' for it. Up Calomba way there never a night passes but there's one or two, I can tell you !"

"And the law ?" asked our hero, aghast at this intelligence, conveyed in the most matter-of-fact tone.

"Law !" ejaculated Tom, in a tone of the strongest contempt—"law !—what the mischief's the use of law, I should like to know ? It's never hung a man on these diggings since I've been on them !"

Our party remained undisturbed and safe during that night, and indeed, through Tom's knowing arrangements, for some time ; but the statements of Tom were soon found to be strictly true as regarded the social state of the diggings at the time.

The discovery of gold imbedded in the rock soon caused a great rush back to the diggings which had been supposed to be nearly wrought out. Richard Fortescue and his two companions worked for about a month in the neighbourhood with excellent success, and all that time escaped the usual attacks made upon successful diggers who were known to be such. This they partly owed to the impression which was abroad that they were a strong party. Tom seemed a host in himself, and both the others were big, powerful men, while all had a determined look. Their success, however, was too marked to allow of this impunity lasting much longer.

"I say, Tom," said our hero—who was now without a shadow of reluctance called Dick by both his comrades—one day, as the trio sat for a five minutes' meal on the heaps of earth and stones at the mouth of their claim ; "I say, Tom, we must be getting on, don't you think ? We've had uncommonly good luck this week."

Tom looked round, his mouth very full of flap-jack, and before he

gave any reply, lifted a lump of clay about half as large as a man's head, and threw it, as if carelessly, over the bank into a clump of brushwood close at hand in the ravine.

"What the mischief do you mean, up there?" shouted a harsh and angry voice from below; and a head, covered with a mass of matted black hair—sufficient to make it to all intents and purposes unrecognisable—emerged from the brushwood, followed by a large and strong-looking body, somewhat bent.

The party above indulged in a hearty laugh at the strange figure that addressed them, especially when they saw that Tom's missile had lighted exactly on the shaggy and unprotected head before them.

"Oh!" said Tom, "you don't mean to say you were there, mate? I'll be hanged! If I had only known now!"

There was just enough sincerity in the tone to make it difficult to say any more, so after treating the party to a very fierce stare out of his bloodshot eyes, the owner of the shaggy head of hair turned away with a muttered curse, and disappeared. Tom indulged in his own peculiar low chuckle, as he gradually stole away round the bend in the ravine.

"Did you know he was there?" asked Jim.

"Know! in course I knowed. Didn't I sight the reptile five minutes afore? He's as big a rascal that as I've seen on them diggins, if I knows a rascal by sight. Ye shouldn't ha' said a word about our luck, Dick," he continued after a pause, during which he swallowed a vast amount of the flap-jack (cake made of flour and water). "We'll have to see more on that scorpion yet, or my name ain't Tom Smith!"

"Do you think they'll venture, Tom?"

"Do you think I'll venture to eat that?" replied Tom, contemptuously, as he crammed the last three square inches of food into his huge mouth at once. "But never mind, they'll not get it for nothing, bless'd if they will!" and Tom jumped into the hole once more, letting himself down by an ingenious succession of steps cut in the sides of the shaft.

The party were in the habit of secreting their gold in a hole in the floor of their tent below Tom's bed, or rather the spot where Tom slept, for beds were unknown. The second night after the conversation related above, they had opened the hole and stowed away the gains of the two last days, which had been considerable. Tom was for once in low spirits, while the others were unusually the contrary. Jim was almost always in good spirits, and even our hero had so far thrown off the oppressive feeling of disgrace which seemed to have no place in a state of society such as that he now moved in, that he took almost as lively an interest in the fluctuations of success as either of his companions. If he would have acknowledged it to himself he had even stronger reasons than they had, as he could not drive away the hope of one day acquiring a position and a name for himself in some of the colonies which might suffice to wipe off the disgrace which he conceived must now attach to his name.

"What's the matter, Tom?" asked our hero, seeing his companion staring moodily at the small fire which burned in the middle of the hut.

"It's them devils; I knows they'll circumvent us, I does. Why didn't they come last night, do ye think?"

"Perhaps they were afraid; or may be they didn't overhear me after all!"

"Perhaps they *wern't* afeard, and perhaps they *did* hear ye, the reptiles ! Don't you believe it ; they hears everything and fears nothing, not even the devil, them sort o' chaps. No, we'll ha' them here sooner or later ; and, says I, the sooner the better, afore they've had time to make up all their devil's tricks !"

"The tents and huts have crept up all round us now pretty close. I wish we had a good big fierce dog of some sort," said Jim.

"Love or money wouldn't buy one now on them diggins," growled Tom.

This remark closed the conversation : each sat following out the train of his own thoughts, and now and then listening to the noise which proceeded from the new grog store about two hundred yards off.

"Good-night, Tom !" said our hero at last. "Good-night, Jim !" and he rolled his blanket round him, and was fast asleep in two minutes. Jim followed his example, and left Tom still gazing gloomily into the embers.

"I should know that devil's eye, somehow," muttered he to himself. "He'll circumvent me once, I daresay ; but I'll be even with him yet, I'll be hanged if I don't." He half smiled, and pulling out a revolver, carefully examined every barrel to see that all was right, and after changing the caps, he too rolled himself in his blanket, and, placing the pistol at his side already cocked, was fast asleep also in a few minutes.

In one of the compartments of the new grog store there sat a party of four men. Two of them we know already—Silas Chobbin and the individual with the matted head of hair. The third was a tall man with bent shoulders, giving the idea of having carried a load of something all his life : he had sandy-coloured thin hair, which had the appearance of having been stuck on in little patches regardless of appearance : his face, which was long and thin, slanted backwards from the chin, till it culminated at what should have been the back of his head ; it was garnished, but not adorned by any means, by a beard made apparently to match his hair, and put on in the same way. The fourth was a middle-sized man, whose face was so thoroughly disguised by the amount of beard and whiskers that covered it that the only remarkable features in it were the eyes, which moved restlessly and unceasingly in every direction, never looking straight forward, but seeming always to come from one side or other. The four men were in deep consultation on some subject.

"I guess," said Silas, in a strongly nasal tone, "I guess your plan won't du, stranger ; you won't fix them birds with any such tarnation lime as that, I calculate."

"I'm clear for setting a light to the hut and chawing up the whole consarn," said the spy, viciously.

"And heow abaout the dollars, stranger ?" asked the tall man who rejoiced in the irregular head of hair.

"Look here, Jabez, and you too Silas," said the fourth member of the conclave—"Listen to me for a minute. It's no use to burn the place ; you won't take anything by that, and won't put an end to the men either—so I'll have nothing to do with it. But I've got a plan that's sure to succeed."

The four heads closed round the table closely, and sundry nods and looks from one to another told of a plan likely to succeed.

"I guess, strangers, we're going to close neow," called a harsh voice from without, and the party left the place.

Almost pitchy dark outside. There was a heavy drift of clouds across the sky, and a strong breeze was springing up. One o'clock! and the whole encampment lay as still as death. Not a dog bayed—not a light shone out from a single hut or tent of all the fifteen hundred scattered round. Silent as death: not a living creature awake, as it seemed. Two o'clock: The wind has risen a good deal—the pines and oaks still standing begin to creak and groan strangely in the wind; no living thing seems to be abroad, however, and the darkness is more intense than ever. Half-past two: The wind has increased to half a gale, and the trees sway, and creak, and labour, as the gusts catch their tall tops and wide-spreading branches. Round the hut of our party all is still and lifeless. Two stars shine out brightly for a moment: a dark lump of something black is wriggling about on the ground about a hundred yards from the hut. The clouds sweep over the sky again, and it disappears.—— Three o'clock: The wind is scarcely so high, but the darkness is greater than ever. All is still as death round the hut where our hero and his companions are asleep. Suddenly a gleam of light flashes out about fifty yards from the hut—then another; then it bursts into a flame, and shoots up into the air twenty feet or so.

"Fire! fire!" "Help! help!" resounds in a moment on all sides. Every man in the neighbourhood is out of his hut in a moment more. "Help, here! help! There's some poor wretches inside!" Away go our hero and Jim. "Not fifty yards," muttered Tom, dazed by the blaze, and shading his eyes with his hand. "Be hanged to it, it'll catch here if it's not got out." An agonised shriek of "Help! mercy! help!" and Tom was off with a bound. Something black rolled up against the hut at the same moment. It paused a second, then pushed out something: it was a shaggy black head, with two fierce, gleaming eyes. A moment's work, and it slid into the hut.

COLONIAL EXPERIENCE.

To the emigrant about to settle on a farm of his own, nothing can be of greater importance than to have some distinct ideas on the subject of what his land is and how it must be treated. In this paper, therefore, I propose giving some hints as to the different kinds of land which are likely to be presented to the new-comer as eligible for settlement. These may be separated roughly into two great divisions—clay lands and volcanic soils. Each of these has its own peculiar advantages and disadvantages, and each is found united with the other in an almost endless variety of proportions. Clay lands, and those wherein clay predominates, form a large majority of the lands in the Province of Auckland. As this is the case, I will first turn the attention of my readers to the management of clay land.

There are great varieties of clays in New Zealand as well as elsewhere, and almost the only common characteristic which the new settler who is unacquainted with farming matters will discover at first is, that all clays are remarkable for their strong cohesive properties. The true clay is always (until thoroughly wrought) close-lying and sticky, while the volcanic soil is marked by its looseness and porousness. The consequence of this peculiarity in the clay is, that it is not until the close impervious soil has been thoroughly broken up and exposed to the light, heat, and atmospheric action, that even a considerable part of its strength and fertility is displayed. When the new-comer, therefore, hears of the *slowness* of clay land, he should understand that the expression merely refers to the need on its part of a certain amount of labour, which is required to place it on a footing of equality with the volcanic soils through which the rain flows without difficulty, bearing with it much of the fertilising gas which it contains. I have no intention of entering upon a scientific dissertation, as I have observed that such are but little read by the majority of those whom I desire to benefit. Nor, to tell the truth, have I much hope of doing good to the quasi-scientific settler: such men generally look down from a high elevation upon the ignorance of the colonist, old or new, and believe—until taught otherwise by bitter experience—that having studied Professor H—— and Doctor G——, they have nothing to learn, at least in the colony. Not that I would condemn books, far from it; but books are at best only valuable to supplement actual experience, and as soon as they are taken out of their correct position they lead men—but especially new settlers—very far astray.

The settler need not, however, be afraid of clay land, that is, so long as its quality is good. Of some clay lands he cannot be too wary in his avoidance; such land as that on which kauri timber has grown at some former period may be safely condemned as unfit for the new settler. This may be easily discovered from its appearance, which is almost invariably that of bleak open ridges of a lightish yellow clay, and marked here and there by a hillock, close by which is a hollow where the great forest tree has overturned. Another kind, and one equally to be avoided, is even more commonly met with than the former: its usual characteristics are a very broken surface of hills of no great height, succeeded by hollows, usually occupied by swamps or water-courses. It is covered in most instances by ferns of no great height, mingled with short scrubby plants of the manuka or tea-tree. Although not, it may be, so bad as the former sort, it is frequently quite as fatal to the settler, whom it deludes with hopes of doing something more, year by year, until he is finally induced to leave the place in disgust upon which he has expended all his labour for, it may be, some years.

There are, however, good and desirable clay soils which, if they do not at first give so easy a return as the volcanic, yet after a time do at the very least rival them in fertility and endurance. These are of two kinds—the forest and the open clay lands: each has its own peculiar advantages over the other, and likewise its own drawbacks.

Let us suppose a new settler, with a capital of say from four to six hundred pounds, who has made up his mind to settle on clay land. His first care should be, not to rely on his own unassisted judgment in its selection; if he does so, he is almost sure, sooner or later, to repent his

choice. If, unfortunately, he cannot command the assistance and advice of some old and experienced settler, he will find that the next best guide he can have will be the remarks attached by the Government Surveyors to their plans deposited in the Survey Office. It is never wise, however, to buy land, as too many have done, without seeing it for yourself. The best plan, therefore, is to take a tracing from the Government map of the block in which you think of settling, marking on it the various remarks upon its quality which you find there; and, provided with this guide, set out and make a personal inspection of the place. Having decided, from what you have seen and can learn, upon the locality in which you would like to settle, do not be too anxious to secure your land at the lowest possible price. Good land—as I remarked in my last article on this subject—is by no means dear at an advance of two or three shillings per acre on the upset price; while land, if even but one degree poorer, will prove of a difference in value far greater than that sum will represent.

In selecting your land, three things should never be forgotten—a good site for a homestead, plenty of wood, and a good and constant supply of water. The first is one of the most important, and yet least considered, things in the selection of a farm in this country. Where swamps and marshes are so common as with us, the only thing to give effectual protection against ill health, is to secure a site for your house far enough removed from such influences, and sufficiently exposed to the winds to be entirely free from the damp and the unwholesome gases in which a large part of the farmer's time must of necessity be spent. Another consideration of less moment, but yet not to be despised, is that unless your dwelling-house is removed to some distance from swamps you must almost necessarily become every summer, in greater or less degree, the victim of the mosquitoes who are bred in myriads in the neighbouring marsh. Such considerations may seem trivial, but I can assure the recent-arrival that I have observed in many cases that new settlers were affected in a wonderful degree by things of no greater importance than these.

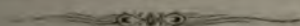
Wood I have mentioned as another very important element in the choice of a farm. I find that space would fail me were I to attempt to go into the whole subject of how bush land should be cultivated, I must therefore reserve it for another paper; but viewed merely as a convenience upon a farm, for the most part consisting of open land, the existence of at least a few acres of forest land should, if possible, be regarded as a *sine qua non* in the selection of a piece of land. It is scarcely necessary to point out the wonderful variety of ways in which a piece of forest, in a good accessible situation, adds to the value of the property. Putting aside altogether the ornamental aspect of the matter—which, however, the new settler ought not altogether to do—you will find that, whether for building purposes, for fencing, for firewood, or even for a shelter for cattle in bad winter weather, you cannot possess anything half so valuable upon your farm as a few acres of good and, if possible, flat forest land.

Water is the third great advantage to be, if possible, obtained in large quantities upon your new farm. By this, I do not mean merely a frontage to some creek or navigable stream, although these are great, as they are rare, advantages. Too much stress may, however, very easily be laid upon this sort of thing, more especially by recent arrivals, who

are apt to think a great deal too much about the ease with which their (prospective) produce may be conveyed to a market. The grand mistake generally is the imagining that the conveyance is the main thing; while of course, although it is undoubtedly important, it is entirely subordinate to the consideration of raising, or failing to raise, the produce to be conveyed. The fact, which I have already mentioned in passing, that the best land is rarely that which possesses water frontages, can scarcely be too carefully heeded by the newly-arrived and inexperienced. Such persons are much too apt to think and act as if land in a good situation was only another form of saying good land. No mistake could be greater nor attended with worse results to new settlers. The water, then, which I would urge every new-comer to look carefully to secure on his land, is water such as shall be a *constant* source of pure beverage for his cattle. A good well is nothing as compared with a good flowing stream of water which is not affected by the drought of summer to any serious extent. Cattle require an immense quantity of water in summer—more, indeed, than would be credited by anyone trying to supply them from a well: indeed, their requirements in this way can only be *well* met by a stream of water to which they can at all times resort *with safety*.

I do not, however, mean to say that you will find yourself able to secure all these three things in any great perfection; still I would warn you that they should be sought after as far as possible. Good land must not be sacrificed to anything save healthiness, which need seldom interfere. Forest land it may be difficult in some cases to combine, and when it is so, even the manifold advantages of bush must give way to the quality of the land. This is still more the case with water. Of course water must be obtained on a farm, or else its value is but very small; but the instances in which there are any very serious difficulties in the way of obtaining it are very rare, and with the exception of a few cases, on volcanic soil, are almost unheard of. The diversities of position and means of locomotion make it all but impossible to give any general rules as to the mode of conveying a family and the needful amount of baggage to a new farm; but one thing may be laid down as an axiom, that so far as water carriage can be made available, it is infinitely to be preferred to land carriage in New Zealand.

I must now suppose that my friend, the new-arrival, has made the final plunge, and actually become a settler. In my next paper I hope to be able to give him some hints as to the mode of procedure, which may be of use to him.



DR. FRANKLIN was dining with a Tory preacher, just before the revolution, who gave as a toast, "The King." The doctor, and others of his way of thinking, drank it. By and by his turn came, and he gave, "The Devil." This created some confusion, but the clergyman's lady understanding the drift, said, "Pray, gentlemen, drink the toast, Dr. Franklin has drunk to our friend, let us drink to his."



THE DIVER.

TRANSLATED FROM SCHILLER.

"Oh, where is the knight or the squire so bold
As to dive to the howling Charybdis below ?
I cast in the whirlpool a goblet of gold,
And o'er it already the dark waters flow :
Whoever to me may the goblet bring,
Shall have for his guerdon that gift of his king."

He spoke, and the cup from the terrible steep,
That rugged and hoary hung over the verge
Of the endless and measureless world of the deep,
Swirled into the maelstrom that maddened the surge.
"And where is the diver so stout to go—
I ask ye again—to the deep below ?"

And the knights and the squires that gathered around
Stood silent, and fixed on the ocean their eyes ;
They looked on the dismal and savage profound,
And the peril chilled back every thought of the prize.
And thrice spoke the monarch—"The cup to win,
Is there never a wight who will venture in ?"

And all as before heard in silence the king—
Till a youth with an aspect unfearing but gentle,
'Mid the tremulous squires, stept out from the ring,
Unbuckling his girdle and doffing his mantle ;
And the murmuring crowd, as they parted asunder,
On the stately boy cast their looks of wonder.

As he strode to the marge of the summit and gave
One glance on the gulf of the merciless main,
Lo ! the wave that for ever devours the wave,
Casts roaringly up the Charybdis again ;
And as with the swell of the far thunder boom
Rushes foamingly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
As when fire is with water commixed and contending,
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin upsoars,
And flood upon flood hurries on never-ending ;
And it never *will* rest, nor from travail be free,
Like a sea that is labouring the birth of a sea.

Yet at length comes a lull o'er the mighty commotion ;
 And dark through the whiteness, and still thro' the swell,
 The whirlpool cleaves downward and downward in ocean,
 A yawning abyss like the pathway to hell ;
 The stiller and darker the further it goes,
 Suck'd into that smoothness—the breakers' repose.

The youth gave his trust to his Maker ! before
 That path through the river abyss closed again,
 Hark ! a shriek from the gazers that circle the shore—
 And behold ! he is whirled in the grasp of the main !
 And o'er him the breakers mysteriously roll'd,
 And the giant-mouth closed on the swimmer so bold.

All was still on the height, save the murmur that went
 From the grave of the deep, sounding hollow and fell ;
 Or save when the tremulous sighing lament
 Thrilled from lip unto lip, " Gallant youth, fare thee well !"
 More hollow and more wails the deep on the ear—
 More dread and more dread grows suspense in its fear.

If thou should'st in those waters thy diadem fling,
 And cry, " Who may find it shall win it and wear ;"
 God wot though the prize were the crown of a king—
 A crown at such hazard were valued too dear ;
 For never shall lips of the living reveal
 What the deeps that howl yonder in terror conceal.

Oh ! many a bark to that breast grappled fast
 Has gone down to the fearful and fathomless grave ;
 Again, crushed together the keel and the mast,
 To be seen toss'd aloft in the glee of the wave !
 Like the growth of a storm ever louder and clearer
 Grows the roar of the gulf, rising nearer and nearer.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
 As when fire is with water commixed and contending ;
 And the spray of its wrath to the welkin upsoars,
 And flood upon flood hurries on never-ending.
 And as with the swell of the far thunder-boom
 Rushes warningly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And, lo ! from the heart of that far-floating gloom,
 Like the wing of the cygnet—what gleams on the sea !
 Lo ! an arm and a neck glancing up from the tomb !
 Steering stalwart and shoreward : Oh joy, it is he !
 The left hand is lifted in triumph ; behold !
 It waves as a trophy the goblet of gold !

He breathed deep and he breathed long,
 And he gazed the heavenly delight of the day.
 They gaze on each other—they shout as they throng—

THE DIVER.

He lives—lo, the ocean has rendered his prey !
 And safe from the ocean and free from the grave,
 Comes back to the daylight the soul of the brave.

And he comes with the crowd in their clamour and glee ;
 And the goblet his daring has won from the water
 He lifts to the king, as he sinks on his knee ;—
 And the king from her maidens has beckoned his daughter.
 She pours to the boy the bright wine which they bring,
 And thus spake the diver—"Long life to the king !

"Happy they whom the rose hues of daylight rejoice,
 The air and the sky that to mortals are given !
 May the horror below never more find a voice—
 Nor man stretch too far the wide mercy of heaven !
 Never more—never more may he lift from the sight
 The veil that is woven with terror and night.

"Quick brightening like lightning, the ocean rushed o'er me,
 Wild floating, borne down fathoms deep from the day ;
 Till a torrent rushed out on the torrents that bore me,
 And doubled the tempest that whirled me away.
 Vain, vain was my struggle—the circle had won me—
 Round and round in its dance the mad element spun me.

"From the deep then I call'd upon God—and He heard me ;
 In the dread of my need he vouchsafed to mine eye
 A rock jutting out from the grave that interred me ;
 I sprung there, I clung there—and death pass'd me by.
 And lo ! where the goblet gleam'd through the abyss,
 By a coral reef saved from the far fathomless.

"Below, at the foot of that precipice drear,
 Spread the gloomy and purple and pathless obscure !
 A silence of horror that slept on the ear
 That the eye more appall'd might the horror endure !
 Salamander, snake, dragon—vast reptiles that dwell
 In the deep—coil'd about the grim jaws of their hell.

"Dark crawl'd, glided dark, the unspeakable swarms,
 Clumped together in masses misshapen and vast ;
 Here clung and here bristled the fashionless forms ;
 Here the dark-moving mass of the hammer-fish pass'd ;
 And with teeth grinning white, and a menacing motion,
 Went the terrible shark—the hyæna of ocean.

"There I hung, and the awe gathered icily o'er me,
 So far from the earth, where man's help there was none !
 The one human thing, with the goblins before me—
 Alone—in a loneliness so ghastly—Alone !
 Deep under the reach of the sweet living breath,
 And begirt with the broods of the desert of death.

"Methought, as I gazed through the darkness, that now
It saw—a dread hundred-limbed creature its prey !
And darted, devouring ; I sprang from the bough
Of the coral, and swept on the horrible way ;
And the whirl of the mighty wave seized me once more—
It seized me to save me, and dash to the shore."

On the youth gazed the monarch and marvell'd : quoth he,
"Bold diver, the goblet I promised is thine ;
And this ring will I give, a fresh guerdon to thee—
Never jewels more precious shone up from the mine—
If thou'lt bring me fresh tidings, and venture me again
To say what is hid in the *innermost* main !"

Then outspake the daughter, in tender emotion—
"Ah ! father, my father, what more can there rest ?
Enough of this sport with the pitiless ocean—
He has served thee as none would, thyself hast confess'd :
If nothing can slake thy wild thirst of desire,
Let thy knights put to shame the exploit of the squire !"

The king seized the goblet, he swung it on high,
And whirling it fell in the roar of the tide :
"But bring back that goblet again to mine eye
And I'll hold thee the dearest that rides by my side ;
And thine arms shall embrace as thy bride, I decree,
The maiden whose pity now pleadeth for thee."

And heaven, as he listened, spoke out from the space,
And the hope that makes heroes shot flame from his eyes ;
He gazed on the blush in that beautiful face—
It pales—at the feet of her father she lies !
How priceless the guerdon !—a moment—a breath —
And headlong he plunges to life and to death !

They hear the loud surges sweep back in their swell,
Their coming the thunder-sound heralds along !
Fond eyes yet are tracking the spot where he fell.
They come, the wild waters in tumult and throng,
Roaring up to the cliff—roaring back as before—
But no wave ever brings the lost youth to the shore !

ON DRAINING.

It is my intention to give a series of articles bearing on Horticulture and Agriculture such as is likely to benefit those who may possess from one rood of ground up to ten or more acres, as there are many of our merchants and tradesmen who have their houses either in the suburbs or the country, and are not conversant with either of the above branches, neither have they the time to devote to it. They search for information through books and newspapers till they get bewildered, and find nothing bearing on the object of search, as gardening and farming must both be carried on upon quite a different principle here to that in the mother-country. Hence it must arise that we cannot adopt their theory and practice entire to our climate, neither have we arrived at anything like a state of perfection such as they have in England.

The object that I have in view is to lay down a few practical hints or observations which, if they are put in practice (no wild theory), they may be the means of assisting those to whom these remarks are applied. This is the kind of information that is wanted. A person buys a small piece of ground, and it is natural to think that he wants to make the most of it: he may want a paddock for a horse or a cow, or it may be something else; likewise a garden and orchard, poultry-yard, and many more small places; trees and shrubs planted, both for shelter and ornament. In planting small places, or planting on a small scale, the aim in view is to plant so as to make the place appear much larger than it really is: I shall, however, have more to say on this head at some future period. Amongst the first things that will require attention will be to lay the ground dry, or free the soil from stagnant water: this can only be done by cutting ditches and laying underground drains: the after-management of the soil I shall work up into a series of articles such as may be beneficial to all concerned in that branch of industry.

Fruit and forest trees, vegetables and flowers, will also have a share of my attention.

Land Draining.—This, on all soils where there is no natural drainage for the rain-fall, is now universally considered an essential to good cultivation. This work can be performed at any season of the year, but it is properly winter work: the ground is softer and more easy to dig—the land is wetter, and betrays more plainly the need of the operation. Rain water is required to feed the plants, for it contains *oxygen*, *carbonic acid*, *ammonia*, and *nitric acid*, so that it not only acts chemically on the ingredients in the soil which it thus prepares as food for plants, but it is itself, in respect of some of these ingredients, the food of plants.

Water percolates into the soil as rain falls on its surface, as spring water rises from below, and by capillary attraction is drawn up to the surface of the soil. The water leaves the soil by running over its surface, and if there is no outlet for it to get away, it collects in pools in the lowest parts of the ground, and leaves its work, as the feeder of plants, altogether undone, by evaporation from the surface, in which case it reduces the temperature of the land; and, by percolation through its substance, warming the soil in its passage, introducing its own ingre-

dients as well as the air which follows it, and feeding the plants with the substances it holds in solution or has dissolved from the soil in passing through it. Notwithstanding that on its escape, after percolating through the soil, it contains, dissolved in it, a considerable quantity of fertilising matter, but not so much as one might be led to expect.

Some few years ago, Professor Way made some valuable discoveries on the waste of manure carried through the soil by the rain. All light soils, such as gravelly, sandy, and volcanic, lose much of their fertilising properties through heavy and continued rain. Heavy loams and clay soils have an affinity for it, and hold it in solution. After rain, the water discharging from the drains is clear, and has no perceptible taste or smell. The three first-mentioned soils require little or no draining, unless there are underground springs, in which case these must be tapped and carried to the first outlet.

We are told that the food of plants, in a measure, is simply a manufacture; that the produce of its processes is made up of materials existing in the air and soil; that only substances soluble in water are available for this purpose; and yet the whole mass of mineral matter concerned in this manufacture not only do we find thinly spread as a soil six or eight inches thick in a layer, over an enormous surface, and then washed annually by four or five times its own bulk of rain-water, one of the most powerful natural solvents; but this manufacture is most productive where this solvent is permitted to run through the land downwards to the sea. The opinion of theorists that all fertility depends on the preservation of soluble matter in the soil agrees with that of practical men, that fertility depends very materially upon your enabling the water which falls upon the surface of the ground to pass through its whole thickness, and escape through channels in the subsoil. Rain-water, when allowed to traverse this layer from which our food is produced, improves the underground climate on which the luxuriant growth of plants materially depends: it acts on its passage through the soil in carrying food to the roots of the growing plants; and not only does it bring to the soil the riches of the air, and so add to its fertility—but also, by the addition which it thus supplies and the activity which drainage gives it, and its own solvent powers, makes the whole a fit receptacle in which food for plants may be prepared for use. The superabundant water in the soil finds a ready egress by the drains, while the nourishing matter is retained in the earth for the food of plants. The drains act as a filter in the soil, so that a fertile, well-drained soil is one of the pleasantest sights on which the eye can rest.

In practice, this percolation of rain-water through the soil on which it alights is obtained by digging drains from three to four feet deep and from eighteen to twenty feet apart, placing in them two-inch pipes, and having first provided an outfall for them at the lowest part of the ground. First, the lay of the ground and the nature of the subsoil must be considered, as well as the facility for getting an outlet, either by an open ditch or covered main drain, from five to six inches in diameter. The great desideratum is to get a fall of a few inches for the tributary drains before entering the main drains. Oftentimes a few drains will lay a field dry, more especially where there are underground springs; but strong clay lands require drains every twenty feet apart, with a depth of at least three feet. Tiles or pipes are far superior to anything we can find for

laying in drains ; wooden drains soon decay, and stone drains are liable to get choked up with the soil intermixing amongst the stones ; a little scoria-ash laid on the top of the pipes is very conducive to the speedy egress of the superabundant water. Drains laid down just as I have described will last in good repair for many years. In draining undulating ground, bear in mind never to run the drains in a straight line up or down an incline but always at an angle, because if a drain is run down a hill in a straight line it will *burst* before it has been made twelve months. Capital sunk in the soil on a judicious system of draining will, in a few years, return the outlay. I am sorry to say that I have met with people in New Zealand who do not believe in draining. The reason they give is this : that the land will be left too dry in summer—(I suppose they do not believe in capillary attraction). The wettest land, or the land on which the water lodges in the winter, will be found the most parched or burnt up in summer : on soils of this description the crops languish and die oftentimes before they arrive at maturity.

The results of laying the ground dry are, that we have greater facility and economy in cultivation ; tillage is made both easier and more efficient, and likewise the climate improved as regards its influence on plants. The difference of a few degrees in the underground climate of the soil causes a most material difference in respect of vegetation for the maturing of the crops. In undrained land we have the crops starved and stunted, oftentimes not returning the seed for our labour.

To sum up with the three great results of artificial land drainage, when no natural drainage exists—cheaper cultivation, better underground climate, and continuous and abundant plant feeding. These produce among them an earlier and more productive harvest, and justify the drainage of wet and moist soils as a fundamental necessity.

D. HAY.

CURIOUS INSTINCT OF PLANTS.—Hoare, in his treatise on the vine, gives a striking exemplification of the instinct of plants. A bone was placed in the strong but dry clay of a vine border ; the vine sent out a leading or tap-root directly through the clay to the bone. In its passage through the clay the main root threw out no fibres ; but when it reached the bone, it entirely covered it by degrees, with the most delicate and minute fibres, like lace, each one suckling a pore in the bone. On this luscious morsel of a marrow-bone would the vine continue to feed as long as any nutriment remained.

ON COMMENTATORS.

How many starvelings one rich man can nourish !
When monarchs build, the rubbish-carriers flourish.

THE ROVER'S PRIZE.

CHAPTER II.

THE Captain of the brigantine, as he left the tap-room, quickly retraced his steps with a rapid pace towards the pier where he had landed, and where the boat was in waiting for him. A few moments' walk soon brought him there, and jumping from the pier into the boat, as it was now high water, seated himself in the stern sheets ; and the next moment the boat shot rapidly from the pier, over the dark water towards the brigantine.

A few moments' sharp rowing brought her within sight, as she lay at anchor, her long and now dark hull crouching low upon the water, like a sleeping leopard before them. A moment more, and the boat lay alongside.

"Well," said Marley, who was mate of the 'Sea Snake,' in a tone of inquiry, as the Captain appeared on deck, "Will old Redskin take care of these fellows, Captain?" he asked, in a tone of the utmost familiarity.

"Yes, I made a bargain with the old devil, to keep them as long as we lay here, for five hundred dollars," answered the Captain.

"W-h-e-w," whistled the mate. "That's a price, though, Captain ; but you don't intend to give him that?"

"That's the bargain. I should have offered him a thousand if five hundred would not have done, Marley."

"I'd sooner take them down the harbour ten miles and sink them, with a shot tied to each, to the bottom of the bay, rather than give him that price to hide them," said the worthy mate of the 'Sea Snake,' as if in anger at the bargain of the Captain. "Curse me ; but he'll make more money by this job, than I have since I've been privateering," said Marley, in a harsh, dissatisfied tone.

"Well, well, Marley, you need not growl about it, the bargain's made, and what's done is done," said the Captain, in a quick and impetuous voice. "But as to the five hundred dollars, that need not worry you, I'll settle with old Redskin. I have an old account against him for any amount, and I will square it with him before I go another cruise, and have what I mean to have—revenge. Only let me get these fellows into his care and keeping—I'll fix him then ; and as to the money, he won't ask for't but once. But I never hinted to you, Marley, before to-night, that Standish was anything but my friend ; that I nourished hate the deadliest, and sworn revenge against him."

"No, I always supposed you were friendly," said the mate.

"Well, I will tell you ; but step aft by the lights, I must see how the time goes on."

The two walked aft, and the Captain pulled from his fob a heavy-cased gold repeater, by which he saw it was about midnight. He returned the watch to its fob, and lighting a cigar, was about to speak,

when Marley asked of him what time he meant to take the bound seamen in the hold ashore.

"Between one and two," answered the Captain. "We must wait till the way is clear of stragglers that might be curious to know what was going on. But now for what I was going to say to you in reference to Standish and myself:—He and I were once friends—shipmates together in the 'Chesapeake.' There was a middy on board of her by the name of Burton, who was once a fellow-student of mine—a vain, conceited son of an aristocrat. He came on board at the same time that Standish and myself shipped. A mutual dislike we had formed for each other at college, upon the decks of a man-of-war, soon on my part grew to absolute hatred. I had shipped hastily, for certain reasons, as a common seaman; he came aboard as a middy, laced up in his uniform of blue, and looked as he trod the deck as if he had just come from his mother's drawing-room, and that the smell of tar was hardly endurable to his delicate and sensitive nerves—and a seaman was entirely beneath his notice. By degrees he became accustomed to the deck of a vessel, and then the petty authority of a middy began to display in numberless acts of a mean, contemptible nature. It was three days after he came aboard before he saw me, and then I purposely put myself in his way. He started with surprise, looked at me a moment, and then with a look of contempt, he turned on his heel and walked away. I have never forgot the sneer nor the smile of scorn he gave me, as he drew his puny form to its full proportions with the air of one who considered himself in every point my superior. That he was pleased to see me there in a station beneath him, I knew full well. I believed he would let no opportunity escape him to annoy me by the exercise of his petty authority as a mid. : for when was there ever a mid. but what, in the eyes of a sailor, was considered a contemptible and useless appurtenance to a man-of-war. We had been a week at sea, when one morning this Burton was walking arm-in-arm with two mid. upon deck: I passed them, and touched my hat to his two friends but not to him. He felt the slight, and gave me a look, the meaning of which I understood as well as if he had spoken words. One hour afterwards I received a dozen lashes upon my back for this breach of respect towards Midshipman Burton. I swore I would have revenge for those lashes. I devised a scheme of revenge against Burton, and confided it to Standish, and proposed to him to assist me in its execution: he refused. Like a fawning menial he had curried favour of the officers of the ship, and therefore would not listen to me. I executed it myself, much to the discomfiture of this Burton. A week afterwards, after the affair had blown over as I thought, I was seized up to the gangway, my back bared, and all hands piped to witness punishment. I was accused of being the perpetrator of the act of malice against Burton: as I acknowledged it, I was sentenced to receive one hundred lashes, which was executed. I received the one hundred lashes without a murmur, and had I been sentenced to be whipped till I cried for mercy, I would have died ere I would have uttered a word at the torture. As I was taken from the gangway I fancied Burton was gazing at me with looks of gratification at my disgrace. I looked at him for a moment—my brain was on fire. I felt the hot blood trickle down my back—revenge was the only thought within me!—maddened and furious, I sprang towards him as an enraged tiger would

upon its foe. So sudden, so unexpected, and so great the force that I brought into action, that I bore him like a feather to the deck: I fell upon him—my hands sought his throat!—an indescribable sensation whirled through my brain!—I laughed wildly, but I remembered no more. I awoke one fair morning from what appeared to me a trance; I looked around, I was in my father's house. Surprised beyond measure at finding myself there, I attempted to rise from the bed on which I was lying, but found myself as helpless as an infant. How I came to be there in my own chamber, helpless upon the bed, I could not conceive. I tried in vain to bring to my confused mind what occurrence had placed me there. My father soon after entered and came to my bedside. From him I learned that, three weeks before, I had been sent home from the frigate in a state of frenzy, and had remained so till this morning. The first question I of asked him was, whether I had killed Burton. He answered me no; and that if I had I should not be accountable for the murder on account of the madness that had seized me; he, as also all upon the deck of the frigate, supposing I was seized with this madness when I sprang at Burton. When I heard this, I swore an oath that I would take the life of this man if ever I set my gaze upon him. But there was another upon whom I swore to wreak my vengeance, and that was Standish. He had betrayed me, and it was to him I owed my punishment; and, Marley, I know that of him, should I betray him, that would give the hangman a job. Tit for tat is fair, I suppose. If I *should* betray him, he'll hang as sure as I stand here. I'll be square with him ere I leave port. Ha—ha! Standish little knows the rod I have in pickle for him."

The Captain laughed, as he spoke this with evident satisfaction, at the contemplated scheme of revenge he had in view.

It was half-past one o'clock when he said to Marley that it was time to be getting the bound seamen on deck. In a few moments they were taken from the hold as he desired.

"Put six of them into the boat, Marley, we shall have to go twice with them. See that the gags are sure—we must have no cries from the fellows."

Marley proceeded instantly to execute the desire of the Captain, and in a moment or so returned, saying the men were in the boat.

"They can make no noise?" said the Captain, inquiringly.

"Not a breath, Captain," said the mate, in answer.

"Well, six of us must go with them, Marley; we must be armed in case anything should occur to interrupt us in our adventure. We must take cutlasses, for if we have anything to do, it must be done without much noise. Get me one: get one yourself—you will go with us—and see that the others have them also. Quick, Marley, get them into the boat."

As the Captain spoke he got over the side of the vessel into the boat, where lay the bound sailors, and in a moment he was followed by Marley and four others.

He pushed off, and the boat went silently and swiftly through the darkness towards the pier where he had before touched that night, and which was soon reached. The boat was made fast, and the Captain with Marley got upon the pier.

The bound seamen were now lifted with some difficulty out of the boat on to the pier.

"Cut the cords around their ankles, Marley ; they must walk, one with each of us."

This was soon done, and the prisoners stood upon their feet, with their arms pinioned behind them.

Holmes now said, in a low voice, that no harm should come to them if they would walk along without any resistance ; but threatened that, if one refused to walk, he would run him through with his cutlass.

He then put his left arm through those of one of the seamen, which the rest did also ; and ordering the strictest silence to be observed, he moved up the pier followed by the others. It was very dark, and the six couple walking closely together could not be seen at a distance of ten feet. They proceeded upon their way, and soon came to the street.

Taking the middle, to avoid any stragglers that might happen to be abroad, they passed on in unbroken silence through the darkness.

A few moments' walk soon brought them in the vicinity of the tap-room of the "Best Bower," without having encountered any one upon their way.

Holmes soon found the door of the tap-room by groping along by the side of the building : it was ajar ; he pushed it open without noise, and entered. All was dark within, and the snoring of some person asleep broke the stillness.

"Mike, Mike," he repeated in a low, energetic tone, after waiting a few seconds in the dark.

"Holloa—who's there ?" exclaimed the voice of Mike, a few moments after.

"It's me, Mike ; strike a light quick," said he impatiently.

"I've got one already, Captain," said Mike, with a yawn ; and as he spoke a light streamed across the tap-room from a dark lantern he held in his hand. He rose up from the settee where he had been sleeping, and came towards the Captain.

"All here, Captain ?" he asked in a whisper.

"No—six of them. But come, lead the way to the cellar, Mike : we must dispose of these and go for the rest. I want this job over."

"No sooner than I," said Mike, as he opened the lantern and went towards a door at one end of the tap-room opposite the bar. The door opened into a dark narrow passage-way, which Mike turned into to the left, and proceeded along ten or twelve paces, followed by Holmes and the others, to the passage where a trap-door was raised up.

Mike held the lantern over the trap, and a pair of steps was seen, which descended to the cellar below.

Down them the bound seamen were thrust, one after another, till the six were disposed of. The trap was then closed and fastened down strongly by an iron bar across it.

After seeing that it was secure, Mike and the others made their way back to the tap-room, from which Holmes and his companions immediately departed, after saying that they should be back in half-an-hour.

"This is a d——d rascally piece o' business," he said, puffing forth a cloud of smoke from his mouth. "I vow he's a regular out-and-out pirate, this Holmes. I'd like to know what he's up to. It's rascally to leave those chaps bound and gagged down in that cellar. I've a good mind to let 'em up, unbind 'em, and let 'em off, before he comes back with the others. I'll do it, I vow I will. I pity the poor fellows."

He started from the settee as he spoke his good intention, and taking up the lantern went toward the door of the passage-way. He opened it, but shut it at the same moment.

"No, it won't do," he said, as he stood thoughtful for a moment. "He might be for going down, after he has got the others down, to see if all is right; and if he should find I had let one off, he'd kill me as quick as he'd wink. No, no; I'll wait till he brings the others, and after he's gone, I'll let 'em all off and find out what his game is. I don't like it; it's d——d suspicious, and I'll find out the bottom of it 'fore morning and balk his deviltry."

Mike laid himself down again upon the settee, and remained silently puffing the smoke from his mouth for a short space of time, when a knock was heard at the outer door of the tap-room. He arose and unfastened it, and Holmes and his comrades entered with the other six bound seamen. Fastening the door after they entered, Mike again led the way to the cellar-trap in the passage-way. The Captain raised the trap cautiously and found the steps clear, and the six bound seamen were thrust down into the cellar as had been the others.

"Give me the lantern, Mike; I want to go down here, and see that there's no chance of a slip for these fellows."

Mike handed the lantern to Holmes, who, with Marley, descended into the cellar, and after a few moments returned. The trap was fastened down, and all went back to the tap-room.

"Now, Mike, we must have a drink all round," said Holmes, as he placed the lantern upon the bar.

After they had swallowed the liquor, Holmes ordered the four sailors back to the boat to wait for him and Marley, who remained.

"Well, this job is safely over," said he, with evident satisfaction, as the four sailors left the tap-room.

"Not so safely over, neither," muttered Mike to himself, as he went to fasten the door.

"You must feed them fellows on bread and water, Mike, or anything you have a mind to; but that will keep them from starving. But I leave them in your care; if you let them starve, they will be no more trouble to me. But let's have some more whiskey, I'm cursed dry."

All three again drank. Holmes and Marley then turned from the bar, and went towards the door, as if to depart.

"But, Captain, there's one part of the job that's not finished—the five hundred dollars you were to pay me," said Mike, as he stepped from behind the bar, in a voice as if he somewhat doubted the fulfilment of that most important part to him.

"Oh, the money," said Holmes, in a dry, unconcerned manner. "Oh, that's all moonshine, Mike. You didn't suppose I was going to give you five hundred dollars. You must have taken me for a bigger fool than I am."

"You won't pay me the money, then?" said Mike, in an inquiring tone.

"I rather think not," answered the Captain, dryly.

"Then the bargain's broke, and I vow I'll let the fellows out," said Mike, quickly, and with some spirit.

"But that would betray me, and you swore to keep the secret, Mike."

"And you agreed to pay me for't," said Mike, a little cross.

"Well, that's a part of the bargain I can't fulfil, Mike," said Holmes, with a careless laugh.

"If you don't, I swear I'll set the fellows free before morning," said Mike, in a tone that implied a determination to do as he said.

At this, Holmes approached him, and whispered in his ear words that produced an electrical effect upon Mike, who started back aghast, while he trembled in every joint. The sweat oozed out from, and stood in beaded drops upon his fat face. He stood a moment as if paralysed, and then, in a voice that summoned up all his powers of speech, he exclaimed—

"In God's name, Will Holmes, how came you to know this?"

"It matters not now for me to tell you; it is enough that I know it, Mike," said Holmes, with a sarcastic smile upon his lips as if pleased at the trepidation of the man before him.

"But your secret is safe if you keep mine, so good night. Remember if you play me false, you shall pay dearly for it."

Holmes passed his hand significantly across his throat and up above his head, as he spoke, and with Marley passed out from the tap-room, leaving Mike to ponder over the mysterious words which had produced such a startling effect upon him, and to recover from the state of surprise and trepidation he was in as best he might.

The two hurried towards the pier where the boat lay in waiting, and in a short time they were alongside the brigantine.

"Well, Marley, we are safe now, if there is none aboard who will now betray us; and we can lay here as long as we wish in security," said Holmes as he touched the deck.

"I'll answer for them," said Marley. "But the girl—what do you intend to do with her, Captain?"

"Blood and zounds! I had forgotten her," said Holmes, in a vehement tone, as if struck all aback. "She must not remain here, Marley, that's certain. But what shall we do with her? I have it—Standish must take care of her also. I'll go down and see how fares the grief-stricken beauty; we must take her right ashore."

As he spoke he made towards the companion-way and descended into the cabin. It was dark as he entered, but soon the darkness was dispelled by a brilliant light which shed a bright radiance around the small but splendid cabin, which was furnished in a style of oriental luxuriance.

Reclining upon a lounge, above which was a large and magnificent mirror, was a young female robed in white, who, as Holmes entered and lighted up the cabin, rose up from her reclining posture, and sat with her elbow resting upon the arm of the lounge. She was a fair young creature, not exceeding eighteen years of age.

Her face was of that oval form so peculiarly lovely in woman. Her features were of the Grecian cast, and beautiful in the extreme, though now a saddened expression overspread them: Her large, dark eyes, shaded by extremely long black and curving lashes, were languid in expression; and their glance when in a happier mood must have been dangerously bewitching to all who encountered her gaze.

Her left hand was lost to sight in the rich tresses of her dark hair, which—parted above the middle of her fair, high brow, white as Parian

marble—fell in luxuriant abundance to her neck and shoulders, whose whiteness rivalled the mountain snow. Her right hand, also, as if to hide its fair proportions from the eye as it supported her head, was lost beneath the abundant ringlets which fell over it upon her rounded and beautifully moulded arm in bewitching clusters, as if to protect that also from gaze.

The face of this fair young being was without the slightest colour, pale as death. Its expression was deeply sorrowful, and indicated that some heart-stricken grief, anguish, and woe were hers; and even now, as she gazed up to the man before her, a tear fell from each eye, glistening like pearl drops in the brilliant light of the cabin.

Holmes stood for a moment gazing thoughtfully upon the beauteous but sorrowing female before him, and it seemed that a ray of pity was for an instant visible in the expression of his face, but the next he spoke in a tone that betokened that his heart felt not what for an instant his face betrayed.

"Well, fair lady, you are always weeping: is there no check to this grief? By heaven! I should think the fountain of sorrow would ere long exhaust itself at such free vent as you have given way to. But I have not come to talk of this, but to say that you cannot longer remain here: you must prepare for departure immediately."

"Where—oh! where would you take me?" asked the girl in a voice of apprehension, as she partly rose, and then sank down again.

"Away from here, lady, where, it may be, no splendour like this around you may meet your eye, but where no harm shall come to you. So prepare, for your departure must be immediate."

"I am ready; but, oh, I fear that harm is near—I fear harm from you! And why should I not? You have cruelly torn me from my home, my parents, friends—from everything that was dear to me on earth—and borne me, I know not whither, far away from all. Have I no cause of fear from one who has done this? And have I no cause for the sorrow you make light of? In the name of heaven! tell me where are we? Where would you take me? Oh, sir, I fear your intentions. Oh, do not let harm come to me—swear, oh, swear it!"

"I have said, lady, no harm shall come to you."

"Will you swear it?"

"If you consider my oath a more sufficient guarantee of your safety, I will," said Holmes, lightly, as if he considered but indifferently the oath he swore.

"Then if you mean me no harm, tell me, in heaven's name, what object you have in view with regard to me?"

"Why, to tell the truth, my fair griever, I have not concluded as to the ultimate of the design I have in view," answered Holmes, in a careless, indifferent manner.

The sorrowing maiden gazed for a moment imploringly into his face, while her dark eyes swam with tears, and then in a voice of earnest supplication, at the same time sinking to her knees at his feet, said—

"Oh, sir, why will you not restore me to my home, to my parents? Think, oh, think of the many hearts you would cause by so doing to beat with the liveliest joy and unbounded happiness, that are now beating in the worst of misery at my cruel abduction, and are tortured in agonising doubt at my unknown fate. Oh! take me back to my home—restore

me to my parents—and I will bless you ever while I live to my dying hour. You have—you must have—some pity in your heart! In heaven's name, let it actuate you in my behalf!"

The imploring attitude of the fair being—her agonised and beseeching looks, and tone of heart-rending supplication—would have melted the heart of any one to pity, as it seemed. But it caused the heart of the unrelenting and un pitying man before whom she knelt no emotion. He stood with a countenance unmoved, save that a smile played upon his lips, it seemed at the misery of the youthful suppliant at his feet.

In a light tone that assured of no sympathy for her sorrow, he spoke—

"No, no, my pretty one, I cannot take you back. I did not run the risk I did in securing the possession of your person to be moved to pity by your words, or to restore you so soon to your home from whence I took you. It would be mere boys' play to do this. No, no! you must not think of home; you must banish all thought of it, for you never again will return."

"Oh, say not so! Say not I never again shall see my home—my parents! If you have a human heart, say not so!"

A fresh outburst of overpowering grief choked the utterance of the fair captive, and burying her face in her hands she wept aloud.

"Come, lady, I'm sick of this. Arise, for you must leave this place."

Holmes uttered this in a quick, impatient tone, and moved as if to raise her from her kneeling posture. She started from him to her feet, and threw back the flowing tresses of her dark hair from her fearfully pallid face; and with her dark, oriental eyes suffused with tears fixed upon him, spoke in a tone calmer than before—

"If the misery you have caused those from whom you have torn me—if mine own agony will not move your callous heart to pity, and induce you to restore me to my home—take me back and you shall have wealth beyond measure. My father is rich: he will load you with wealth, if you will but restore me to his arms."

"Curses on your father," said Holmes, in a voice abrupt and malignant. "Did he possess the mines of Golconda, and would offer them as your ransom, I would reject his proffer. Nothing can or shall induce me to accede to your wish."

The maiden gazed with a look of wild alarm at the man before her, and in a voice of startling earnestness, exclaimed—

"Art thou a mortal or a fiend?"

"Either, as you wish," said Holmes, in a light tone. "But I will have no more words; here is your bonnet and shawl, you will need them to keep the night air from you. I will adjust them, with your permission."

"Will nothing induce you to return me?—will you not take me back?" exclaimed the maiden, in a wild, agonising voice, as she clasped her hands, and with a look of hopeless despair gazed into the unmoved countenance of the wretch before her.

"Once and for all, no," answered Holmes, in a tone of determined resolve.

"Then I will die here now, rather than live longer in the power of such a fiend."

The maiden uttered these words in a high and spirited voice of fearful determination and drawing back from the inhuman monster to whom she had in vain supplicated, drew from her bosom a small dagger, and with an arm nerved by despair she forced the gleaming steel towards her breast.

Within a hair's breadth of its intended aim her arm was seized, and the dagger torn from her hand by Holmes, who, utterly confounded at the sudden and unexpected attempt of the maiden to destroy her life, stood for a moment speechless, gazing at her. He held the dagger in his own hand which would have gone unerringly to her heart, had he not so opportunely arrested the fatally-aimed blow. At length he spoke—

"So, my pretty one, you would have met death by your own hand had I not saved you. By the fiends! you are too young, too beautiful, to die! You shall live to thank me for the life I saved, ere you die."

He placed his hand upon her shoulder as he spoke. She staggered at his touch, and with a piercing shriek that curdled the blood with horror in his veins, she fell lifeless to the floor. Holmes raised the victim of his brutal inhumanity quickly up, and supporting her with one arm, he adjusted her bonnet to her head, and wrapping a large and magnificent shawl about her inanimate form, lifted her in his arms, after first imprinting a kiss upon her cold and marble-like brow, and disappeared from the cabin.

ARIADNE IN NAXOS.

"FALSE traitorous heart! Where are thy earnest vows?

O, honied words, to end in bitterness!

If he, the Father of the Gods, allows

Tears such as mine to flow without redress—

Permits these lips, form'd but for love's caress,

To scatter curses to the winds, unheard—

Then is his boasted power in heaven less

Than mortals deem. Vengeance! forgive the word!

Or Heaven is then unjust, or Jove not Heaven's lord!"

She bowed her knees upon the yellow sand

Between the tall cliffs and loud-sounding sea:

Covering her sad face with her lily hands:

Uttering so keen a plaint of misery

That the wild seamews ceased their shrilly cry

To hear a dirge more piteous than their own:

Then ever and anon turn'd her fond eye

Upon the distant wave—nor ceas'd to moan,

That widow'd lovelorn bride, upon the seashore lone.

E. W.

REVIEWS.

POEMS : by CHARLES C. BOWEN. Christchurch, New Zealand :—Published at the Union Office, Gloucester-street. 1861.

IF the reviewer could ever be persuaded to throw aside the natural malignity which is imputed to his class, it might be expected to be when he finds himself confronted with a pretty little volume of poems, printed by the press of the colony. Then, if ever, it might be supposed that he would feel inclined to dip his pen in honey instead of gall, and endeavour to indulge himself and his readers in the hope that the country of their adoption could supply them with poetry worthy to repose on their shelves and to live in their memories.

Such would be, perhaps, the first impulse of frail humanity, but it is the business of the reviewer to remember that he does little honour to the colony when he boasts that it produces good poetry, and forgets that it possesses good sense. We would much rather have it said that the reading public of New Zealand exercise a sobriety of judgment and a correctness of taste which prevent their being satisfied with anything which is not really good, than that they encourage productions of inferior merit for the sake of boasting of the increasing literature of the country. We believe that a large number of colonial readers have, to a great extent, the correctness of taste which we have mentioned, but they are sometimes liable to be led into a false judgment from not taking the trouble to investigate the case for themselves, from a want of confidence in their own opinion, or from a passive acquiescence in the claims of a merely superficial excellence. For these reasons a book of verses, which would attract little attention in England, has an importance here, and the critic is called upon to be even more inexorable in a young country than in one which already enjoys a literature whose glory can never be destroyed by any number of unfounded and unrefuted pretensions.

Mr. Bowen's poems are of a mixed quality. They contain some passages which, if not of a high style of poetry, yet show a neat and careful versification, and a gentlemanly and refined mode of thought and expression. On the other hand, there are some things, the like of which we never wish to see again issue from the colonial press.

The impression which the best parts leave upon the reader is, that he has listened to some rather pleasing and elegant lines, conveying very unobjectionable ideas for the most part about the beauty of classical antiquity, the heroism of chivalry, or the propriety of sacrificing one's self in the pursuit of an ideal excellence. We do not feel, however, that the spell of a true magician has been upon us. We are not excited into heroism, or melted into tenderness ; our equanimity is but little disturbed, and when the book is closed the strain is forgotten.

The first and most pretentious poem in the collection is named "The Argonauts." The author, in a reverie, arrives at the conclusion that

man does not improve in wisdom but only in knowledge, which proof of penetration is rewarded by a "sweet voice" which sings to him the story of Jason, while the scene is at the same time visibly represented to his eyes. What he then heard and saw he proceeds to relate to the reader, casting off all care "for critic or for sneer." The latter we hope he may not meet, the former will doubtless willingly congratulate him on his security. The poem is carried on in the Spenserian stanza, and is generally correct and harmonious. It is interspersed with songs, of which the quality varies. In this poem, as well as throughout the whole book, the influence of several of the leading poets is, we think, to be discovered, whilst sometimes their ideas, and occasionally their very words, are directly borrowed. As an instance of the latter, we may mention the phrase "the ribbed sea-sand," which it was not very wise to take from such a well-known poem as Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner."

We will now extract two stanzas from the middle of "The Argonauts," from which the reader may judge both of the general smoothness of the verse, and of the confusion of ideas into which Mr. Bowen sometimes plunges:—

In form, not spirit, song is changed. And still
The deeds of heroes are a fitting theme
To wake the lyre's sweet melody, and fill
The soul with music. Like the stars they gleam,
And their clear light upon the dark broad stream
Of human story from afar they shed.
But what they are is doubtful as a dream,
For they are nearer heaven than we. When dead,
A misty halo hovers round the hero's head.

Misty but graceful are the myths that hang
Around the life-work of the mighty dead;
They tell of long-forgotten bards that sang
To listeners pale with wonder and with dread;
They hang like mosses round the fountain-head,
Concealing yet adorning it; or climb
O'er the lost tale, as ivy tendrils spread
O'er some grand ruin of the olden time
To bind the broken pile and grace the towers sublime.

We confess ourselves puzzled to see how the deeds of heroes can shed "a clear light upon the dark broad stream of human story," whilst it is "doubtful as a dream" what those deeds are. The second stanza which we have quoted is, we think, a fair specimen of the poem. We have a catalogue of the heroes, and a soliloquy of Jason, who is made to discover a new piece of water, called "Æge's sunny sea." There is an exhortation against despondency, by Orpheus, who assures his hearers that—

All are cast in Nature's giant mould,

which we suppose was his way of saying that one man is as good as another. Jason fights the battles of King Ætes, makes love to his daughter, and carries her off. Each particular phase of the action is adorned with a song, of which Medea's is the prettiest, and the one which ends the poem the most unintelligible in its conclusion. The last two verses of it run thus:—

We must join the past and future
While the present age sweeps by,
Looking backward still, and forward,
With a calm untiring eye.

Backward,—forward,—till the spaces
 All unmarked, unnumbered lie ;
 Backward through eternal vistas,
 Forward to eternity.

We have no doubt that this would seem very fine if we knew its meaning. We can believe that it may be useful to draw from the past lessons for the future ; but how we are to "join the past and future, while the present age sweeps by," exceeds our capacity, particularly as it seems to require looking two ways at once, which, moreover, we are expected to do without getting tired. It would be no wonder under such circumstances if the spaces, whatever they may be, should remain unmarked and unnumbered, but we are at a loss to perceive why the eternal vistas are all placed behind us rather than in front, as well as why a writer who can do better should ever disfigure his pages by such nonsense as this. There does not appear any particular connection between the story of Jason as related in this poem, and the doctrine about knowledge-worship which was introduced as a text. There is no unity of conception in the work. Mr. Bowen may, to his own satisfaction, deduce from the expedition of the Argonauts a lesson against knowledge-worship, but he has not explained to us the process by, which he does it.

Of the shorter poems which follow, the first is "The Spectre Ship." The ship which sails without wind, and the "ghastly crew" with whom the author is condemned to a cruise, present too obvious an imitation of the "Ancient Mariner." The poet is fetched away to the ship by a six-oared boat, in which he takes a seat behind the steersman. Of this individual he recollects having often seen the features before, "'mid hero and 'mid sage," whatever that may mean ; and afterwards memory brings to his mind the "laurelled brows of Cook !" The author expostulates with "that great dead man" on his extraordinary conduct, but gets no very satisfactory reply. It appears that the Captain is only cruising along the shore to see how the country which he discovered is getting on. What he wanted with the poet, however, is unexplained ; and the difficulty of explaining it seems to the latter so great that he thinks it best to wake. If the reader wishes to know the interpretation of this dream, he will not get it from Mr. Bowen, who laments his ignorance on the subject, and hints that every man has a right to dream what he likes.

From such dreams as these it is a pleasure to turn to a little poem called "The Ideal." This piece contains poetical sentiment conveyed in elegant expression. An extract will show that Mr. Bowen can write tolerably when he tries :—

Woe to the man who reaches all his aims,
 Who grasps the purport of his highest dreams,
 And dreams no further
 he who builds
 To reach as near as he may hope to do
 Some fair ideal of his inward mind,
 Whichever stands above him on the height
 Up which he climbs with longing pain and toil.
 He ne'er may hope to reach it. The great soul
 That far above his fellows stands has still
 To climb for ever in this world of toil ;
 But, as he gazes downward on the slope,

He sees some fond idolater that hugs
The goal he aimed at ; and he pities him
Who thus is lost in his own vanity.

If Mr. Bowen would inexorably resolve that no production of his pen, worse than this, should ever see the light, he might develop a power of doing something better ; but, alas ! "The Battle of the Free" plunges us into bathos again.

This Tyrtæan strain appears to have been called forth by the Russian war, and was intended, the author tells us, "to give some expression to the feeling which is deeply rooted in the minds of British colonists in every quarter of the globe." England is particularly distinguished as "the island of the sea," as if islands were usually found in continents, and this phrase, mixed and varied with a few others, almost constitutes the staple of the poem. Thus we have "island of the sea," "island of the free," "banner of the sea," "banner of the free," "lion of the sea," and several other soul-stirring expressions. But an extract only can do justice to this remarkable performance :—

To arms ! To arms !
Hark ! what trampling hoofs resound
On the glassy slopes around
The many-masted seaports of the island of the Free.
What is this gathering of horses that I see ?
Those riderless horses from the park and from the lea ?
England, exult !
For their horseless riders are coming o'er the sea.
In their wild far distant home
They have heard thy call and come,
With red spurs and loosened reins,
Sweeping o'er Australia's plains.
They have left their reeking steeds on the wide Pacific's shore.
They are coming—they are coming—
To bestride the horses of the Island of the sea,
And to fight in the Battle of the Free.

This passage throws an unexpected light on the question of the mutual aid which the mother country and the colonies are to supply, or at all events, of the aid which the colonies are to give to the mother country. Australia is to find men, and England horses. When England is in distress, the Australian settlers and backwoodsmen are to gallop, "with red spurs and loosened reins," down to the beach, and turning their horses loose, are to take ship for England. We are not told whether they are to take their spurs and bridles with them, or whether these will be supplied on their arrival, nor is anything said about saddles, an omission which we point out that it may be amended in any future edition. Upon their arrival in England, a number of horses, no doubt properly trained on Mr. Rarey's system, will gallop down to the coast to meet them, and so a body of cavalry will be formed which may well cause the poet to exclaim, "England, exult !" The case of our own colony is not so clearly explained. We are told that—

New Zealand shall be there,
In the van.
Young New Zealand shall be there,—
Her rifles from the mountain and her horsemen from the plain.

It appears from this, for anything we can see to the contrary, that we are expected to find our own rifles and horses, an arrangement which seems hardly fair while Australia is allowed to stipulate for the "noblest steeds of war" that England produces. But we must leave this very heroic performance.

In the piece which follows, "Moonlight in New Zealand," we think moonshine is not treated with fairness. While the dawn encourages hope, while the noon scorches us into an absence of thought except of the present, while the sunset brings us chequered memories, and while the stars at least assure us that the day is ended, and ask us "What followeth the day?"—a question which Mr. Bowen tells us we must answer them under penalty of death,—moonshine, more reserved than its namesake in "Pyramus and Thisbe," has nothing to say, but points to the "cold damp grave," while its "cold hand is heavy" on the poet's heart.

"The Gentleman," "The Burnishing of the Armour," "Sappho's last Elegy," "The Post-King," call for no particular notice. They exhibit for the most part that mild and correct prettiness which is the principal feature in the book. "The Work of Life" is written in the metre of "Locksley Hall" with a limp in it. We wonder that one who can write so smoothly as Mr. Bowen should ever pen such a line as this:—

Growing, grew side by side together, and engaged in sportive strife.

Here, as in most of his poems, we find that the author has really very little to say: a paucity of ideas is hidden under a cloud of words. He himself calls his verses "chains of thought without a theme," and we might add—with many links broken; but it is satisfactory to know that "though idle rhymes to others," they "have their power" to himself, an advantage, however, which we should think might have been attained without the help of the printer.

In the next piece we are adjured to "change not the name" of New Zealand for "newer, vainer claims." We are informed that the name of New Zealand

— was the beacon-light
Of those who fought when all around was dim,
The fight our fathers fought of old—the fight
Of Hampden and of Pym.

And that to change it

— were grievous wrong to those! [sic]
Who in the van of colonies still led
The infant state against their bigot foes,
When hope had well nigh fled.

What particular passages of history these verses refer to, we are unable to say; but Mr. Bowen has omitted a better argument for retaining the name of New Zealand than any that he has mentioned. It was suggested to us by a friend, and is this: that the initial letters of the name form a good mark for the eye in the columns of the newspapers, an argument which we think deserves to be celebrated by Mr. Bowen in another verse.

We have nothing to say, in our limited space, of "Stat nominis umbra," of "The Gold-Seeker," or of a rather tame "War Song for the Lombardians."

From "The Dawn of Truth" we gather that Mr. Bowen holds that before man can be free, he must learn that he is free, that is, that he is what he is not. When he has performed this intellectual exercise—

Then freemen's souls, released from half their care,
Can give to men their due
Of hopes and fears; and keep the larger share
For God the true.

The meaning of which consummation is altogether beyond our comprehension.

An "Ode" bearing the sounding title of "The Doom of the Worlds and the Spirits," gives us a view of the future which we cannot consider very original or profound, either in a geological or psychological point of view. The doom of the worlds is that every now and then one of them is to be knocked by a comet into the "pristine void," wherever that may be. The doom of the spirits Mr. Bowen is not so sure about, but he thinks that some employment will be found for them in other globes. We would remind Mr. Bowen that such subjects, in the hands of any one but a master, are very likely to be lost in a mass of commonplace and unmeaning phrases.

There is a little piece on "The Death of Charles the Bold," from which we learn that that hero was borne "through many a bloody fray" on his "good arm;" a fragment in praise of tobacco, which has a vein of mild humour; a poem called "The Minstrel's Gift;" and some verses on "The Old Year and the New." Of these "The Minstrel's Gift" alone requires notice. It appears to us one of the best and most graceful things in the book, and we extract a passage from it with pleasure:—

What though no more with lance in rest,
And Red Cross gleaming on the breast,
The Christian squadrons fearless ride
To battle by Tabaria's tide;
What though no more for ladies' eyes
The knightly warrior bleeds and dies;
And though no more by arms defended
To armed lists fair suppliants come;
Think not thou the battle ended—
Knight of younger Christendom!
Though Time may change, and manners differ,
Old Faith, old Honour, call to you;
For they must be the same for ever,
Changeless to the brave and true!
Oh! sing, my son, though kingdoms die,
The deathlessness of Chivalry.

If Mr. Bowen had always written as well as this, his book might have been reduced to very small dimensions, but much of our criticism would have been spared.

The book ends with a drama called "The Poet-worker." It is a mixture of prose and blank verse, the latter of very fair quality. The hero, Arthur Courtney, is a poet who holds that the business of a poet is to mix with all forms of life, for the purpose of introducing into them his own ideal of excellence. Acting on this view he contests an election, but takes care to destroy every chance of success by limiting his agent to strictly honourable modes of securing votes. He marries the lady of his affections, and immediately leaves her to take part in

the Crimean war, moved thereto by virtuous indignation at the employment of mercenaries by the British Government. This theory of the relation of poetry to life is the reverse of that propounded in *Aurora Leigh*. We confess we think the latter the most philosophical. We do not wish to see Mr. Tennyson lay down his pen for an ensign's commission, unless indeed his country should be in imminent danger. In such a crisis we hope every man will be a soldier, but we protest we would not leave a young wife in the first week of the honeymoon for the pleasure of "crumpling up Russia," as long as a German legion could be got to do the work.

The "Poet-worker" is very little dramatic except in form, and we suppose it was not intended to be otherwise. It is not remarkable for power, but its general effect is pleasing, and it is free from the grosser faults which disfigure some parts of the book.

We think that Mr. Bowen is able to write really good and pleasing verses, although a high class of poetry may be beyond his reach. If, instead of aiming at filling a volume, he would diligently weed his productions, if he would resolve never to write a line which has not a meaning, however much he may be troubled by the exigencies of his rhyme and metre, and if he would always take care to have a definite leading idea before commencing a poem, to make that idea predominant, and to maintain a unity of thought in the execution of the work, he might produce something which, if not possessing much poetical power, might yet be able to please the reader and disarm the critic.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC NEWS OF THE MONTH.

IN spite of the opposition which such circumstances as the American war and the Lancashire distress must have offered to literary undertakings in the beginning of 1863, there is no apparent diminution either in the amount or the interest of new publications. It is true that in the novel-writing world there is not the same appearance of activity as formerly; but that is easily accounted for, without supposing any diminution either in the production or in the popular eagerness to purchase when produced. The fact that scarcely any new novels find their way to the public except through the medium of the *Magazines* in the first instance, is the key to the apparent want of novelties in this species of literature.

To a large number of the public, however, the re-publication in a complete form of these novels from the *Magazines* is, in effect, their first appearance; and, to us at least on this side of the globe, this re-publication gives our first opportunity of looking at these works by eminent novelists from a critical point of view.

We observe that four novels of considerable interest have in this way appeared in the legitimate three-volume shape to challenge the approval or censure of the public.

"Aurora Floyd," which we mentioned last month as about to appear in January, has duly made its appearance. It is a good novel of the second class, to which—despite its remarkable success—its predecessor, "Lady Audley's Secret," did undoubtedly belong. Whether it is equal in all respects to that very successful fiction seems to us doubtful. The merit of "Lady Audley's Secret" consisted chiefly in the able handling of a complicated and terrible plot: in this manifestation of power we hold that "Aurora Floyd" is not quite equal to its companion novel. It will not, however, detract in any serious degree from the popularity of its really clever authoress. Miss Braddon is perfectly irreproachable in the matter of industry; her tendency to write amounts almost to a furor, we should say. Already she has another novel in hand, or, to speak more correctly, partly out of hand, as it is already in course of publication in the pages of the "Temple Bar Magazine," to which periodical its author seems to be a constant and, we have no doubt, an invaluable contributor.

Mrs. Henry Wood's novel of "Vance's Pride" is also re-published from "Once-a-Week," of whose pages it has been for some time the leading attraction. We do not ourselves anticipate any increase of fame to the authoress of "East Lynne" from the publication of this novel, which, although by no means bad, and indeed in many respects clever, is yet by no means up to the standard of that very uncommon work. This lady is also diligent, as is evident from her having already begun a new serial tale in one of the minor magazines.

The authoress of "Salem Chapel" has at length brought that curious and remarkable story to a conclusion, and it is now published entire. It is now for the first time possible to take a sort of bird's-eye view of it for purposes of criticism, and we freely confess that the general effect is powerful rather than pleasing. The ability of the authoress is conspicuously evident throughout, but we confess to an unpleasant impression being left on our mind that such was the real intention of the writer: that, in short, the book was written rather to produce the effect of everyone's observing, "What a clever woman!" rather than deriving either pleasure or advantage from the perusal of her book. The characters are powerfully drawn. Some, as Vincent's mother, are really very life-like, if not very pleasing; others again, especially amongst the deacons of the Chapel, are entirely overdrawn and caricatured. "Salem Chapel" is, in a word, a *strong* sensation novel, with all the faults and most of the advantages of that peculiar class of works. It is not so perfect as Dickens or Wilkie Collins would have made it, but it probably escapes some of the grotesqueness which the first would have introduced into its pages, and is less entirely dependent for its interest upon the tangled skein of its plot than the other would have certainly made it.

We have reserved to the last the work which is likely to command the greatest amount of public interest of all those published this month—we of course refer to Wilkie Collins' new novel of "No Name." This work is so remarkable as a further development of the very peculiar and great powers manifested in the famous "Woman in White," that we feel ourselves unable to attempt a critique in the very small space necessarily at our disposal this month. The work is one to which no justice can be done without extracts being made from it; and we therefore find ourselves obliged to defer its critical consideration until our next number,

when we hope to give a review of a character such as we could not here hope to give.

The announcements of novels about to issue from the press are by no means of a very exciting character. With the exception of a translation of Hans Anderson's last novel, "The Ice Maiden," we see no announcement of any very promising appearance.

In other respects the literary market is well stocked: not that there is exactly an *embarrass de richesses* in any department, but that a more than average number of really good books on really interesting subjects are this month placed before the public. Perhaps the most remarkable of these is Mr. Kinglake's "History of the Crimean War." This work, which has long been looked for, is at last published to the very great satisfaction of every true lover of philosophically correct history. The book is a monument of labour but at the same time of genius, without which the labour would but have resulted in a mass of repulsive dryness and enormous bulk. As it is, the book is one of the most interesting books which the press has for many years given to the public, and is eminently calculated to fill the want so keenly felt of an account alike free from party and national bias. Our impression is that everyone who desires to form a correct idea of the causes and the conduct of England's last great war—and who does not?—must take an early opportunity of studying Mr. Kinglake's eloquent and truly luminous work.

Next perhaps in interest and importance to this work, and in the same walk of literature, is George Hooper's "Waterloo: the downfall of the first Napoleon." The apparent disadvantage which this work had to encounter in being the relation of an "oft told tale," seems to have been most successfully combatted and overcome. The impression left by the book is that of a great and original work. The lights, if not altogether new, are thrown upon the well-known scene with such skill that they look anything rather than old; and the familiar novelty, so to speak, rather enhances than detracts from the interest of the book. Nor does it seem less replete with value than with interest: its views and conclusions are striking and original, and are supported by subtle but yet honest and straightforward arguments which all may follow. On the whole, Mr. Hooper's book may be said to have for its moral an entire distrust of our neighbours, the French. He sees no change in the Frenchman of to-day from the same being of forty years ago which is more than skin deep; nor does he believe the intentions and wishes of Napoleon III. to be more pacific and pure than those of Napoleon I., whatever difference there may be in their respective powers of evil. Yet Mr. Hooper cannot be reasonably put aside as a man prejudiced or behind the age. Far from it: every word of his admirably-written book is carefully weighed, and every opinion supported by no mean array of facts and figures which are, as we all know, a very difficult class of articles to combat. It is curious to observe that two men so apart, and looking from such distinct points of view, as Mr. Hooper and Mr. Kinglake, should have both arrived at so very unfavourable an estimate of the Emperor of the French, both mentally and physically, by which last term we mean in regard of his physical courage. The opinion in neither case rests upon vague surmise, still less on prejudice, but on a vast and damatory array of facts and instances.

Next in interest to these,—and, perhaps, to a large section of the public, scarcely second to them,—is the Diary of Mr. Russel, the world-famous "Times" correspondent in America, "North and South." None ever doubted the ability of Mr. Russel, but none—or at least few believed that even he could have produced so entirely admirable a book on a subject so difficult to handle. Diaries are proverbially unsatisfactory reading, and it is really a great achievement of Mr. Russel, the having so thoroughly surmounted the difficulty, and charmed the public, really in a fair and legitimate manner, in a line of which they had—not without cause—become systematically suspicious. Some might expect to find in this diary a mere reflection of the letters to the "Times" by the author, a sort of own correspondent and water. In this they would find themselves notably and pleasurably disappointed. There is scarcely any resemblance between the diary and the letters, certainly not more than serves to add a charm to the former. All sorts of odd or out-of-the-way curiosities, whether in men or things, seem to have been sought out by Mr. Russel, and faithfully jotted down in his note books. And it is from this quaint store of materials that the highly amusing volumes before us have been compiled. The book is chiefly humorous in its details, although by no means wanting in passages of higher, if more painful, interest; such as the scenes of such a civil war as that now raging in America could not fail to supply to an observer so keen as Mr. Russel. His impressions appear not unnaturally to have been favourable rather to the Southern than the Northern cause, a circumstance accounted for in the book itself, by the superior character of the men into whose company the writer was thrown, in the former country. On the whole, although of course this book can make no claim to the grave authority of a historical work, it will yet, we believe, remain one of the most valuable text books from whence the future historian of the vast struggle may draw a part, at least, of his ideas as to the men who fill the foreground of the picture. And, in the meantime, we can heartily recommend it as a most amusing book to the general reader, and as one which will give him a vast additional insight into, and interest in, the actors in the American tragedy, and their views and motives.

By men of literary taste and knowledge the newly published "Remains of Arthur Hallam" will be hailed with scarcely less—if indeed any less—interest than any other work of the day. Dying too young for fame, gained at least by his own literary labours, Arthur Hallam's memory has been enshrined in the richest casket of verse ever consecrated to the memory of man. In this he lives still, and probably will continue to live while the English language exists. While revelling, however, in the beauty and depth of "In Memoriam," the thought must have occurred to most, do we here see what the man was, or only what the heart of a great poet has conceived of perfect manhood? The long delayed publication of these Remains answers the doubt; and we venture to say, answer it in a manner triumphant on behalf of the man as opposed to the idea. The Remains consist of fragments, in prose and verse, of a character which must surprise anyone who considers that scarcely one of them was composed after the author was eighteen years of age.

We will quote two stanzas from a very beautiful little poem, entitled, "Lines on my Sister's Birthday."

But time is rolling onward, love,
 And birthdays one another chase :
 Ah ! when so much few years remove,
 May thy sweet nature hold its place—
 Who would not hope, who would not pray,
 That looks on thy demeanour now ?
 Yet have I seen the slow decay
 Of many souls as pure as thou.

But there are some whose light endures—
 A sign of wonder and of joy,
 Which never custom's mist obscures,
 Or passion's treacherous gusts destroy.
 God make with them a rest for thee,
 For thou art turned towards stormy seas ;
 And when they call thee like to me
 Some terrors on my bosom seize.

These lines, which we give, not as conveying any just idea of the breadth and strength of thought so strangely apparent in the pieces which form the volume ; but as being more easily appreciated, apart from their context—which our space forbids us to give—may convey to the reader's mind some idea of the beauty and loveableness of the character whose memory has been so preserved among the things of beauty which are "a joy for ever." None we feel sure can study the evidences afforded by this volume that he, who was the friend leant upon and looked up to in life by the great poet of our age, was one who deserves to go down to posterity as perhaps the most interesting of all that deeply interesting class of whom Shelley, in his lament for Keats, designates as "the inheritors of unfulfilled renown."

There are few other books of any great or wide interest. In poetry, with the exception of some "Poems in the Dorset Dialect," by W. Barnes, which are like their predecessors, "Poems of Rural Life," by no means wanting either in poetical feeling or power of expression, when the reader can manage to comprehend them. But as the task is not an easy one, and good poetry is not difficult to find in an English dress, we fancy that few will be found with leisure and patience enough to extract the true poetic ore of Mr. Barnes's poetry from the dark mine of uncouth words and phrases in which it is enshrined. The much vexed subject of African hunting finds a new narrator in the person of W. C. Baldwin, who publishes a book on "Hunting from Natal to the Zambesi." The narrative is an interesting one, and as the hunter fell in with Dr. Livingstone in his travels, and has of course something to tell about his sayings and doings, especially with regard to the wondrous falls of the Zambesi river, which are admirably described by Mr. Baldwin, his book will no doubt command a circulation among the numerous friends and admirers of the enterprising missionary.

The second part of Bishop Colenso's work on the Pentateuch is in the press, and may be looked for next month. Several other works of fiction, biography, and travels are announced as to be published in February, which will probably be a busy month for the publishers.

There is little Scientific News this month of any great interest. Perhaps the most curious is the new method of ascertaining the rotatory motion of the globe by means of a pendulum invented by Monsieur Foucault. *From this have sprung a number of curious speculations and experiments : one of them being the theory that all rivers in the northern portion*

of the globe must necessarily flow rather to the right bank than to the left. This strange theory has been put to the test of actual observation, and, so far as yet ascertained, is wholly borne out by facts. In the cases examined of some principal rivers in Europe the right is invariably the bank eaten away by the action of the water; thus proving that the motion of the globe tends to throw the water over to that side.

In Astronomy some very curious results have been obtained with regard to the much-vexed nebular question. It is now clearly demonstrated that many of the nebulae are in the habit of changing from groups of nebular matter into the form of fixed and even large and bright stars; and still more remarkable, of changing back once more into their nebular form; nor do they seem to do this only once, but frequently. Another curious discovery nearly connected with this is, that the void spaces in the sky, of which there are several, especially in the Southern hemisphere, are also in the constant habit of shifting both their relative position and their own individual size and shape. This will of course open a door to a vast number of speculations, some of which will doubtless be sufficiently wild.

We observe that a new Literary Paper and Review has just been started to occupy the ground vacated by the "Athenaeum," since that once admirable paper has become so entirely the organ of a single publishing house. The first number promises well, and all its articles are easily recognisable as the work of eminent literary men, from the fact of each having its author's name attached to it after the manner of "Macmillan's Magazine."

COWPER'S "VOTUM."

TRANSLATED.

YE morning dews, and ye salubrious gales,
Ye groves, and grassy hills, and shady vales,
Ye gladsome flowers that grow by pleasant streams!
Oh! would the Fates but grant my fondest dreams;
Restore the scenes which in my youth I knew,
Dear rustic joys, unvexed, and pure, and true.
Grant me my old desire, a quiet home
Where calm old age with step serene should come.
Then, when life's pleasing course is done, to rest
With a mute stone or turf upon my breast.

LORD MACAULAY'S CRITICISMS CRITICISED.

Of all Lord Macaulay's writings, his *Essays* will perhaps always be the most pleasing to the majority of readers. Their brilliancy delights us, their clearness convinces us, their completeness stores our minds with information and our lips with arguments, and we are unresistingly carried along alike by the charming enthusiasm of praise, and the vehement rhetoric of denunciation.

But he who can preserve his sobriety of mind whilst perusing these fascinating productions, will shortly find reasons for believing that the author is sometimes carried astray by the power of his own genius, that his arguments are occasionally fallacious, and that this praise and his blame alike are frequently called forth by pictures which his own pencil has produced. Such a reader may not be inclined to dispute the perfections of Milton and Hampden, but he will begin to question whether Charles I. and Shaftesbury were so very bad as they are painted, and whether Socrates and Plato taught nothing but a useless clap-trap.

The *Essay on Lord Bacon* is one of the most elaborate and elegant of the whole series, and perhaps also the most objectionable. In this *Essay* a comparison is instituted between the philosophy of the ancients and that of the moderns, between the teaching of Plato and the teaching of Bacon, between the study of ethical philosophy and the study of physical science. The way in which this comparison is carried out appears to us so objectionable, the arguments used so fallacious, and the conclusion drawn so mischievous, that we think a little time spent in discussing the subject may not be thrown away. We have no intention of taxing our own research and the reader's learning by going into the intricacies of either the Greek or the Baconian philosophy. We shall for the most part confine ourselves to what we find in the *Essay* itself, and take the case very much as Lord Macaulay has stated it.

The speculative philosophy is condemned on the ground that it is pedantic and unpractical; that it sits in the clouds, bidding men climb by a ladder of air to the same inaccessible eminence, leaving the useful arts, the cultivation of which would render them happy and prosperous. Lord Macaulay would "hang up" the speculative philosophy, not because it cannot "make a Juliet," but because it does not undertake to supply Juliet with kid boots and cashmere shawls, with velvet cushions and a four-wheeled carriage. To have done these things was the glory of Bacon; his excellence lay, it seems, in disclaiming the elevation and improvement of the mind, as one of the chief objects to be attained by the study of science, and in limiting those objects to the material results, to the increase of material comforts, and the extension of material resources. Our quarrel with the illustrious essayist is not that he accuses the speculative philosophy of some faults of pedantry and pride, of despising useful and industrial arts, of drawing a distinction between philosophers and men, and holding that the former ought to be above

any care for the comforts of the latter ; nor yet that he lauds Bacon for paying special attention to these things, and for teaching a philosophy which concerned itself with the comforts and uses of every-day life. We could have exulted with him in the mighty triumphs and magnificent results which the inductive philosophy has achieved, and we could have joined with him in laughing at Seneca when labouring "to clear Democritus from the disgraceful imputation of having made the first arch, and Anarcharsis from the charge of having contrived the potter's wheel." Our charge against Lord Macaulay is that he expressly makes the prime business of philosophy to be the multiplication of human comforts and conveniences, and the extension of man's empire over the material world ; and not the cultivation of the mind itself, and the acquisition of such principles as may make a man superior to external changes and adverse circumstances. His constant complaint against the ancient philosophy is that it aimed at what is unattainable, and his constant praise of the modern philosophy is excited by the consideration that it has produced great results by aiming at what was within its reach. He prefers the first shoemaker to the author of the three books on anger, inasmuch as, although it may be worse to be angry than to be wet, the shoemaker was successful in keeping people dry, while Seneca probably never prevented anyone from being angry. In an age so remarkable as the present for the ingenuity shown in the advertisements of trade, we wonder that no enterprising shoemaker has discovered and appropriated this brilliant passage. The advertisement might commence with a reference to the unrivalled pen of England's greatest historian : the quotation would then follow, and after that the public might be assured that since the time of the first shoemaker, great improvements had been made in the art, and that in the "Cookham Boot" the height of perfection had been at length attained by an application of the principles of the inductive philosophy, that philosophy which Bacon taught and Macaulay approved.

Of course, if material utility is the end, and success the test of philosophy, the shoemaker will stand high on the list of philosophers. But to this doctrine we entertain decided objections. We do not consider material utility the end of philosophy, or success the mark of a philosopher. Suppose that the inductive philosophy has done its utmost, that war is at an end, that diseases are abolished, that the waste places of the earth are cultivated, that labour is superseded by machinery, that crime and pauperism are extinct, refinement and wealth diffused through society, and every person, in short, rich, and comfortable, and prosperous. And when this state of perfection is attained, what is the human race to do next ? Are men to sit down quietly to enjoy the riches which they have acquired, and to look forward to a long line of descendants "*fruges consumere nati* ?" We confess that we feel little pleasure in thinking of such a consummation. It appears to us that the true object of philosophy is to attain that elevation of mind which seemed to Plato so desirable an acquisition, and to Lord Macaulay so visionary a pursuit. We are not now concerned with the question, whether the perfection of character which was the dream of the philosophers of the Academy or of the Porch was exactly the same thing which forms the ideal of our own age ; nor do we mean to deny that the ancient philosophy was disfigured by unworthy tenets, and confused by vain disputations and idle subtleties.

The ground which we take is this : that the Academic philosophy, in spite of all its defects, did make its primary object the enlightenment of the human mind and the elevation of human character, that this constitutes its claim to the affection and esteem of all ages, and explains the magical power which attends the name of Plato.

The bodily wants of man are pressing and importunate. Food and shelter must come before science and literature. The mechanical arts are the product of necessity ; their improvement produces leisure, and that leisure conduces still more to their perfection. The process of induction goes on at first unconsciously, but at length man begins to analyse the steps of his procedure, and to understand its rules. He then makes fewer mistakes, and improvement advances with an accelerated velocity. At length come all the grand results which our own century has witnessed, and we are tempted to think that the struggle with material nature is the noblest occupation, and the victory the highest reward of human life. But as we get accustomed to the magnificence and splendour of scientific discoveries, we begin to perceive that they are not the great end and object of our existence. The material results of those discoveries, when once they have received their due tribute of praise and wonder, will not appear to us as matters which are for ever to fill our minds and occupy our tongues, but we shall look upon the most unlimited dominion which science can give us over the world of matter, as simply the rightful and destined inheritance of our race, the ground which must be conquered before we can proceed to higher victories. If that time ever comes, if science is to place the resources of the material world at our command, and distress and privation are to give way to ease and comfort, we may not need a philosophy which teaches us to content ourselves without the appliances of civilised life ; but shall we not ever be thankful that in an age when Nature had yet to be struggled with in her more rugged forms, there was a philosophy which taught that the soul of man was superior to external things, and that if men could not get wealth they could at least live without it ?

But Lord Macaulay objects to the speculative philosophy that the end at which it aims, though very noble, is unattainable. He grants that a perfect character is a grander object than a steam engine, and that to extinguish cupidity would be a greater triumph than to pass a law for the protection of property ; but men have made useful laws and steam engines, whilst the perfect character has not yet been met with, and cupidity is not yet extinguished. This attack seems to us somewhat ungenerous. If the objects aimed at by Socrates and Plato were indeed the noblest which the mind of man can conceive, shall we assail their memories with unmerited reproach, because they were not able fully to reach the summit to which they aspired ? Shall we not rather ever hold in reverence and honour the names of those who saw the things that were best, and endeavoured to point out the way of attaining them, although mankind, then as now, paid little attention to their greatest teachers. The life, the teaching, and the death of Socrates, have ever been considered to constitute one of the sublimest pictures which history can furnish. In the midst of darkness which no human mind could penetrate except imperfectly, he held fast his faith in the invisible world, and in the superiority of the human soul to outward nature. This was a philosophy to which he strove to raise mankind, and

— if his hand
 Accomplished nothing—(well, it is not proved)—
 That empty hand thrown impotently out
 Were sooner caught, I think, by One in heaven,
 Than many a hand that reaped a harvest in
 And keeps the scythe's glow on it.

But can we accept Lord Macaulay's doctrine about the utter fruitlessness of writings having for their object the recommendation of wisdom and virtue? Has the eloquence of Plato never produced in any human breast any degree of that "wonderful love of wisdom" which he believed the visible form of virtue must necessarily inspire? An English poet has said that "but to wish more virtue is to gain," and if there is any truth in this, the world will hardly condemn the writings of all its moral philosophers as vain and fruitless. We agree with Lord Macaulay that all philosophy ought to aim at fruit, but we recollect a writing in which certain "fruits of the spirit" are mentioned, which, although perhaps somewhat beyond the range of the inductive philosophy, may be considered as not inferior to steam engines and electric telegraphs. Indeed, whatever complaint is brought against the Academic philosophy on account of the elevation of its aim, must also be brought against Christianity. He who said, "Be ye perfect as your Father which is in heaven is perfect," would hardly have blamed Plato for aiming at an unattainable degree of virtue.

The common instinct of humanity rejects Lord Macaulay's doctrines on this subject. The name and the philosophy of Bacon will never stand in need of exaggerated praise; neither will mankind forget what is due to the teacher who leads their minds into communion with the invisible and the infinite, and who strives to arouse them to a sense of their noblest destinies.

From the Essay on Lord Bacon, we turn to that on the "Pilgrim's Progress," and here we meet with a piece of criticism which we can regard with no other feeling than that of unmingled astonishment. Lord Macaulay justly remarks that "Bunyan is almost the only writer who ever gave to the abstract the interest of the concrete. In the works of many celebrated authors, men are mere personifications. We have not a jealous man, but jealousy; not a traitor, but perfidy; not a patriot, but patriotism. The mind of Bunyan, on the contrary, was so imaginative that personifications, when he dealt with them, became men. A dialogue between two qualities, in his dream, has more dramatic effect than a dialogue between two human beings in most plays." But we are totally unable to divine what kind of critical analysis could have led to the conclusion that, "In this respect, the genius of Bunyan bore a great resemblance to that of a man who had very little else in common with him, Percy Bysshe Shelley." If there was one point in which the genius of Shelley differed from that of Bunyan more than in others, we should suppose it to be the very point in which Lord Macaulay discovers a likeness. If there was one power more than others in which Shelley's genius was deficient, we should say it was the power of imparting a character of living humanity to the beings whom he introduces.

But let us see how Lord Macaulay maintains his thesis. He continues thus:—"The strong imagination of Shelley made him an idolater in his own despite. Out of the most indefinite terms of a hard, cold,

dark, metaphysical system, he made a gorgeous Pantheon, full of beautiful, majestic, and life-like forms. He turned atheism itself into a mythology, rich with visions as glorious as the gods that live in the marble of Phidias, or the virgin saints that smile on us from the canvas of Murillo. The Spirit of Beauty, the Principle of Good, the Principle of Evil, when he treated of them, ceased to be abstractions. They took shape and colour. They were no longer mere words; but "intelligible forms," "fair humanities," "objects of love, of adoration, or of fear." In many parts of this passage we agree, but they are not the parts which go to establish the writer's view. The Pantheon which Shelley constructed may have been gorgeous, and the forms which filled it may have been beautiful, majestic, but that they were life-like, we deny. His mythology may have been rich with glorious visions, but we deny that abstract principles, when he treated of them, ceased to be abstractions, and became fair humanities.

This is a question which it is difficult to illustrate by particular examples or quotations; it must be decided by the general impression which is left on the mind of the reader; and what reader ever derived from Shelley's writings the same feeling of having been amongst earthly men and women, which he does from the pages of the *Pilgrim's Progress*? In the latter there are no abstractions except in name. The characters are derived from the world of flesh and blood, and our personal interest in their fortunes is in no way diminished by the circumstance that they have figurative names, and are employed to support an allegory. With Shelley the case is very different. He waves his wand, and we are straightway enveloped in an atmosphere of brilliant colours, ravishing melodies, and delightful odours. We catch, it may be, some "glances of soul-dissolving glory;" or we feel in the presence of "the awful shadow of some unseen Power;" whilst, amidst the bewildering radiance, move some forms of human outline and appearance; but they, too, on a nearer approach, turn out as little tangible

As light and wind within some delicate cloud
That fades amid the blue noon's burning sky.

They are

——— flod
Like some frail exhalation, which the dawn
Robes in its golden beams.

Where are the "fair humanities" of which Lord Macaulay speaks? Fair sights and sounds we meet with, fair dreams and visions, fair shapes of light and air, but no men and women. All Shelley's heroes and heroines have very similar features, and they are all the representatives of the ideal which constantly filled his own susceptible and graceful mind. His hero is the personification of youthful genius, virtue, and heroism, wearing the robe of the prophet, wielding the sword of the warrior, unfurling the banner of liberty, arousing a world of slaves to a sense of their true destinies as men. His heroine is the embodiment of truth, and purity, and love, shedding abroad light and consolation in a world of darkness and of misery, and disarming the malice of tyrants by the magic of her loveliness. Let us glance at one or two of Shelley's creations, and see of what material they are composed.

Both Shelly and Shakspeare have introduced a Fairy Queen; but whether we contrast the Queen Mab of the former with her namesake,

or with Titania, the tendency of the one poet to spiritualize, and that of the other to humanize, are very apparent. Shelley entrances us with his exquisite description of the "Queen of Spells," as she descends in her car of light upon the sleeping Ianthe; but we feel that this is not the Queen Mab who suggests our nightly dreams, and we take a less lively interest in her, with all her transcendental philosophy, than in the jealous and perverse spouse of Oberon.

The first line of "Alastor" gives us the key to the kind of inspiration which prompted Shelley's poetry.

Earth, ocean, air, beloved brotherhood !

He looks upon all outward nature, as well as upon himself, as merely the transient expressions of the invisible spirit, which would again absorb them all into its own being. The character of his mind was subjective, and not objective, and of this his pantheism was at once the consequence and the proof.

Alastor himself is only an attempted personification of those yearnings and aspirations after some undefined good, which probably visit at times the minds of all, but which overstrain our sympathy when represented as the sole and ever present idea of a whole life, which they at length destroy by their morbid impotency. Not less remote from humanity is Laon, the hero of the revolt of Islam." He is thus introduced :—

I looked, and lo! one stood forth eloquently,
His eyes were dark and deep, and the clear brow
Which shadowed them was like the morning sky,
The cloudless Heaven of Spring, when in their flow
Through the bright air, the soft winds as they blow
Wake the green world—his gestures did obey
The oracular mind that made his features glow,
And where his curved lips half open lay,
Passion's divinest stream had made impetuous way.

This description, with the account of Laon's career, gives us rather the idea of a human being sublimated, than of a spiritual being precipitated, if we may be allowed to borrow a metaphor from chemistry. So Cythua

moved upon this earth, a shape of brightness,
 in her lightness
 Most like some radiant cloud of morning dew;
 she did seem
 Like the bright shade of some immortal dream.

These are the vague and visionary features which meet us at every turn in Shelley's poetry. In the tragedy of the Cenci, if anywhere, we ought to look for real flesh and blood, and human forms. The general opinion of readers has convicted this work of a deficiency in the true elements of dramatic interest; yet we are not disposed to deny that Shelley has here been, to some extent, successful in depicting human passion. It is, however, clear to the careful reader that, in the drama, Shelley was out of his element. His efforts are strained, and in the passages where dramatic power is mostly required, the influence of the great master of the drama upon his mind, is, we think, easily to be detected. Count Cenci is a metaphysical edition of Aaron the Moor. Beatrice certainly excited our interest, but in the expression given to some of the most harrowing situations, we miss the power which so attracts and yet appals us in the play of Lear. When Beatrice speaks, the

author has to interpose to tell us how she speaks ; whether "wildly" or "slowly, and with a forced calmness ;" and this indicates some defect of dramatic power.

We are then unable to find in Shelley's writings that power "of giving to the abstract the interest of the concrete," of which Lord Macaulay speaks. If there is any human interest in his poems, it is the interest we take in the workings of his own mind, upon which his poetry throws so much light ; and it this interest which will give a lasting charm to his writings.

We shall not at present inquire how far Lord Macaulay is right in saying that the tendency to turn images into abstractions is the mark of a mind destitute of the poetic faculty. We have no doubt that the doctrine is true in the sense in which Lord Macaulay applies it ; but while we must hold that Shelley did often turn images into abstractions, we do not think he comes under the censure intended by Lord Macaulay, with whom we quite agree in what he says of the high poetic inspiration of Shelley. The question of imagery and abstraction in poetry would, however, occupy too much space for us now to enter upon it.

The two passages which we have selected from Lord Macaulay's Essays appear to us open to the objections which we have stated. It may be that the illustrious author would have written differently upon these questions at a later period of his life ; but his Essays are deservedly admired, and widely read, and we have therefore attempted a refutation of what we consider mischievous in philosophy and erroneous in criticism.

THE GOOD GREAT MAN.

How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits
Honour or wealth, with all his toil and pains ;
It seems a story from the world of spirits
If any man obtains that which he merits,
Or any merits that which he obtains !
Cease ! cease my friend ! renounce this idle strain ;
What wouldst thou have the good great man obtain ?
Wealth, honour, salary, or a gilded chain—
Or throne of corpses, which his sword hath slain ?
Goodness and greatness are not means but ends.
Hath he not always treasures ? always friends ?
The good great man ?—Three treasures—love, and light,
And calm thoughts, equable as infant's breath ;
And three firm friends, more sure than day or night—
Himself, his Maker, and the Angel Death.

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"QUE POSSINT OCULOS AURESQUE MORARI."—*Horace.*

MAY, 1863.

WHAT BECAME OF HIM?
IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.—ON A TRACK.

THE burning hut was more than fifty yards off. By the time Tom reached it, the first fury of the blaze had subsided, and the red fire gleamed and sparkled within a mere skeleton of charred poles that gave out a shower of sparks at every gust of wind.

"Have they got the men out, mates?" shouted Tom, at the top of his voice.

"I'm darned, stranger, if I believes there war any one in," replied a tall man, with an unmistakably nasal intonation. "I cal-cu-late," he continued slowly and with emphasis, "as 'twarn't for nothing as it war alighted, stranger!"

Tom jumped as if he had been shot. "Good heavens! if that there scorpion hasn't got to windward on me!" and tearing his loaded revolver from his belt, where he had stuck it almost mechanically on waking, he turned on his heel and dashed back again towards his hut.

The Yankee gazed quietly after him for a moment, and ejaculating to himself—"Wal, if that arn't a catamount properly riz, it's a caution!" turned away to his own hut.

Tom was closely followed by both his mates who, seeing his headlong retreat, feared that all was not right. The wall of rock against which the hut was built was of considerable height and somewhat overhanging. It consequently threw a deep black shadow for some distance around the hut. Tom, however, did not wait for light, but dashed headlong into his hut, pistol in hand. For a moment the darkness there was so intense that he paused, unable even to fancy he saw anything; the next, a

sudden gleam of red light through the farther wall showed, or seemed to show, that something had that moment been withdrawn from the hole. Without an instant's deliberation Tom dropped upon his knee, and fired two barrels of his revolver through the hole in the brushwood wall. As he did so, Jim rushed breathless into the hut.

"What's the matter, Tom ?" shouted he. "Has anyone been here ? What did ye fire at ?"

"The devil !" growled Tom, with something added in a deep voice, but less distinctly.

"The gold, Tom ! the gold ! Is it safe ?"

"Ay, ay ! safe enough wi' that scorpion !" replied Tom, who had satisfied himself in a moment that the gold was really gone.

Jim staggered back against the side of the hut. Tom sprang to the door, shouting—

"Come, Jim—now for a hunt. I'll bay that scorpion yet, or my name arn't Tom Smith !"

The idea of rescue or vengeance was sufficient to restring Jim's energies, so, grasping his revolver, he followed his comrade. All this has taken some minutes to describe, it did not take a quarter of a minute to occur. As they rushed out they met our hero, who had been delayed by a fall in coming up.

"What's wrong ?" shouted he.

"The devil, and that scorpion !" growled Tom.

"They've robbed us of our gold, Dick. I'll get it back or die for it !" shouted Jim ; and without a pause, both vanished into the darkness.

"Robbed !" echoed our hero—"Robbed !" He almost staggered into the hut.

Some shocks seem to be too great for our mental system : we shrink under them, and stunned and stupified, seem as it were to relapse into a sort of mental quiescence. Such a shock had been the discovery of his illegitimacy to Richard Fortescue : the present had a different effect : it was not enough to stun him, but seemed just sufficient to rouse into activity all the latent powers of a nature remarkable for its strength of will and force of purpose. It was only for a moment that the news staggered our hero : the next, he was himself—and more than his ordinary self—once more. He turned, and was on the point of calling out to his companions to stop them in their almost certainly useless attempt, but checked himself as the thought flashed across his mind that he might be overheard. Dropping noiselessly upon his knees on one of the heaps of blankets on the earthen floor of the hut, he paused to think. The steps of his companions had already died away in the distance, and the perfect stillness which reigned around was only equalled by the excess of the darkness. Our hero seemed struck with the stillness around, which suggested some new idea to his mind. He listened intently. He even laid his ear close to the ground that he might hear the better, as he had heard somewhere was a good plan. He did not wait long. A faint, almost imperceptible sound, as of a breath drawn quickly or in pain, arrested his attention. Still upon his hands and knees he crept softly out of the hut. There was neither moon nor star visible : the wind had fallen suddenly, and the inky heaps of black cloud overhead seemed to threaten a thunderstorm. Everything was dark, but under the shadows cast by the high wall of basaltic rock against which the hut was built the

darkness was extreme. At the corner of the hut he paused : again he caught the sound of that short breathing, but apparently farther off. Lying as flat as possible, he slowly crept along the ground in the direction of the sound. He found the revolver which was stuck in his belt in his way : he paused, and deliberately drew it out—thought for a moment, and finally laid it on the ground and resumed his cat-like progress. It was slow work, as he had to pause every moment and feel before him, in case he might strike against anything to give the alarm. The whole energies of the man were concentrated upon the task of preserving silence. Every faculty seemed absorbed in the effort, and it was wonderfully successful. Silently as a serpent he glided. Not a lynx's eye could have tracked his progress along the foot of the black basalt cliff. At last he paused once more. His heart beat high with the exultation of success : he knew that he was close to the place from whence the sound had come. He listened. There was the sound again, but distant as ever ! Could it have been a delusion ? Could it be merely the wind sighing through the pine clump on the top of the cliff ? For one moment his highly strung nerves gave way at the uncertainty. He felt actually afraid. Another moment, however, and he had nerved himself once more. He was close to the rock. He stretched out his hand and felt it—cold, hard, and smooth. He drew back and felt the ground in front of him. His hand came in contact with something wet. He started ; felt again—it was not cold—it was not water. Like a flash of lightning it occurred to him—it was blood ! He saw it all at once : Tom's revolver had taken effect, but the wounded robber was too clever to attempt a rapid escape. He had leant against the rock and waited : he was now making his way to his companions ! Carefully raising himself upon his feet, but still crouching nearly double, he continued his pursuit. It seemed to get darker and darker, but he never noticed the change. His every sense was on the utmost stretch of which it was capable, to enable him to detect the position of the man whom he was following. He had gone perhaps six hundred yards, and had lessened the distance between them considerably, when he heard the man stop. He paused a moment—then crept slowly nearer. He felt sure he wasn't twenty yards from him, when a low whistle made him stop suddenly. In another half-minute he could distinguish several footsteps, and more than one voice speaking in whispers. He was close to a tree : he drew still nearer it as they passed close to him.

"Darned if 'taint the tarnationest dark location ever I see, stranger," whispered one, as they passed.

"We're close to the spot, now," said another voice, whose tones made our hero start.

"Hallo, Hosee !" called the same voice in a loud whisper.

"All right, I guess, mate," was the reply.

"Done the job ?" inquired the same voice again.

"I rayerther calculate so, stranger, at the least."

"What do ye mean by that, then ?"

"Mean ! whoy I mean as heow I've got a darned bullet through me, that's all."

"Nonsense, man—you don't mean it ?"

"Doan't I neow ! But I du ; and I'll be catuwampusly chewed up if one o' the darned serpents han't a followed me all the way tu !"

"What! ye don't mean that——" As he spoke, the thick opaque looking darkness of the sky gave place to dawning brightness. Every stone, tree, and even blade of grass stood out for some two seconds in frightful relief. Our hero did not see anything, however, but the four men's figures, who stood, as it seemed with a background of flame, under the next tree to himself. They were not eight yards off; and the eyes of all four were fixed on him as his were on them. One of them—it was the one who had spoken—drew a pistol and levelled it; but all was darkness, blacker and heavier than before. The report of the pistol was lost in the crash of the thunder-peal. The whirr of the bullet was, however, clearly enough heard by our hero. With that one flash the lightning seemed spent. Down came the rain in great drops that struck the earth with a dull heavy sound. Faster—faster—till all sound was lost but that of rushing waters. Taking instant advantage of the chance of escape afforded him, our hero made off through the deluge of rain in the direction of his hut. His guess proved correct, and in five minutes more he reached the still dark and empty hut. His companions had not yet returned. He re-kindled the all but extinguished brands, and lighted the lamp that hung from the ridge-pole. The flickering blaze showed a curious alteration in the face of our hero as he sat clasping his knees and gazing abstractedly into the flame. There was a fierce purpose in his usually gently intelligent eyes—a stern self-command in his firmly compressed lips. He sat thus for some time, then suddenly moving, he pulled a stout string which hung round his neck; attached to it was a large golden locket of an oval shape; touching a spring, it opened and showed the bright, happy features of a young lady, whose striking resemblance to the man now gazing on her portrait was evident, despite his wild appearance. He looked at it fixedly for some time, touched it with his lips, and muttered something, of which all that was audible were the words—"It could not be! surely it could never be!" The heavy sound of footsteps outside caused him quickly to place the locket once more next his heart. The two men entered—fierce, sullen, and disappointed. No one spoke. Tom and Jim settled themselves opposite the fire, and gazed savagely on the glowing pine logs. Our hero glanced at them once or twice, then relapsed once more into deep thought.

"The serpent," at last exclaimed Tom, striking his hand on his knee as if it were an anvil. "The serpent has fairly got to windward o' me this tack, cursed if he han't."

"You saw nothing of them, then?" said our hero.

"Not a blessed loom in the offin'! I don't even know how many there might ha' been about it."

"Four!" said our hero, quietly.

"Four! How the mischief do ye know that?" asked his mate, in a startled tone.

"Saw them," said he, laconically.

"Saw them!" echoed his two mates, starting to their feet, and regarding him with looks of astonishment.

"Saw them!" growled Tom, "bless'd if I know what to think. He's been out, too. Well, I'm bless'd!"

"Sit down, and I'll tell you Tom! Sit down, Jim, can't you!" and our hero went into a short account of his adventure. Tom's eyes sparkled, and his hand moved as by instinct towards his pistol.

"We'll get them yet, mate—we'll get them yet!" he said.

"How, and where, Tom?" said our hero, quietly.

Tom paused. "Not on these diggings, Dick, I suspect; but somewhere, somewhere! And won't I just, when I does?" The silence which followed was suggestive, but scarcely pleasant.

"What do you say, then, said our hero, "shall we be off in the morning?"

"Ay, ay, mate," said Tom. Jim nodded.

Palomba new diggings had only been worked three weeks. In that time five thousand men had collected upon them from all quarters, especially from Old Palomba and the diggings near it—the worst in California for crime of every sort. It was verging upon dusk, as three men—whom we can recognise as our hero and his two companions, in spite of the ragged and poverty-stricken look of their clothes—gained the summit of the hill overlooking the valley of New Palomba, now mottled in a curious, unearthly-looking way with huts and tents down both sides of the quiet, still-flowing river, which moved along sullenly between its low, marshy banks. Two months had now elapsed since the time of the robbery at Lynchville. Slowly, but surely, the men had tracked the four robbers from diggings to diggings, till now they were, as they believed, close on their trail after a chase of not less than five hundred miles.

"A likely looking spot, Tom!" said Jim to his biggest companion.

"Ay, ay! likely enough, for aught I see, for rascals and ague!"

Suddenly a turn in the road brought them in full view of the most crowded part of the field. Our hero, who was a little in front, paused and eyed it keenly for a minute.

"I shall make for that part, Tom, what do you say?"

"All right; but how about something to eat, mate?"

Jim looked at our hero eagerly. The men were evidently worse off for food than even for clothes.

"That dead horse steak stood us pretty well, Dick; but we can't do much without something now."

Jim said nothing, but the wistful glance of his sunken eyes spoke volumes. Our hero put his hand inside his shirt breast, and seemed to hesitate. His eyes wandered first over the scene below him, then towards his comrades, who seemed somehow to lean on his advice. It was but for a moment. Claspings his hand tightly inside his shirt he strode forward, saying, in a tone sharp and decisive—

"It's no use asking me; our fortune and our next meal lie somewhere amongst those tents. Till we get that gold, we'll never have a day's luck, I tell you; so where's the use of delay?"

Tom looked sullen, Jim only weary and disappointed; but both followed the vigorous steps which accorded so ill with the worn appearance of the speaker.

In ten minutes they were in the valley. It had been found necessary to have a sort of road by the river, and down this the three men made their way. The short twilight grew greyer and greyer as they went on between scattered tents, and among holes with cradles standing idle

beside them, and over culverts through which were led the waters of the sluggish river for use amongst the holes. Not a word was said by any of the party. Our hero went first, and although evidently worn and tired, at least as much as either of his companions, was the only one of the three whose eyes seemed never tired of examining with a keen glance everything he passed. Tom looked moody and somewhat sullen ; and Jim, who dragged his limbs slowly after the others, looked thoroughly dispirited. The twilight waned more and more : the boundary of the valley grew shadowy and indistinct—the more distant tents gleamed ghostlike in unearthly proportions. The white, damp, heavy mist, rose cold and clammy from the moist soil, and hung in strange fantastic wreaths about the trees and nearer tents. Lights shone out, twinkling and glow-worm-like, through the opaque atmosphere ; and the low hum of many voices near and distant, mingled strangely, but not unpleasantly, with the hum of mosquitoes which began to resound on all sides. The rapidly-increasing darkness obliged our party to stop.

"What's to be done now ?" said Tom, in a sullen tone of voice.

Jim looked at our hero.

"Done !" said he ; "why look after our gold, to be sure. You've not forgotten what we travelled all this way for, have you ?"

"No !" growled Tom ; "but I'll look after nothing while I'm famished w' hunger, I can tell ye."

"How will you get anything to eat without gold, do you think, here, Tom ?"

"Ask for it, to be sure, at the first tent I come to."

"What, beg ! Well, you may do as you like ; I shan't beg, I can tell you."

"All right !" said Tom, and turned to one side of the path towards a large tent close at hand. After a few steps, he turned and said, "Come, Jim !"

Jim hesitated, looked at our hero, then wistfully at the light.

"Go, Jim !" said our hero ; "you'll be useless till you've had meat, I can see : I'll try alone."

Jim hesitated once more, gazed at the retreating figure of Tom, and then slowly followed him, as if unconsciously.

Our hero was alone ! "Alone once more !" he muttered to himself, as he grasped the miniature inside his coat, and turned away. "Alone ! best so : I'm always most successful alone, I think." With a look of confidence on his face, and a firmer and stronger step, he moved on once more.

It had grown very dark. At every step there was a danger of getting off the track and amongst the holes—he had to walk slowly and warily once more. For some time he crept along carefully, trying to guide himself by some of the gleaming lights. Suddenly he came against something, and fell. He had lost his way. He struck his head against the corner of a cradle as he fell, and lay stunned and motionless for some minutes. When he recovered, his first impulse was to call for assistance. A moment's thought checked him, however. He moved slowly and with difficulty, and groped round him to ascertain the character of the ground where he had fallen. He was close to the edge of a deep hole. As he was about to raise himself, he was startled by a slight flash which damped his eyes for a moment. He lay perfectly still for a few seconds, then

moved again. Again the same flash : he was close to a tent ! The discovery almost unnerved him for a moment. He knew that to be discovered there was to be shot at, probably killed. The spirit of adventure so strongly developed in his nature rapidly got the better of his momentary fear. He raised himself with extreme caution upon his knees, and, feeling before him with his hands, dragged himself towards the tent. As he did so, a voice met his ear so distinctly and clearly, that he instinctively sank flat on the ground once more. It was, however, inside the tent.

"Hand out the other bag, Silas," said the voice, every tone of which seemed to thrill through the excited brain of the listener outside ; "we'll see how much there is altogether, now !"

"Wal, I guess there arn't a trifle neow, friend. We've swelled the darved thing pretty con-siderable slick, we have."

Richard Fortescue raised himself once more ; could his face have been seen at that moment it would have been absolutely startling from its expression of wild triumph. Inch by inch he neared the tent ; slowly moving his head backwards and forwards, he at last caught the same flash of light shining through some hole in the double tent. Two feet more and he would touch it. He put down his hand softly, quietly and cautiously as before. Something soft and warm met his touch. A cold perspiration burst out upon every limb in a moment. He felt his hand tremble. The danger of such a motion recalled him to himself. Steadying his hand he felt more carefully what it was. It was a dog ! and asleep. He paused, as if petrified. To move was to invite his own destruction at once !—to remain was——a shudder shook his weakened body at the thought. With his hand resting immovably on the back of the sleeping mastiff, he ran over in his mind the heads of his position. Ten seconds had not elapsed when his mind was made up. Gradually raising his hand from the dog's back, so as not to disturb him, he sank flat on the ground, and inch by inch dragged himself beyond reach of the dog, who, he did not doubt, was chained at the back of the tent. He must have spent half-an-hour in creeping round to the tent's entrance : at last he reached it. Slowly rising upon his knees, he examined the canvas with his hand so as to find some opening. There was none ! He drew a knife from his belt, and softly pierced the canvas with its point. The experiment, he knew, was a most dangerous one, and might have been answered by half-a-dozen revolver bullets. Nothing happened ! He removed the knife, and applied his eye to the crevice. The group within was a striking one, and to a man of less nerve than Richard Fortescue must have been appalling. Seated in the tent were the four men whom he had seen by the lightning-flash under the old oak at Lynchville. The one whom he had specially marked there seemed still to be the principal person here. This man was seated on the ground while the others leant eagerly forward to see what he was doing. Our hero could not at first make it out. One of the men moved suddenly with a suppressed exclamation. In a moment the watcher's eye had taken in the whole scene. On the ground were two heaps of nuggets, and the chief man was carefully weighing all those on the one heap, piece by piece, and adding them to the others. A leathern bag, *empty*, lay beside them. It was the stolen bag ! Involuntarily our hero drew a deep breath. One of the men started—

"What's that, Silas?" he said, under his breath.

"Nothing; I heard nothing. What was it?"

"A sigh, a groan, or something o' that darned sort."

"Phew! that darned catamount of a nation dog, I guess."

Our hero did not move. They went on with their employment. They had finished. He heard the sum total—the very sum stolen from his party. His head felt confused, but still he watched. They spoke in low tones which he could not make out, and then proceeded to place the bag, once more full, in a hole under the spot where their leader laid his head when he went to sleep. Then they talked again. It seemed as if they would never have done, to our hero, as he watched them, with starting eyes through the hole which he had made. At last they prepared to lie down.

"Go and look round, Silas, before ye lie down," said the voice of the leader, which haunted our hero so strangely.

Silas stepped towards the tent door—stepped directly towards our hero. He saw the danger, and was equal to it: life and death were on the cast. It was pitchy dark, and so, without an instant's hesitation, he threw himself flat on the ground. Happily all was clear: he made no noise! The narrow slit of the tent opened. A flood of light poured out, and the great uncouth head of Silas Chobbin looked out, and peered curiously round. Our hero's head was within a few inches of his feet, but he saw nothing. The gap closed again: there were a few low murmurs, and all was still! Richard Fortescue arose once more—felt for the hole, and found it. All was dark—the light was out! Slowly the minutes chased one another through the dark, silent hours of the night. It was a long time before our hero ventured to move. He knew that if one of the four men inside chanced to be awake he could not hope to escape detection in the desperate attempt he was about to make. Slowly he drew out his revolver and felt its caps, to ascertain that all was right, then he placed it in his belt close to his hand, and at last began his perilous attempt. The chief man lay with his head towards the opposite side of the tent to that on which he was. Was it within reach of the dog? He paused in thought. No! not quite; but if he should wake! Still he crept on, inch by inch. Here, he thought at last, here is the place. Flat on his face, his head close to the tent, and scarcely drawing a breath, he waited. Not a sound but the distant, sullen wash of the sluggish river, and the unceasing hum of the mosquitoes. Now for it! Drawing his sheath knife from his belt, he stuck it into the earth close to the canvas of the tent; then putting his ear against the canvas, he listened with straining senses. The breathing inside was clear, distinct, and regular. He dropped his head, and began to work. The ground was tolerably hard with trampling, but there were no stones. Bit by bit he picked out small pieces of the earth. It was very slow work, but he persevered. Bit by bit!—now he got a hole large enough to put his hand into, and then the work seemed to get on faster. He had need to do so. The better half of the night was over some time, and the work went on slowly. He never flagged, however. Excitement kept up his strength, which must otherwise have given way under the task. A slight breeze which there was blew from the dog towards him, so that though he sniffed the air uneasily several times he made out nothing. Slowly the work got on. The hole was larger and much deeper: he now

pushed his hand and arm quite into it before he got to the end. It was certainly darker—a sure sign, as our hero well knew, that it was near dawn. Still he did not hurry—still he worked at the same quiet, steady pace as before. No sign of the gold yet! He began to grow anxious. It ought surely to have been reached now! His arm was scarcely long enough to excavate any further. No gold yet! He worked anxiously on. A chiller breeze made him look up involuntarily. It was beginning to grow faintly grey: he had felt the breeze of the dawn. The dog was asleep now, however: he glanced at it, and worked on. Greyer and greyer!—he will surely have to give up! At that moment a tremulous motion passed through his whole body. It was the magic touch of gold! A minute and the bag was in his hand: another, and it was in his breast beside the miniature. He looked round: it was terribly light: he could see several tents looming white through the mist. He started! His nerves would no longer stand the strain. He sprang to his feet and bounded away. A savage growl—and his leg was seized by the dog! He drew his revolver!

M E M O R Y.

PRIMROSE spots there needs must be
 'Mid each drear waste of memory,
 Spots where thought may oft return
 From life's cares that cark and burn,
 As worn Arabs seek the bliss
 Of some palm-clad oasis:
 Or the wanderer who hath strayed
 Far from where his childhood played,
 Seeks—when age hath snowed his hair,
 Furrowed deep that brow once fair,
 Seeks the home that gave him birth—
 Weary rests in native earth.
 Some such memories childhood's hours
 Yet may mirror deck'd with flowers;
 Such our youth may bring to view,
 Bright with its own roseate hue;
 Such, though fewer, manhood brings
 Joys more rare, from deeper springs;
 Childhood, youth, and manhood lie
 'Neath the same o'erarching sky;
 And the life rays fierce and hot
 Which have scath'd our manhood's lot,
 May, e'er yet they gathered power,
 Bloom have shed on childhood's hour:
 Or, if fierce at early morn,
 Manhood's waste with flowers adorn.
 Thus some primrose banks must be
 Amid each waste of Memory.

K. H.

S E P A R A T I O N .

ARE we to look forward to a political separation from the mother country as our ultimate destiny? Surely this is one of the most important questions which the colonists of New Zealand can take into their consideration at the present time. And yet the subject has received very little discussion, beyond an occasional article in the newspapers in reply to some fresh letter of Mr. Goldwin Smith. This apathy might be accounted for if the question could be considered as in any sense settled or laid at rest. But not Mr. Goldwin Smith himself, however conclusive he may deem his reasoning, will imagine that the point is to be carried without a vast deal more argumentation and debate than have yet been bestowed upon it; whilst his most uncompromising opponents can scarcely affect to believe in the utter impossibility or absurdity of a future separation between the mother country and the colonies. It is not, indeed, a question to be settled practically by forcible writing about the destiny of England as mother of nations, and the uselessness of the connection between herself and her colonies, on the one hand, nor by declamation against dismembering the empire, on the other. It may be that it is a question which cannot be settled at all at present, and yet a little discussion will be by no means thrown away, although this negative conclusion should be the only result of our inquiries.

It appears to us that this is to become with us the question of questions, without a constant reference to which, all our colonial legislation and political action must ever be doubtful and uncertain, our steps vacillating, our aim undefined. That other question of separation,—of the separation of the North and South Islands, will assume a very different aspect when considered by the light of some definite opinion on the larger question of separation from England, a light which will raise it altogether from the sphere of petty local ambitions and jealousies in which it is too often debated. The questions of our internal legislation, the government at which we should aim, the degree to which it may be safe for us to indulge in a democratically constituted House of Representatives, will all receive a new importance, and be tinged with a new light, when examined in relation to the primary question whether we are destined to become an independent nation, or whether England will always impose limits upon our action either for good or for evil, hindering us, it may be, in our development of the one, and guaranteeing us against the merited consequences of the other.

There is abundant reason at the present time why we should feel it incumbent upon us to look this matter earnestly in the face, with a full determination to shrink from no consequences to which an unprejudiced examination may lead us, and to be misled by no sonorous phrases or empty declamation. The tone of the public correspondence between the Imperial and the Colonial authorities, and the bitterness which is displayed in the newspaper controversies on both sides, appear to us to be fraught with serious warning. To every colonist who looks upon

angry and reproachful secession from the mother country as the saddest of all evils which could befall the colony of New Zealand, the present state of things must appear to wear a grave and even an alarming aspect. Such despatches from the Colonial Secretary as that of the 26th May, 1862, and such addresses to the Crown as that from the New Zealand General Assembly, which followed that despatch, cannot continue to pass and repass without permanently affecting the relations and the future connection between the old country and her dependency. Wholesale accusations brought against the colonists, of making it their only aim to plunder their parent of just as much as she may be weak enough to part with, and angry retorts that the parent has led her children into difficulty and danger, and now is willing to desert them, cannot, whether partly true or wholly false, be indulged in to an unlimited extent, without leaving their mark upon the minds and tempers of the two communities. We do not indeed imagine that the knot of the native difficulty, about which all this dispute and ill feeling have arisen, will be divided by any such simple and summary process as political separation. The present complication will doubtless be put to rights, the present difficulties will be vanquished, and the two communities will, after the manner of Englishmen, eventually blunder into some practicable and approximately fair arrangement about their mutual rights and liabilities, until some fresh question arises, with fresh matter for complaint and recrimination. But though time may bring to each particular difficulty its own solution, the main question between England and her colonies cannot be settled by a mere system of waiting and trusting to chance. Englishmen have always been remarkable for their want of forethought in public matters, and this fault has often proved a merit in comparison with the opposite one of too rigid theorizing, without regard to modifying circumstances. Luck too has sometimes befriended them when they have trusted to it more than prudence would have counselled; but there is no doubt that this method of waiting until the difficulty actually presses, is sometimes carried to a really injurious extreme, and of this we have a present illustration in the uncertainty which besets the relations between Great Britain and her colonies. The evil of such uncertainty is simply that it leads to quarrelling, and quarrelling, if only carried far enough, will certainly produce a total disruption of the ties which bind the parent and the children. What happens in one part of the world may happen in another, and thus, with every desire to act with equity and justice, nay, with every wish to be generous and indulgent, England may eventually find herself, purely from not having any defined and well understood principles in dealing with her colonies, bereft of that enthusiastic and loyal support which they would otherwise be certain to afford her, whether their condition were that of cheerful and contented dependencies, or of independent nations, made so by cordial and mutual agreement. If, therefore, endless disputes and vexations are to be avoided, if acrimonious and irritating controversies, which provoke and exasperate the public feeling on both sides, are to be prevented for the future, it is absolutely necessary, much as Englishmen may dislike theorizing, that some well defined doctrine shall be formed, that shall be at all events sufficient to cover the ordinary rights and obligations of the two parties. But this does not imply that a strict theory must be established upon the question of future separation; it does not imply that England must at once make up her mind, on the

one hand, to cut her colonies adrift at some given age or at some particular point in their development, and to treat them all along with a view to this consummation; nor, on the other, that they shall always remain dependent on herself, and be treated as if this state of things could never be disturbed. It may be that this point can only be entirely settled by waiting for the course of events, and that an approximate answer is all that we can at present obtain, but to such a question even an approximate answer is worth getting, and at all events some certain and definite views may be acquired, which will repay our trouble, and be some guide to us with respect to the point for which we ought to steer.

It is probably a more profitable line to pursue to inquire whither the inevitable course of things is tending, than to speculate whither it ought to tend; to observe, if we can, what is likely to be, rather than to talk about what we should like to be. Yet as we may not leave the matter entirely in the hands of the Fates, we may as well consider a little what can be advanced both by sentiment and argument on either side of the question.

Neither sentiment nor argument has, so far as we know, anything to say against the separation theory, sufficiently forcible or convincing to warrant the ready and contemptuous reprobation which appears to be generally excited by any mention of the Oxford Professor of Modern History and his doctrines. There appears to be nothing essentially absurd or outrageous in the notion that the Greek system of colonization, under which the new settlements became free and independent states, was preferable to the British, under which the colonies are kept under the control of the mother country, at a vast expense to the latter in providing for their government and protection. We do not say that this opinion is well founded, still less that the little settlements sent forth from the Greek states can serve as a guide to us. Nothing is to be assumed without examination, but the doctrine that the British colonies are destined to grow out of the control of the parent country, does not seem so preposterous as to be unworthy of the examination which is challenged for it. We believe that the principal opposition to the views of the separatists arises from the sentiment which exists in the minds both of Englishmen and colonists about the unity and greatness of the empire. This sentiment undergoes some modification according to its location in the breast of a resident in the parent country, or of a colonist. With the former the favourite idea is that of being one of the rulers of a vast empire, of belonging to a nation whose fleets and armies penetrate all regions of the earth, and maintain one law and one civilization in the most distant and widely spread territories. With the colonist it is the idea of being one of a vast and powerful organization, of being admitted to the privileges of a fraternity whose equal the world has not yet seen. He carries with him a talisman of never-failing virtue, the name of Englishman, and he finds that alike in the South Pacific, in India, in Africa, and in America, it lays open boundless regions to his enterprise, and places before him all the political honours to which he has genius enough to aspire.

If there be any one who undervalues these sentiments, and does not feel their force, with his views we have no sympathy. We rejoice to think that such feelings are strong in the minds of our countrymen, and to believe that they will be overcome by no facts or arguments but such

as are very much to the point and very conclusive. The separatist will reply, that the best and purest parts of this sentiment may be retained without keeping up the dependence of the colonies upon Great Britain ; that the Englishman may still reflect with pride and satisfaction upon the love and esteem which distant and powerful countries will bear to their common mother, although he may be no longer able to indulge in the more vulgar triumph of mere material rule ; that the colonist will still belong to a great fraternity of nations, in which his lineage and his language will always procure him admission and respect, whilst he will be yet more closely connected with the particular country to which he may belong, by the consideration that her welfare will now depend entirely upon the energy and devotedness of her citizens.

Passing from matters of feeling to matters of more tangible, though not more important, fact, we find a pretty good array of statements and arguments put forth by the advocates of separation. They say that if the colonies were erected into independent states, the commercial benefits which England obtains from them would be in no way impaired. That England expends large sums and weakens her own military strength by maintaining troops and garrisons in far off countries, and is often led into enormous expense by wars arising from circumstances over which they had no control, and that for these expenditures of men and money she gets no equivalent whatever. She pursues an inconsistent line of conduct in bestowing a constitution and the right of self-government upon the colonies, and at the same time reserving to herself the supreme control over the working of their constitution, and the power of imposing limits upon their self-government. By so doing she encourages the colonies to legislate for themselves in a more reckless manner than they would venture to do if the idea that they are destined to emerge into distinct nationalities were kept constantly before their eyes. Preserved by the controlling influence of the parent country from many of the evil consequences arising from vicious domestic legislation, they have a tendency to pursue a policy prompted by faction and party spirit, the ill results of which will be felt in their full severity only when the separation which is inevitable, sooner or later, comes at length. In the meantime the constant support which the colonies are led to expect at the hands of England, and the reliance upon her power and her purse to extricate them from every difficulty, in which they systematically indulge, must have a more or less demoralising effect upon them, and render them less competent to manage their affairs when at length they are thrown upon their own resources. Such are some of the principal arguments by which the advocates of separation attempt to establish their position. They are, in our opinion, capable of being met, at least in part, by satisfactory answers ; but whether this be so or not, they are at all events deserving of very serious consideration. The question cannot be kept off by the vague generalities which some of the English newspaper writers are in the habit of wielding as irresistible weapons. We hear of the madness of making a suicidal attempt to sever and weaken that colonial empire whose possession by England is a source of envy and fear to every nation of Europe. Now we admit that this argument has its weight ; we know that to be feared and envied is a source of satisfaction to human nature, and that an Englishman likes better than most things to see himself "*late regem, belloque superbum,*" wielding the sceptre and the sword

on a grand scale. But though these considerations have their value, it is still a limited value, and may be outweighed by arguments of sufficient force on the other side. Something more tangible than considerations of glory and grandeur, and of inspiring other nations with awe, is required to counterbalance the unquestionable inconveniences which have been proved to exist under the present arrangements.

Very different in character from the argument which we have just quoted is that which has been repeatedly urged both by the home and colonial press, that the colonists are born subjects of the British Government, and that to no power on earth belongs the right of disinheriting them without their own consent. This is an argument which must command attention, because it relates to a question of simple justice. Prestige and extended dominion may be bought at too dear a rate, but no price is too great to pay for justice. If, therefore, the advocates of a speedy and total division of the union between England and her colonies would recommend their doctrines to the public mind, they must first answer this argument. To answer it directly and fully is, we think, impossible. We, who have undertaken to reclaim this country with the sanction and under the protection of the English Government, are not to be cast adrift merely because that Government finds it difficult to manage the establishment in which it has encouraged us to embark our fortunes. But it may fairly be asked whether the same reasonings which apply to us apply also to our posterity ; and if no statute of limitations is to interpose to relieve England from the burden of protecting and governing countries which are well able to protect and govern themselves. It may be therefore that the argument against separation derived from the rights of colonists, however good in itself, may be able to serve only a temporary purpose, and that the real question still remains in the shape in which we have before presented it, whether separation is likely to be the ultimate destination of the British colonies. The probability of this event will doubtless appear stronger or weaker to different persons according to the wishes which they may entertain upon the subject.

For ourselves, we confess that we look upon a future political separation between Britain and her colonies, as an event neither improbable nor undesirable. We think it seems scarcely in the nature of things that countries of such vast extent and such natural resources as the British colonies will, when they arrive at the maturity of their powers, consent to be presided over by an officer sent out by a minister in Downing-street, London ; that they will be willing to submit all their legislative acts to the judgment of an authority resident on the other side of the globe ; that they will acquiesce in having no policy or relations with foreign powers but such as the English Parliament shall choose ; that they will allow themselves to be plunged into a state of war, to be denied the use of some important article, a customary source perhaps of wealth and comfort ; that they will permit their ports to be blockaded and their commerce harassed, in obedience to a policy which has been dictated at a distance, and in which they have had no voice or participation. A *prima facie* view of the matter would thus seem to represent separation as ultimately almost inevitable, and as being only a question of time. The analogy of past dealings between the mother country and her dependencies also seems to point to the same conclusion.

Ever since the time when America resented the too exacting notions

of her parent concerning the filial duties due to her from her offspring, the dealings of England with her colonies have shown a steady progress in the career of emancipation. It seems scarcely likely that when the political bonds which unite us with the parent state are reduced to the maintenance of a Governor with the veto, and the denial of a foreign policy, these solitary and attenuated threads will display such a power of cohesive resistance as to defy the forces which have swept away every other impediment to the free action of the colonies. The tendency of things to separation is shown in a still clearer light when we come to consider the endless intricacies and confusion which constantly arise from the partial supervision of the parent state. We have already mentioned the angry and irritating style of writing in which the newspaper press is beginning to indulge. It would almost seem that some of the newspapers which have most strongly opposed Mr. Goldwin Smith are his secret allies. The leading article with which *The Times* greeted the New Zealand manifesto, might have been written by the most violent advocate of separation at any price. The tendency of these things is not doubtful. The parental care which England bestows on her colonies produces frequent difficulties, mutual distrust, hard bargainings, angry altercations, and a prospect of petulant renunciation on the one hand, or sullen secession on the other.

Adopting then, as we do, the view that political separation from Great Britain is the probable destination, sooner or later, of her colonies, the question comes forcibly before us—How does this probability affect our present condition, and what is the line of conduct which we ought to pursue? To this we reply, that although separation appears very likely one day to happen, yet it is not a thing to be set before us as an object for which to strive. If it is to come, it will be brought about by the gradual progress of events, and the right season for accomplishing it will doubtless be indicated. What we have to do is so to dispose matters that, whenever the time for separation comes, it may take place with friendly feeling and mutual consent, with relief to the parent country and advantage to ourselves; and it is fortunate that all the forethought and precautions which we adopt, with a view to ultimate separation, will not be thrown away should that event never happen. In a word, it is for us to fit ourselves for a great nation, and to use the prospect of separation from England as a stimulus to our efforts.

The matters in which our action might be somewhat modified by a distinct recognition of the probability of future political separation seem to fall principally under three divisions, namely—our relations to the mother country, our own internal government and legislation, and our military defences.

The difficult question of our relations with England requires careful and patient thought, and ought to be approached in a liberal and accommodating spirit. Wrong there undoubtedly is somewhere, and it is probable that both sides have cause for complaint. The injustice of the Duke of Newcastle's proposal to throw for the first time the whole management of native matters upon the colony, so soon as he found it beyond the capacity of the home Government, has been sufficiently exposed. On the other hand, we cannot but regret that the General Assembly should have been so ready to throw back the responsibility into his hands. If they had contented themselves with representing the

injustice with which they were threatened, and if they had at the same time consented to take the management of affairs upon condition of receiving a certain stated amount of assistance, much angry dispute would have been saved, and the difficulty would have been set in a fair way of adjustment. The simplest course seems to be for England to guarantee a certain amount of help for a certain time, to be diminished afterwards in a stated proportion, and having done this, to leave New Zealand to settle the native question herself. England would then know the worst of it, and consequently would be more inclined to be liberal than now, when she never knows what the next demand may be. The main point at which we should aim in our dealings with the mother country is undoubtedly not to get the utmost that we can from her, but to obtain a fair and, above all, a clear adjustment of respective liabilities.

The question of our own internal policy and government is not of a kind to be commenced at the very end of an article like this. It will, however, be clear to every mind that, with the prospect of separation presented constantly to us, every change in the constitution of our legislative bodies, every approach to a democratic government, will be judged by the question—How will this work when the control of England is withdrawn? So soon as we have once realised the idea of working out our destiny as a nation, the miserable policy of separation among ourselves will surely be scouted as it deserves.

The last of our three points is that of military defence; and when we come to accept the probability that this matter will one day be thrown entirely into our own hands, we shall look upon the organisation of local forces with an interest which it does not now excite. A hint is all that our limits leave room for upon this subject, and a hint is sufficient. The principle that our business is, under any circumstances, to fit ourselves for forming a great, and, if necessary, an independent nation, will, when fully received, sufficiently indicate its own practical bearings.

To receive that principle will be the best inducement to a profitable employment of our energies now, and the best security that we shall attain a noble destiny in the future.

THE HOLLOW OAK.

HOLLOW is the oak beside the sunny waters drooping;
 Thither came, when I was young, happy children trooping;
 Dream I now, or hear I now—far, their mellow whooping?
 Gay below the cowslip bank, see the billow dances,
 There I lay, beguiling time—when I lived romances;
 Dropping pebbles in the wave, fancies into fancies;—
 Further, where the river glides by the wooded cover,
 Where the merlin singeth low, with the hawk above her,
 Came a foot and shone a smile—woe is me, the lover!
 Leaflets on the hollow oak still as greenly quiver,
 Musical, amid the reeds murmurs on the river;
 But the footstep and the smile?—woe is me for ever.

E. B. LYTTON.

COLONIAL EXPERIENCE.

BEFORE beginning this paper, it is highly important that the reader and I should have a clear understanding as to what the scope and object of it are to be. In my last paper I endeavoured to point out certain considerations which ought to guide the new-arrival in his choice of land, should he decide upon making his selection upon clay soil. My hints ended at the point when, having selected a piece of good clay soil having, as far as possible, the advantages of wood and water, he was about to begin his operations upon it. In the present paper I shall endeavour to give some useful hints as to what those operations ought to be, and in what order they should be undertaken.

The largest class of settlers upon such lands as those of which I am now speaking are, I believe, those who possess a small money capital over and above that required for the original purchase of their land. Of these, therefore, I will speak first, leaving the consideration of the cases of the settler of considerable capital, and the settler almost without capital, for after treatment. The ordinary settler I take to be the man who, after his land is bought and his family conveyed to it, has still a small capital of, it may be, three or four hundred pounds left. He has chosen a piece of land, principally open, of perhaps two hundred acres. His first expense must of course be the providing a house of some kind for his family. In setting about this, some consideration is quite necessary. Three kinds of houses are usually within the reach of the settler in these circumstances—weatherboard, slab, and raupo, or some other extemporized house. Each kind has some advantage to recommend it. The first is the only one of the three with any pretensions to comfort or permanency, and on this account is frequently adopted by settlers who can ill afford its expense. The second is much cheaper, but also much less comfortable; while the third is the cheapest of all, being a mere make-shift, put up for a few pounds either by bushmen or yet more frequently by the natives. The question—Which of these three kinds is most desirable for the new settler?—is not to be solved in any general way. If, however, there are no family reasons, such as the weak health of a wife or children, to be considered, the grand rule ought to hold good that no greater outlay be lavished on unproductive investments than is absolutely necessary. A make-shift house of raupo will sometimes, if well built and cared for, form a very tolerable if not a very elegant dwelling-house for five years. It is not, however, of much further use after that time; while a house built of slabs, at a cost of perhaps thirty pounds, will not only be more comfortable for the five years or so during which we suppose it to be used as a dwelling house, but after that time may be used for outhouses of various kinds. I would, on the whole, recommend to the new settler the latter kind of house, as the fifteen pounds or so by which it would exceed in cost the raupo hut would be more than made up for by the greater safety from fires, the less number of insects which it breeds, and, above all, the after usefulness which may be

obtained from it. Careful supervision is however necessary in the erection of a slab house, as the bushmen who do such work are by no means famous for doing their work well, except under compulsion.

In beginning his farming operations, two courses are open to the settler. Either he may begin on a very small scale, and trust to his capital until these small operations begin to make a return; or he may launch out all or nearly all his capital in field operations on a grand scale. I would caution the new settler against rashly taking either course. There is enough of plausibility in the arguments which are adduced by the supporters of each plan to make the danger considerable to persons of but slender experience. The advocates of the first course will advise the new-comer to purchase a few head of young stock, and one or two cows to yield milk for his family. They will point out to him how useful a garden is in yielding cabbages, peas, &c., for his daily use, and will probably tell him to content himself at first with these, and perhaps the addition of an acre or two close to his stockyard in which to keep his calves. So far all looks very well; the outlay is small, and it is easy to bring arrays of figures to show the new-settler how fast young cattle increase in value, and how nearly a family may live free of expense with a good garden and a few cows. There is, however, another side to the picture, and one by no means to be forgotten by the new settler. If we suppose the capitalist possessed of four hundred pounds, to lay out say one hundred and fifty pounds of this sum in buying stock—twenty young stock and four young cows—we shall have taken probably the most favourable example for the development of this plan. If his other improvements—his house, garden, stockyard, and home paddock of about two acres—have cost but little over one hundred pounds (and this is the very least they will cost him unless he is uncommonly fortunate), he will find himself in the position of having one hundred and fifty pounds left, on which he and his family are to live until his cattle shall yield an income. It is possible he may succeed in doing this; but, on the other hand, there are very many difficulties to be contended with. His young cattle, upon whose safety and well-being his whole success depends, *must* stray away into the forest land, if they can reach it, to get food. Unless they are frequently looked after and brought in they will inevitably become wild, or else trespass upon the cultivated lands of other settlers which they have not yet succeeded in fencing in. Either contingency is to be dreaded: the first involves your ruin, or nearly so; the second, even putting aside the question of honesty—a very serious one indeed—will prove almost as unfortunate as the other. Heartburnings, suspicions, and it may be retaliation, will inevitably follow. Means will be found to put a stop to it, in a way which may involve you in loss and trouble, and in the end you will probably find that your expected profits have dwindled down to the lowest possible ebb. The milch cows also, upon whose proceeds you relied so much, are almost sure to fail you: they will wander away at milking time, and miss one or, it may be, more milkings. This will in a very short time destroy them as milkers, and you may find it no easy matter to do more than rear the calves with their milk. Nor are these the sole evils of the system. Garden work and running after strayed cattle are by no means good introductions to the steady manual labour which must be the lot, for many years at least, of *the prosperous settler*. Idleness, and a want of knowing how hard steady

work is to be done, are evils of the most dangerous kind to the new settler and his family ; and I have observed, in a variety of cases, that this "waiting-upon-Providence" style of settling is more conducive to these evils than anything else.

The other excess against which I would warn new-comers is more easily described. It consists in a reckless expenditure of all, and it may be more than all, a man has on first going upon his land. If the land is very good, and the money all expended on its culture, this course does sometimes succeed. If, on the contrary, the land does not yield well in the first year—as it does but seldom—the settler finds himself plunged into debt and difficulty, and, it may be, forced to mortgage his land at a high rate of interest, which the farm itself may not easily yield the means of paying. I do not, as I before intimated, approve of either extreme. Of the two, perhaps, the first is the most free from danger of absolute ruin, while the second has not nearly such a tendency to make sleepy settlers and bad neighbours.

The plan which my experience leads me to recommend is a compound of the other two against which I have just been warning you. To describe the process fully, it will be necessary for me to take an imaginary case, and to point out by this means what may be done in a certain class of circumstances ; always, however, letting it be distinctly understood that all such rules will require an endless variety of modifications or amplifications, according to the circumstances in which the settler finds himself. All that I can do for him being merely to point out the leading principles that ought to guide him, illustrating my advice by examples, all of which are drawn from actual experience.

The Editor of the SOUTHERN MONTHLY, however, is strict in curtailing my space, so I must deny myself the pleasure of entering at large (this month) upon the proceedings of my imaginary settler on clay land ; this I shall, however, hope to do in the June number of the Magazine.

LABOUR AND REST.

THERE'S a fancy some lean to and others hate—

That, when this life is ended, begins

New work for the soul in another state,

Where it strives and gets weary, loses and wins—

Where the strong and the weak, this world's congeries,

Repeat in large what they practised in small,

Through life after life in unlimited series :

Only the scale's to be changed, that's all.

Yet I hardly know. When a soul has seen

By the means of evil that good is best,

And through earth and its noise, what is heaven's serene,—

When its faith in the same has stood the test—

Why, the child grown man, you burn the rod,

The uses of labour are surely done.

There remaineth a rest for the people of God,

And I have had troubles enough for one.—R. BROWNING.

CRITICISM AND CRITICS.

The race of Poets is gone mad, 'tis true ;
But there are mad, abandon'd critics, too. POPE.

CRITICISM appears, at first sight, an easy task ; it might even be considered a most superficial one, and it has been with some justice observed that, while most professions require a long and strict apprenticeship to ensure proficiency, the art of the reviewer lies ready to the hand of every *literary* man. At one period of its history, criticism was little more than a captious attack upon every new author who appeared in the arena of literature—an attack too often actuated by motives wholly independent of the merits of the work criticised—such as political party, the theories of different schools of literature, and even private and personal enmities and social hostilities.

At the time in which Pope wrote, criticism was still more a personal attack upon an author than a judicial trial and proving of a work—and that writer, in his "*Dunciad*," holds up to public ridicule the productions and characters of the the *Bavii* and *Mœvii* of his day.

In the earliest ages we find that critics exercised their judgment or their spleen upon their contemporaries. Homer found a *Zoilus* to sneer at his undying Epic—Horace a *Trebatius* to counsel him to abandon his pen and cultivate silence.

Sunt quibus in satirâ videor nimis acer et ultra
Legem tendere opus ; sine nervis altera, quid quid
Composui, pars esse putat, similesque meorum
Mille die versus componi posse. Trebatî,
Quid faciam, præscribe ! *Quiescas.*

Persius, in the commencement of his honest satires, dwells on the danger he runs in attacking the follies of the age, and long hesitates between outspoken and uncompromising virtue and ignominious silence—

Nolo, sed sum petulanti splene cacinno.

In our own country, in the Elizabethan age, Sir Philip Sydney affords conclusive evidence of the existence of critics in his indignant exclamation against the calumnious party who had twitted him with plagiarism :

I hold him darker than hell's deepest pit
Who calls me pirate of another's wit !

When poetical writers began, subsequent to Bailey and Beattie, to deviate from the ten-foot metre, criticism as directed against poetry appears to have gained the height of causticity—on grounds, too, as it appears to modern judgments, the most trivial and untenable—the de-

parture from the stereotyped metre alone affording matter for the most severe reproach against all innovators.

But good taste and originality gained an eventual victory, and to them we are indebted for the wild unfettered stanzas of Southey, the genial ballads of Scott, and the unprecedented, though truly metrical and harmonious, lines and rhythms of Tennyson and Browning.

Amongst the critical judges of prose composition, the late Lord Macaulay has undoubtedly borne away the palm—his critical essays and compositions being held to rank amongst the first specimens of modern literature. This writer was not only “whetstone, fit but for sharpening steel”—he was himself a keen critic and an elegant composer; his criticisms bearing on their face the undoubted marks of judgment and experience upon all subjects he essayed to review.

The uses of criticism, in spite of its many abuses, must be fairly acknowledged. Its watchfulness has acted as a check upon modes of writing and thought which would have debased public taste and lowered the general tone of authors. True, oftentimes harm has been done by the too caustic remarks of critical pens, but we believe that a genuine honest spirit of composition will not fear even the fiery ordeal of a Quarterly Review.

Lord Byron expressed his astonishment that

— the soul, that fiery particle,
Should let itself be snuffed out by an article!

But we may still sympathise with the tender susceptibilities which, like those of Keats, having staked all upon literary fame, would be shocked at the equally keen and coarse attacks upon the products of their undoubted genius.

Poor Keats! could he but have learnt to practise the lesson of his later brother poet,

To suffer and be strong,

he might have lived to see the well-earned laurel wreath on his own poetic brow!

The motto—“*s'excuser c'est s'accuser*”—is a watchword for critics, and all aspirant authors may well be cautioned against attempting in their prefaces to deprecate the attacks of this useful class of *litterateurs*. Too often, alas! before presenting his works, whether poetical or otherwise, to the public judgment, the author attempts, in a preface, either to soften, to ward, or to defy the coming attacks of the judge's pen. In this respect the best and plainest course for a well-meaning author—that is, one fully conscious of his own honest intentions in writing—is to pass on to his subject without any reference to the judgment that may be passed upon him, or he may have occasion to lament—

The eagle's fate and mine are one,
That in the shaft that made him die
Espied a feather of his own.

ON THE VOLCANIC COUNTRY OF AUCKLAND.

BY CHARLES HEAPHY, ESQ.

Read to the Geological Society by SIR RICHARD MURCHISON.

By the map of New Zealand it will be seen that in the 36th degree of south latitude the Northern Island of New Zealand is so much narrowed as to form an isthmus of about six miles in width from east to west, connecting the broader and higher land on either side.

This isthmus, like the land immediately to the north and south of it, has an undulating surface, rising in some places to hills of about 600 or 700 feet above the sea. The cliffs which bound its eastern side show beds of soft sandstone, indurated clay, and mud-rock, with layers of volcanic ashes, and, occasionally, seams of lignite and coal. The whole seems to belong to the Tertiary formation, and probably to the Eocene period. Organic remains are rarely met with. But at one locality, between Kohuroa and Omaha, *Terebratulæ* (of which specimens are forwarded to the Society) occur at the junction of the volcanic ashes and clay-beds above-mentioned.

The higher land to the south of the isthmus—beginning on the eastern coast—consists of, first, clay-slate, then rocks of the Cretaceous formation, and lastly, a magnetic sandstone-rock, mixed with a black conglomerate. This series rises into hills of 800 or 1,000 feet above the sea.

To the northward of the isthmus the Tertiary is bounded on the eastern slope by a black trap-rock of a very close texture, next by a black boulder-rock, and finally, on the west coast, by a trachytic breccia, rising into peaks and ridges of from 700 to 1,500 feet high.

To the eastward of the isthmus are several islands, in the Gulf of the Thames, composed of clay-slate, of basaltic lava, and of the black boulder-rock. The latter rises into peculiar sharp crags, at a height of 1,000 feet or thereabouts.

The isthmus may be considered as a basin of Tertiary rock. Through it have burst up, dotting its surface, as many as sixty-two separate volcanoes; showing in nearly every instance a well-defined point of eruption—generally a cup-like crater, on a hill about 300 feet high above the plain.

In some instances there are as many as four points of eruption in the compass of a square mile,—the streams of lava commingling or overlapping; and the former crater in some cases filled up by the ashes from the more recent one.

On an examination of these volcanoes, differences of age become at once apparent; and the relative position of their respective beds of ashes in the surrounding rocks facilitates the inquiry as to their priority of eruption. They may be classed as follows:—

1st. The eruptions, on a stupendous scale, of the mountain-masses

with boulder-rock, rising to a height of 1,000 or 1,500 feet above the Tertiary basin; and perhaps coeval with this was the rising of the trachytic breccia. The relative ages of the black boulder-rock and the trachyte, in respect to the tertiary beds, must remain for a time doubtful. At present there is no appearance of the trachyte having been more recent than the Tertiary, save that it is in one place superimposed; and this, perhaps, is only its debris, consolidated. The trachyte shows no difference of texture below or above. There are abundance of dykes in it, but no craters; and while it has risen to a height of 1,400 feet in peaks, there is no high mountain on any side to wall-in the igneous mass. The peaks have not in any way the appearance of the broken parts of the brim of a crater; they rather look like the hardest parts of dykes,—the softer contiguous rock having disappeared.

2nd. Subaqueous eruptions through the Tertiary beds at the time when they were yet submerged. The ashes of these eruptions form horizontal and extended beds below some of the Tertiary clays, and are conspicuous for miles along the cliffs on the east of the basin.

3rd. Eruptions that have occurred at the upheaval of the Tertiary beds. These are generally situated on the line of the cliffs, or over faults in the Tertiary strata; and,

4th. Eruptions through the Tertiary strata.

I. Of the first class (the black boulders and trachytes) no points of eruption or craters can be traced, or anything approaching the crateriform shape. The trachyte-rocks stand in a huge mass on the flank of the Tertiary formation, rising high above them with fantastic, in some cases overhanging peaks.

The surfaces of the boulder-rock and the trachyte are of very compact texture, seeming to indicate the existence, as the mass cooled, of immense pressure as well on the sides as on the summit, occasioned by matter perhaps of a more destructible nature which has since been removed, probably by denudation.

II. Respecting the second class of eruptions, the lavas of which constitute part of the Tertiary series, the general characteristics are, first, a great smoothness or worn-down appearance of the cones and craters; the cup having been filled up, and the brim having been broken away. The points of eruption are indicated usually by some slight hollow, but chiefly by the streams of basalt and scorise that centre there. The whole cone, consisting probably of loose cinders, has been washed away, and its remains are spread along for miles, in some cases, between the beds of clay; carrying with it fragments of Tertiary rock, unaltered, but rounded; beds of indurated mud are again superimposed on these.

Of these Tertiary volcanos some have, perhaps, been not altogether subaqueous, but have raised their cones above the water, as in the case of the North Head at Auckland Harbour.

In this case no clays are superimposed, but the plane of the lower beds of ashes is of that horizontal character which indicates the action of water as the ashes fell, or before they were consolidated. Around the sides of this crater, the tails of the volcanic bombs are more perfect (less injured by the fall) than could have been the case, I think, if they had descended into anything but water. The lavas of the submarine eruptions appear more compact than those of the recent volcanos. Nothing like cellular scorise has yet been found among the cinders of this class.

III. The third class of volcanos *here* may be considered to be those that came into eruption when the Tertiary was upraised. They lie on the edge of cliffs, or on the prolongation of the line of a cliff that has dipped into the sea.

The lavas of these have an older and more decomposed appearance than those of the fourth class, and the craters have always broken out towards the lower or seaward side.

In one instance, where there is a remarkable fault in the Tertiary rock, eruptions and a crater have resulted, the deranged strata dipping *towards* the point of eruption.

The fourth class, or those eruptions that have come up through the already upheaved Tertiary rocks, show the greatest variety of form and conditions,—a result perhaps only attributable to their having been less affected by time and disturbances.

IV. The volcanos of the fourth class may again be systematised as follows:—

1. Tufa-craters, of but very slight elevation.
2. Basaltic and scoriaceous eruptions, of a sluggish nature (wellings-out), which have caused but little elevation, and no cone.
3. Cones with cups; of various compositions.

1st. Of the tufa-craters there is a greater variety in respect to size (diameter) than in any of the other classes. The Pupuke Lake is three-quarters of a mile in diameter between the walls of the crater, while the little Pond-crater, at the East Tamaki, is only 30 yards across.

These craters are generally either filled with water, or with a swampy soil.

In eight instances the broad tufa-crater contains within it a second point of eruption, constituting a cone, generally isolated, unless connected with the margin by the lava-stream which it has emitted. Mount Richmond is an illustration of this.

It is worthy of remark that in many cases the tufaceous craters seem, from their copious supply of water, to be fed by springs on which local rains seem to have but little immediate influence.

The tufa-crater is often nearly filled up by the lava-stream from its central cone, or by the eruptions of some contiguous volcano: as at the quarry, North side of Mount Wellington.

2nd. The volcanos of this subordinate class are few, or, perhaps, their immediate points of eruption are but rarely apparent, from the circumstance of their being covered by the lava that has flowed out of them.

Apart from other volcanos, or high above the level of other lava-streams, are large ridges of basalt or scorise, bearing a surface-ripple, formed during the consolidation of the fused mass. By *ripple-mark* I here mean such concentric rings or ridges of surface as may be seen on slag that has cooled undisturbed after flowing from the furnace.

In many cases the actual points of eruption must be hidden by the matter that has flowed out, while the contiguity of the edges of lava-streams flowing from other craters has destroyed the insularity of the emitted mass. The most interesting, however, of these phenomena are where, after a period of eruption, a partial collapse has taken place, and the crater (if it may be so called) has subsided within itself: as in the case at the pond and grotto at Onehunga.

The 3rd subclass of the fourth series is the elevated conical hill with

its crater. I will describe three kinds, each of which may be considered as a type of several others that occur in the district.

Mount Albert is a mound, about 350 feet above the sea, the base of the cone being about one-third of a mile in diameter. The crater is about 80 or 100 feet deep, and the lip on the S.W. side is broken away. A lava-stream has flowed out on this side, and continued its course along one of the natural valleys over the Tertiary clays, to the sea at Auckland Harbour, a mile and a half to the N.W. The lava-stream has not expanded much laterally, perhaps on account of a stream and a swamp that touched its sides; but it has kept on its way, rolling, as it were, within partially cooled sides, until it reached the sea, into which it projected for about half-a-mile.

A question perhaps arises, as to whether this lava-stream flowed out of the crater through the present gap, which its weight caused to give way; or whether the cone resulted from an eruption of ashes subsequent to the welling-out of the lava-stream. In some instances the lava-stream leaves the mountain at a point opposite to the crater-gap, as if the piling-up of the cone were subsequent to the basaltic eruption. There is but one section yet discovered where the effect of the tide has broken away one side of the cone; and the section here has since been made more perfect by quarrying operations.

There are near Auckland about four instances of cones with lateral craters.

Rangitoto Island is a good type of another class, where successive eruptions, each feebler than the preceding, appear to have taken place from the same vent.

By the first eruption of this volcano the whole base of the island seems to have been constituted. The scoriaceous matter erupted appears to have heaped itself up until the last scorice flowed over a crater-lip about 600 feet above the sea. It was then entirely a scoria island, without any trace of tufa, or of small cinders, and the scorice sharp and clean, and almost vitrified on the surface. The second period of eruption heaped up a cone of ashes upon this.

This second eruption appears to have been but feeble, for the ashes from it are not diffused over the island. Indeed, in some parts of the island there is such an absence of small cinders that vegetation cannot exist, for want of a suitable substance in which to spread a root. A third eruption now took place; the sides of the cone were broken down by some sluggish lava-streams; and a new cone within the last became formed, its highest point being 920 feet above the sea.

The crater of the highest cone is about 200 yards in the diameter, and about 100 yards deep. The scorice are very sharp, and wholly undecomposed.

Another interesting example is met with in Mount Wellington. Here the tufa-crater appears to be the oldest; it is nearly circular, with a swampy hollow, containing a central cone with a partly obliterated crater. The great crater seems then to have come into action; and subsequently the subordinate crater, which has thrown out a stream of scorice to the eastward. This has run into, and partly filled, the hollow before it found an outlet to the northward.

On the N. W. side of the island of Rangitoto, near the base of the great cone, is a small chimney-like crater about twenty feet high. An

aperture has broken out through the side, which admits one to examine the actual tube, and to ascend the vent to the summit. Hardened drops of lava hang from the side of the chimney. This is undoubtedly the most recent outburst.

The question now remains,—how long a period has elapsed since the most recent of these volcanoes has been in activity, and are they finally extinct, or merely quiescent? The relative ages of the different eruptions may be easily determined by careful observation; but the lapse of time since the last took place cannot now even be fairly guessed at.

It would, however, appear that the Island of Rangitoto was one of the latest in operation. And though the natives have no traditions of this mountain, or indeed of any about Auckland, having been in a state of activity, yet the name which it bears—and conspicuously in their old songs and traditional stories—is most significant. Rangitoto means, literally and simply, “Bloody Sky”—a term never used to indicate the red sky of evening or morning.

The traditions of the New Zealanders yield evidence that the people have had a common origin with the Sandwich Islanders. The language has but a slight dialectal difference from the Hawaiian; so slight, indeed, that a separation of people for four or five centuries might be presumed to have caused a greater; and if it can be established that Rangitoto has been in eruption since the coming of the Maori, ethnologists may, perhaps, ere long assist in ascertaining that date. Leaving, however, this speculation, I may mention that fern-root (*Pteris Esculenta*) has been found by well-diggers, uninjured, at a depth of 15 feet below a bed of scoræ, near Mount Eden; and that charred bones, apparently human, were found on the edge of a lava-stream, and protruding from the mass, which had cooled about them.

Earthquakes (common and occasionally violent in the neighbourhood of Wellington—a clay-slate and granitic country) are here unknown, or of doubtful remembrance. Are we to conclude that the numerous volcanic vents have given off all that was of an expansive or disturbing nature, and that they are really extinct? In the Bay of Plenty, at a distance of about 140 miles, is White Island, a volcano of considerable activity; and in a chain from that to the great inland volcano, “Tonga Riro,” exist many geysers and solfataras, all active. Has the volcanic effort become transferred to these—and are they the safety-valves of the Auckland country? Observation may yet show whether these have come into activity since the cessation of eruption at Auckland. The buried plants and bones may unfold a page in their relative history.

ON FENCING, &c.

WHEN the ground has been properly drained, and the outer boundary line fenced and ditched—a two-rail fence will suffice if a lived fence is planted at the same time—the next thing to be determined is, which plant produces the best fence; by this I mean the fence which shall be the most durable and efficient, and involve the smallest outlay for repairs or trimming. Furze hedges are certainly the least expensive in the first instance, but by far the most expensive in the long run, as it requires three trimmings each year to prevent their seeding. In spite of even this amount of care, some seeds will ripen to fall unobserved into your own or your neighbours' meadows. There is no getting rid of this plant when it has once made good a footing, and the poorer the soil so much the more tenaciously does it cling to it. I dug one root, nine inches under the surface, every year for three successive years, and still it comes up vigorously as ever.

Furze makes good fences round an arable farm where the plough is always kept going, and also on bleak, cold situations. In the neighbourhood of towns, however, it should be discarded, as its near vicinity to houses is frequently dangerous from its extreme liability to catch fire. In the suburbs of a town too, where land often changes hands and fences are neglected, it is both unsightly and troublesome, and the highways and bye-lanes are frequently scattered with large bushes to the annoyance of passers by. I cannot here refrain from alluding to the state of our public graveyards, even though it may not seem quite in place here. I cannot help wondering that any Christian community can allow its burying-places to become such a wilderness as they are at present. Surely many would find a pleasure in walking near the graves of their departed friends, if they could do so without being stopped at every turn by huge furze bushes. The present graveyards are very badly situated, as they not only obstruct the advancement of the city, but are daily becoming more objectionable from a sanatory point of view. Could they not now be closed, trenched two feet deep all over, and tastefully laid out with yew, cypress, and box trees, which have from time immemorial been looked upon as specially fitted for such a use?

We have two great enemies to war against in cultivating the land of this Province, namely, vegetable fibres and the so-called Scotch thistle—which is, however, not a correct designation. The roots of the furze plant are so fibrous that they may be manufactured into ropes. It is therefore a dangerous enemy to introduce into clay soils, for when once established it is next to impossible to eradicate it. Let us see, therefore, whether there can be found no good substitute for the furze in hedge-making. I see no good reason why the old favourite, the white thorn, should be discarded: it grows well on all soils, except light scoria ash where the soil is too porous to enable the roots to supply the requisite nourishment to the leaves—the consequence then is, that the leaves

fall off prematurely ; when this happens, dry rot has begun at the roots, and there is no remedy for it.

I do not, therefore, consider that it would be wise to plant thorns on light dry soils, for on examining the root we find that it has a vertical tendency at first, and then divides in more or less ramifications always of the same nature as the plant itself, as is the case in most deciduous trees. No tree with roots of this character will thrive upon light soils. I will enumerate a few of these, namely, apple, quince, pear, cherry, beech, elm, oak, laburnum, &c. All these require a strong, loamy soil in which to come to perfection. Thorn fences are costly in the first instance, as the distance between the plants must not be more than nine inches—indeed, less than that is better : it grows strongly, and if kept clear from weeds for the first two years, and protected from cattle, will form a good fence in three years after planting. There are a variety of ways of cutting it : some prefer to cut it in to six inches when planted, but I think it better left uncut for the first year. In the spring of the second year, head it down to within a few inches of the ground, and run the hoe along each side so as to destroy all weeds, and leave the surface open and clean for the air to penetrate the soil. The plant will throw out vigorous shoots in the following summer : do not cut the tops afterwards until they have attained the desired height that the hedge is to be, nor neglect to trim in the sides once in each year.

August is the best time for performing this operation, when the sap begins to rise.

These fences can be renewed by laying when they get bare ; but if the trimming is attended to they will continue good for many years. It is needful to select, in the first place, strong two-year-old plants raised from seed (not cuttings) one year transplanted. Plants raised from seed have a more robust constitution, and are less liable to degenerate than those from cuttings, with a much more erect and vigorous growth.

Plants taken from the seed bed with a single tap-root, to be planted as a fence, seldom do well unless the ground is well prepared beforehand for their reception. If you purchase one-year-old plants, set them in your garden in nursery rows for the first year. It is also necessary to dig the ground two spades wide and one deep, running the whole length of the ground required to be planted, and let it lie for a few weeks that the air may act on the soil : then with a spade cut a straight line along the dug ground, at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and proceed to lay in the plants at the required distance apart, spreading the roots out as the work proceeds. Never double a root in, rather cut it off. If practicable, throw a little manure or friable rich soil amongst the roots—the effect will be apparent in the first year.

The usual way of planting fences is to throw up the soil out of the ditch on one side, and then make a slit with the spade, and stuff the plants in about the middle of the bank. This I call a barbarous mode of planting. Thorns put down in this way require three years before they can make headway, and many die out entirely before young roots are formed to support the flow of sap to the shoots. A live fence, with a ditch and mound four feet in height, I consider amply sufficient for all ordinary purposes, as it will give four feet above the surface level. The

ditch can be thrown out after the fence is planted. Of course the width and depth of ditch should vary according to the nature and fall of the ground.

There is a number of other plants besides the thorn which may be used for hedge-rows, such as the privet, quince, and *rosa multiflora*, the two last-mentioned plants making, when mixed, a strong and durable fence. The Oswage orange will prove a good substitute for thorn on warm scoria soils. The *mimosa alata* makes a fine evergreen hedge, but plants often die out shortly after it has attained the desired height, and blanks in a hedge are very difficult to fill up, as the taller plants abstract all the nourishment from the soil on their own account.

Evergreen fences for divisions in gardens may with advantage be formed of privet, holly, yew, fuschias, roses, Australian may, cypress, and arbor vitæ.

The heavy post-and-rail fence detracts greatly from the beauty of our scenery here. Stone walls also, unless covered with climbing plants, are most unsightly. It is impossible to estimate the loss of a landscape which does not abound in well kept and flourishing live fences. There can be nothing much more offensive to the eye than small houses pent up within a few square yards of ground, boxed in by a heavy wooden fence some four or five feet high, and presenting rather the appearance of miniature stockades than any wholesome dwellings. Time will convince people of the evil of this system, which ought at once to be put down, and a system of light, open fences—with a live fence planted at the same time—inaugurated. In a few years the wooden fence might be dispensed with entirely, and the permanent live one alone left, which, with care, will last a lifetime.

For marshy land willows make a good fence, but unless protected they are liable to be eaten by cattle.

D. HAY.

EVENING.

Day's eye was drooping a weary lid,
 Befringed with a lash of golden light,
 And the first dewy tear had gently slid
 Down his blushing cheek that was softly bright,
 And clouds of beamy golden hair
 Floated abroad on the whispering air,
 And the stars peeped through
 Their veil of blue
 And smiled—then hid
 Themselves from view.
 Till the bright day slid
 Unperceived away,
 And his golden lashes turned to grey
 As he dropped them down
 With a gentle frown,
 While the whispering air
 Bore his golden hair,
 Where?—Oh where?

E. D.

REVIEWS.

"No NAME : " by WILKIE COLLINS. London :—Sampson, Low, Son, and Co. 1862.

It would probably be difficult to find any subject upon which a greater variety of opinions are held than that of Art. The questions—What is it that constitutes Art? and, What is the highest kind of Art?—are questions upon which everyone has an opinion; and, as might be expected, upon which there is a vast diversity of ideas. The difficulties involved in either question are by no means trifling, and this is more especially true of the latter one. On this account we are not inclined hastily to gainsay any one who puts forward a claim to the title of an artist. All that we in our capacity of critics feel ourselves bound to do, is merely to determine whether the claimant of this title does in truth accomplish anything of merit in that branch of art, high or low, which he may have adopted for his own. In the preface of the book before us, its author lays claim to the title of artist: and it will now be our part to inquire what Wilkie Collins means when he calls himself an artist, and how far the public should confirm his verdict upon his own performance. Works of fiction, amid a host of minor differences, are marked out as belonging to one of two great classes by the the prominence given in their pages either to character or incident. Some of our greatest novelists have indeed rested on the boundary line, as it were, between the two; but the great majority of writers of fiction have, either from mental constitution or deliberate choice, inclined very decidedly to one or other of these two classes of composition. Much may undoubtedly be said in favour of either; but writers in both may claim to be considered artists, and we are by no means disposed to reject those claims. Wilkie Collins has deliberately made choice of the first of those plans, which in his hands has obtained the *soubriquet* of the sensation school. From one who has for fifteen years laboured unceasingly to bring this particular kind of novel to its highest attainable perfection, we shall probably best learn what the objects proposed to be attained by it are, and in what manner they should be sought.

From all the works of this author we gather, that the object kept steadily in view by him throughout is the telling an interesting story, bringing in of course characters as agents, but grouping these characters round the facts, so as best to develop the latter, not fitting the events to preconceived characters. Some may be inclined to object to this as not real art. We reply, on behalf of the sensation school, that engraving is as much an art as sculpture, and that the first-rate engraver is a far truer artist than the second-rate sculptor. Which is the higher art of the two, taken absolutely, is another question, and one not easy of solution, as it is almost impossible to obtain a satisfactory canon for our criticism. Is it to be decided by the relative numbers who find pleasure in the reading of each class of novels? We believe the sensationists would carry the

day. Is it by the fewness of those qualified to excel in their creation? We really are at a loss to decide upon such a basis. In short, we believe each class must be left by itself, and considered wholly apart from the other. A part of the public will always be found who will hold to each and scout the other altogether. All that is left for the critic then to do, is to say what amount of perfection a novel attains in that direction whither it aspires. Mr. Collins's object in writing "*No Name*," as in the "*Woman in White*," was simply to construct such a tale as should hold the reader in breathless suspense as to the result of its intricate and nicely balanced plot. Such was evidently his object, and we must bear him witness that in this he has emphatically succeeded. As in the "*Woman in White*," the characters introduced are supplementary to the plot, not the plot to the characters. The mode of thought in the author's mind seems to have been something of this kind: given, a case of a family left suddenly destitute and nameless by a parent's crime and an uncle's cruelty, how could this ill-used wealth be wrested from the cruel uncle and his heirs and returned to the family who have not legally a shadow of a claim to its possession. Such a case obviously demanded several agents, and the choice of these agents, and the moving them as puppets, when chosen, so as to complicate to the utmost the web of the story, form the sole art of the narrator. This art, however, is a very difficult one indeed to attain to, and the wonderful success of Wilkie Collins's works has arisen from the fact that he has arrived almost at perfection in it.

To speak, however, more particularly of the present novel. "*No Name*" is, like its predecessor, the "*Woman in White*," a tale of mystery. It differs from it, however, in several important respects. It is not a tale of horror—no one comes to life, as it were, from the grave; there are no mad women, and no very ruffianly men. The fiction is, in short, composed of more simple materials, which must have rendered the attainment of an equally effective result a matter of no small difficulty. In this, however, the author has succeeded. With the every-day materials of an angry and revengeful woman, a clever rogue, a weak conceited invalid, and a sleek sly housekeeper, Wilkie Collins has produced at least as thoroughly sensational a novel as his former one, when he used the extraordinary agencies of Ann Catherick and Count Fosco. This is no mean praise; for the perfection of art must ever be to make the splendour of the execution entirely cast into the shade the slightness of the material employed: as when a great painter produces a marvellous effect of light and shade by one or two strokes of his brush, which, in the hands of one less gifted, would but have produced an unmeaning daub. As we have already intimated, the author concentrates all his strength upon the elaboration of the plot, and the result quite justifies the labour bestowed. The elaborate subtlety of the design, which is not apparent without study; the patient strength with which every minute touch is added which may in any way heighten the effect, are beyond praise; while the evidence in every sentence of the three volumes of careful calculation and minute weighing of cause and effect, fills the mind with astonishment at the evidences of untiring labour they display. When to these we add the power so remarkably developed by this writer of producing the most thrilling effect by a few carefully selected words of description, we have, we believe, fully accounted for the marked popularity which has attended

the "Woman in White," and which we confidently predict in no less a degree for its present successor.

The plot of "No Name" is composed of what, at first sight, seem very ordinary materials. The idea of a family left, by a sudden accident, without name or fortune, is one neither new nor difficult of conception. Even the stern determination of an angry girl, if possible, to re-possession herself and her sister of what she considers the law to have unjustly deprived them, is, if more novel, certainly by no means an extraordinary conception. These ideas, in the hands of an ordinary writer of fiction, might have made an average tale, but would never have made one of the engrossing interest commanded by "No Name." They wanted, in fact, the hand of the true artist to work up such very ordinary materials into a remarkable fabric. In Wilkie Collins such an artist was found, and it is by the subtle management of these ordinary characters for the production of extraordinary effects, rather than by the handling of more extraordinary agents in the "Woman in White," that we recognise in him this proper artistic power.

The story contains but three leading characters, and in one at least of these we recognise a favourite type of the author's. Magdalen Vanstone, who is the young lady deprived of her name and inheritance by her parent's fault, is by no means an extraordinary girl, except in the possession of strong passions and a strong will, and an unusual power of mimicry. We fancy we can trace a strong resemblance between her original character and that of Marian Halcombe in the author's last novel. Mrs. Lecount, the housekeeper of Noel Vanstone, who has succeeded to his cousin's wealth, is merely a feminine edition of Count Fosco; this resemblance holds good even as far as personal habits. Like him, she is smooth, smiling, and repulsive; and like him, too, she shows a strange affection for the inferior animals which she wholly denies to her own species. What Fosco's mice were to him, Mrs. Lecount's toad is, though in a less marked degree, to her; something that is intended to display a strange incongruity of character. In Captain Wragge alone do we find an absolutely new character in this novel; and the touches which develop the peculiarities of the "Moral Agriculturalist" form an admirable relief to the more sensational passages of the book. The nature of these sensational chapters will be best understood by an extract or two. Thus, at the moment in which the wretched heroine is shrinking from the mockery of a marriage with her cousin, brought about by her own artifices—

"The new day had risen. The broad grey dawn flowed in on her over the quiet eastern sea. She saw the waters, heaving large and silent in the misty calm; she felt the fresh breath of the morning flutter cool on her face. Her strength returned; her mind cleared a little. At the sight of the sea, her memory recalled the walk in the garden overnight, and the picture which her distempered fancy had painted on the black void. In thought she saw the picture again—the murderer hurling the spud of the plough into the air, and setting the life or death of the woman who had deserted him on the hazard of the falling point. The infection of that terrible superstition seized on her mind, as suddenly as the new day had burst on her view. The promise of release which she saw in it from the horror of her own hesitation roused the last energies of her despair. She resolved to end the struggle by setting her l

or death on the hazard of a chance. On what chance? The sea showed it to her. Dimly distinguishable through the mist she saw a little fleet of coasting vessels drifting slowly towards the house, all following the same direction with the favouring set of the tide. In half-an-hour—perhaps in less—the fleet would have passed her window. The hands of the watch pointed to four o'clock. She seated herself close at the side of the window, with her back towards the quarter from which the vessels were drifting down on her—with the poison placed on the window-sill and the watch on her lap. For one half-hour to come she determined to wait there and count the vessels as they went by. If, in that time, an even number passed her—the sign given should be a sign to live. If the uneven number prevailed—the end should be death. With that final resolution, she rested her head against the window and watched for the ships to pass.

"The first came—high, dark, and near in the mist—gliding gently over the silent sea. An interval—and the second followed, with the third close after it. Another interval, longer and longer drawn out—and nothing passed. She looked at her watch. Twelve minutes, and three ships. Three. The fourth came; slower than the rest, larger than the rest, farther off in the mist than the rest. The interval followed; a long interval once more. Then the next ship passed, darkest, and nearest of all. Five. The next uneven number—Five. She looked at her watch again. Nineteen minutes, and five ships. Twenty minutes. Twenty-one, two, three—and no sixth vessel. Twenty-four; and the sixth came by. Twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight; and the next uneven number—the fatal *Seven*—glided into view. Two minutes to the end of the half-hour; and *seven* ships. Twenty-nine; and nothing followed in the wake of the seventh ship. The minute hand of the watch moved on half way to thirty—and still the white, heaving sea was a misty blank. Without moving her head from the window, she took the poison in one hand, and raised the watch in the other. As the quick seconds counted each other out, her eyes, as quick as they, looked from the watch to the sea, from the sea to the watch—looked for the last time at the sea, and saw—the eighth ship. She never moved; she never spoke. The death of thought, the death of feeling, seemed to have come to her already. She put back the poison mechanically on the ledge of the window, and watched as in a dream the ship gliding smoothly on its silent way—gliding, till it melted dimly into shadow—gliding, till it was lost in the mist."

We think the reader will now see what we mean when we say that Wilkie Collins has vindicated his title to the name of an artist. Without entering upon the question of whether it is the highest kind of art or not, it is clear that art of a certain kind is brought to a very high degree of perfection in every sentence of the foregoing.

Before closing this review, we cannot refrain from giving an extract to show the style of the lighter parts of the book: the setting, as it were, of filagree work, designed to take off the appearance of heaviness in the main jewel. Captain Wragge—who has given up "Moral Agriculture," *adieu* swindling, for the more respectable branch of "Medical Agriculture," or quack medicine—is explaining his position to his cousin:—

"Magdalene smiled. 'It's no laughing matter to the public, my dear,' he said. 'They can't get rid of me and my pill—they must take

us. There is not a single form of appeal in the whole range of human advertisement which I am not making to the unfortunate public at this moment. Hire the last new novel—there I am inside the boards of the book. Send for the last new song—the instant you open the leaves, I drop out of it. Take a cab—I fly in at the window, in red. Buy a box of tooth-powder at the chemist's—I wrap it up for you, in blue. Show yourself at the theatre—I flutter down on you, in yellow. The mere titles of my advertisements are quite irresistible. Let me quote a few from last week's issue. Proverbial Title :—'A pill in time saves nine.' Familiar Title :—'Excuse me, how is your stomach?' Patriotic Title :—'What are the three characteristics of a true-born Englishman? His Hearth, his Home, and his Pill.' Title in the form of a nursery dialogue :—'Mamma, I am not well.' 'What is the matter, my pet?' 'I want a little pill.' Title in the form of an historical anecdote :—'New discovery in the mine of English history.—When the Princes were smothered in the Tower, their faithful attendant collected all the little possessions left behind them. Among the touching trifles dear to the poor boys he found a tiny box. It contained the Pill of the period. Is it necessary to say how inferior that Pill was to its modern successor, while prince and peasant alike may now obtain'—*et cetera, et cetera*. Even Mrs. Wragge contributes her quota to this prodigious enterprise. She is the celebrated woman whom I have cured of indescribable agonies from every complaint under the sun. Her portrait is engraved on all the wrappers, with the following inscription beneath it :—'Before she took the Pill, you might have blown this patient away with a feather. Look at her now!!!'

These two extracts may suffice to give the reader some idea of the execution of this remarkable book. To enter upon a sketch of the tangled skein of plot which is developed in the course of it, is beyond our province, and would be, moreover, quite beyond the scope of a short review. We freely admit that "No Name" is not an instructive book. It was not meant by its author to be so; and if any attempt had been made with that view, it would not have been half so good a story as it is. Novels with a didactic object are very good things in their way, if they are well executed. But we question whether any master-piece of fiction ever was or ever will be produced on these terms. To the large class, then, of readers who use fiction for its primary purposes, namely, those of relaxation and amusement, we can heartily commend this novel as a book pre-eminently fitted for those purposes; and in doing so, we are happy to find that the business enterprise of Auckland now places even such new and expensive works as "No Name" within easy reach of all the reading classes of the community.

THE productions of the English press during the month of February have been rather remarkable for their quantity than for any great intrinsic value in the publications themselves.

There are no new works of any very striking promise; and in this respect the month of February suffers greatly by comparison with January, in the course of which there appeared such books as Kinglake's "Crimean Campaign," Russell's "Diary," "No Name," and Hooper's "Waterloo," which are sure to command an extensive share of popularity and some of them at least an established position in English literature.

The food provided for the great novel-reading public is not great in quantity, and—with the exception, of course, of the magazine tales—of a very second-rate quality.

The only ones among these that appear worthy of note are:—Hugh Miller's "Tales and Sketches." This book would probably be allowed to pass unremarked among the thousand-and-one unheard-of volumes of tales, were it not that a peculiar interest attaches to any work from the pen of Hugh Miller. On this account, we have no doubt, many copies will be sold and read; but, so far as we can see, on this account alone.

"The House by the Churchyard" will have an interest for many, especially those who delight in strong Irish novels. It has a good deal of humour, a great deal of improbability and extravagance, and a vast amount of loud laughter and causeless mirth about it—qualities which usually mark the Hibernian novel in the hands of a second-rate artist.

"*Sylvia's Lovers*," by Mrs. Gaskill, is, like all the authoress's works, marked by much talent and care. It is not, however, in any sense a remarkable work, and will not enhance the popularity of the authoress of "*Mary Barton*" and "*Cranford*."

Captain Drayton's "*Tales at the Outspan*" form a good book for boys, but are scarcely likely to be widely read by the grown-up reader. They are mere hunter's tales—some well told, some really exciting, some very dull indeed.

In more pretentious literature, the shadow of Mr. Kinglake's great work on the invasion of the Crimea still obscures all the lesser lights that have since arisen.

No work, indeed, of any consequence has appeared. There have been several contributions towards the better understanding of history rather than serious attempts at historical works. Amongst these we notice Professor Stanley's "*Lectures on Jewish History*" as certainly the most brilliant and popular of those before us. Stanley treats his subject in a bold and an original spirit; yet few will find in the book anything to cause them pain, while all may find much to instruct and delight them. It seems the special province of this writer to throw a life and reality about everything he treats of, and this is specially remarkable in the case of his "*Jewish History*." As yet only the first part is published, extending over the period from Abraham to Samuel. The rest will be looked for with interest by many. "*Greece and Its Insurrections*," by Edmond Texier. This work does not treat of Greece as it now is, but yet is an interesting and not uninteresting record of what Greece was—or appeared to an intelligent Frenchman to be—nine years or so ago. Its publication now is only to be accounted for by the interest at present excited about all concerning Greece and its people. "*Letters of the Reign of Henry II.*" from the original documents in the public records' office, is a valuable addition to the scanty stock of historical knowledge about this interesting period. It is not, of course, in any degree calculated for popularity, but will be valued by students of history.

In Poetry, nothing new of any importance has appeared. A re-issue of some of Robert Browning's poems, in a cheap popular form, is, indeed, almost the sole poetical publication of the month. This will, however, be a boon to many who have hitherto been debarred from the enjoyment of the works of this really great poet by the expensive form of his books.

In Science, Sir C. Lyell's "Antiquity of Man" is the only popular work of the month. It appears fully to maintain the high reputation of the author, and to those interested in the many curious speculations arising out of the theories of Darwin and others upon the relations of the animated creation, will doubtless prove highly interesting. Bishop Colenso has published the second part of his "Examination of the Pentateuch." It does not seem likely to do much, either towards increasing the excitement caused by the first part's publication, or re-establishing the literary reputation which the many blunders of that book have so severely damaged.

Professor McCaul, of King's College, London, has published an examination of the Bishop's work, and demolishes most of his arguments that are founded upon points of Hebrew scholarship.

An interesting book has just been published, edited by Earl Stanhope, under the title of "Miscellanies." It appears to contain scraps of original letters, pieces of poetry, and even valentines, by many of our most famous names, from Edmund Burke and the great Chatham, down to Lord Macaulay and Sir Robert Peel. Many of these exhibit the celebrated men who wrote them in entirely new and most interesting lights. It embraces original letters and writings of a vast variety of celebrated men, such as the Pretender, Sir Robert Walpole, the Duke of Wellington, Sir John Moore and others, down to our own day, and cannot fail of proving deeply interesting to a large class of readers who love to get at the inner selves of those great men whose exteriors they already know so well.

Turner's "Liber Studiorum" is a magnificent series of twenty-four views taken by photography from some of the great English painter's best landscapes, and forms a really splendid gift-book.

"Roba di Roma," is a work of high value, as it seems really to give a life-like picture of the daily life of the modern Roman, and gives it, too, in a pleasant and yet unforced manner.

"The Life of the Bishop of Exeter," by Mr. Shutte, will no doubt possess a considerable interest for a certain class of readers. The author does not, however, seem to have been fitted to his task, which gives the impression of a book composed for the publishers rather than the public.

Amongst the literary announcements of the month, we notice two works on the New Zealand War, from the pens respectively of Sir J. Alexander and Colonel Carey; the latter is the more pretentious, as being a narrative of the whole war, while the other only professes to be incidents that happened in the course of it—a series, we suppose, of sketches of the more interesting events. Both will be looked for in this colony with a good deal of interest.

The new Novel by Mr. Thackeray, reported as about to be commenced in the "Cornhill," has not yet made its appearance.

Charles Reade's new story, shortly to make its appearance in the pages of "All the Year Round," is to be called "Very Hard Cash"—a promising name.

"Once-a-Week" has engaged the services of the popular authoress of "Lady Audley's Secret" to write a new novel for its own pages, to be called "Eleanor's Victory." It would appear that Miss Braddon rather improves by plenty of practice—this is perhaps natural, from the character of her stories.

THE ROVER'S PRIZE.

CHAPTER III.

THE reader must go back with us a little way in imagination if he would understand the circumstances in which he finds the fair girl and the piratical Captain in the last chapter.

It was in one of the noblest mansions that adorn the banks of the stately Hudson that a brilliant company were assembled, amid all the luxury and display that mark the taste of the wealthiest class of American society, to celebrate the marriage of the fair daughter of Colonel Wheeler, one of the richest proprietors in the State of New York, with Charles Burton, a young officer of high reputation in the navy of his country.

It was the bridal hour. Georgiana Wheeler stood beside him she loved and was about to wed. Her tall form, queenly in its stately beauty, was set off to yet greater advantage by the exquisite taste of her bridal costume, so chaste in its splendour. At her side stood Charles Burton, in the full pride of his young and stately manhood. A more striking-looking couple could scarcely have been seen either in the Old or New World. A few short moments of silence, and the ceremony was over—Georgiana stood a blushing bride!

Friends crowded round from every side to congratulate the happy pair, when suddenly a fearful sound burst on the ear, appalling every listener by its suddenness and terror! It was the sound of flames!

"The house is on fire! Save yourselves! Save yourselves!" was the wild cry that arose on every side.

These terrible sounds thrilled every one with horror: wild shrieks burst from the affrighted women, almost beside themselves with alarm. Fiercer and more terrible grew the crackling of the flames. Soon the fierce red tongues of flame burst through the glowing casements, and licked the outside walls and roof in the strength of their fury. Upward and upward they mounted to the roof, and tossed their long red spires high into the night air like wreathing serpents of flame. A few moments only had passed, when the stately mansion was nothing more than a heap of smoking ruins; while round them stood gazing with terrified and astounded faces, reflecting back the lurid glow of the red embers, the scattered guests and servants who had been but a short half-hour before so full of careless pleasure.

"Georgiana! Where is Georgiana?" exclaimed her father as he advanced towards a group gathered at the edge of the shrubbery, having been himself the last to leave the burning house. "Georgiana!" he called loudly, as he passed from group to group in the garden. "My daughter! Where is she? Who has seen her?" he ejaculated, in some degree, as he strode impatiently through the shrubbery. "Georgiana! Charles!" he called loudly, again and again, in tones of wild apprehension, but without obtaining any reply. "Merciful heaven! where can

they be?" he cried wildly. "Did they escape from the house? But yes, I saw them myself! Where can they be? Oh! where are they?" And again and again he called their names, but still without reply. "Look for them! look for them!" he cried to the now terrified guests. "Ha! the bower! They must be there—it is their favourite seat—they must be there, and safe." As he spoke, he dashed down the walk which led to the bower, followed by all the company, now anxious and excited. A cry of surprise and horror burst from Colonel Wheeler's lips, and those behind saw him bend suddenly to the ground near the entrance of the bower. In an instant they were at his side, and saw, to their horror and amazement, that it was the senseless and bloody form of Charles Burton which lay stretched on the ground at their feet. He was quite senseless, and blood oozed slowly from a severe wound in his temple.

Surprise contended with indignation in every face at the sight. The bower was entered, but no bride was there. Her name was loudly reiterated, but no answer was returned. Fears for her safety were clearly depicted on every face. Fears which they dared not express crowded wildly on every mind, and all were silent.

"What means this outrage?" cried Colonel Wheeler, as he raised the inanimate form of Burton from the ground to a sitting posture. "What does it mean? My daughter! Is she there?" he asked, in a tone that trembled with fear.

No one could answer him, but in their faces he read a reply that stung his heart to agony.

"Oh, God! what means this mystery? My daughter! oh, where is my daughter?" His tone was one of heart-rending grief, and struck to the soul of everyone present. "My daughter! my daughter!" he ejaculated, wildly wringing his hands, and pacing distractedly up and down the walk in his uncontrollable grief. "Oh, heaven! I see it now. It is the work of foul villains," he suddenly exclaimed, in a loud and indignant tone. "It was they who fired my house. My Georgiana! Merciful heaven! they have borne her off! Torn her from her home, her father, and her husband, on her wedding night. The wretches! Oh! the very thought is madness—it is more than I can bear."

Rapidly he paced up and down the fire-lit walk, calling his daughter's name in the wildest accents of grief. So entirely was he overcome that he shed bitter tears of helpless sorrow.

The insensible form of Burton was meanwhile conveyed to the neighbouring house of a friend, where every possible means were used to restore him to consciousness. The garden was searched carefully all round, and the grounds minutely examined, but an hour's search produced no result: the object of this anxious search was nowhere to be found. The grief of her father was beyond all bounds.

"Oh, find my daughter! For God's sake, find my Georgiana!" he would exclaim piteously, striking himself on his forehead, and tearing his hair in his distraction.

On the next day but one following these events, the 'Sea Snake' entered Boston Harbour about the hour of sunset. Upon the quarter-deck stood her Captain and Lieutenant—Holmes and Marley.

"You shall have her, Marley, when I get for my bride Mike Standish's sister. Were it not for her, I wouldn't go into port at all. But her I must and, what is more, shall have before I leave Boston

Harbour. If I get her, you shall have Burton's fair bride. Ha! ha! a happy bridal that—ha! ha!—no sooner married than to have his bride torn from him. Ah! Charles Burton! I have my revenge now to my heart's content. To-night I must get Standish's sister, and so I shall be revenged on him. I must go and see our fair captive, though—I like to look at the weeping beauty—then I can believe that I have got revenge in my power, and that is sweet! Anchor the brigantine off Copp's Hill, Marley!" As he thus spoke, Holmes descended the companion-way to the cabin.

On the very night that Burton was to wed the daughter of Colonel Wheeler, the brigantine had entered the harbour of New York. Holmes had at once proceeded to his father's house, where he had learnt of the approaching marriage of Burton. He also learned that his father had disinherited him. Burning for revenge, he left the house. His fierce and daring mind at once conceived a plan by which he might be revenged on his father and Burton at once. That plan was to ascend the Hudson to Colonel Wheeler's house, and bear thence by some means his newly-married daughter. He accordingly proceeded up the river in a boat with about a dozen men. An hour's hard pulling brought the boat opposite the house, which faced the river. Just as the ceremony began, Holmes fired the house in several places, so that the flames had acquired great strength before the marriage service was concluded. Sending the men back to the boat he hid himself to lie in wait for Georgiana and her husband as they came out to escape the flames. He watched Burton rush forth with his half-fainting bride in his arms, and hurry with her towards the bower. Following unobserved, until close to the bower, he dealt Burton a blow with the butt-end of a pistol, which laid him senseless at his feet. Catching the unhappy bride in his arms, and stifling her cries with one hand pressed upon her mouth, he bore her swiftly to the boat.

An hour later the brigantine stretched out of New York Harbour, with the captive bride in the corsair's hands.

Holmes now resolved to sail for Boston, obtain if possible Standish's sister, and then leave that port and sail the ocean under a free flag. He had changed the name of the brigantine since the time of his first act of lawless violence on the sea, and now called her the 'Flying Dolphin.' This name he had had wrought upon a blood-red flag which it was his intention to display henceforth. As, however, he entered Boston Harbour—as we have said—on the second evening after this atrocious act, he still displayed the old white flag, with 'Sea Snake' inscribed upon it in black letters. It was the night on which our tale opened, and the reader already knows some of the scenes that followed.

CHAPTER IV.

THE reader will recollect what passed in the cabin of the brigantine between the corsair and his captive, who will be recognised as Georgiana Wheeler. He bore her insensible from the cabin to the deck, and getting with her into the boat alongside the brigantine, bade the oarsmen to pull away for the pier, where he had twice before landed with other captives,

the bound seamen. The boat shot rapidly through the water, and soon touched at the pier. Holmes ascended, and his captive was lifted up to him by the men in the boat. The pirate lifted her like a feather in his lion-like strength, and bore her rapidly up the pier through the darkness. Turning into the street in which the "Best Bower" was situated, he strode rapidly on with his burden towards the tap-room. In a few moments he was at the door: it was unfastened, and he entered.

"Standish!" he called, but received no answer.

All was darkness and silence within. Groping his way to the settee, he placed his inanimate burden upon it, and then opening a door, entered the passage-way that led to the cellar-trap. He returned in a moment uttering a volley of oaths.

"By all the fiends! he has set those fellows free!" he exclaimed, in a low, fierce tone of rage, as he returned into the tap-room. "Curses on him! He has fairly balked me in my designs—I have lost his sister and my revenge! Those fellows will not be likely to keep silence, and I must sail within the hour, or I am snared. You have thwarted me for once, Mike Standish, but the 'Sea Snake' will be here again when you little dream of it. I will yet have your sister. I will yet have revenge upon you as I now have upon Burton. He has balked me, but he shall not escape me!" exclaimed the pirate, fiercely, as he left the tap-room to retrace his way to the boat. He ground his teeth in rage, and uttered oath upon oath, as he hurried rapidly towards the pier. Just as he reached it, a piercing scream broke the death-like stillness that reigned around. The shriek had proceeded from his captive, who had recovered consciousness, and now struggled to free herself from the pirate with all the strength imparted by despair. But she struggled in vain; her strength gave way, and she gave up in despair. Another wild shriek burst upon the still air, and rang for some seconds around.

"Silence, woman!" said Holmes, fiercely. "Another scream, and I will deprive you of that power."

Gathering the struggling woman more closely in his arms, the brutal fiend walked rapidly down the dark pier. Despite his threat, his captive uttered another wild shriek of hopeless despair.

"Scream on now—scream on, my fair one; there is none to hear you now," said Holmes, in a voice of devilish exultation.

"Halloa there, who screams?" exclaimed a voice in the darkness, near by.

"Oh, help me! save me! for God's sake save me!" shrieked the captive, as the voice reached her ear, and a half-stifled scream followed her words. Another instant, and the dark form of a man stood before Holmes, and stopped him.

"A woman! what are you doing with her?" said the stranger, sternly. "This is foul violence; let go your hold upon her, villain!"

"And who are you, pray, that speak so imperatively?" said Holmes, in a sneering tone.

"Oh, save me! for God's sake save me from this man—he is a pirate! Oh save me, save me!" cried the captive in a beseeching, a heart-rending tone of anguish.

"I will. Let go your hold, I say, man or devil," said the stranger, as he seized hold upon Holmes. "Let go your hold upon this woman, or I shall value your life but lightly."

"I will not. Back out of my way, or this dagger shall let your heart's blood forth," said Holmes, fiercely enraged, as he drew forth the dagger he had torn from the hand of his captive in her attempt to take her own life. He had proceeded but a short distance when he was overtaken by the stranger, who laid strong hold upon him.

"Now yield that woman to my care, or you are a dead man," said the unknown, in a determined tone.

With a violent effort Holmes freed himself from the grasp of the stranger and struck at his breast with the dagger, and again dashed from him. But the blow had missed. The stranger sprang after him, and again seized him. A fierce struggle took place between the two. Holmes, a lion in strength, held his captive with his left arm, tightly encircling her waist, while with his right he defended himself. He several times stabbed the stranger, who struggled to throw him to the ground, unmindful of his wounds. For a few seconds they fought fiercely, like tigers; when Holmes suddenly exclaimed—

"I'll end this play, and quickly. Halloo! the boat there!" he shouted loudly. "Halloo, the boat!"

"Halloo on shore!" was instantly returned from the boat.

"Help! here, men, quickly."

Hardly a moment elapsed, when half-a-dozen men answered his call for aid. The stranger soon lay senseless upon the ground, and Holmes bore the captive, shrieking with the wildest despair, to the boat, followed by his men.

"Let fall, and give way quickly, men. We sail again before sunrise; give way, lively!"

Rapidly the boat shot along the dark waters, and in a few moments lay alongside the brigantine. Holmes conveyed his captive, overwhelmed with despairing grief, to the cabin, and returned on deck. He gave orders to slip the cable and make sail, to the no small surprise of the crew, who, however, prepared to execute his command.

"What's in the wind, Captain Holmes?" asked Marley, in some surprise at the orders of the captain.

"Enough! That imp of a devil has set those fellows free. We are betrayed before this; and must get out of the harbour, the quicker the better. Once out to sea, and I defy all chase. We have a good breeze off shore, and will make a quick run out of the harbour. Ha! what is that sound?" exclaimed the pirate, suddenly casting his eyes astern. "Marley, look there, what do you see?" exclaimed he, in a moment after, pointing astern.

"I see two or three boats, and hear the sound of the oars," answered the officer.

"Look! there are three—four—five. I swear there is a dozen of them," said Holmes vehemently, as he counted the boats in the darkness. "By the powers below, this is a narrow escape!" exclaimed Holmes. "If we had not slipped our cable we should have been boarded by their crews; for they are out for the brigantine. Look! the boats are pulling rapidly after us."

In the darkness astern, could be discerned the dark forms of the boats, and the sound of oars was distinctly heard as they played in the rowlocks. The brigantine moved slowly through the water, and the boats in pursuit were rapidly gaining upon her.

"Holloa, the brigantine!" shouted a voice from the foremost boat, not twice the length of the brigantine astern.

"Ay, ay, the boat!" returned Holmes.

"Bring to!" shouted the voice from the boat, commandingly.

"Thank you!" replied Holmes, gaily. "I am now under weigh, and don't care about heaving to. She begins to feel the wind more now," he said to his officer, as he glanced aloft at the swelling sails. "Ha, ha! we shall soon laugh at them. See, they do not gain. Pull away, my hearties! I guess you will catch the 'Flying Dolphin,' he shouted loudly.

The speed of the brigantine increased momentarily; she glided easily through the dark water, followed by the boats in swift pursuit. They followed swiftly for some moments, but gained not a boat's length upon her. For about fifteen minutes they held on a chase, when the brigantine began to gain, and leave them every moment further astern. Fifteen minutes more, and the boats could not be discerned in the darkness. Swiftly the vessel glided over the dark waters, and as she passed the castle, day began to dawn faintly in the east.

As the sun rose the blood-red flag was run up to the main-mast head, at the command of Holmes. Upon it, in letters of gold, was wrought the name of the brigantine. The name wrought in gold flashed in the light of the rising sun like letters of flame.

"That flag henceforth is a free flag!" exclaimed Holmes, as it rose and fluttered high aloft its folds of blood-red hue. "A flag that wars on every other that floats; and the name it bears shall yet become the terror of the Atlantic. The 'Flying Dolphin' shall be the feared, the dreaded of the seas."

The pirate spoke in deep tones, and his words were sealed with an oath. His eyes flashed beneath his fierce brow, with this wild resolve; and shot forth fiendish glances. He paced the deck for a few moments, and the expression of the face, which was demoniac, would have well become Satan himself.

Suddenly he darted down the companion-way and entered the cabin. Upon the couch laid the captive bride, motionless as one bereft of life. Her face was hidden, as it rested in her hands upon the arms of the couch, by the luxuriant tresses of her dark hair that fell in clustering ringlets from her superbly-shaped head, around her graceful neck, to her bridal robe of snowy satin.

As the pirate entered the cabin, the captive started from her reclining posture, and threw back the dark, abundant tresses of her hair, and gazed with a look of fear at the intruder. It was a look of fear—a look of despair. Her face was pale and wan from two days and nights' incessant grief and suffering. Pale as death's most fearful hue, and wan, yet oh, how beautiful!

The pirate gazed at her for a few seconds with admiration. His dark and fearful eyes were fixed upon her, and the fire of hell gleamed forth from them as he gazed. At length he spoke words couched in a dissembling tone of kindness.

"Your grief is violent, my fair one. Grieve no longer, lady; no harm shall come to you. Drive away the sorrow that clouds thy fair face, and smile. I would give the world to see a smile upon thy pretty lips. By my soul! thy spirit will flee from its fair tenement if you much

longer burden it with such a heavy weight of grief. Smile, will you not, once?"

The grief-bowed captive gazed at him for a moment, and then spoke.

"Smile," she said, bitterly, and in a tone of sorrow, "smile! Ask the mother to smile when she lays her fond child in the cold grave! Ask a child to smile when it gazes upon a mother cold in death! Ask them to smile; if they will, then will I. Aye, ask the sun to give its light in the time of night. Ask the lightnings to leap across the sky when no cloud obscures it—in fair sunshine. Ask the winds to cease; the tempest to still its wrath! If they will do thy bidding, then ask her whom you have torn from her home to smile, and she will!"

Bitterly spoke the sorrowing woman in her grief. Bitter were her words, as they came from her heart bursting with sorrow.

"You liken your smiles to impossibilities, my fair one," said Holmes, in a light tone, as he gazed at her, his eyes flashing with admiration. "But come, my pretty one, with me on deck. It is a lovely, invigorating morn, and it would be better to walk the deck for an hour, enjoying the fine sea-breeze, than to be shut up in this cabin."

The captive cast at him a withering glance of scorn and contempt.

"I prefer to remain here," she said, in a firm tone. "Your presence is torture to me in my sorrow. Oh leave me, leave me to my thoughts, if you have one ray of pity."

Her manner and tone were deeply imploring, and her glorious dark eyes filled to overflowing with tears that coursed down her marble-like face, and rolled upon her snowy robe of satin like glittering pearls.

"By heaven, she is beautiful!" exclaimed the pirate, as he gazed at the weeping woman, his eyes blazing with the passion within him. "Beautiful! She is mine. Ha, ha!" he laughed to himself; "this is sweet revenge, Burton—your bride, my mistress!"

There was a look of fiendish gratification expressed in his passion-fired countenance as he spoke, and had the weeping captive but seen his face for that instant, all hopes of mercy would have fled from her bosom, torn with the keenest agony at her fearful situation.

At that instant his name was called from the companion-way by the first officer. He immediately left the cabin for the deck. As he came up and walked forward, Marley directed his attention towards a topsail schooner bearing down upon the larboard bow of the brigantine, and within gunshot.

"That fellow, by his actions, appears very anxious to know who we are," said Marley, speaking of the schooner. "When I first discovered him, he was standing directly for the harbour; but he soon bore up for us, and has been coming down at a cracking rate."

"She is a smart sailer. Get me a glass, Marley, I want to see if she carries any dogs upon her deck."

The glass was handed him, and he swung himself into the fore-rigging and levelled it at the schooner. He gazed for a few moments through the glass, when he muttered to himself, in a tone of delight—

"By the powers below, it is he! Ha, ha! I will have *him* also in my power! The schooner is unarmed, and he is mine."

He swung himself to the deck, and ordered the fore-topsail to be laid slack. The order was quickly obeyed, and the brigantine, brought to, lay lightly rocking on the waves.

CHAPTER V.

THE despairing grief, the heart-rending agony of young Burton, when he recovered to consciousness, and learned of the mysterious disappearance of his fair, new-made bride, may be better imagined by the reader than here described. He was inconsolable, and the more so as neither he nor any other could divine her fate. None could guess respecting her fate; it was wrapped in fearful mystery.

The morning following the bridal night, Mr. Holmes left the unhappy father, the sorrowing husband and friends, for his dwelling in Brooklyn. His heart was full of sorrow, for his much loved and valued friend, Colonel Wheeler, and young Burton, whom he had adopted as a son. As they were unhappy, so was he. The grief of the well nigh heart-broken father, the inconsolable despair of the young husband, pained his heart with the bitterest pangs of sorrow.

He was but a few hours absent, when he returned. His face wore a troubled look as he entered a mansion, situated a short distance from the smoking ruins of what the day before was the splendid Highland Home; and where were the unhappy father and husband.

Upon his arrival at his residence, Mr. Holmes had learned that his son had been there the night before, and paid a brief visit. As he learned this, a sudden, dark suspicion flashed through his mind, that his son was the author of the foul deed that had plunged a father, husband, and friends, into the deepest sorrow and most agonizing grief. The thought caused his heart the bitterest pangs; and he returned with a heart heavier with sorrow than when he left. Bitter indeed were the feelings, keen the anguish of his soul. To Colonel Wheeler he communicated the dark suspicions concerning his son.

"Great God! can you entertain the thought?" exclaimed he, in the fulness of his heart.

"I do; though it be a bitter thought to me. When I heard this morn that he had been there, after two years' absence, the dark suspicion shot like fire through my brain. I cannot drive it hence; the more I give it thought, the more am I impressed with the belief."

"God forbid it is he that has done this!" exclaimed Colonel Wheeler, as he grasped the hand of his friend. "God forbid! May you be spared this, my friend! It cannot be him; he could have had no motive for the doing of this. No, no, it is not your son. Let not that thought imbitter your soul, my dear friend."

Mr. Holmes shook his head mournfully, and replied, "I am convinced it must be him, none other. That he is wicked enough for the commission of this deed I am certain. As to motive, he had at least one—revenge."

"Revenge! on whom?"

"Burton and myself. Upon Burton, because of what took place on board the 'Chesapeake.' He was whipped, and to Burton he ascribes the disgrace. He swore revenge upon him, though another officer and not Burton was the means of his punishment. Revenge on me, because he learned last night that I had disowned him. He also learned that it was *Burton's wedding night*. Colonel Wheeler, it is he who has done this. I would stake my soul upon it."

Mr. Holmes uttered these words in a confident tone, that assured his friend that he had not a doubt of the certainty of what he uttered. Both were wrapped in sad and painful silence for a number of minutes, when Mr. Holmes broke the silence.

"Colonel Wheeler, we must go to Boston, and learn if the 'Sea Snake' has been there. There is a vessel to sail for that port this afternoon, and we must go. We can do so quicker than by land."

"We will go; shall I name to Burton your suspicions?"

"Yes, tell him all; he shall accompany us."

About three hours after the above conversation, Colonel Wheeler, Mr. Holmes, and young Burton, stood on the quarter-deck of a schooner bound out of the bay of New York. The countenance of each indicated their deep and painful solicitude; the agony that rent their bosoms was plainly written upon their pale and anxious features. The second morning following, the schooner was off Boston harbour. Colonel Wheeler and young Burton were pacing the deck in silent communion with their sad thoughts. Their faces betrayed the keenest anguish and most intense suffering of mind. Mr. Holmes was standing forward gazing intently at a sail a-head. He had stood for half-an-hour with his gaze fixed upon the distant sail, when he suddenly called to Colonel Wheeler, who, with Burton, immediately stood by him.

"Colonel Wheeler, that is the 'Sea Snake,'" said Mr. Holmes, pointing to the sail. It was a brigantine, and about three miles distant from the schooner, off the larboard bow. She was sailing on a course opposite, but nearly parallel to that of the schooner. "That is the 'Sea Snake,' Colonel; I saw her when she sailed from Boston on her first cruise, and I know her. I must get the captain to bear down upon her and speak her." As Mr. Holmes said these words he walked aft to where the captain stood.

In a few moments the schooner's course was altered, and she stood directly for the brigantine.

"Ha, she has hove to with her fore-topsail aback," said the captain of the schooner, as he gazed at the brigantine. "You have mistaken her name, sir," he said to Mr. Holmes. "Her flag says her name is the 'Flying Dolphin,'" he said, pointing to the red flag that floated from the mainmast head of the brigantine.

"Her name has been changed then," said Mr. Holmes. "She is none other than the 'Sea Snake.' But why has she hove to?"

"We shall soon know, sir. We shall be within speaking distance in five minutes," said the Captain.

The schooner sped on towards the brigantine that lay motionless upon the waves, and in a few moments was within hailing distance, when the Captain hailed—

"Halloa! the brigantine."

"Ay, ay! the schooner," was returned.

"Was your vessel once called the 'Sea Snake?'" asked the Captain of the schooner, as the two vessels now lay alongside each other.

"That was her name, but she now bears another," said the corsair Holmes, as he stepped aboard the schooner.

"Ha, my dear father, this meeting is unexpected. I am extremely happy to see you," said the pirate son to his father, in a tone of sarcastic irony. "Ha, my dear Burton, this you? It is a long time since I have

seen you, yet I should never have *forgotten* you. You remember me, I suppose?"

"I do," calmly replied Burton.

"And ever will," said Holmes, while the fire of deadly hatred gleamed forth from his eyes.

"I would ask you a few questions, sir," said Mr. Holmes, as he stepped to where his son stood. His face and tone were severe.

"Ask on, pray," said the latter, "I will answer all you have to ask." As he spoke he folded his arms across his breast, and looked his father in the face, while a smile of peculiar significance wreathed his lips. It was the smile of a fiend, and to his lips it gave a devilish expression.

"Have you been in New York lately?" asked his father.

"Three nights since, I was there."

"At my house?"

"At *your* house."

"Do you know aught concerning Colonel Wheeler's daughter, sir?" asked the father, sternly.

"If you mean Burton's wife, I do," answered the pirate, in a cool, revengeful tone, while that demon smile yet played upon his lip.

"You do! Then where is she, villain?" exclaimed Burton, vehemently, as he sprang forward and seized hold of Holmes.

"In my cabin," said Holmes, in a revengeful, scornful tone. "Your bride is my captive, Howard Burton."

As the pirate uttered these words, Burton, with superhuman strength, hurled him to the deck, and on the instant sprang over the bulwarks of the two vessels to the deck of the brigantine.

He sprang down the companion-way, and burst into the cabin, which rang the next instant with a wild cry of delight, as his bride sprang into his arms.

"Oh, Howard, dearest Howard, I am saved!" she exclaimed, wild with joy at the deliverance she thought at hand. "Heaven be praised! You have saved me, Howard. But how came you here? Where are we? Oh, take me from here."

"Yes, yes, you are saved; follow me, quickly," said Burton; and as he spoke he left the cabin and ascended the companion-way with his bride.

As they gained the deck an exclamation of horror escaped the lips of Burton. The schooner was twice her length astern of the brigantine. The two vessels had parted.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Holmes—a laugh of demoniac exultation. "You likewise are my prisoner, Howard Burton."

"Your prisoner; and why, villain?" sharply demanded Burton. "Why is this lady and myself subjected to this treatment, sir pirate, for you deserve no other term? I demand her release and mine."

"And I must comply, I suppose," said Holmes in a sneering tone of irony. "No, no, Howard Burton, you and your bride are in my power, and I will do with you as I will. Think ye I have forgotten the blows I received on your account. No! I swore revenge, and I have it now within my grasp."

"I am in your power; do with me as you will, but in heaven's name harm not my bride."

"You would invoke pity for her? Did you have pity for me when

the lash tortured me? Did you pity me when the blood streamed from the wounds inflicted by the lash? No! you gazed at me with gratified looks: you were glad at heart at my disgrace. Shall I pity you now? My pity is revenge! and you shall feel it."

The pirate spoke in a bitter, revengeful voice, and he gazed at his captives with a look of fiendish delight.

"Willard Holmes, with your punishment I had naught to do. You perpetrated upon me an act mean and despicable, such as none who possessed the least honour would have been guilty of. I was aware it was your doing, though you thought I was not. But I did not betray you to punishment. Who it was that informed of you I know not. When I knew you were to be punished, I interceded for you with Captain Lawrence, but he would not hear me, and his sentence was executed upon you."

"And think you, I believe that?" said Holmes, in a bitter tone.

"Believe it or not, it is the truth. I offered it not in palliation, or because I feared you. For myself, I beg no mercy from you; but for her, I beg you, in God's name, harm her not, and if you have a human heart you will not."

"You need waste no more words, Howard Burton; ye are both mine."

"We are in your power, and from you I expect any wrong; but may your soul, with the curse of God upon it, for ever suffer the fiercest torments of hell if you harm her. By the heaven above, if I thought you intended her wrong, you should die upon the spot. For this foul outrage you will yet suffer; your vessel will be pursued and captured, and you will meet with a just punishment."

"Oh, do not enrage him, Howard!" said his wife in a tone of fear, as she clung to him, trembling with terror, her face overspread with a death-like pallor. "Oh, say no more!"

"You talk of capture, Howard Burton," said the pirate with a sneer. "Know you, there is not a craft that floats that can ride in the wake of the 'Flying Dolphin.' She may be pursued, but never overtaken. Do not flatter yourself that my vessel will be captured; you will be doomed to disappointment if you dream I shall be overtaken. Come, my dove, you will return to the cabin," he said to the trembling bride, and he approached as if to take her from Burton.

"Do not pollute her with thy touch, monster!" said Burton, as he placed himself to shield his wife from the approach of the pirate.

"She must go below, however," said Holmes.

"She can go without your aid; I will go with her."

"But you cannot go, sir," said the pirate.

"You shall not part me from her except I part with life." As Burton spoke he drew forth a pistol, and instantly it was levelled at the head of the pirate.

"Go down quickly, Georgiana, to the cabin," he said to his wife, half fainting with terror. She descended the companion-way, while he immediately after descended backwards, his pistol still aimed at the pirate's face, who stood immovable upon the deck. He gained the cabin, and fastened the door.

"The man that attempts to enter here lies a corpse on the threshold," he exclaimed, with settled determination, as he drew forth another pistol,

and laid the two upon the round table, adorned with a top of p
white marble.

At that instant the sound of a voice was heard at the door of
cabin outside. It was the voice of Holmes.

"You shall stay there, Howard Burton, you and your bride
hunger and thirst drive ye forth. Ha ! ha ! ye shall starve, I say !"
a laugh burst from the lips of the fiend—a laugh of terrible revenge.

"We will starve together ere we will ask relief of a monster
thou," said Burton, a moment after. He seated himself upon the
beside his terror-stricken bride, and strove to allay her agonising fear

STANZAS.

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy tree,
Thy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity :
The north cannot undo them
With a steely whistle through them ;
Nor frozen thawings glue them
From budding at the prime.

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy brook,
Thy bubblings ne'er remember
Apollo's summer look ;
But with a sweet forgetting
They stay their chrystal fretting,
Never, never petting
About the frozen time.

Ah ! would 'twere so with many
A gentle girl and boy ;
But were there ever any
Writhed not at passed joy ?
To know the change and feel it
When there is none to heal it,
Nor numbed sense to steal it,
Was never said in rhyme.

KEATS.

[The name of Sir E. B. LYRTON was accidentally omitted from last month
number as the translator of the "Diver," by Schiller.—Ed. S. M. M.]

SOUTHERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

"QUE POSSINT OCULOS AURESQUE MORARI."—*Horace.*

JUNE, 1863.

WHAT BECAME OF HIM?

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IV.—THE END BEGINS.

His hand was on the trigger—yet he paused a moment before drawing it. It was only for a moment, however. In that instant it had flashed through his mind that the growl, though fierce, was not a loud one. He knew that the light was as yet but very imperfect, and his mind was made up. He dropped the revolver! The dog had seized him by the fleshy part of the leg, below the knee, and held fast. In a moment he had grasped the strong neck of the dog with both his hands. The attempt was an extraordinary one, yet it was his only chance. A single shot, and half the diggers within a quarter-of-a-mile would have been upon him in a moment. There had been but one growl—it might have been unheard! Had it been so? He had no time to ask that question: happily, perhaps, no time to think at all. His energies were concentrated in one object: he must conquer the dog silently or—die! The task was a terrible one—to some readers it may seem a hopeless one. It was not so. The strength of a man's hands, when his life depends upon their holding out, is not easy to calculate. Without a groan at the pain he was suffering, he weighed down the head of the savage animal to the ground. Still he held on; and still the same deadly, unrelaxing grasp tightened on his leathery throat. The dog had much of the bull-dog spirit in his nature: our hero had the strength and determination that desperation gives. The struggle could not be lasting. The animal began to yield to the force of will in the man. He relaxed his gripe for a moment, as if he fain would get breath. The deadly grasp tightened yet more on his throat. He attempted to utter a cry: his utterance was

choked by his foe. The brute made a furious effort to free himself: it was in vain, and he paused exhausted. The struggle was virtually over, yet our hero did not venture to release his now almost senseless foe. He glanced round, however. The struggle had lasted less than three minutes, yet to his eyes it seemed strangely more light: he fancied he could see the door of a tent opposite him move, and his eyes were rivetted in horror upon the misty canvas. He glanced at the dog below him—he seemed senseless. He leapt to his feet, and began to run. As he did so, he brushed against something and it fell with a crash! He neither looked behind nor stopped: he pressed on, yet he felt that he was going slowly. He had a horrible feeling that he didn't get any nearer the tents towards which he had run. Then came a consciousness of pursuit, not distinct, but yet horrible. He made a tremendous effort: as he did so, he felt a grasp upon his shoulder, and a harsh voice said—

"Hullo, stranger! where are you agoin' to? Arter no good, I guess!"

He lost consciousness, and had only an indistinct impression of a fall. He had fainted from loss of blood! The sinewy-looking, long-armed Yankee, who had seized him, lifted him and set him in a recumbent position against a cradle that stood near, waiting for some explanation of his appearance with characteristic *courtois* *froid*.

When our hero awoke to consciousness he was the centre of a crowd of men with matted hair and wild eager eyes—some threatening, some merely curious. The first face his eye rested on was that of the man, the leader of the gang, of whose face and voice he had so uneasy a half-recognition. Their eyes met, and the black-bearded stranger suddenly disappeared in the crowd.

"Stranger," said the voice of his captor, "I guess you had better spin us your tarnation yarn neow. I reckon we feel almost curus, I do."

Our hero looked round him without fully comprehending what was said. He did not answer.

"He's bin and stole our tarnation bag o' gold. I'll be darned if it arn't on the coon now," shouted the hoarse voice of Silas Chobbin, whose huge head was pushed forward from the crowd to prefer the charge.

"Sarch the darned coon! Sarch him!" was ejaculated by voices from all sides.

"I guess, strangers, you will du no such darned thing, nohow," said the tall man who stood beside our hero. "I'm clar agin sich goins on: I'm a law man, I am. Fair play, I tell ye, and no underhand chawins up here!" He spoke decidedly, and rolled a huge quid of tobacco in his cheek, spitting vigorously to right and left of him.

"Ay, ay! Lynch! Judge Lynch! That's the time o' day," was heard all round from twenty voices, varied by questions as to the nearest tree.

In less time than it takes to tell, a procession was formed, headed by the tall Yankee who first proclaimed himself a "law man," and who was chosen, by acclamation apparently, to the office of judge. Our hero followed, supported on each side by a great digger, and followed by Silas Chobbin and one of his mates in the character of prosecutors. The train was made up by about sixty more diggers, who were content to forego their breakfasts and an hour or two's work for the sake of lynching thief. There was not a tree in the valley, so they had to seek that a

cessary part of the arrangement on the hill beyond. It took perhaps twenty minutes to reach a suitable place, and by that time our hero's presence of mind began to return. He saw no way of escape, indeed, either in his circumstances or in the stern faces of the crowd that accompanied him. It was, however, the peculiarity of his mind not to lose hope under almost any conceivable circumstances, and he did not now.

The proceedings were characterised by a quaint kind of solemnity which would have seemed but a mockery, had it not been that the terrible reality of the affair was too fully impressed on all the company. A large tree was chosen, and at the foot of it a rude pile of stones was hastily heaped together. On this the elected judge took his seat with great dignity, although still chewing as before. Directly opposite, a large branch of the oak tree was chosen, and from it was suspended a stout cord with a running noose at the end of it. Directly below it was placed an old flour barrel, which one of the diggers had brought up on his shoulders. The prisoner, still guarded by his conductors, was placed in the middle, and the preliminaries were concluded.

Judge Lynch commenced operations by calling out, "I guess we want a jury neow, don't we ?"

"Ay, ay !" resounded, in deep accents, from all sides.

"Wal, stand out as I call ye, then."

"A State's man !" A tall, rather old-looking man stepped forward at once. "One !" "An Englishman !" Two men stepped out.

"I guess we doan't want yer both yet ; you with the nation black hair on yer face, hold on a spell." The older-looking man of the two stepped forward to the side of the first chosen.

"Two !" said the judge, counting them off on his fingers as he went on. "Neow, a Scotchman !" There was a pause.

"None here," said a voice.

"Wal, an Irishman !" One stepped out immediately.

"Three !" said the judge.

In this way the number of eighteen men was made up, only a few nations being called upon to furnish more than one juror. Amongst those who were, however, was England ; and the man who had been held in reserve by the President was placed among the number on the judge's right hand. When the number was complete, they all swore to judge the man before them according to their consciences ; and, if he was guilty, to put him to death. There was a pause, during which our hero looked steadily at the men who composed the jury, one by one. He started, and nearly uttered an exclamation, as he recognised in the second English juror the face of the leader of the robbers whom he had in turn robbed. He knew that it was useless to say anything, and so merely watched him in silence. The proceedings were very short, as the men could not afford to lose time. Silas Chobbin and the other witness—the man shot on a former occasion, and tracked by our hero—made the charge against him, that he had secretly come at night and robbed them of their gold by digging a hole under the tent. Others had seen the tent and the hole, and swore to it.

The judge looked at our hero. "Neow, stranger, have yer anything to say for yourself ? If yer hev, say it."

He was silent, not knowing how far anything he could say would save him.

"Sareh the prisoner!" said the judge, nodding to the two guards.

Without farther ceremony, the two men seized him, one by each arm, and proceeded to turn outside-in every pocket they could find. There was nothing! The judge's eye twinkled as the men looked towards him for further orders.

"Hev off his boots, I reckon," he said, slowly. His boots were dragged off. They were quite empty.

"Guess he must spare his tarnal coat," ejaculated the President once more.

His coat was roughly dragged off. The prisoner looked round: the crowd was considerably increased. There must have been more than a hundred spectators. Wild, shaggy heads, surmounting fierce, weather-beaten or passion-marked faces, all turned in one direction—all gazing straight into his eyes, as it seemed. He tried to make out a face that he had seen before, but except the sort of nightmare impression of a loathing knowledge which he had of the black-bearded juror and his two accusers, he could make out none.

"Hold on!" he said, turning to the judge; "I'll give up the gold!"

There was a motion among the crowd as though everyone had drawn a long breath; but beyond a suppressed murmur, not a word was uttered—the strange, wild solemnity of the occasion had so taken possession of the crowd.

The judge gave his quid another turn, and said—"Yer may let the coon go, I reckon, citizens!"

He was released in an instant. He pushed his hand into his breast and drew out the bag. There was another surge among the crowd—another strange inarticulate murmur of suppressed excitement! Silas Chobbin's eyes gleamed fiercely with delight, and a half-smile stirred the shaggy hair round the pale cheeks of the robber jurymen. The judge looked straight into the prisoner's face, and as he did so, a curious look of indecision hovered round his thin lips for a moment. He spat out the quid from his mouth, and passed his hand over his brow to rub away the drops that had started to it.

"Let me hev the bag, citizen," he said, after a moment's pause. One of the men handed it to him. "What sort o' bag was your'n, stranger?" he continued, turning to Silas.

"Goatskin, wi' a double bottom. It drew with a piece o' darned ribbon."

"Any marks, stranger?"

"One o' the seams war sown with red thread."

"The bag's your'n, I cal-cu-late, stranger," said the judge, and he looked at our hero almost irresolutely. "Hev you anything to say, stranger? Heow did you come by the darned bag?" he went on, turning to the prisoner.

One quick glance round at the eager faces, and he spoke. "I took the bag of gold out of their tent last night," he said—his words were clear and distinct enough to be heard at the outside of the ring by every man present. "And I'll tell you why I took it, too." There was a murmuring louder than before, and the crowd swayed nearer to the prisoner. "The gold was mine—mine and my mates'! These men stole it from our hut, at Lynchville, two months ago. One of them was shot in the leg then. I only took back what was my own."

Silas Chobbin laughed a loud scornful laugh. It was the one thing needed to break the spell. The murmur of the crowd grew into a roar. Shouts of "Lynch him—Lynch him! Hang the gold round his neck!" "Sentence! sentence!" "Look alive, there: don't keep us here all day!" resounded on every side; and the crowd, now swelled to between two and three hundred men, surged and swayed nearer and nearer the place where our hero stood. The judge rose, and waved his hand to warn them back. His gesture was so dignified that, almost involuntarily, they obeyed him. His decision of mind was once more restored. The tale was too improbable.

"I guess ye'd better sarch the varmint, citizens; he may hev something more that he's took back from somebody abaout him."

The two guards instantly passed their hands over his clothes to feel for anything more. One of them pulled out the miniature. The crowd were now excited. Another shout followed the appearance of the gold-setting.

"Give it to me," said the judge.

Even the near prospect of death in so terrible a form did not so engross our hero's thoughts as to render him regardless of the loss of this, which he had kept through everything until then. "No! I will die with it in my possession, but I won't give it up!"

His excitement seemed to bring back all the strength which his sufferings had impaired. He threw off the man who held him on one side, and seizing the one who held his mother's picture, rescued it from him after a moment's fierce struggle. An involuntary "hurrah!" came from the crowd at the desperate efforts of the prisoner. He thrust it again into his breast. His two guards gathered themselves up fiercely, and approached him.

"What was it, I say?" said the judge.

"The picture o' a darned woman!"

"Oh! let him alone, then, we don't want his sweetheart!"

A shout of approval from the crowd followed the statement.

"Wal, jurymen, wot do yer say now? Wot is it to be? Them that says guilty, hold up their hands."

Eighteen hands went up at the word.

"Let the prisoner put on his coat and boots, will yer, we don't grudge him them," said the judge.

Our hero did so. He was in a dreamy sort of state, not very clearly comprehending what would happen next: the sort of state that birds are in before the snake makes his final dart upon them. To others it looked like extraordinary coolness, and that was a quality which at all times commanded their admiration. Cries of "He's good stuff!" "He'll die game!" were mingled with the hoarser voices—"Look alive, now; we can't wait all day!"

The noise was becoming tremendous, when the judge rose, and there were cries of "Silence! silence!" "Sentence!" "Judge Lynch!" "Hurrah for Judge Lynch!" Then there was a pause.

"Prisoner," said the judge, "I guess you've had a fair trial, neow, and I reckon you're fairly condemned. I give yer five minutes, and then —!" The silence which followed was suggestive.

It is a curious speculation how far the mind can be stunned by any accident of fortune without losing its balance wholly. The judge held

his watch in his hand, and there was a dead silence—you might have heard a pin drop. Our hero was perfectly calm—so calm, that even the two hundred eager pairs of eyes could not see anything in his appearance but calm readiness. Still he was not thinking : he was not conscious of what was passing around him. His eyes were fixed on the wild scene and the wild faces before him, but his thoughts, if thoughts they could be called and not mere fancies, were busy with bright English scenes and fair English faces ; while scraps of conversations, like the notes of some half-remembered song, floated hazily through his mind. Thus one minute passed. A second was gone : a third glided away, and a fourth was all but gone, when he lifted his eyes slowly from the position they had held and looked round. They rested on that one face which alone of all the jurors he had noticed. Slowly, as he looked, a flush rose upon his cheek and brow ; his eye glittered more brightly—he recognised his man. At that very instant, and just as the man subjected to our hero's steady gaze began to shrink, even though he knew the position of the man who looked at him, Judge Lynch closed his watch sharply.

"I guess time's up !" he said.

It was a signal for an outburst of all the wild passions of the crowd. There was a shout : it rose to a yell. The prisoner was hemmed in and jostled on all sides in an instant. Still he moved, and in one direction, towards the rope hanging from the branch. As he was close to it, he felt a strong, almost convulsive, grasp on his shoulder from behind, while a voice whispered, "Look out to help yourself—we'll do our share when the time comes." He started, but he did not turn his head. It was the greatest effort of that stern self-control so natural to the man, for now for the first time he felt his position—he felt fear ! The crowd halted—it was at the place ! He felt that he was lifted by strong hands. He stood on something instantly : it was the barrel. He knew, but scarcely felt the touch of the fatal rope, as some hand adjusted it round his neck. He felt a giddiness come over him, but he struggled against it, and resolutely looked around him. The crowd was bearing back from him—he well knew for what reason. One man alone came towards him ; he was at his side. "All right, I guess," cried a voice.

His standing-place shook, tottered, but strange to say, did not give way altogether. There was a sharp explosion, and a shock. He had thrown up his hands and seized the rope above his head at the first shake given to his standing place. He had instinctively closed his eyes. The next moment he was seized by a strong hand, and instantly fell to the ground.

"Come !" said a voice which he well knew ; "you're saved by a miracle, I'm blown if you arn't ! Now save yourself."

It had passed in an instant, and before he had sufficiently recovered the shock of his fall, he was being half-led, half-carried, off the ground. He looked round, however, and found that he was being hurried off in a direction the opposite to that by which he had come : the ground, too, he saw was strewn with not a few heaps which he recognised as corpses. At that moment another volley of musketry rang out from the rocks and trees on two sides of the place where he had just stood, and was followed by shouts, groans, and yells, in every language, as it seemed, under the sun. He glanced at his companion's face, in whom the reader has of course recognised Tom.

"Them bloody niggers !" growled he, in answer to the questioning look. "I always said mischief 'ud come o' trusting them varments wi' guns."

It was true ! The Californian natives, still strong in the part of the country where Palomba new diggings were situated, were bitterly hostile to the diggers, and had watched the first opportunity of revenge upon them with that subtle instinct so peculiarly characteristic of the race. To their sudden and wily onslaught our hero had owed his life, for the diggers assembled had not possessed any rifles, and many had nothing beyond the unfailing sheath knife, useless against a hidden foe. The rush of feeling on knowing of his deliverance was so great as to render our hero almost insensible. He must have been in a fainting condition for a time, for his first distinct idea was that of finding himself sitting on a small grassy plat, leaning against a piece of rock. The firing was still to be heard but in the distance. Jim was kneeling beside him, and Tom stood close at hand. The sight of them recalled the whole circumstances to his mind.

"I lost the gold, Jim, I'm afraid," he said.

"Who cares about that ?" exclaimed the repentant Jim. "More shame to us for leaving ye to get it by yourself !"

"I'm sorry I left ye, mate ; but never fear, we'll get the money all safe enough yet out o' them bloody thieves !"

Our hero sat thoughtful for a minute or two. Then he drew out his mother's picture, saying, as he did so—

"Look here, mates ; I should have shown you this before, but I thought you might want me to sell it. It's my dead mother's picture !" After a pause, he went on—"Look at it, both of you, and say whether I should sell it now. I'll do as you say."

Jim wouldn't look at all, but hung down his head as if he had been accused of doing something mean. Tom took it sheepishly in his great hands, and looked at it.

"My eyes !" he ejaculated : "What a face ! No, Dick, I'll be hanged if you'll sell it. But——" and he paused a moment while he examined the case carefully. "What's this here now ? I declare it's got broke."

Our hero stretched out his hand eagerly for it. It was not broken. There was, however, a crack round the edge behind. He pressed it open : it was a secret locket ! The spring must have been pressed in his struggle for it with his guard. A tightly-folded paper lay within. He shook it out into his open hand. It was yellow, and stained here and there with damp. He opened it, and gazed on it one moment with straining eyes. At last he exclaimed in a tone that startled his two companions,

"Good God ! It is true, then ! Oh, my mother !" The excitement had overtaken his strength—he had fainted !

Mr. Gibson's offices were unexceptionable. Dingy a shade, perhaps ; but not more than belonged to respectability. Everything gave way to respectability in such matters with Mr. Gibson ; and the world held that that most respectable man, George Gibson, Esq., Solicitor, Russell &

buildings, Lincoln's Inn Fields, was in the right. It is not perhaps worth while to go into the question how far Mr. Gibson's respectability was real : for our parts we believe it was the result of conviction—the conviction that it paid. It may perhaps be supposed that he would be somewhat shocked when Sir Charles Fortescue's carriage drove furiously up to his very door, about two o'clock in the afternoon of a cold March day. No such thing. Nothing could be more respectable than that a client from among the baronetage of the kingdom should want Mr. Gibson in a great hurry. He therefore looked out of the window, and waited placidly for what was to follow.

"Sir Charles Fortescue !" said his confidential clerk, as he opened the door to admit the client. The door closed behind him as if by machinery.

"Sir Charles Fortescue ! Delighted to see you, sir !" exclaimed the lawyer, coming forward with the blandest smile—Mr. Gibson's smiles were all bland—and rubbing his hands slowly one against the other, as though engaged in an imaginary process of washing.

"What is this, Mr. Gibson ! What is this that I hear ! I demand of you, sir, to explain the meaning of this ! It is monstrous, sir—truly monstrous, Mr. Gibson !"

The baronet was evidently labouring under great excitement. The lawyer eyed him for a moment with that sharp, all-embracing glance, so unusual in any but lawyers, and moved quietly and easily back from him.

"I beg your pardon, Sir Charles," he said, "but you omitted to mention the circumstance which has caused your annoyance."

"Circumstance, sir—circumstance ! What do you mean by circumstance ? Do you call it a circumstance, that I, sir, I, am to be threatened—yes, sir, threatened in the public papers, sir ; talked of, sir, in the clubs ; pointed at in the streets ; and—and—I scarcely know what may not happen, sir ! Do you call that a circumstance ?"

"Be calm, Sir Charles ! Pray be calm ! Seat yourself, if you please, and inform me plainly of what has occurred to disturb you."

The manners and appearance of the two men formed a marked contrast. The baronet looked strangely older than he had done eleven months before, and, in his excitement, was almost ghastly. The lawyer, on the contrary, had the appearance of one who never either was or had occasion to be out of temper with the world. The calm, business-like manner of the lawyer was having its effect on the angry client. He gazed fiercely at him for a moment, then did as he bade him—he took a seat.

"Now, Sir Charles," continued Mr. Gibson, drawing a quire of paper towards him, and performing another imaginary ablution. "Now I am ready to go into this subject. What is it that has annoyed you ?"

The baronet had nearly gone off once more into an incoherent storm of abuse, but the lawyer's quick, clear steady eye, fixed on his, checked him.

"Have you the papers ?" he asked sullenly, after a moment's pause.

"Papers ! yes of course ! Papers, did you say ! Action for libel—defamation of character—ah ! I see. What paper did you say ?" and Mr. Gibson rubbed his hands together, and chuckled triumphantly.

"What ! you mean to say you haven't seen it ? I thought every one had seen it."

"No, Sir Charles, no ! I seldom have time to look at the Provincial papers ; very seldom, indeed, unless the interests of my clients require it."

"Provincial papers, Mr. Gibson !" returned he. "Provincial papers ! Do you call the *Times* a Provincial paper, I should like to know ?"

"*Times* !" said the lawyer almost equally surprised in his turn. "The *Times*, did you say ? How on earth can you have got into the *Times*, Sir Charles ? This is a curious business—a very strange business indeed !" and for the moment, the lawyer looked nearly as excited as his client.

"Well, Mr. Gibson, I'm not exactly in the *Times*, as you say ; but it's as bad—quite as bad—and I don't know what the deuce to do about it."

Mr. Gibson looked at his client. It was not a long look—it was not even a suspicious look ; but it was a look which he evidently didn't like. He rang the bell at his side.

"Mr. Loder !" said he to the clerk, who appeared at once. "The *Times* of this morning."

In half-a-minute Mr. Loder brought the paper, laid it on the table, and had closed the door behind him once more.

"Which page !" said the lawyer, lifting his eyes to his client's face for a moment.

"The first, I think it was."

"The first ! An advertisement, then ? Did you notice the column ?"

"No ! but it was near the beginning."

There was a pause, while the lawyer's eye ran over the advertisements.

"I don't see anything, Sir Charles, that looks like it !"

"I do ; there at the top, on the third column !"

The advertisement was short, and ran as follows :—

£100 REWARD.

WANTED,—Any information about Jane Simmons, Eliza Stokely, and Thomas Brenton, or any other person or persons, who were in the employment of the late Sir Charles Fortescue, Bart., of Beachford, in the years 1823-24.—Apply to Messrs. RILEY & DAWSON, Gray's Inn Lane.

Mr. Gibson read it through twice before he raised his head. When he did so, his expression was altered : there was suspicion in his calm grey eye.

MODERN POETS.

MRS. HEMANS.

A DEFINITION of poetry is, like all definitions, very difficult. The elements which enter into our conception of perfect poetry are so numerous and varied, that it is almost impossible to say how many of them may be wanting to a work without depriving it of its claim to the name of poetry. If we do not admit the truth of Horace's maxim, that poetry which descends in the least from the highest perfection becomes quite degraded, it is perhaps because we have formed a somewhat different idea of poetical perfection from that of the Roman poet. Of all the elements which enter into good poetry, perhaps the one which is most constantly associated with the word "poetical" is that of ideal or spiritual beauty. This notion has held its ground, and, we think, will continue to do so, in spite of the doctrine which has been received by some, and which would test the highest art in poetry as in painting, by its ability to give an accurate description of a furze-hedge or a farm-yard. The notion which we have mentioned has found its expression in the saying that "poetry is the most beautiful expression of the most beautiful thoughts." It may perhaps be maintained that this is a sufficient definition of poetry; that not only rhyme and metre, but also the elements of plot, and narrative, and character, and scenery, as well as the qualities of observation, of wit, and of humour, are only things which are used by the true poet as a vehicle or substratum to the high and pure manifestation of art which it is his mission to make.

How far this may be true, we do not now purpose to inquire. We are content with the fact which abundant experience has established, that the characters which we have enumerated, whether they enter or not into the idea of poetry, are absolutely necessary, at all events in some degree, to make poetry popular or widely read. The pure essence is too potent when administered in any quantity, and the lofty flight is too fatiguing for any prolonged effort.

If purity, elevation, and beauty of sentiment were sufficient to make the best poetry, no poet ought to rank higher in our literature than Mrs. Hemans. Yet her extremely beautiful sentiment and elegant verse have not made the bulk of her poetry familiar to men's minds or tongues, and of few poetical writers of equal powers is there so large a proportion of unmentioned and unknown writings as of Mrs. Hemans. Indeed, a writer who publishes such an immense mass of light and miscellaneous verse, who is always waiting for an opportunity to turn off songs, hymns, odes, sonnets on all conceivable topics, always ready to celebrate in verse whatever is in heaven above, or earth beneath; whatever is seen in nature, or mentioned in books; whatever is suggested in life, or conceived in the imagination, can hardly expect that even the loftiest genius will succeed in constraining the world to listen attentively to such an endless variety

of pretty fancies. Yet those who take the trouble to search the thick volume which contains the records of Mrs. Hemans's genius, will find many things of exquisite grace and beauty to repay their labour.

It is interesting to watch the progress from the earlier to the later phases of her poetical career. Her childish compositions, like those of most poets, are interesting chiefly as displaying the growth of her mind; yet the poem on England and Spain, written at the age of fourteen, deserves some attention as a remarkable production, and as giving promise of considerable excellence. The early inspiration of Mrs. Hemans was evidently derived from classical sources. The glories of Greece and Italy, the love of freedom, the enchantments of art, were the themes of her youthful contemplation. The transition from the somewhat crude and laboured, yet smooth and elegant, versification of her poems on "The Restoration of the Works of Art to Italy" and "Modern Greece," to the masterly ease and power with which she handles all kinds of verse in her later productions, is not more marked than the progress of her genius from the phase of classical beauty and elegance, to her later apprehension of all that is noblest and most spiritual in modern civilisation and sentiment. But in both aspects the force of her genius is expended in the attempt to grasp an ideal beauty, and to transport every subject which she handles into that upper atmosphere of light and music in which her mind sustained itself with a wonderful constancy and freedom from effort. The profusion with which she bedecks all subjects with the ornaments of her light and airy verse, is undoubtedly against her popularity as a poet, and a contemporary writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* complained that the multitude did not appreciate an author who had "no higher aim than to regale the imagination with imagery, warm the heart with sentiment and feeling, and delight the ear with music, without the foreign aid of tale or fable." But the fact is that although the appreciation of the multitude is not the test of good poetry, it is a mistake to suppose that the public despises either elevation of sentiment or elegance of diction. It is indeed true that they best appreciate the sentiments which are presented to them in connection with human action and the poetry which either gives them the animation of narrative or leads them through a train of reflections which are both well defined and interesting. But this is the unalterable constitution of the human mind, and argues neither coarse taste nor ignoble aspirations. The truth is that vague sentiment, however beautiful the dress in which it is presented, does really very little to raise the soul of the hearer above the contamination of earthly things. We enjoy with little more than a sensuous pleasure the combination of melodious sounds, and radiant forms, and fragrant odours, but their memory is soon jostled out of our minds, and leaves nothing that remains with us in our everyday life. There are masters of song who can translate to an upper region all earthly things without depriving them of their earthly interest, and there are others who, not attempting a sustained flight, occasionally call from heaven a flash of fire to illumine some common-place topic with such force and vividness that we never lose the impression. But in all cases the poetry which does not fill the mind and the memory with some distinct and well defined idea or image, can never be recognised as a power in literature. Judged by this test, the poems of Mrs. Hemans must be pronounced wanting in some of the most essential characteristics of good poetry, but there are

some gems among her writings quite sufficient to preserve her from oblivion, whilst even the portions which are most affected with the faults we have mentioned, deserve consideration from the perfection of other qualities which they display. It must also be remembered that our test is to be applied to Mrs. Hemans's poetry with some qualification. It is in short pieces that her genius excels. In the longer poems we grow tired of the very spiritual style which is sustained throughout, but in the shorter pieces we can enjoy the light and airy graces which they display without the risk of fatigue, even although they have not the faculty of sinking into our memories and becoming "familiar in our mouths." But even this latter power is sometimes present, and there are few more familiar or favourite pieces than the "Homes of England." In this composition Mrs. Hemans did not disdain the bosom of earth. Let us compare with it a specimen of her poetry when she is soaring near the heights of Parnassus. In the poem on the death of the Princess Charlotte are the following lines :—

———— many a storm hath pass'd,
And, pillow'd on her own majestic deep,
Hath England slept, unshaken by the blast !
And War hath rag'd o'er many a distant plain,
Trampling the vine and olive in his path ;
While she, that regal daughter of the main,
Smiled in serene defiance of his wrath !
As some proud summit, mingling with the sky,
Hears calmly far below the thunders roll and die.

Her voice hath been th' awakener—and her name
The gathering word of nations. In her might,
And all the awful beauty of her fame,
Apart she dwelt in solitary light.
High on her cliffs, alone and firm she stood,
Fixing the torch upon her beacon-tower—
That torch whose flame, far streaming o'er the flood,
Hath guided Europe through the darkest hour.

These are elegant lines, but they do not represent to us the England which we have known and loved, nor do they awaken in our breasts any patriotic emotion. What a different effect is produced by the other piece !

The stately homes of England !
How beautiful they stand,
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land !
The deer across their green-sward bound,
Through shade and sunny gleam :
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

We need not quote more from so well-known a poem ; it is obvious that the inspiration of earth is the most successful.

With the peculiar character of her genius, it is not surprising that Mrs. Hemans was not successful in the drama. The reader of the "Vespers of Palermo" will confirm the verdict passed by the public when that play was brought upon the stage. It is too much overloaded with long speeches and fine sentiments to be successfully acted, but the mere reader will find in it many beautiful passages. The following is

the manner in which Procida takes the discovery of the supposed treachery of his son :—

PRO. There was one
 Who mourn'd for being childless ! Let him now
 Feast o'er his children's graves, and I will join
 The revelry !
 Was't yon, Montalba ? Now rejoice, I say !
 There is no name so near you that its stains
 Should call the fever'd and indignant blood
 To your dark cheek ! But I will dash to earth
 The weight that presses on my heart, and then
 Be glad as thou art.
 MONT. What means this, my lord ?
 Who hath seen gladness on Montalba's mien ?
 PRO. Why, should not all be glad who have no sons
 To tarnish their bright name.
 MONT. I am not used
 To bear with mockery.
 PRO. Friend ! by yon high heaven,
 I mock thee not ! 'Tis a proud fate to live
 Alone and unallied. Why, what's *alone* !
 A word whose sense is—*free* ! Ay, free from all
 The venom'd stings implanted in the heart
 By those it loves.

This passage recalls at once to our mind the old king who thought that no man could know sorrow unless his daughters had caused it, but there are few modern dramatists but must admit the influence of Shakspeare, and in the present case the circumstances are sufficiently varied to preserve the author from the charge of copying.

"The Siege of Valencia" though in many respects very faulty as a dramatic composition, yet contains some passages of rare beauty. We extract one which gives a good idea of the graceful pathos which Mrs. Hemans could display in her writings. Elmina, the wife of Gonzalez, has been tempted by the hope of saving her two sons, who are prisoners in the Moorish camp, to betray the city to the enemy, but she repents of her treason, and acquaints her husband with the plot. The struggles of her mind, divided between affection for her sons and duty to her country, are described with much power, while her agitation is well contrasted with the steadfast constancy of Gonzalez, and the heroic enthusiasm of her daughter, Ximena. The latter dies, her physical powers failing under the stress of her overwrought feelings, and Gonzalez enters mortally wounded. Elmina inquires whether her sons are saved :—

GON. I have no sons.
 ELM. What hast thou said ?
 GON. That now there lives not one
 To share the glory of mine ancient house,
 When I am gone to rest.
 ELM. (*throwing herself on the ground, and speaking
 in a low, hurried voice*)—
 In one brief hour, all gone !—and such a death !
 I see their blood gush forth !—their graceful heads !
 —Take the dark vision from me, O my God !
 And such a death for *them* ! I was not there !
 They were but mine in beauty and in joy,
 Not in that mortal anguish ! All, all gone !
 Why should I struggle more ? What is this Power,
 Against whose might, on all sides pressing us,

We strive with fierce impatience, which but lays
Our own frail spirits prostrate?

(*After a long pause*)—Now I know
Thy hand, my God!—and they are soonest crush'd
That most withstand it! I resist no more.

[*She rises.*
A light, a light springs up from grief and death,
Which with its solemn radiance doth reveal
Why we have thus been tried!

GON. Then I may still
Fix my last look on thee, in holy love,
Parting, but yet with hope!

ELM. (*falling at his feet.*) Canst thou forgive?
Oh, I have driven the arrow to thy heart,
That should have buried it within mine own,
And bore the pang in silence! I have cast
Thy life's fair honour, in my wild despair,
As an unvalued gem upon the waves,
Whence thou hast snatch'd it back to bear from earth,
All stainless on thy breast. Well hast thou done—
But I—canst thou forgive?

GON. Within this hour
I've stood upon that verge whence mortals fall,
And learn'd how 'tis with one, whose sight grows dim,
And whose foot trembles on the gulf's dark side.
Death purifies all feeling: we will part
In pity and in love.

ELM. Death! And thou too
Art on thy way! Oh, joy for thee, high heart!
Glory and joy for thee! The day is closed,
And well and nobly hast thou borne thyself
Through its long battle-toils, though many swords
Have enter'd thine own soul! But on my head
Recoil the fierce invoking of despair,
And I am left far distanced in the race,
The lonely one of earth! Ay, this is just.
I am not worthy that upon my breast
In this, thine hour of victory, thou should'st yield
Thy spirit unto God!

GON. Thou art! Thou art!
Oh! a life's love, a heart's long faithfulness,
Even in the presence of eternal things,
Wearing their chasten'd beauty all undimm'd,
Assert their lofty claims; and these are not
For one dark hour to cancel! We are here,
Before that altar which received the vows
Of our unbroken youth; and meet it is
For such a witness, in the sight of heaven,
And in the face of death, whose shadowy arm
Comes dim between us, to record th' exchange
Of our tried hearts' forgiveness. Who are they,
That in one path have journey'd, needing not
Forgiveness at its close?

It is impossible in our limited space even to glance at any large portion of the beauties of Mrs. Hemans's poetry, but her strength in short lyric effusions, and to these we must now turn. We have all noticed "The Homes of England," and not less familiar to the general reader are "Ivan the Czar," "Casabianca," the "Roman Girl's Song," the "Treasures of the Deep," the "Graves of a Household." The many others of remarkable beauty, though not so well known.

As an instance of the graceful melody of her verse, take the following Hymn to Sleep:—

Come to me, gentle Sleep !
 I pine, I pine for thee ;
 Come with thy spells, the soft, the deep,
 And set my spirit free !
 Each lonely, burning thought
 In twilight languor steep—
 Come to the full heart, long o'erwrought,
 O gentle, gentle Sleep !

Come with thine urn of dew,
 Sleep, gentle Sleep ! yet bring
 No voice, love's yearning to renew,
 No vision on thy wing !
 Come, as to folding flowers,
 To birds in forest deep—
 Long, dark, and dreamless be thine hours,
 O gentle, gentle Sleep !

We would willingly have extracted entire the beautiful ballad of the "Two Sisters," but its length forbids. The same is the case with the poem called "Despondency and Aspiration," from which, however, we must give a stanza to show how the influence of her last illness, during which she composed this lyric, had still further sublimated her genius, and seemed to have almost disembodied her spirit before life had departed from her form. The ease which she had this time attained in bending language and metre to do her bidding in representing her undefined visions of beauty and glory is also remarkable :—

And then a glorious mountain-chain uprose,
 Height above spiry height !
 A soaring solitude of woods and snows,
 All steep'd in golden light !
 While, as it pass'd, those regal peaks unveiling,
 I heard, methought, a waving of dread wings,
 And mighty sounds, as if the vision hailing,
 From lyres that quiver'd through ten thousand strings—
 Or as if waters, forth to music leaping
 From many a cave, the Alpine Echo's hall,
 On their bold way victoriously were sweeping,
 Link'd in majestic anthems !—while through all
 That billowy swell and fall,
 Voices, like ringing crystals fill'd the air
 With inarticulate melody, that stirr'd
 My being's core ; then moulding into word
 Their piercing sweetness, bade me rise, and bear
 In that great choral strain my trembling part,
 Of tones by love and faith struck from a human heart.

The ruling passion was strong to the last. Whenever the sufferings which she experienced in her last illness permitted it, her mind would seek relief in song, and only a few days before her death she dictated the following sonnet. The last effort of a muse which had often soared in a region inaccessible or uninviting to the many, was appropriately employed in consecrating the memory of one of the fairest and yet commonest aspects of human life.

SABBATH SONNET.

How many blessed groups this hour are bending,
 Thro' England's primrose meadow-paths, their way
 Towards spire and tower, 'midst shadowy elms ascending,

REMEMBERED MUSIC.

Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallow'd day !
 The halls from old heroic ages gay
 Pour their fair children forth ; and hamlets low,
 With whose thick orchard-blossoms the soft winds play,
 Like a freed vernal stream. I may not tread
 With them those pathways—to the feverish bed
 Of sickness bound ; yet, O my God ! I bless
 Thy mercy, that with Sabbath-peace hath filled
 My chasten'd heart, and all its throbbings still'd
 To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness.

The size of the book, and the luxuriant ideality of the style and imagery, may well deter most persons from the hope of reading the whole of her poems through ; but those who take the trouble to search for the choicest passages will be well repaid, and will, we doubt not, be led to entertain a sincere respect for the character and the genius of **FELICIA HEMANS**.

REMEMBERED MUSIC.

A FRAGMENT.

THICK-RUSHING, like an ocean vast
 Of bisons the far prairie shaking,
 The notes crowd heavily and fast
 As surfs, one plunging while the last
 Draws seaward from its foamy breaking.

Or in low murmurs they began,
 Rising and rising momentarily,
 As o'er a harp Æolian
 A fitful breeze, until they ran
 Up to a sudden ecstasy.

And then, like minute-drops of rain
 Ringing in water silverly,
 They lingering dropped and dropped again,
 Till it was almost like a pain
 To listen when the next would be.

J. R. LOWELL.

SEPARATION.

No. II.

IN a former paper we discussed the question of the probability of a future political separation of the colony from the mother country. We ventured the opinion that such an event, besides being threatened by the peculiar difficulties which exist in the present relations between the two communities, is clearly shown to be probable when judged either upon an *a priori* view, or by an observed tendency to emancipation displayed in the growth and progress of the British colonies. We asserted that the steady and constant recognition of this probability must modify in a most important manner all our views of colonial policy, and must necessarily impose upon us the purpose of forming in these islands a great and powerful nation, as the grand end and object of all our legislation. The anticipation of a separation from England might thus become to us a source of great and lasting benefits. It might hinder reckless changes; it might abash those who are actuated by selfish and unworthy motives; it might bring to the service of the country those who are capable of true and elevated statesmanship.

But there is another kind of separation, the advocacy of which we have of late been accustomed to hear urged with confident clamour and unblushing importunity. The object of this separation is not to relieve a heavily taxed and over-burdened community from the charge of protecting and governing another well able to protect and govern itself; not to emancipate a rising and energetic community from an injurious control and a demoralizing protection; not to combine scattered and provincial communities in the noble task of establishing a State which shall rival the grandeur and escape the faults of the older nations of the world. The agitation with which we are now harassed aims at none of these things. Its object is to weaken and destroy, to divide the colony of New Zealand, to prevent a national development, and to exchange a genuine statesmanship for the huckstering politics of municipal corporations and of scheming adventurers. The mania for secession, which at various times, in various places, and with various degrees of fitness and plausibility, has possessed men's minds, has at length broken out in the colony of New Zealand without any fitness and with little plausibility. There are some causes which may excuse, and a few which may justify, the division or dismemberment of a State. A total deficiency of all common grounds of sympathy and co-operation, and an irreconcilable clashing of interests, may necessitate separation. A State may be weakened, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton tells us, by its own overgrown and unwieldy bulk; and if this is true, division may in such a case be beneficial. The American secession is the outbreak of a long smouldering combustion, engendered by a deadly opposition of principles and interests, and it is moreover only the secession from a confederation of free and independent States. The attempted separation at the Cape of Good Hope was accounted for, if not

excused, by the national jealousy between English and Dutch settlers. The politicians of the Australian continent may point to their vast territories and quote Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. But New Zealand is in these respects differently situated from the American States, and the Cape of Good Hope, and the Australian continent. Between the two islands of this colony there is no hopeless and irreconcilable feud, no opposition of interests which a little patience may not surmount; the settlers in both are of the same race and country, and the evils attendant on mere bigness are scarcely likely to threaten New Zealand.

In discussing this question, we find ourselves very much baffled by the amount of empty declamation which we meet continually in the place of substantial argument. We turn to the columns of one of the separationist newspapers, with the object of ascertaining if there are any definite grounds for the demand, and what those grounds may be. The statements which we meet seem to us scarcely to warrant the extreme measure of separation. The General Government has neglected its duty, therefore let the colony be divided; the Debtors' and Creditors' Act has not been put in force, therefore let the colony be divided; the Marine Board has not properly regulated the management of ports and lighthouses, and the only way to get it to perform its duty is to divide the colony; red tape hampers the action of Government, and in cutting red tape the bonds which unite the two islands must be cut also. The grievance into which all these little grievances ultimately resolve themselves is, we suppose, that the Seat of Government is not central. This, therefore, is one of the grounds upon which the agitation for separation rests. The other is the Native question. The South is not interested in the Native question, why should she incur any annoyance or expense in the matter? These are, so far as we know, the only grounds upon which separation is demanded. Of course, these points require to be well established before an answer can be expected, but when they are so established, the answer with which they may be met appears wonderfully simple and obvious. If the Seat of Government is in the wrong place, let it be put in the right place; if the pecuniary liabilities are unfairly distributed, let them be put upon a proper footing. We do not say that these evils are real, or that, if they are, they can be remedied without difficulty; but we say that whatever amount of difficulty may be in the way, ought to be encountered without a moment's hesitation, if necessary, to save the colony from dismemberment.

The question concerning the Seat of Government raises at once a spirit of keen rivalry and a host of provincial jealousies. Into this discussion it is not our purpose to enter. We write, not from a provincial, but from a colonial point of view. If, after due and careful consideration, it can be clearly shown that, notwithstanding the unrivalled situation and great advantages of the port of Auckland, the public good and the integrity of the colony require that the Government shall be located elsewhere, the transfer must be effected. There is not a corner from the North Cape to the Bluff, on which a township might be built, but we would rather see the Seat of Government there than see the colony divided. To avert such a catastrophe we would consent that the government should forego those advantages which make Auckland the admiration of all intelligent visitors, and one of the most magnificent seats for empire, naval and commercial, which the world possesses. V

can never admit, then, that the position of the capital can, under any circumstances, be made a plausible pretext for the separation of the islands. We may, however, fairly inquire whether the evil complained of is really so great as is alleged. Before the gold-diggings broke out in the Province of Otago, Dunedin was a quiet little country town, inhabited by energetic and persevering settlers, bent on bringing under their productive operations the fine land which they possessed, and having their aspirations towards the external world satisfied by the monthly appearance in Port Chalmers of a steamer from the other Provinces. But the first pick that turned up the clay in Gabriel's Gully marked the commencement of a new era. From being one of the smallest, quietest, and most unassuming, Otago became the most active, bustling, populous, wealthy settlement of New Zealand. It was natural that she should feel keenly the inconveniences arising from the incompetency of the old lazy style of government to meet her new and fast increasing needs. Perhaps a new gold-field broke out, and no legal authority could be established amongst its rough population, until the appointment of a Resident Magistrate arrived from Auckland; and in other ways the slow action of the Government was felt to be intolerable. Still we believe that the straightforward and practical sense of the old inhabitants of Dunedin would have adopted the simple method of making a plain and definite statement of their grievances, and demanding for them prompt attention and effectual redress. The separationist agitation is, we believe, an imported plant. It was not raised in Dunedin, but owes its origin to the soil and climate of Victoria, that nursery of whatever is profound in policy and noble in patriotism. The projectors of the scheme had scarcely, however, commenced their cry in good earnest, when their best and most substantial arguments were suddenly taken out of their mouths, much, we believe, to their disgust, by the prompt and judicious action of the Fox Ministry. Towards the end of the year 1861, only a few months after the commencement of the diggings at Tuapeka, Mr. Reader Wood, the Colonial Treasurer, arrived in Dunedin, armed with full power to carry out whatever measures he thought best to meet the wants of the rapidly growing community of Otago. He remained until February of the following year, during which time, besides a brief visit to Southland, he carried out many important and salutary measures required by the new state of things. He visited all the gold-fields, made many necessary appointments, enlarged the operations and improved the working of the Post Office and the Customs in their various departments, and last, not least, he succeeded in establishing a fortnightly steamer between the different Provinces. One would have supposed that these reforms carried out in about six months from the first development of the gold-diggings in Otago, would have been thought sufficient for a time. They would at all events seem to show that the evils complained of were capable of redress without the violent measure of separation, and that a Government located in Auckland could, if willing, give the necessary attention to so important a part of the colony as Otago. But it did not suit the agitators for separation to be deprived of their cry, though they might be of their arguments. As the Sibyl asked for a portion of her books the same price as for the whole, so the separationists, having lost their grand grievances of the monthly steamer, the gold-fields appointments, and the limited capacities of the Customs and Post Office, only made the more of their remaining evils.

They said little or nothing of the benefits arising from Mr. Wood's visit, they magnified every little grievance which still remained to them, and what they wanted in argument they made up in declamation. We are, indeed, far from asserting or supposing that Otago has now nothing to complain of, and that she feels no real inconvenience from the slow movements of the Government departments. We know that in the interval which has elapsed since the mission of the Colonial Treasurer, the constant growth of the Province of Otago in population and resources must necessarily have developed a number of new matters requiring attention and redress. It may be that there has been neglect in the matter of the Debtors and Creditors' Act, the Marine Board may be incompetent or wrongly organized, and we are decidedly of opinion that even a fortnightly steamer will not long continue to meet the wants of the colony. But all these things admit of a simple remedy. We believe that it was the intention of the present Ministry to continue the practice of sending one of their number to see for himself, and to remedy, as he might find necessary, the evils complained of in the Southern Provinces. It may be that the present critical position of things in the Northern Island prevents this project from being carried out, but we trust that it will not be delayed longer than is necessary. It is called for both by the requirements of Otago, and by the welfare of the whole colony.

Before quitting this part of our subject, we may remark that the idea of demanding separation as a remedy for such grievances as we have been discussing, would be supremely ludicrous; if it were not eminently mischievous. It reminds us of Charles Lamb's story of the Chinese epicures who set their houses in a blaze that they might enjoy the luxury of roast pig, and from this habit they were not dissuaded until a grave philosopher, who had acquired wisdom and experience by extensive travel and profound observation, ventured to suggest to them that they might gratify their desires in the matter of roast pig without burning down their houses. What are we to think of the statesmanship and capacity for self-government of men who recklessly advocate the dismemberment of a young and promising country, because the necessary scantiness of its resources at an early stage of its growth causes some temporary obstacles to the smooth working of the government. It is as if a man, whose kitchen chimney smoked, should abandon his dwelling and live in a Maori hut. Can the advocates of separation really profess to believe that that measure is the only remedy? Can they not lift up their eyes a little from the deep holes and heaps of earth amongst which they have been lately groping, and endeavour to look over the interval of the next ten, fifty, a hundred years? We think if they would try to do this, they would blush for the pettyness of their present views. They might perhaps get a glimpse of a fertile and populous country traversed throughout by roads and telegraphs, and the waters which wash her shores ploughed by innumerable keels. The pertinacity with which the separationists refuse to look a day beyond their own immediate projects of ambitious aggrandizement, induces us to believe that the whole movement is prompted and maintained by a spirit of selfishness which deserves the reprobation of all who care for the welfare of the country.

We have not yet discussed the bearing of the Native question upon the project of separation, and this is a point which requires no very

consideration at our hands. We do not care at present to argue that the very idea of a nation implies that all parts of it must be ready to make sacrifices for the good of the whole. This argument would be thrown away upon those whose minds have never yet risen to the idea of forming a nation at all, and who would of course consider the dignity and privilege of belonging to a compact and united State too dearly purchased by anything in the shape of a pecuniary outlay. What may be demanded by strict justice, or what may be a fair distribution of pecuniary liabilities arising out of the Native difficulties in the North, we are not prepared to say. It may be that the South has good ground of complaint in this matter ; but, if so, what follows ? The necessity, not of separation, but of a fair adjustment of responsibilities. If it should even turn out that the island which is struggling under great difficulties to develop its resources, and which is cramped and hampered by the "dog in the manger" policy of a race of savage land-owners, is not justified in expecting any assistance from the island which possesses rich gold-fields and broad tracts of unoccupied and fertile land, we merely say, be it so ; let not the South be troubled with the Native difficulties of the North, but let her not refuse, when those difficulties are surmounted, to give and to receive the strength and dignity which the union of the two islands can alone impart. On this, as on all other questions, the separationists display a blind recklessness which is surprising. We recollect reading an able article from the *Canterbury Press*, in which, while arguing that the South could not legitimately evade her share in the settlement of the Native difficulties, the writer adopted a view characterized by more depth of thought and elevation of sentiment than is generally to be found in the controversial writings of the colonial press. We have not the article before us, but the argument was that it is the absence of a foreign policy which prevents the development of true statesmanship in the colonies, and produces in its stead the shrewdness of mere municipal politicians. If this be so it would give Mr. Goldwin Smith another argument against the control exercised by the mother country. But the writer in the *Canterbury Press* went on to say that the Native question seemed to supply to New Zealand, in some measure, the place of a foreign policy. It is a question which requires close watchfulness and delicate management ; its constant presence has not been without an effect in imparting to the New Zealand legislature that elevation of tone and character in which this colony is undoubtedly superior to some of its sisters ; and in giving up her interest in this question, the South will also be giving up the salutary influence which that interest exercises upon her. We rejoice to find that the Southern island has a writer who entertains such views as these, and to believe that it has many readers capable of appreciating them ; but we fear that such arguments must be wasted upon the small politicians who clamour for separation. But whatever may be the influence of the Native question for good or for evil, it is quite certain that the question itself can have only a temporary existence. No man in his senses can believe that the land of the North island will be permanently locked up from human industry and enterprise by a few savage tribes, or that the dominion of British law will fail ultimately to establish itself throughout the land. The difficulty is transient, but the remedy sought would itself be irremediable. We have found some remarks in an old number of the *Saturday Review* so appropriate to our

present argument that we think our readers will be thankful to us for extracting them.

"Present interests are so near to every struggling colonist, and the want of a national past makes the idea of a national future seem so unsubstantial, that a far-sighted policy is hardly to be expected. The demand for separation is one of those wayward acts of colonial childishness against which it is the function of the older mother-country to warn its offspring. The inconveniences of union are very likely sharp enough, but they are all temporary . . . in a generation or two they will have disappeared. . . . These (the writer is speaking of Cape grievances) are inconveniences which belong only to the infancy of a nation. But the evil effects of separation are in the future, and, once incurred, they are irreparable. The two States of which but germs are now existing, if once sundered, will grow asunder. They will probably shape their institutions in different moulds, cultivate rivalries and contrasts, and cherish a patriotic spirit of mutual antipathy. . . . The division of a colony, for the sake of escaping the small inconveniences of early colonial life, is in truth the fracture into two or more petty States of what might now, by a little patience, be easily welded into one great homogeneous nation. It is probable that, if the question of consolidating the Heptarchy had depended on the assent of seven popular legislatures, the map of England would have now presented an appearance very similar to that of the map of Central Germany. But the [colonies] cannot count on an Egbert to save them from a similar destiny."

We are willing to hope and believe that the flimsy attempts at argument made by the separationists are sufficiently obvious to the majority of our fellow-colonists scarcely to require a formal refutation. But the subject is so important and so directly affecting the future welfare of this country, that it ought to be thoroughly and clearly discussed. We have, indeed, very little fear of the separation movement assuming an alarming character. A grievance which has never yet been intelligibly stated, although a bribe has been offered to induce some one to make out a case, does not seem to require a very desperate remedy. There is, indeed, evidence that the movement is already losing all steadiness and uniformity even in Otago, its head-quarters. A new separationist agitation has now arisen, and Mr. Harris, the present Superintendent, hopes one day to resign his office into the hands of the Governor of the colony of Otago. We confess that this form of separation has superior merits in our eyes to the other. Those who advocate it speak for their own Province and for that alone. What have they to do with other Provinces? Why separate from Wellington to remain united to Nelson? The former is surely nearer to them than the latter, for the steamer from the South calls at Wellington before Nelson. Cook's Strait unites, not separates, the two islands. But the separationists seem to adopt the argument of Horace :—

In vain doth prudent heaven surround
With se'ring sea the distant lands,
If yet our impious vessels bound
Contemptuous o'er the hidden sands.

The best argument against separating the two islands is perhaps after all furnished by the "impious" steamers of the Inter-Colonial Royal Mail Company.

The whole movement in favour of separation seems likely ultimately to resolve itself into a struggle for the Seat of Government. We do not believe that the most respectable and intelligent inhabitants of the Province of Otago are in favour of dismembering the colony, although doubtless all would feel some pleasure in seeing the government established in their own town. The multiplicity of conflicting claims and propositions appears to us to militate against any very speedy change. It is certainly expedient that, before existing arrangements are disturbed, some one course should be shown to possess decided advantages over all others. At present it is proposed by one party that the government shall be in the North, with a deputy government in the South; by another, that the government shall be in the South, with a deputy government in the North. Wellington and Canterbury are both in the field as candidates for empire. All this perhaps arises naturally from the division of the country into Provinces, and it leads us to doubt whether, after all, the policy of the Stafford ministry was not sound, when they attempted to weaken the Provincial Governments by subdividing them.

In the battle of the Provinces we do not propose now to engage. Our sole concern has been with the projected division of the colony. That project we believe will fail, and will end in a dispute about the Seat of Government. We shall, indeed, be sorry if faction and party spirit succeed in depriving the country of the best site for its capital, wherever that may be; but we shall be thankful that that is the worst evil likely to befall us, and that the unity of the colony will be preserved.

GANYMEDE.

UPON the Phrygian hill
He sate, and on his reed the shepherd play'd
Sunlight and calm : noon on the dreamy glade,
Noon on the lulling rill.

He saw not where on high
The noiseless eagle of the heavenly king
Rested,—till rapt upon the rushing wing
Into the golden sky.

When the bright Nectar Hall
And the still brows of bended gods he saw,
In the quick instinct both of shame and awe
His hand the reed let fall.

Soul ! that a thought divine
Bears into heaven,—thy first ascent survey !
What charmed thee most on earth is cast away ;—
To soar—is to resign !

E. B. LYTTON.

COLONIAL EXPERIENCE.

Let me suppose that my settler has selected a piece of land answering in some degree to the requirements which I have laid down in the second of these papers. If he is a man with a wife and several children, as most settlers are, he will find, as I before intimated, that great caution must be observed by him in his choice of land, particularly with a view to health. I shall, however, suppose that he has shown a due amount of attention to this. A man possessed of say six hundred pounds ought not to buy more than about two hundred acres : nothing can be worse policy than spending a large part of a settler's capital in the original purchase of his land. If he has a family of four children, the land-orders which he brought with him will entitle him to about a hundred and sixty acres. He will not, improbably, prove the wiser man who limits his desires for land in the mean time to the quantity to which he is entitled by his land orders. He must not, however, expect to get land of such a character as he wants without some additional outlay. His orders merely entitle him to so much land at 10s. per acre—that is at the upset price of waste land. If the land he wants to get is really choice land of its kind, he has scarcely any chance of getting it at that price : he will therefore require to compete for it at the sale. In so doing, he must remember that his land orders do not admit of being compressed—that is, he cannot buy sixty acres at a pound an acre for land orders which represent one hundred and twenty acres. His best plan will therefore be to select a piece containing as nearly as may be the quantity of acres to which he is entitled ; and, having made up his mind beforehand what it will be prudent on his part to give for the piece, to bid boldly at the sale up to that point. In general he is sure of getting it on those terms, or if he does not, he will find that other places, some of which he had better have already examined, will be sold very cheaply, and they, although not quite so much to his fancy, will in all probability prove nearly as good as his chosen piece. It may be here worth remarking that the man who has made up his mind as to the value of a piece of land to himself has a great advantage over others who have come to no such decision. He will do well to bid boldly. Many a piece of land has been bought for fifteen shillings an acre by men who have suddenly raised their bid from eleven or twelve shillings, which, if it had been allowed to rise by a sixpence at a time, would not have been bought for less than a pound.

Supposing, then, that the settler has purchased from a hundred and sixty to two hundred acres of really good land, for which he will probably have had to pay from three to five shillings an acre in addition to his land orders—this will leave him possessed of about £550. With this sum he has to build himself a house ; to fence more or less of his land according to circumstances ; to purchase some cattle to form the nucleus of a future herd ; and to bring into cultivation some portion of his new farm. This, in addition to feeding and clothing his family, he will find

an amply sufficient drain upon his resources, demanding from him a most careful and enlightened economy. By an enlightened economy I mean one which does not look upon cheapness as the criterion of goodness, and yet which is careful to take the cheapest plan consistent with that goodness.

The settler's first thought will naturally be directed to his house. This is not, however, always well. If the season of the year be propitious, it may be even more requisite that he should begin agricultural operations. Thus, if he gets his farm in spring—and this is probably the best time on open clay lands—he will find it much to his advantage not to neglect the opportunity of getting some land broken up *at once*, even for the apparently all-important business of house-building. I do not mean to say that both might not proceed simultaneously, far from it; but new settlers are so very apt to become wrapped up in what seems to them the primary object at which they ought to aim, that, as a rule, it is hardly safe to counsel them to undertake more than one thing at a time. If, however, the attention is first given to preparing land for cultivation, it will be found best not to bring a family to the place until some kind of house is nearly ready. Of course, if there are any boys of an age to assist in the work, it can do them no harm to live in a tent or nikau hut for a few weeks.

If, then, the settler takes his land in the early spring, he cannot do better than begin agricultural operations at once. The best mode of setting about this will depend greatly upon the circumstances of the settler. If, for instance, he has neighbours at no great distance who have been located for some time upon their land, he may find that some of them may possess teams of horses or, yet more probably, of bullocks. In that case his wisest plan will be to arrange with them to plough his land for him at a certain price per acre. As a rule, this will cost him nearly if not quite 20s. an acre. It is important to observe that this land should not be ploughed deeply—four inches is an ample allowance; three will usually be found preferable. The settler may find, however, that his neighbours have no team of either horses or bullocks fitted for breaking up fern land. Still they may have enclosed fields of grass: it will, in such a case, be wise to endeavour to hire some one from a distance to bring a team of horses and do the work, keeping his team the while in the fields of your neighbour, at a fixed charge per week. This will probably be somewhat more costly than the first plan, but will be far less so than any other which may be possible.

Even this, however, may not be attainable; and in that case you may be reduced to the necessity of employing your own team, without the advantage of an enclosed field in which to keep them. In such a case your position is a difficult one, and great discretion must be used in obtaining the necessary animals for your ploughing team. Usually the purchase of horses for this purpose would be far too expensive for your resources, seeing that they would require to be entirely fed upon corn, or oats and hay, which would probably cost a very large sum, owing to the long carriage. Working bullocks, too, have great disadvantages, but these are lessened if you can succeed in obtaining such as have been accustomed to work in harness like horses. Two good large bullocks thus trained will, in the hands of a good ploughman, do nearly as much work in a day as ordinary horses. They have, moreover, the great advantage of being able

to get a living for themselves upon any land which has not been used as a run before; even in cases where it has, the young ferns of spring will afford them good food while they are still juicy. By providing some good hay for them, you will ensure their not wandering far away in the course of each night, and care must be taken to have them brought up every day, whether they are used or not. It is necessary even in these circumstances to put bells upon them when turning them out, or they may be difficult to find when required in the morning. A team of four bullocks, working in the common way with yokes and chains, will probably cost very little more than two good oxen trained as I have mentioned. The pair, however, are in nearly every respect superior. The food required by them is of course only half as much—the chance of losing time by their going amissing is only half as great—and the work done by them, while in many respects better, is in almost every case equally great. If you have bullocks, and especially if you have a team of four, you must of necessity have a stockyard put up before purchasing them. Of the best way to make this I will speak hereafter. You will also require two persons to manage them; that is a man to plough, and a boy to drive. The boy may be dispensed with in cases where a pair of bullocks are well trained to work as horses.

Having, then, in one of these four ways—which I have tried to mention in the order of preferability—made arrangements for a team to plough some land for you, you must at once get a piece ready for the operation. Open clay land, if good, is usually covered with a thick growth of ferns, amongst which grow a number of other plants, the most important of these being the manuka or tea-tree. If the season is a tolerably dry one, a time may easily be found for burning off the growth of ferns. With the manuka, however, the case is different. The fire will indeed scorch and kill it, but it will leave it standing as strong and as supple as ever, so that it will greatly incommode the ploughman in his operations. It has, however, a worse peculiarity than this, which is, that when scorched, all its seed pods, of which there are enormous numbers at nearly every time of year, are opened by the heat, and much of the seed, even if not nearly ripe before, is so far ripened by the heat as to grow readily in the ashes at the foot of the plant. Ploughing in does not in any degree impair this vitality, and the settler will most likely find that the manuka will prove one of his most disagreeable enemies. The only effectual way of preventing this evil is to go through the standing fern with a short-handled bill-hook or strong fern-hook and cut down every plant of manuka which is visible, near the ground. By this means the seeds will be destroyed by the fire, which ought not to be applied to the fern until after the manuka has been cut for at least a week.

As the settler has his whole farm to choose from, it will be in his power to select a very convenient piece for his first cultivation. This should be chosen with a view to several things. It ought, in the first place, to be near his homestead, as his stockyard, milking shed, calves' house, &c., ought not to be at a distance either from his house or his first available field. In the next place, it ought not to be upon a steep slope, as the land is likely to be less fertile there than elsewhere, and it is of the first importance to have a good piece of land to begin with. In the third place, it should be chosen with a view to the easiness of fencing it. If, as

I advised in another paper, the settler decides upon placing his house on the top of a knoll, so as to be free of damp and its attendant ills, he cannot do better than make his first cultivation, if possible, at the foot of the same. This will have several advantages. It will be, in all probability, some of his best land: it will be in a sheltered position—a matter of some consequence: it will, moreover, be most likely bounded on its lower side by a watercourse, more or less steep in its banks, and impassable for cattle, and therefore easily rendered completely so.

Especial care must be taken not to attempt too much at first. For the capitalist of whom I have spoken, fifteen acres will be amply sufficient in the first year. To try to cultivate more is only to cultivate it badly, and no mistake is much more fatal than this to the new settler. Let the piece of land chosen be as solid in shape as possible—it will be more easily ploughed and more economically fenced. A piece ten chains wide and fifteen chains long, in a position such as I have described above, would be the very ideal of a new settler's first cultivation. This is, of course, rarely attainable, but the more nearly it can be attained the better. It is worthy of notice that it is not very safe to cut the stems of the manuka within three inches of the ground, as they have then a tendency to hurt the feet of the animals engaged in ploughing, especially if these are bullocks. Slight stems should be cut about four inches from the ground, while stout ones may be cut at a much less distance, as they are not nearly so dangerous. Even good fires in standing ferns seldom burn evenly over the whole ground, it is well, therefore, to cut down with a light fern-hook or scythe the clumps that are left standing. They will burn readily as soon as cut.

The ground being thus prepared for ploughing, the work ought to be begun vigorously. The land cannot possibly have too much of the hot summer's sun to render it easily worked and friable. The ploughman should never be employed on other work, as nothing can be so important as that on which he is engaged, and any loss of his time extends also to his team. The first ploughing should run in a direction across that of the natural drainage of the soil, that is, in the situation which I have supposed, it ought to run along the bank of the watercourse, so that when ploughed a second time the furrows may follow the natural course of the water.

A NATIVE WATCH-CHANT.

WHAKAARAARA.

E ara! e ara! e tenei Pa,—e tera Pa!

AWAKE, awake! ye near at hand;—awake, ye far away!
 Wake, lest ye join the troops of slain ere dawns another day.
 The full tide flows, the full tide flows round Harihari's steeps,—
 On Mokau's shore with booming roar the strong surf sullen sweeps.
 It sweeps the crag where stands the gull with folded wing at rest;—
 Day dawns—day dawns;—the sun comes up behind the mountain's crest.

A CHAPTER ON SEALING.

BY C. HEAPHY.

BEFORE the regular colonization of New Zealand began, an episode in the history of the country had closed: I refer to the sealing enterprise in Foveaux Straits and on the west coast of the Middle Island.

About fifty years since—so soon, in fact, as small vessels were built in Sydney and Hobart Town—the abundance of the fur-seal on the coasts of New Zealand engaged the attention of the traders in those settlements, and vessels of from 60 to 200 tons were fitted out to visit Dusky Bay, Milford Haven, the Chatham and the Auckland Islands, with the object alone of obtaining seal oil and skins. The coast whaling of Cook's Straits and Akaroa was of long subsequent date—about 1825 the sealers reported, in Sydney, that there was "tried out" in Cloudy Bay, and lying in clay vats, whale oil enough to load a 200-ton brig.

The sealing schooner or brig required to be a smart vessel, with an equally smart skipper, or no profit would accrue from the voyage. The crew, also, consisted of picked men; and all worked on the "share" or "lay," dividing the proceeds with the owners after re-equipping the vessel.

Skins of the fur-seal are worth from 30s. to 50s. in the English market, and five or six dollars in China. The skin being stripped from the animal, is carefully salted, and folded into a close, flat parcel, with the hair outward.

The places chiefly visited were the Chatham and Auckland Islands, with the Cornwallis Group and the shores of Stewart's Island. Shore parties, taking up their residence in some of the deeply-indented harbours about Dusky Bay and Milford Haven, would remain, perhaps, over two or three cruises of the brig, until a cargo was collected. £200 or £300 would accrue to each man at the close of a fortunate sealing of this nature, and after, perhaps, three years of fearful hardship, so much of the money as might be uncondemned would be dissipated in Sydney in a few days' "spree."

The owner's share was often a large amount, augmented by the shares fallen in of those who were lost or had deserted. To the seaman, the novelty of the pursuit, the freedom from discipline, and the wildness of the life, were inducements sufficient for the risk.

In sealing, it is essential that much of the hardest work should be performed at night, that a landing should be forced upon the most exposed beaches, and that the most dangerous reefs should be visited; and all this in a high latitude, and without assistance from other vessels, in event of casualty.

In 1836, the 'Glory,' brig, took off from the "Star Keys" Reef two men who had been there for eight months. They had been left, fifteen months previously, on the Cornwallis Island by a schooner, in order to cruise about the group for seals. Their boat, previously stove and patched

with sealskin, was ultimately smashed against the "Star Keys;" two of their comrades had died from privations, and the survivors had subsisted on sea birds' eggs, polipii, and sea-weed; watching—without the means of raising a fire—for some passing vessel that might succour them.

The boats used from the vessel are generally short, handy whaleboats; but when a shore party is equipped, the boat is of a larger size—capable of withstanding a heavy sea, and of holding, should it be necessary, below the thwarts, a ton and a half of skins.

The vessel lying-to under some small island that affords a lee, the boats are sent to examine the reefs—laborious work!—pulling up from to-leeward lest the scent should betray the approach. If a number of seals are discovered on a rocky patch, the sealer's eye seeks for some projecting rock that may conceal the approach of the boat, which, kept carefully in a line, with muffled oars, and not a word spoken, is steered straight for the rock, until the crew can spring to land and commence on the luckless animals with lances and clubs.

An experienced sealer, when approaching a rock on which a seal is basking, knows by which side the animal will take to the water—whether direct to seaward or into the crevice. The snoring of a seal asleep can be distinctly heard while the boat is to leeward, and when the sound ceases the round black head will be seen stretching above the intervening rock, and peering towards the intruder.

The story of one seal acting as sentry in a prominent position is true only so far as may relate to seals that have been occasionally disturbed, and become wary. Their power of hearing is, however, considerable, and their sense of smell very acute.

On the boat approaching a bare reef a number of seals will sometimes suddenly thrust their heads above water, close to the boat, to see, as an Irish boat-steerer said, "what may be the pleasure of your business." The "school," as a number of them are called, then takes to sea, and the boat has to be concealed until they return, which they will, in a few hours, if none of them have been wounded.

In shore sealing, some favourite haunt in a narrow rocky bay is watched by the sealer, perhaps for weeks, until a sufficient number of the animals are together, and the water be low; the boat then approaches—if possible under sail—and as soon as land is made, a rush takes place up the beach. The seal moves awkwardly upon sand (although better than a man among rough rocks), and becomes an easy prey. A blow on the snout with a club stuns, and a thrust under the flipper despatches the animal, and one after another they succumb, amidst a Babel of swearing and shouting. A man may often get an awkward tumble and a severe bite, but the misfortune, like sea-sickness, allows of no commiseration.

Occasionally the sea-elephant is met with amongst the most southern islets. This animal is of the seal kind, but about seventeen feet in length, with a girth of ten feet, and of nine feet width across the paws.* It possesses a singular proboscis, which, at pleasure, it can elongate to about a foot in length, and withdraw again into the shape of a large clumsy nostril.

The sea-elephant is of a brownish hue, with a dark grey coloured

* I give the dimensions of a small one that I measured, the only one killed of six that were pursued at Pitt's Island, in 1843.—C. H.

variety. The hair is in patches, giving the animal occasionally a spotted look. It is yellow under the belly.

The capture of this seal is attended with considerable risk. The bite is nearly always fatal. Their motion is an awkward wallop, but on rocky ground, if there be several of them, it is not always possible to get clear.

In attacking the sea-elephant, a lance of about twelve or fourteen feet long is used, with a stout iron point projecting two feet farther. The seal, in advancing over rocks, raises its flipper sufficiently high for the lance to be thrust into the region of the heart, or "the life," as it is technically termed. If well directed, a second thrust is unnecessary, and the huge creature rolls over and dies.

There are few encounters that require more coolness than one with sea-elephants, on uneven rocky ground or slippery sea-weed.

Sea-elephants as long as twenty-eight feet, and yielding 1,500lbs. of blubber a foot in thickness, are not uncommon—or rather, I should say, were not a few years back. Now they must be sought for, with the fur-seal, amongst the Antarctic ice.

Until attacked or wounded, the sea-elephant is perfectly harmless. Sailors have frequently swum amidst a shoal of them, and have tumbled over them in the water without injury. The smaller, and nearly all the larger, kinds of seal are perfectly inoffensive.

About twenty years ago, the writer of this made a trip to the sealing ground in the 'Rodney,' brigantine—visiting the Antipodes Islands, the Traps and Snarers, and the Auckland Group. Some years previously, when surveying the coasts of the Chathams, he had made the acquaintance of the sealers, and had seen something of the nature of the *habitat* of the seal.

The following extract may be taken as descriptive of an ordinary incident of the voyage :—

"May 2nd.—Came to a kedge anchor, with eighty fathoms of line, under the Pyramid, the wind appearing steady and fresh at south. Lowered boats, with salt and three days provisions; captain's boat to take the weather side of the Keys and ours the lee side: Jackson's Keys seventeen miles to windward, but the wind likely to moderate at midnight or before morning. 11 p.m.—Left the brig, and pulled to windward on a bearing: captain's boat taking the lead, as it had to weather the reefs and take the seals, if there be any, in the rear. Pulled on with muffled oars until near daybreak, when the smoothing water indicated the approach to the reefs, though as yet they were not discernible on account of their lowness.

"As we got closer to the reef we could hear the wailing cry of the penguins—like babies crying; then the 'cobblers' from the rocks would come wheeling round us. Suddenly the headsman makes a sign for 'oars,' and they are laid in noiselessly, the bow-oarsman previously ascertaining the depth of the water, which he quietly intimates to the headsman; the grapnel is dropped over the bow at such a distance that the boat shall not touch, and taking our clubs and lances, we wade, waist deep in the water, to the rocks. It is not yet sufficiently light to discern whether there be any seals, but we think we can hear their grunting.

"It is very cold; blowing from the south right into us, with no shelter but a shelf of rock, and even smoking prohibited.

"In half-an-hour or so it becomes light enough to discern objects, and we suddenly hear shouts from the opposite side of the reefs. It is the captain's party starting the seals. We get to the top of the reef as quickly as possible, and right in front of us, almost as thick as a drove of sheep, but each taking its own way, come the seals. Striking, spearing, right and left! some of the seals making, like pigs, between one's legs, with here and there a tumble, and a roll. The captain and his party are following them closely, and by the time the last has reached the water, sixty-seven seals are lying dead or stunned on the reef.

"A couple of hands are now set to get breakfast ready, and to look for sea-birds' eggs, while the remainder of the two crews commence skinning. There are no means here of 'trying out' or melting down the blubber, and that is abandoned.

"As the day becomes warmer, and when the skinning is completed, and the skins folded, all hands take a couple of hours' bask on the warm sand that fills the hollows of the rock. In the afternoon we run back before the 'Souther' to the brig."

The coast parties on New Zealand were located at Port Pegasus, Dusky, Jackson's, Daggs, Milford, and Taramakau in the Greenstone Country; and they visited in their boats the "Black Reef" or Three Steeples off the mouth of the Buller, Toropuhi near Rocky Point, and the Brothers' Rocks in Cook's Straits.* They appear to have been on good terms with the Southern natives, a result probably owing to the determined and resolute character which there, as everywhere, distinguished the sealer, and which would be duly estimated by the Maori.

Meurant, interpreter to the Governor, who died in Auckland about twelve years back, was one of their leaders. I never met with one of them but felt that the English name for courage and coolness would be safe with him in any position and any emergency. May they rest in peace!

In 1846 I walked along 300 miles of the west coast of the Middle Island, passing the Black Reef and Toropuhi. There were pieces of English oak, and fragments of copper on the beaches, indicating where one of the sealing ships had years before been wrecked; and the starving crew eaten by the bush natives. At Toropuhi there were three seals on an off-shore rock, stretching out their necks and ungain heads to look at us. They were the last remnant of their race—may they bask in peace.

* "The 'Black Reef' was about forty years since a great resort of sealers. In its cluster of islets the sealing boats could nearly always find a "lee" from the heavy westerly swell, and the rocks swarmed with the fur seal. Even on the beach at Tauranga, abreast of the reef, the sealers, suddenly landing at low water, have intercepted a "school" of seals, and knocked them on the snout or lanced them as they made their way clumsily down to the sea. From Dusky Bay and Milford Haven up to Toropuhi or Rocky Point, the sealers, with a hardihood and contempt of danger which even in whaling finds no parallel, visited every rock and reef on a coast that is iron bound alike to canoe and sailing vessel."—*Vide* "Visit to the Greenstone Country," by Brunner and Heaphy.

CHOICE OF HOUSE SITE & LAYING OUT THE GROUND.

HAVING determined on and fenced the boundary and drained the land, the next step is to fix on a house site. It is justly observed that men rarely build a house or lay out a garden more than once in a lifetime. An injudicious choice will, therefore, not only cause disappointment, but entail petty misery. Although no easy matter to give any special rules of general application, there are yet several characteristics by which a desirable site should be distinguished. The most important of these are soil, situation, exposure, general convenience, and a good supply of water. The places to be avoided are those of too great elevation and low marshy valleys. The first is too much exposed for either fruit, vegetables, or flowers to come to perfection; the other is too damp for purposes of health. A house built on the top of a hill, or even on the highest part of an enclosure, is usually unsightly. It is inconvenient from the difficulty of approach, and besides it can with difficulty be planted for shelter—the consequence is, that the house is exposed to wind and weather, and that frequently the view is rather too extensive for pleasure. Churches, observatories, and watch-towers are fittingly placed on a hill-top; but in the case of a dwelling-house, the nature and slope of the ground, the distance from a high-road, and many points of minor importance, should be well considered before building. For my own part, I would prefer a site neither too low nor very high, if possible having a rising ground behind and a valley in front, with the view bounded by distant hills; a river or an arm of the sea will also greatly enhance the beauty of a site.

I shall first make a few remarks on the system of managing allotments of from thirty to one hundred feet wide, running parallel with the road. How often is the eye offended by seeing the house placed in one corner of the ground close to the high road, without regard to appearance. This may be suitable for a store, but is surely the reverse for a dwelling-house. There are but few men who do not like a little quiet and retirement at the close of a busy day's work, and this ought to influence the choice of a site for their houses. I would therefore say, build as nearly as practicable in the centre of the allotment. By so doing, you may have a small shrubbery and flower garden between the house and the entrance. Place the gate near one corner, and form the path in a winding direction along the front of the house, entering the main road near the opposite corner. The main walk will thus be partially semi-circular in its direction. The sides next the fence may be planted with trees, then shrubs, then flowers next the border of the path. The front may be planted in like manner, especially opposite the windows. Pleasing objects in the distance should be carefully retained in view. Clumps of small shrubs and flowers may be laid out on the opposite side of the walk, and ovals or circles may be introduced with good effect. Narrow walks have a poor appearance, and should be avoided: they ought never to be less than from five to eight feet wide, so as to admit of driving in at one

gate and out at the other. Avoid borders along verandahs ; a few roses or permanent creepers are all that will be needed, then fill up with gravel close to the woodwork, which will give a more finished appearance than loose earth on each side of a doorway. The great art of forming the shrubbery will consist in making use of the entire space, yet so to continue the boundary plantation as to make it seem merely part of the ornament and not the limit of the ground. As you cannot plant your trees beyond the boundary-wall or fence, you must bring forward parts of the plantation so as to form sham openings, which may, so far as the spectator can see, lead to a hundred more acres, whereas they merely turn round and terminate in a summer-house, a statue, or some fine view in the distance. Such glimpses of fine scenery should never be neglected, as they contribute much to the effect of the whole. Small openings of this description may be made even in shrubberies, with but a few feet of width at the entrance, and afterwards become wider, or the reverse, as is thought best.

In no case should there be clumps in the middle of the lawn : they destroy the apparent size of the place. The grass should be perfectly free from beds. An ornamental tree or shrub here and there, at some distance from the house, has no bad effect, as by this means shade is secured in summer on the lawn. For my own part, however, I prefer a lawn kept perfectly free from trees or shrubs. The place for clumps is next the path, with just the width of the grass border between them and the gravel. The principal, indeed the only, walk in the garden should wind by gentle sweeps round the premises, far enough from the boundary to prevent its being conspicuous. Whenever there is a turn sharper than ordinary, there ought to be a good reason for it. The bend of the walk should lead round some object, as a tree ; and as you make your walk first, you can so dispose of the clump afterwards as to give them the appearance of the original features round which your path winds instead of the reverse. The belt of shrubs next the boundary should be chiefly evergreen, planted thickly for immediate effect, even if some should require to be moved afterwards. There should be few deciduous trees, and these either very dwarf in front of the evergreens, or very tall rearing behind and above them. In selecting plants for this purpose, those are best for the front that are well furnished with leaves to the bottom, while taller ones should be chosen for the background. In laying out large plots, the outer belt, if planted effectually, must be six feet wide at the narrowest part, while much less may suffice in smaller places, provided the belt be in no place straight. By bringing out a boldness here and there the effect is much heightened ; recesses here and there can be filled up with many fine kinds of flowering shrubs. Clumps may also be formed on the opposite side of the walk, parallel with it and the border.

It is of importance that the verge should always be of the same width so far as your clump may extend along the side of the path. In setting clumps of trees or flowers, or of both together, along the side of a path already formed, the aim must be to make them as natural looking as possible. A semi-circle, a segment, or even the half of an oval, so as always to have one side parallel with the border, will look well. A walk taking a sudden turn, and a clump being requisite to shut out some unsightly object, should present the same breadth of edging along the walk, and the inner edge of the clump may represent a segment of a circle or

part of an oval. Both ovals and circles look neat in a small place, especially when they can be made to harmonise well with the whole. For an oblong square in front of a cottage, say from twenty to thirty feet wide, more or less, such a plan as the following would prove suitable :—Lay out an oval in the centre ; then lay off four feet for a walk all round it. Proceed next to lay off the four corners ; the inner side of each corner bed will represent the segment of a circle, and the outer edge of a right angle. Fill in the remainder with gravel, so as to dispense with grass altogether, substituting for borders something else. A circle on each side of a doorway would have a pleasing effect also, especially if four small beds were introduced round each as above described. Certain styles of architecture require corresponding styles of gardening as their proper accompaniments, as a fine house will require terraces and geometrically planned gardens.

As the natural scenery of New Zealand is second perhaps to none in the world, the question of landscape gardening is one difficult to enter upon in this small space, where it could not be properly treated of. With regard, however, to the small allotment system, I consider that a great improvement is possible and is easily attainable. A few hours' careful consideration of the best plan for a house would unquestionably be well bestowed before beginning operations. Be careful always to strike your entrance to the road, if possible, a few feet *below* the level of your chosen site. Never allow your path to wind past the door if it can be avoided. An entrance from higher ground to a house is always to be avoided. This is at times difficult on very small allotments, but even then something can usually be done by entering at one corner and winding round so as to approach the house from below.

I have now done with the ornamental department of gardening for the present ; and shall, in my next, proceed to consider the subject in its economical and useful aspects.

D. HAY.

THE EVENING CLOUD.

A CLOUD lay cradled near the setting sun,
 A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow ;
 Long had I watched the glory moving on
 O'er the still radiance of the lake below—
 Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow !
 Even in its very motion there was rest,
 While every breath of eve that chanced to blow
 Wafted the traveller to the beauteous West.
 Emblem, methought, of the departed soul !
 To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given ;
 And by the breath of Mercy made to roll
 Right onwards to the golden gates of heaven,
 Where, to the eye of faith, it peaceful lies,
 And tells to man his glorious destinies.

J. WILSON.

THE ROVER'S PRIZE.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER VI.

AFTER the brigantine had parted from the schooner, the latter held on her course for Boston harbour, which she entered an hour afterwards. About half-an-hour after she came to anchor, an armed brig that had lain at anchor in the stream for two days, left her moorings, and stood out of the bay with every sail spread to a stiff north-wester. She was about two hundred tons burden, and of a build that denoted speed. Her hull was black, with no relief. Her masts were very lofty, and her yards square as those of a man-of-war. She carried twelve fourteen-pounders, and a long forty-two a-midships. Her decks were white as the driven snow, from the use of the "holy-stone" and sand. The brig was called the 'Greyhound,' and was a privateer, and had two days before returned to port, after a most successful cruise. She was owned by those who owned the 'Sea Snake,' or now the 'Flying Dolphin,' and was now bound out of the bay in pursuit of the latter vessel.

Upon her quarter-deck were several gentlemen, among whom was Colonel Wheeler and Mr. Holmes. They were conversing respecting the brigantine, and the piratical deeds of her captain and crew.

Forward upon the fore-castle, among the crew, was Standish, the keeper of the tap-room. The reader will recollect what passed between him and the Captain of the brigantine the night previous. After Holmes had left him, he remained for some time in the state of surprise and trepidation into which he had been thrown by the words of the pirate, but at length recovered.

What Holmes had whispered to him was concerning the female he had seen him stab in a street in New York, and which we have before recounted. He had supposed there was no witness to what he had done, and to him it was the most inexplicable mystery as to how Holmes became acquainted with the secret. The woman whom he had stabbed was a poor creature of the town, who had dogged him for an hour, and accosted him a number of times, till he, unable to get rid of her, and irritated beyond all bearing, drew forth a dirk and plunged it in her bosom, when she fell, severely though not mortally wounded; and he, supposing she was dead, fled, and the next morning shipped on board the 'Chesapeake.'

After he had recovered from his surprise, he for some time deliberated whether or not to liberate the prisoners in his cellar. His desire for revenge upon Holmes for his base design upon his sister prompted him to free the prisoners, and to deliver Holmes into the power of the law, but the fear of being himself exposed by him deterred him; yet the desire for revenge burned within him, and at length overcame the fear of exposure, and he resolved to run the risk, and liberate the seamen, which

he accordingly did, and learned from them all concerning the cruise of the brigantine.

With them he repaired to the residence of one of the owners of the privateer, and hastily made known the particulars of the last cruise, and the scenes of that night. A boat was immediately obtained, and the party put off for the 'Greyhound,' that lay moored in the stream. Here several other boats were obtained and manned, and made for where the brigantine had anchored, but the bird was on the wing.

After the fruitless chase, the boats returned to the 'Greyhound.' The owners resolved that the brig, a very fast sailer, should pursue the brigantine; and when the morn broke, they prepared to get her ready for sea. She had received some damage during an action with an East Indiaman, which she had captured and brought to port; and her owners, undecided whether to send her out again as a privateer, had not yet repaired her.

At sunrise the work of repairing the damage was commenced, and in three hours was finished, and the brig ready for sea. It was about the hour of nine when the New York schooner came to anchor, within pistol shot of the armed brig. Mr. Holmes had seen upon her deck the owners of the brigantine, and wishing to speak with them, was with Colonel Wheeler rowed off to the brig.

He met them with a sad heart and sad countenance, and to them related the abduction of Colonel Wheeler's daughter by his son; in what way he had obtained possession of her, and of the retention of her husband on board the brigantine, where both were now captives. He related all to them, and learned to his great joy that the brig was then getting ready for the pursuit, and he and Colonel Wheeler resolved to remain on board. We have seen the 'Greyhound' under weigh, standing out of the harbour, with her towering pyramids of canvas swelling with the wind, and filled to their utmost tension. Swiftly and gallantly she bounded over the flashing waters, and seemed gifted with the matchless speed of the animal from which she derived her name. Colonel Wheeler paced the deck, wrapped in the deepest melancholy. His fine features were haggard, from the agony that racked his breast. At times his thoughts dwelt upon the speedy restoration of his daughter safe to his arms, and on this hope he dwelt with joy. But then again, as he thought of her dreadful situation, as he thought of her in the power of a pirate, a fiend in human form, all hope died within him; and the misery, the agony, the despair of the grief-stricken father seemed more than he could bear.

No less miserable was Mr. Holmes, as he thought of his son, now a fugitive, a pirate. Bitter and painful were the thoughts that crowded his brain. Though he had cast him off—disinherited him, yet he was his son, his own and only son; and bitter were the pangs that shot through his breast at the thought. But as he thought, he grew stern, and he prayed within him that his son might be taken, and suffer the punishment his crimes so well merited.

The course of the brig after she left the harbour was shaped southerly, the direction the brigantine had sailed. Though the brigantine had several hours the start, yet the Captain of the 'Greyhound' expressed confidence in his being able to bring the former vessel within sight ere nightfall, if she continued upon the same course.

The gallant 'Greyhound' dashed swiftly on, over the waves of blue, at a speed that seemed impossible to rival. She held on till the sun had passed the meridian; on, with undiminishing speed, till the sun was sinking in the western arch of azure.

The blazing orb was an hour high, when from the look-out of the brig came the cry of—

"Sail, ho!"

"Where away?" demanded the Captain.

"Right a-head," returned the look-out.

In the distant horizon a-head could be discerned a white speck, like a snowy sea-gull in the distance. The Captain levelled a glass at the distant sail, and for some time his gaze was fixed steadily upon it.

"Can you make it out, Captain?" asked a young man, the lieutenant, as the Captain took the glass from his eye.

"No, it is too far distant. Bet a bottle of wine it is the brigantine," said the Captain, in a confident tone. "We must keep a sharp look-out throughout the night, and by morning we may be able to make her out."

The 'Greyhound' continued on her course during the night; swiftly she ploughed through the dark waters; swiftly she was borne onward, with every sail tightened to its utmost stretch. A sharp watch had been kept with night-glasses for the sail that had been discovered, and when the morn broke upon the ocean, it was found that the brig had gained upon it. She kept swiftly on during the whole day, and at the hour of sunset, the distant sail was made out, by the aid of the glass, a brigantine; and all on board were satisfied that it was the 'Sea Snake.' On, throughout the night, the 'Greyhound' bounded over the dark ocean, at a speed that seemed to rival the wind; and when the day dawned, the brigantine was plainly made out without the aid of a glass.

"That is the brigantine, gentlemen," said the Captain of the brig, addressing four gentlemen who stood upon the fore-castle, two of the owners of the brig, and Colonel Wheeler and Mr. Holmes.

"She will hear the howl of the 'Greyhound' ere many hours. I bet a bottle of wine it was her when I first saw her but a speck in the distance. Suppose we go below and drink to her speedy capture, gentlemen?"

At his suggestion they repaired with him to the cabin, and drank to the capture of the brigantine and her piratical crew, and returned again on deck. On dashed the brig, and it was evident she gained every moment upon the brigantine, till mid-day, when the two vessels were not more than four miles apart.

"We gain upon her nobly," said the Captain to his lieutenant; "by sunset we will show her the 'Greyhound's' teeth."

On over the flashing waves dashed the brig, in swift pursuit of the brigantine, that flew before her with a speed that it seemed impossible to excel.

On dashed the pursuer and the pursued till the sun was dipping in the blue ocean, when the lieutenant of the brig said to the Captain—

"We have not gained an inch since noon, Captain Wilder; not an inch, and I doubt if we have held our own."

"We have held our own, Keating, but have not gained, that is certain," said the Captain to his lieutenant. "She does sail, though. If she beats the 'Greyhound' at sailing, and escapes, she is rightly named the 'Sea Snake,' but, Keating, she shall not escape the 'Greyhound.'"

will throw overboard six of our guns to-night, and that will lighten us considerably. The brigantine carries ten, but the brig will match her with six guns. Besides, we have twenty men more than her complement, and those twelve who were so roughly used will be apt to fight some, I reckon. We have a cracking wind, but I wish it would blow harder."

"The brigantine would not sail any faster, I suppose!" said the lieutenant, laughing.

"I only thought of the brig," returned the Captain. "It is sunset now; as soon as it is dark, we will over with six of our guns."

As the Captain spoke, he walked aft to where stood Colonel Wheeler, Mr. Holmes, and the other two gentlemen, owners of the brig.

CHAPTER VII.

THE sun had gone down behind a barrier of clouds that stretched along the western horizon, gorgeous with the hues of purple and gold. But the bright sunset soon faded, and darkness settled upon the deep.

Two hours after sunset the brig was dashing on with accelerated speed. She had been lightened of six of her guns, three on each side, forward, and her speed was considerably increased. It was midnight, when the Captain, who had been scanning the brigantine with his night glass, said to his lieutenant that the brig was gaining on the chase.

"I will go below now, Keating. You take this glass, and keep watch on the brigantine. Call me at eight bells." As the Captain spoke he went below.

The brig dashed on till four o'clock, when eight bells were struck, and the Captain was called from below. During the last four hours the brig had gained on the brigantine, and the two vessels were now not more than two miles apart. The Captain, as he came on deck, took his night glass and levelled it at the chase.

"We have gained on her, and are gaining fast," he said.

At sunrise the distance between the two vessels was lessened one half, and the brig was gaining fast. On she bounded in chase, like a hound upon the scent.

"One hour more, and I will hail her!" said the Captain. "Dash on, my gallant 'Greyhound,' your prey is before you!" said he, in a lively tone.

For an hour the two vessels flew on, and were now within hailing distance; the brig off the starboard quarter of the brigantine, and gaining every instant. A few moments, and the two vessels were right a-beam, and within pistol shot.

"We have had a long race, and you have got beaten!" shouted Captain Wilder to Holmes, who stood by the starboard bulwark, on the quarter-deck of the brigantine.

"For the first time!" returned Holmes. "What brig is that?"

"The 'Greyhound,' from Boston, on a cruise!" answered Captain Wilder.

"It is the first craft that ever outsailed the 'Flying Dolphin!'" said Holmes. "When did you sail from Boston?" he asked.

"A week since."

"Was there a privateer there called the Sea Snake?"

"Not when we sailed; she was expected in soon," returned Captain Wilder. "And will be I reckon," he said to himself. "But here's luck to the 'Flying Dolphin!' the 'Greyhound' is leaving her!" he shouted a moment after to Holmes. "The fellow don't mistrust us; he thinks this merely a race. Ha, ha! capital, that! I'll astonish him a little. Starboard the helm a little," he said to the helmsman, in a low tone, as he stood near him. "That will do."

The brig was about twice her length a-head of the other when the Captain gave his order, and, as she stood now, threatened to run afoul of the brigantine.

"Holloa there, lubbers! you will be afoul of us!" shouted Holmes.

"Oh, no; no danger," said Captain Wilder, carelessly.

"No, I should think not," said Holmes. "Starboard the helm, hard up!" he shouted to his helmsman.

His order was obeyed, but too late; the brigantine was struck on the starboard bow by the brig, and in a moment the two vessels lay locked yard-arm and yard-arm. A moment, and the brig's crew were pouring upon the deck of the brigantine, all armed, and prepared for a deadly conflict.

The crew of the brigantine were taken by surprise, but were all armed; for Holmes had expected an attack from the brig, and had ordered his men to get ready for a fight. He had supposed that the brig had been in chase of him, and expected an attack from her guns. But he had been deceived by the conversation between him and Captain Wilder, and supposed then that the brig had fallen in with him by chance, and that the pursuit had been merely a trial of speed.

Undeceived in this respect, he was not therefore entirely unprepared. The seamen of the 'Flying Dolphin' were tried and now desperate men, and fought with a fierce energy which went far to make up for the advantage gained by their adversary's stratagem. Holmes himself seemed possessed by the demon of battle, and fought with a reckless fury well calculated to raise the hopes of his men. The commander of the brig, on the other hand, was fired by several considerations to do his very utmost, and the crew were animated to a frenzy resembling the pirate's own, by what they had heard of the pirate's captives and crimes.

The struggle was therefore one of unusual severity. At first, the pirate crew were driven back as far as the entrance to the companion-way leading to the cabin. Animated, however, by the terrible voice of their leader, whom they feared nearly as much as falling into the hands of the authorities, they made a stand there, and even began slowly to drive back the assailants. This success was chiefly owing to the fierce exertions of Marley, who seconded with all his strength and skill the almost superhuman exertions of his leader. For some moments it seemed as though these efforts would be crowned with complete success. Many of the sailors fell under the cutlasses wielded with so terrible a sway by Holmes and Marley, and the rest were clearly unable to hold their own. At that moment Mr. Holmes, who had watched in an agony of terror the progress of the conflict from the deck of the 'Greyhound,' maddened

at the apparent defeat of his friends, and seeing Colonel Wheeler struck down by Marley's cutlass, seized a weapon himself from the captain's hand, and bounded from one vessel to the other. The moment was critical. The pirate captain's hand was uplifted to strike the prostrate form of Colonel Wheeler, when his sword was met and warded off by the cutlass of his father.

"Strike here, pirate!" exclaimed his parent, in a voice of uncontrollable agony, "and end the work your crimes have so well begun."

Hardened as the ruffian was by a long course of crime, he yet quailed before his father's terrible glance. His arm dropped, as if nerveless, at his side, and he himself staggered back several paces. The action was misconstrued by his own men, who concluded that he was desperately wounded. On the other party, many of whom shared the mistake, it had an opposite effect. Rushing forward furiously, they drove all before them in spite of the frantic exertions of Marley, who threw himself into the front. Nor were Holmes's own efforts much more effectual than those of his lieutenant. The tide had turned so effectually, that exertions which five minutes before had almost decided the result, were of no avail whatever to stem the tide of success which was leading them to ruin.

Once more they were driven to the after companion. Marley shouted to wheel the howitzer round and give them its contents. In a moment the bright long brass gun faced the assailants, threatening with destruction every man in its path. Marley drew a pistol, and prepared to fire the piece. At that moment he suddenly threw his hand aloft into the air, and staggered wildly forward, his pistol going off harmlessly as he did so. The shot that produced this sudden result came from behind—from a small window at the stern lighting the after part of the cabin,—and was fired by the hand of Burton, who had found a brace of loaded pistols in his prison, and had watched eagerly for an opportunity of doing something of real importance to his cause.

A shout from his own people told him how successful he had been, and was immediately followed by a furious rush upon the pirates. It was successful. The gun was seized, was wheeled, and the next moment, with a crash, the whole contents of the howitzer swept the after part of the deck of the 'Flying Dolphin.' For some seconds silence succeeded the report, while the thick smoke of the discharge veiled the horrors it had produced. Before it had cleared away, Holmes, seeing how hopeless resistance had become, sprang forward and reached the open companion leading to the cabin. A dozen pistols were discharged at him; but, as if bearing a charmed life, he escaped them all, and sprang down the steps. He was closely followed by Colonel Wheeler, who was not seriously wounded, and by Captain Wilder. The Colonel did not go farther than the cabin door, which was at once thrown open by his son-in-law on recognising his voice, and he found himself clasped in his daughter's arms. Meanwhile, Holmes had turned in a different direction, closely followed by Captain Wilder. Suddenly the pirate stopped, threw open a small trap door in the deck, and pointing a pistol down it, turned haughtily to the Captain.

"Advance," he cried, "a step farther, and it is your last moment, as well as of every living soul on board. See here!" and he pointed to the space below him; "it is the magazine!"

In involuntary admiration, the Captain gazed into his bold, handsome face, disfigured by many passions, but lit up at the moment by an expression of determination which approached the sublime.

"Leave the brigantine," continued Holmes, waving him off. "Unless my decks are clear in five minutes, every soul on board goes to judgment. You have a lady on board, and passengers ; I give you a choice. Choose *now !*"

The tone and mien of the man were irresistible, and the stern despair of the pirate carried the conviction of his readiness to perform the fearful act, regardless of consequences. Captain Wilder thought for an instant, and decided.

"We will go," he said.

"In five minutes," returned Holmes, as he drew a heavy gold watch from his pocket and held it in his hand, while his pistol pointed steadily downwards.

In less than five minutes, the crew of the 'Greyhound,' in obedience to the Captain's order, had left the brigantine, taking with them their wounded comrades, and the bodies of those who had fallen. The pirate crew, of whom scarcely one seemed unwounded, watched them with wondering, almost stupified, glances, as they leant on the bulwarks and guns trying to staunch the blood from their wounds, in many cases of a very ghastly character, and looking round on the horrible scene on their small deck, which was strewn thickly with dead and wounded men in every attitude of pain and horror. With some difficulty the brig got clear of the rigging of the pirate's brigantine, and was allowed by the Captain to drift slowly away while the wounded men were attended to.

Not until then did they see the form of Holmes upon the deck. He looked round him and laughed a loud and savage laugh as he shook his fist at the retiring vessel. Suddenly the idea seemed to strike him that perhaps he could not be heard at the distance at which he was, for seizing a speaking trumpet, he shouted, in a tone of triumph—

"Tell the merchants of Boston to keep good watch over their ships while the 'Flying Dolphin' skims the seas."

All eyes were turned on the bold villain ; but even as the last accent fell on their ear, a long low muttering sound like distant thunder startled them ; and the next moment, with a roar that was almost deafening, the 'Flying Dolphin' was seen to rise as though about to spring from the water, and then all was blotted out in smoke and flame.

The smoke-cloud rose from the deep—not a sign of the rover or his ship was visible on the glassy sea. His prize, too, was unconscious ; but she lay in the arms of her father, and it was her husband who bent over her.

REVIEWS.

THE INVASION OF THE CRIMEA: by ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE.
London:—William Blackwood and Sons. 1863.

THE Invasion of the Crimea has at length found an historian. One, too, who is in every respect what could be desired for a task of such extreme difficulty as it undoubtedly was. The powers and qualifications which the historian of any period must bring with him to his task, if he would execute it in a worthy manner, are many and rare; but the task of writing the history now in question was one of peculiar difficulty. This difficulty has been fully recognised, and, perhaps, we should say therefore, fully overcome by Mr. Kinglake. That he did so recognise the difficulty needs, we imagine, but little proof beyond the fact of his nine years' labour in the attempt to master it. That he has overcome the difficulty fully and once for all needs no further proof than an attentive study of the volumes before us. It will be at once apparent wherein the peculiar difficulty of this subject consisted. A history of the Crimean war, which merely detailed the operations conducted by the respective Commanders, and chronicled their success or failure, would in no degree have fulfilled the expectations or satisfied the just requirements of the literary world of the day. Mr. Kinglake's two volumes do, so far as they go, fulfil these expectations, and satisfy these requirements in the most complete manner. One disadvantage, however, it must be confessed Mr. Kinglake brings with him to the task of writing the history of the Crimean war. That disadvantage lies in the accident of his mental constitution, which has, among other things, made him an uncommonly good hater. This hatred—a less strong word would be inappropriate we feel sure—he has lavished in a remarkable degree upon the present Emperor of the French. This defect in the writer has, however, taken no one by surprise. The literary world was well aware of this when it tacitly assigned to Mr. Kinglake the task of writing the history of this very important epoch in our military annals. Nor do we think it can fairly be said that Mr. Kinglake has allowed his feelings to carry him even so far as might have been anticipated. It is true that a large part of the first of the two volumes before us is devoted by him to the consideration of the career of the French Emperor; but if we consider the confessedly large share which France, that is, Louis Napoleon, took in bringing about the war, we shall see that he could scarcely have avoided devoting a very large space to the consideration of the course which had led to the position of the man, who, in following out the same career, was forced into a war in the East by the necessities of his position. Still, whilst so exonerating Mr. Kinglake from any intention of going beyond the line of strict historical justice, we cannot deny that in this searching examination, which might itself be most necessary, the historian's feelings *have led him to conduct the inquiry in a way which must be characterized as unnecessarily hostile to the Emperor personally.* This is the more

evident from the perfection of the execution so conspicuous throughout these delightful volumes. If ever a public man was subjected to a literary gibbetting, the Emperor of the French has suffered that fate. Perhaps we shall better express our impression by calling it a literary crucifixion. The painful effect of the process is almost inconceivably heightened by the bitter calmness and pitiless deliberation of the operator. The following description of the state of Louis Napoleon during the terrible scenes of the Coup d'Etat, which were conducted for him, according to Kinglake, by braver men, whilst he himself cowered in the recesses of the palace, at whose gates he kept a travelling carriage ready to start at a moment's notice in case of failure, together with a guard, fully bribed to his service, to act as escort, is a good example:—"The state of the President seems to have been very like what it had been in former times at Strasbourg and at Boulogne, and what it was years afterwards at Magenta and Solferino. He did not on any of these five occasions so give way to fear as to prove that he had less self-control in moments of danger than the common run of peaceful citizens; but on all of them he showed that, though he had chosen to set himself heroic tasks, his temperament was ill fitted for the hour of battle and for the crisis of an adventure. For, besides that (in common with the bulk of mankind), he was without resources and presence of mind when he imagined that danger was really quite close upon him; his complexion, and the dismal looks he wore in times of trial, were always against him. From some defect, perhaps, in the structure of the heart or the arterial system, his skin, when he was in a state of alarm, was liable to be suffused with a greenish hue. This discolouration might be a sign of high moral courage, because it would tend to show that the spirit was warring with the flesh; but still it does not indicate that condition of body and soul which belongs to a true King of men in the hour of danger, and enables him to give heart and impulsion to those around him. It is obvious, too, that an appearance of this sort would be damping to the ardour of the bystanders." Our meaning will, we hope, be made clear by this extract. It is tolerably evident that however interesting as a study for the physician, the colour of the skin of Louis Napoleon was by no means requisite to the right comprehension of the state of Europe. To this, and many passages of like animus, the historian has undoubtedly been led by his own strong antipathies towards the Emperor. The mistake was an easy one, between what historical justice required and what personal dislike permitted. This then, we admit, is a defect. It is, however, the one defect of the book so far as yet laid before the public.

It is scarcely possible to speak too highly of the unwearied labour, the untiring research, and the brilliant writing which the work displays. The same genius which was so apparent in Eöthen is to be discovered in every page of the "Invasion of the Crimea." Whether the historian is describing a view in the Crimea, searching into the hidden cause of some important movement in the great drama, or sketching the character of one of the great actors in that drama, the impression of genius meets us. The brilliant colouring of the description is not more striking than the calm judicial power of analysis, sometimes tinged by a keen sense of the ludicrous: nor does that, again, exceed the wonderful fulness and clearness of the medallion-like portraits which he strikes off of the great statesmen and warriors of his picture.

Nothing is perhaps more wonderful than his power of striking out, as it were, at a blow, the entire likeness of some actor in his dress whose name is familiar, it may be, to us all, but of whom we have no personal impression. This want Mr. Kinglake supplies in a marvellous way. As, for instance, in his sketch of the commander-in-chief of the French armies in the expedition—Marshal St. Arnaud :—“He impersonated, with singular exactness, the idea which our fathers had in their minds when they spoke of what they called ‘a Frenchman’; for although (by cowering the rich and filling the poor with envy) the great French Revolution had thrown a gloom on the national character, it left this man untouched. He was bold, gay, reckless, and vain, but beneath the mere glitter of the surface there was a great capacity for administrative business, and a more than common willingness to take away human life. In Algerine warfare, he had proved himself, from the first, an active, enterprising officer, and, in later years, a brisk commander. He was skilful in the duties of a military governor, knowing how to hold tight, under martial law a conquered or a half-conquered province. The empire of his mind over his actions was so often interrupted by bodily pain and weakness that it is hard to say whether, if he had been gifted with health, he would have been a firm, steadfast man; but he had violent energies, and a spirit so elastic, that, when for any interval the pressure of misery or of bodily pain was lifted off, he seemed as strong and as joyous as though he had never been crushed. He chose to subordinate the lives and the rights of other men to his own advancement. Therefore he was ruthless; but not in other sense cruel. No one, as he himself said, could be more good-natured. In the interval between the grave deeds that he did, he danced and sung. To men in authority, no less than to women, he paid court with flattering stanzas and songs. He had extraordinary activity of body and was highly skilled in the performance of gymnastic feats; he played the violin; and, as though he were resolved to be in all things a Frenchman of the old time, there was once at least, in his life, a time of depression, when (to the astonishment of the good priest, who fell on his knees and thanked God as for a miracle wrought,) he knelt down and confessed himself, seeking comfort and absolution from his church.” From this extract our readers may, we think, form some idea of the graphic power of Mr. Kinglake’s pen, when he stamps out, as it were at a blow, the sharp impression of one of the actors in his historical drama. Few writers, it must be at once acknowledged, could, in so few words, have given an idea so sharp and so complete, of a character so foreign to our ordinary ideas as that of Marshal St. Arnaud. The second volume of this remarkable work is employed upon the Invasion of the Crimea proper. The first had been taken up with the causes preliminary to the actual war. In this volume the powers of the writer, so remarkable at all times, find a new field, and one wonderfully suited for their display. As we are not military men, and have no pretensions to either practical or theoretical knowledge of military science, we are not in a position to judge Mr. Kinglake’s book when it deals with such questions. And yet, however, the historian rather shrinks from pronouncing opinions himself on this very ground, there is not a great deal that comes strictly under the head of military science in the book. The embarkation for the great expedition; the huge fleet of the modern Argonauts on their way; the difficult but splendidly successful landing in the Crimea; the strange as

exciting march through a country, and among a people unknown to the invaders ; the distant visions of uncouth-looking horsemen on the rising grounds as they approached them ; and the strange and solemn pause of the hostile armies on the brow overlooking the Alma, so marked as to be broken by the casual neigh of an impatient war horse : all are told with a fidelity of description and a mastery of language which leave nothing to be desired.

The actual battle of the Alma closes the volumes before us ; and never, perhaps, has such a description of a battle been penned. To military readers, Napier may be equally clear ; but, to the civilian, we doubt if there has ever been afforded so just an idea of a great battle. With the description of the breaking up of the great column on the heights of Alma, before the attack of the Fusiliers, we must close this short and imperfect notice. Prince Gortschakoff had striven to make the column charge. It was in vain. He rode off :—"Portions of the column—mainly those in the centre and in the rear—became discomposed and unsettled. Numbers of men moved a little one way or another, and of these, some looked as though they stepped a pace backwards ; but no man, as yet, turned round to face the rear. However, although the movement of each soldier, taken singly, was trifling and insignificant, yet even the little displacement of many men at the same time was shaking the structure. Plainly the men must be ceasing to feel that the column they stood in was solid. The ranks, that had been straight as arrows, became bent and wavy. The Russian officers well understood these signs. Presently, their gestures grew violent, and more than one was seen to go and seize a wavering soldier by the throat. But in vain ; for seemingly, by some law of its own nature, rather than under any new stress of external force, the column began to dissolve. The hard mass became fluid. It still cohered ; but what had been, as it were, the outlines of a wall, were becoming like the outlines of a cloud. First some, then more, then all, turned round. Moving slowly, as though discontented with its fate, the column began to fall back."

THE month of March has been unusually barren of any books of mark in the region of popular novels. There is scarcely any work of consequence in this, the most prolific, walk of modern literature, even when we take into account the re-prints from magazines.

"*Tales of all Countries*," by Anthony Trollope, a second series of which have just been published in one volume, is nearly the only book of its class by an author of note which does not appear as a re-publication. It is, as its name would indicate, a collection of short tales totally unconnected with one another, and therefore, of necessity, wanting much of that concentration of interest which a novel by the same hand would undoubtedly possess. That they are products of the same mind that conceived and wrought out "*Barchester Towers*" and "*Framley Parsonage*" is, however, at once evident. The stories, though short, are excellent, and are moreover distinguished by much of that almost feminine delicacy of touch for which Trollope is already noted.

Of reprints from magazines, probably the most popular will be "*Verner's Pride*," by Mrs. Wood, reprinted from "*Once-a-week*." The story is of the mildly sensational class into which Mrs. Wood has been falling—we suspect through excessive haste—ever since her great success

in "East Lynne." It will, however, doubtless find many readers in spite of its very recognizable faults, the more so from the well-grounded persuasion that, if they get no great good, they will get but little harm from any of Mrs. Wood's writings.

"The Story of Elizabeth," reprinted in a one volume form from the "Cornhill," is a work which, even if not more popular than "Verner's Pride," gives promise of something very far superior in the future. Its interest will doubtless be heightened to many by the knowledge that its author is a daughter of Mr. Thackeray, some glimpses of whose peculiar genius and temperament we can easily trace in the short tale before us.

These three are the only novels which, either by the eminence of their authors or their own intrinsic value as works of fiction, seem worthy of notice.

In the region of History there is not much to engage attention this month. The most important, probably, of these, will be found to be Mr. Freeman's "History of Federal Government." The work is a very comprehensive one, and appears, at the same time, to be well executed. Mr. Freeman's command of historical learning is very remarkable, and his powers of arrangement seem to be such as are necessary for a work of so great scope and importance as the one which he has undertaken. His theories appear to be both modest and sound; while his manner of interweaving the facts supporting them, with the theories themselves, is worthy of high praise. On the whole, the book, of which we as yet have only the first volume, promises to be a real addition of value to our historical libraries, and not the less so because of the modest claims put forth in favour of Federalism by its author, who is evidently not carried away by a hobby.

Of a different and far inferior class is "The Slave Power," by J. E. Cairnes, of Queen's College, Galway. His endeavour is to show, in the first place, that a slave power is necessarily an evil power; and in the second, to work out a very terrible picture of what must result from the success of the Confederate States in establishing their independence. The work is not worse performed than might reasonably be expected from the fact that the author begins his examination of the subject with a foregone conclusion regarding it. We very much doubt the work's possessing any historical value whatever.

The celebrated author of the "Reformation in Europe," Dr. Merle D'Aubigne, has just put forth a translation of his new work, "The Reformation in the Time of Calvin." The book will, without doubt, command a high position as a standard work on the subject of which it treats, and even independently of its own merits is certain to command public attention from the well-known name of its author.

A "Life of Lord Bolingbroke," Queen Anne's celebrated minister, has just been published by Mr. Macknight. We are unable, as yet, to speak positively of its merits; but, if the execution is at all up to the level of the subject, Mr. Macknight's work cannot fail of being both valuable and popular.

Amongst Scientific works, Sir Charles Lyell's new book on "The Antiquity of Man from Geological Evidences" is beyond doubt the most remarkable. It seems to be in all respects worthy of the high fame of its author as a man of science, although it will doubtless be looked upon by some as little short of heretical. The conclusion arrived at by Lyell

respecting man's antiquity, upon carefully worked out scientific grounds, is that he must have been a denizen of this earth for a vast but unknown time before the historical period. He shows that men were coeval with some of the extinct species of animals, who were popularly supposed, until lately, to be unquestionably pre-Adamite. Amongst these he enumerates the mammoth, the woolly rhinoceros, and other animals of the same early age. The book is one of very high interest.

"The Nationalities of Europe," by Dr. Latham, may also be reckoned amongst scientific works. It does not, however, seem likely to do much for its author's reputation, as both its scholarship and its theories are subjected to very severe handling by many competent judges. All admit that its learning is very great, but the usual opinion seems to be that its author has, in this instance, departed from his own proper sphere, and has failed in consequence.

Professor Huxley's "Lectures upon the Scientific Evidence as to Man's place in Nature" are now published in a collected form; of their merits in a scientific point of view we are unable to speak as yet; but they appear to be popular, to judge by the success which has attended their delivery.

The Narrative of the Great Victorian Expedition through Central Australia, conducted by the lamented Burke and Wills, is now published from the journals of Mr. Wills, edited by his father. This cannot be other than a work of great interest for all colonists in this part of the world, where the story of the sufferings and death of the noble men who led that ill-fated expedition, has excited such deep pity and admiration.

"Life in the South," by a blockaded British subject, is a work which is interesting even while it disappoints, and will be read even while it is pronounced unsatisfactory. The subject is, of course, the cause of this. Everyone wants to know how people get on behind the scenes in the Southern States of America. We want some one to do for the Confederate States what Mr. Trollope did, no long time ago, for the Federals. This we have not got in any very marked degree, it is true, in "Life in the South," which is written apparently by a young lady governess. Still the book does tell, as if by accident, a few of the sort of things we want to hear, and will no doubt sell well on that account.

A book which will far better deserve popularity is a translation of M. Rufin Pietrowski's "Story of a Siberian Exile." The work, which has excited great attention upon the Continent, is the very graphically described adventures of the writer, who is a Pole escaped from the Siberian mines, of the horrors of his exile, and the almost superhuman toils which his escape involved. There appears to be no ground for doubting the entire truthfulness of the narrative, although, were it not borne out by collateral evidence, we should almost be led to doubt it, so fearful are the perils and horrors described in it. Its author,—a Polish political offender, is now a professor at one of the Parisian Educational establishments.

There is, perhaps, no book of the month which ought to contain more that is of interest for settlers in New Zealand than Captain Bedford Pim's new work "The Gate of the Pacific." The book is well written, and appears to be arousing the British public in some degree to the importance of the question, how the transit of the Isthmus of Panama can best be rendered safe, expeditious, and at all times practicable.

Taken in connection with the present agitation for a Panama mail service by the Eastern Australian Colonies and New Zealand, the attention which Captain Pim's able work is exciting, must be taken as highly promising for the Panama route cause.

It remains for us only to notice Professor Goldwin Smith's letters upon the Colonies, which are now collected into a volume under the title of "The Empire." We are glad to see these letters in a form in which their merits and demerits can be more fully discussed than they have been in the original form of newspaper letters. We hope their appearance will induce some one to take up the opposite side of the question, and give the whole subject that which it has not yet received, a temperate and candid examination on its own merits.

In poetry the month has been unusually barren. With the exception of three books of verse apropos of the Royal marriage,—one by Professor Aytoun; one entitled "Leaves from our Cypress and our Oak," by an unknown hand; and a third called "A Welcome," and written by a number of different hands,—none of which soar much above that mediocrity so abhorrent to gods, men, and booksellers—the only volume of poems is one by a new writer, Norval Clyne, who appears to do no inconsiderable justice to his chosen subjects—scenes from Scottish history. The poems are all in the ballad measures and are very spirited, and at times, poetical in their treatment.

We observe that Bentley has not yet published the works on our Taranaki war, so long announced by Sir James Alexander and Colonel Carey; we suppose they cannot be long delayed now.

"The Adventures of Captain Dangerous" are, we observe, about to be shortly published in the regular novel form. We look upon this as the best of Sala's fictions; it will no doubt have considerable success.

Miss Braddon's *Aurora Floyd* appears to be enjoying as great a success as its predecessor, *Lady Audley's Secret*; it has reached a fifth edition.

Charles Reade's new story "Very Hard Cash" has been begun in the pages of "All the Year Round."

The Proprietors of the

SOUTHERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Have much pleasure in announcing to the public that they have just completed arrangements which will enable them, from this date, to enlarge, very considerably, the size of their periodical. The "Southern Monthly Magazine" will, after the present number,

CONSIST OF FOUR, INSTEAD OF THREE SHEETS,
as at present.

The Proprietors have been induced to make this change by the conviction that any such effort to increase the scope afforded by the Magazine for really interesting and valuable matter, will meet with a high amount of appreciation from the reading public of this and the other Australasian Colonies. They therefore desire to call public attention to the fact that their next, and future numbers,

WILL CONTAIN ONE FOURTH PART MORE MATTER
than the one now before them.

THE
SOUTHERN MONTHLY
MAGAZINE.

"QUE POSSINT OCULOS AURESQUE MORARI."—*Horace.*

JULY, 1863.

WHAT BECAME OF HIM?
IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER V.—THE INDIANS.

By the time our hero fully awoke to consciousness, the sounds of firing had ceased, and it was only now and then in the distance that the whoops of an Indian warrior, rejoicing over some fresh discovery of a dead enemy, interrupted the perfect stillness of the atmosphere. It was not until the sound of a suppressed war-whoop at no great distance from their place of retirement caused the whole party to start, that he spoke again:—

"Are we safe here Tom, do you think?" he asked of his rough-looking companion, who sat almost listlessly playing with his revolver upon a projecting piece of moss-covered rock.

"Safe to be caught, if ye mean that I should say," returned Tom grimly, as he cast a quick glance over the small amphitheatre of rocks which shut out the view on all sides.

"I haven't my revolver you know, Tom; so we had better try hiding out of their way, hadn't we?"

"Bless'd if I mind that much," said the other; "I picked up one as I came away, that'll serve your turn I dessay. I don't hev no notion o' them niggers, for all they did come in handy that time; they'd as lieve eat you or me as not, so I votes for polishing on them off as many as comes our way." Tom spoke slowly and with decision; and it was evident that his opinions had been long matured on the great nigger question, so that it would be worse than useless to oppose him.

"But," said Jim in a low tone, "Suppose we see one o' them niggers looking at us over the rocks, what had we best do?"

"Do ! why shoot 'em to be sure, like this," and suiting the action to the word, he raised his revolver and fired. Something dark rolled down amongst the rocks with a faint cry, and all was still.

Jim was about to run forward to examine the place, and look for the dead body, but was almost forcibly detained by his companions.

"They never goes alone," whispered Tom.

"You'll get a bullet if you go near that place, I can tell ye."

Jim drew back instantly.

The three men were now standing under the shadow of a huge block of quartz that glistened in the sun-light wherever it was free from the creeping mosses that concealed the greater part of its surface from view. The spot was a very strange one, and of a character most unusual in any part of the world out of California. It presented the appearance of a natural amphitheatre, carpetted with grass and strange but beautiful wild flowers, while all around it rose strange uncouth masses of rock piled one upon another, some of them as if cast there by giants at sport or in conflict ; others so regular in their outline as to give the idea of being the works of man. Over all, however, the soft dark covering of moss had been drawn by Nature's beautifying hand, sprinkled here and there with bright flowers that peeped out of the crevices in the rock. In the middle the ground was perfectly free from rocks, and was thickly covered with a beautiful sward of the very greenest grass. Through this ran a small mountain stream, which, after winding about in an uncertain sort of way through the open space, found an outlet through a very narrow ravine towards the Palomba river. What depth the ravine might be it was no easy matter to ascertain, as there was no way of going along the side, and any view to be got from the top of the rocks, showed nothing but a confused vista of long ferns and green rock plants, through which, at a great depth, might be discerned the white glitter of the stream foaming over white jagged points of quartz rock at the bottom. How our party had reached this retired spot was rather surprising, and might seem more so, did we not know how much more often such spots are found by accident than by design.

They had come over the rocky wall where it was lowest and least precipitous, and it was in the attempt to follow upon their tracks, that the pursuing Indian warrior had, by exposing his body too freely, met with the fate which has been mentioned. There was a prolonged pause after the last remark made by Tom ; each of the party, as if compelled by a horrible sort of fascination, kept their eyes fixed upon some particular cleft in the rocky wall, through which they expected every moment to see the head of an Indian cautiously protruded. Minutes, however, passed away and nothing happened. The echoes of Tom's revolver, which were taken up by the rocks on all sides, and seemed to the excited fancy of the listeners to be prolonged long after they had actually ceased, at last had so completely given way to silence as to convince even them that it could no longer be heard. Still there was no sound. They could hear the hum of the insects that dashed about over the rock-mosses, or skimmed on flashing wings over the glittering surface of the stream ; they could even hear distinctly the wash of the little streamlet on the rocks so far below in the ravine, and at times the dull murmuring sound which they knew to be caused by the cradles at work in the valley far below. There was no sound besides. The moments slid gradually away, every

one rendering the feeling of intolerable impatience more acute and painful.

"I say Tom, I can't stand this," whispered Jim to his companion.

"Was that really an Indian ye shot, d'ye think, for I could'nt see him?"

"I should rayther say so," replied Tom, without however removing his anxious stern look from the ridge opposite him. There was a pause of some minutes' duration. Then Jim asked again,

"Are ye sure ye hit him, Tom? I've heard say that them Indians 'll sham hurt for the sake of getting near ye. I must go and see for myself."

Tom laid a heavy hand on his comrade's arm and stopped him.

"Look!" he ejaculated, and pointed upward with his revolver, which he held in his other hand. Jim's eye followed the barrel of the pistol, and then in the distance, almost like a speck on the horizon, he saw what he fancied was the form of a bird.

"Well!" he said, "What o' that?"

"Look!" was the laconic reply.

He looked again. It was a bird. It was flying quickly, and was already tolerably distinct. He did not comprehend at first his companion's meaning in thus pointing out the bird, yet he couldn't take his eyes off its motions. There was no uncertainty in its steady swift flight. It came nearer and nearer; now he could make out the colour of the bird; it was black. Now he could tell just what size it was; like a large crow. It looked as if it was coming to themselves; then suddenly it seemed to stop, made a sharp bend to the right, and lighted upon the wall of rock. Here it stood for several seconds, stretching out its neck and peering suspiciously into the chasm before it. At last it rose with a heavy awkward flutter, and dropped rather than flew into the chasm where the Indian had fallen. Tom laid his hand again on his companion's shoulder.

"There's more where that un come from, Jim," he whispered.

Jim understood him at last, and saw with a shudder that there were already several more birds steadily following in the wake of the first.

"Watch them rocks, Jim," whispered Tom again, "I wants to see them birds."

Jim gladly took his eyes off the loathsome birds that were now appearing in groups of two or three at a time, but all drawing steadily in the same direction. Tom watched them steadily, and with so observant a gaze, that it seemed scarcely probable he had less than a very powerful motive beyond mere curiosity for so doing. For some seconds this careful scrutiny of his seemed to produce no result. The birds flew steadily and uninterruptedly as before, and several had now joined the first who arrived at the scene of his horrid banquet. Suddenly, however, there was a slight disturbance amongst the nearest of those that were approaching. For a moment they seemed to be disconcerted, and paused in their flight, as if they were about to settle. Tom uttered an exclamation of pleasure in a low tone, although a darker shade of anxiety knit his heavy brows as he looked.

"What is it, Tom?" asked his comrade.

"Oh! not much; we'll have to fight for the dear life afore long though, I tell ye; and here's Dick a'most done up ye see."

Both of them looked at our hero, who had gradually sunk back upon

the rock behind him, and despite the terrible interest of his position, was, if not actually asleep, at least overcome by a sort of stupor, the inevitable result of his exhausted physical condition, from which the tremendous stimulants that had served to keep it up, had been withdrawn. Both these rough men looked at him tenderly, although with such a weight of anxiety pressing on their minds, for their own safety.

"I won't never leave him!" ejaculated Jim, in a tone of voice somewhat louder than circumstances warranted.

"And who's a talkin' o' leavin' un," asked the other somewhat indignantly in reply. "Leave un! No! I wouldn't leave un if I could, I tell ye; and that's just what neither you nor me could do just now, without getting more pills into us nor would be either pleasant or wholesome."

"Don't wake un!" he continued, seeing Jim put out his hand as if to rouse him. "Don't wake un; it'll be time enough for to try that when we can't do without un; and that won't be for a while yet I dessay. Them niggers aint just ready for us yet, I can see."

Jim drew back, and left our hero to recline as he was doing, against the shelving rock. The two men stood close against the rock, which, from its peculiar conformation afforded shelter from the sides, and only exposed them to the enemy in front. Here, revolver in hand, they watched the rocks in front for the first sign of an enemy. They might have stood thus for nearly a quarter of an hour, though to them it seemed many hours, and had almost begun to relax their vigilance from very exhaustion caused by the long strain upon their nerves; suddenly a low musical whistle, clear and distinct as a bell, resounded from the rocks on one side near the ravine, down which the streamlet emptied itself. Both the watchers started, but Jim would have been lulled into security again in a moment, when a second cry, exactly like that of a bird, answered the first from a little distance, had it not been for the muttered exclamation of his comrade as he gathered himself up carefully against the side of the rock.

"Now for the bloody niggers, by George!"

Jim followed his example, although scarcely perceiving the cause of his action. The shrill yet melodious call was repeated again, and at the same moment half a dozen dark, active forms sprang over the rocks in different places, showing the paint and appointments of Californian Indians in war costume.

"Now, Jim, steady, one at a time. You take the left; I'll try the right niggers. Rouse up Dick with yer foot, if ye can!" ejaculated Tom, as he raised the gleaming bright barrel of his revolver with as cool and steady a hand as if he had but one enemy to deal with, and plenty of time in which to do it.

Already the foremost Indian had overleaped the rocky barrier, and made his first bound over the smooth plot of grass below. Tom fired: the Indian gave another bound, and fell, not upon his feet but on his face. Almost at the same instant, Jim's pistol had done nearly equal execution—another Indian reeled back, half recovered himself, threw up his right arm into the air, and fell slowly to the ground. A second, and Tom's deadly weapon had singled out another, who fell without a groan; Jim's at the same time brought another upon his knee, with a severe wound in his thigh. The two remaining halted for a moment in dismay

at the deadly aim of the two diggers, then, with a yell and a bound, they were close upon our party. Jim tried to fire upon the one next him : his pistol missed fire—he was defenceless ! The Indian was close upon him : a tall athletic man, looking taller and stronger in the barbaric majesty of his war costume : a short sharp cry escaped his lips when he saw that his victim's weapon had missed fire, and, with his tomahawk uplifted, he sprang upon him. Jim stepped back involuntarily as the Indian made that last fierce bound. His heel caught upon a piece of stone, and he fell. That fall saved his life : the leap of the savage fell short of him, and in the moment thus gained, the heavy butt-end of his comrade's revolver descended, driven with the full power of his arm, upon the naked head of the Indian warrior. Without a moan, he sank backwards upon the ground. The fate of their six braves had evidently, to some extent, frightened the Indians. No more of them showed themselves, but every minute a bullet came whizzing close past the place where our party crouched as close to the rocks as possible. None of them took effect, however, as they were afraid to show themselves sufficiently to enable them to get a good aim, and the rocky wall afforded a good defence on all sides but one. The attack, too, had roused our hero from his state of lethargy, and, although still weak and faint, he was quite able to handle his revolver and to keep close, so as to present as small a mark for the enemy as possible.

"Now !" exclaimed Tom, after he had closely observed their new plan of attack for a minute or two. "Bless'd if I don't think they'll make a mess on't yet. If they only keep on at that for half-an-hour, they'll have half the diggings round them, I know."

Although no man is more regardless of danger than the Indian brave, it is a peculiarity of the race to have a great preference for gaining their end in a quiet way, by stratagem, rather than by the exertion of that courage for facing tremendous peril, in which they show themselves at other times so remarkable. This it undoubtedly was that saved our hero and his party from destruction. Had the Indians poured in upon them from all sides at once—they might indeed have shot several of them, but they must themselves have inevitably perished. Had the party who actually did venture upon an open attack consisted of eight instead of six natives, they must have fallen a sacrifice to them. This peculiarity of Indian character, then, stood our party in good stead : it seemed scarcely worth while to sacrifice so many lives of the best men in attacking them boldly if they could succeed in shooting them down one by one. The idea contained in Tom's last observation to our hero, however, did gradually dawn, to all appearance, upon the minds of the attacking party, when they found that minute after minute slipped away, and yet none of the party were wounded by their shots. They suddenly ceased firing altogether. Our party looked at one another—an uneasy look that conveyed the suspicion that the change boded no good.

"What do you think that means, Tom ?" asked our hero, after a pause.

"One of two things, I should say ; either the niggers see some o' the diggers and have bolted, or else they're up to some devil's tricks to circumvent us with ; for my part I don't know which it may be."

"We must wait and see, I suppose," returned our hero ; "it won't do to expose any of our party to the risk."

They waited. For some time all was still, so still as to give the impression of something being wrong,—that suspicious stillness which might be compared to nature's holding its breath preparatory to doing something terrible. So long as this lasted, all signs of impatience were repressed by our party. Gradually, however, from a distance the sounds of people advancing in several directions began to be heard. A pistol shot began here and there to drop, as if preparatory to the general storm of the conflict. Tom and Jim both grew impatient.

"Them niggers must be gone I think!" muttered Tom.

Jim, in his excitement, stepped boldly out of shelter of the rocks. Nothing happened; not a sign of an enemy appeared.

"Bless'd if they ain't gone, though," cried Tom, exultingly. "Now we'll have some sport, by George." As he spoke he stooped and seized the tomahawk of the Indian who had fallen last in the very act of striking one of the party. "Come on, Dick! We'll have our share of the sport, too!"

Following his comrade's example, and despoiling one of the dead Indians of his weapon, our hero followed, although not without the most serious misgivings, the course pursued by his two companions. They crossed the grassy bottom of the hollow, mounted the rocky barrier beyond, and plunged headlong down the descent upon the other side. In an instant the air was filled with a triumphant yell, which rose behind, before and on every side, whilst, from every bush of fern or fissure of rock, demon-like forms of Indians in their war paint sprang towards them.

"Sarcumvented, by George!" exclaimed Tom, who was in advance. "Back, Jim! Back, Dick! Back for your lives! Another step, and nothing can save ye!"

It was too late, however, for retreat. The way they had come was as well barred by Indians as that in front. The case looked a desperate one and in reality had but one advantage, that firearms could not be used by the enemy, as they would have been, at least, as likely to shoot Indians as white men. Of course, our hero and his party had no time to think of this. Indeed, thought of any kind was clearly out of the question at such a moment. One thing the terrible nature of the emergency had done, however; it had restrung the nerves and sinews of each of the party to the very uttermost. In a moment the Indians were upon them. Back to back they stood by a sort of instinct, to receive the onset; had they done otherwise not a soul of them would have lived to tell the tale. The sharp report of the revolvers was almost drowned in the savage war yells of their enemies; but the shots told, nevertheless. They were at close quarters, and every shot fired with ordinary coolness must be fatal. Three Indians fell close beside them. It had no effect, however, upon the others; the charge was a terrible one. Again and again did the sharp crack of the revolvers tell of the death of some Indian, and still the shouts and yells rose higher and more unearthly above the noise of the deadly firearms. It could not have lasted so long as it did had it not been that every Indian who fell went to increase bulwark of our party against his friends. It was quite impossible, that it could last any longer; the last barrel of the revolver had been fired—the last Indian whom they could reasonably have expected to have added one more to the barrier, over which his

swarmed to obtain revenge for his death. The natives saw how their enemies were situated, and they paused, as if by a common instinct, to enhance the pleasure of revenge, by letting it hang for a few moments over their victims' heads.

"Poor critturs," observed Tom, half turning towards his two companions ; " poor critturs, they've bad as good as ever they can give, I'll warrant them. It's all up now, though, with us, so we may as well shake hands and have done with it, like Englishmen and good mates." Each stretched out his left hand silently (in his right he grasped the Indian tomahawk which he had picked up), and grasped, with a firm, nervous grasp, the hands of his two comrades in succession. " Hurrah !" shouted Tom. " Now, you niggers, come on ; I'm man enough for one or two o' ye, wi' your own onchristian tommy-hawk things."

His action, and the tone of his address, had the intended effect. The spell was broken : with a yell, yet more wildly savage than before, the Indians rushed upon them from all sides. Tom did indeed make good his words, for, possessed of a physical force far superior to that of any one of his antagonists, and perfectly reckless as to his own personal safety, he hurled one after another of his assailants backwards over the bodies of their comrades, generally either killed or severely wounded by the terrible blows, which he dealt, now with one side, now with the other, of the tomahawk in his hand. His efforts were seconded with surprising success by his companions, and for at least a minute they succeeded, although bleeding and faint, in stemming the living stream of enemies that roared and leaped around them. It could not last. Our hero made a stroke at an Indian warrior, but, in stepping forward, his foot slipped in the clay already miry with blood, and he lost his balance and fell. At the same moment another native, avoiding the sledge-hammer-like blows dealt by Tom's hatchet, sprang upon him obliquely, and succeeded in pinioning one arm : true, he fell dead next moment, but the circle was broken—the end, to all appearance, had come at last. A severe cut in the shoulder had just stretched Jim amongst the heap of dead Indians, and another native was in the very act of burying his tomahawk in our hero's skull, when, to the utter amazement of his victim, who looked up with unflinching eye in his face, his arm dropped nerveless at his side, his eyes set with a ghastly stare, and he fell heavily and dead upon the prostrate body of our hero : he had been shot ! The intense excitement of the moment prevented his comprehending the cause of this sudden rescue of himself from what appeared certain and instant death : a flood of tumultuous thoughts, feelings, and recollections seemed to be choking him for a moment, and then he lost consciousness. No miracle, it need scarcely be said, had been wrought on his behalf : a rifle bullet, at a hundred yards, had singled out his foe with an absolute certainty of aim, and had pierced his brain as he was in the very act to strike. Nor was it by any means a solitary rifle bullet : from three sides of the scene of conflict a volley rang out, clear and sharp, stretching not a few of the Indian braves dead upon the ground. The Indians were, to some extent, caught in their own trap. They had congregated in considerable numbers into the narrow valley which I have before described, attracted by the desire of vengeance upon the small party of our hero. They had, indeed, placed scouts round the valley, but these had soon become as wildly excited as their companions below, and had finally joined them when the

At last, however, he succeeded in doing so. The shriek that he gave, thrilled through Tom so painfully, that he made a tremendous effort, and rising to his feet, staggered towards the spot. The other watched him with an almost unearthly expression of eager impatience. He came slowly however, and stopped every few steps to rest. The terrible doubt dawned on the mind of the wretched man, and was vividly depicted upon his face—would he have strength to assist him if he did reach him in time? The doubt was agony, and he scrutinized every step of the approaching succour with fearful anxiety. He was near now, and their eyes met. A strange flush rose to Tom's cheek at sight of who it was whom he was trying to save; and a ghastly pallor overspread the parts of the other's face that were visible through his black hair. For an instant they gazed at one another. Neither tried to speak. Tom stood perfectly still.

"Help! help! for the good God's sake help me!" yelled, rather than shouted, the miserable man at last.

Tom did not move, he only tottered unsteadily as though in danger of falling.

"Oh mercy! help! It was not my fault! not mine only! I didn't want the gold. I was bribed—paid to do it! Oh, heavens! Mercy!" The shrieks of the despairing robber were fearful.

A deep flush rose upon Tom's cheek for an instant, and, with a great effort, he made a step forwards. The exertion, combined with the emotion, was too much, however—his most severe wound burst out afresh: he staggered forward and fell: he was all but insensible; but still, as if by a horrible fascination, his eyes fixed themselves upon those of the robber juryman, who was hanging between life and death not two yards from him.

"Mercy! help! mercy!" shouted once more the perishing wretch, as one handful of the grass by which he held gave way. With a cry of despair, he grasped at another; missed it; swung for a moment by one hand, then with his eyes fixed in a horrible stare upon Tom's face, suddenly disappeared over the cliff! None heard the last cry of the traitor: the only man saved from the wreck of the 'Golden Promise.'

* * * * *

Three months had passed away. Three months, bringing changes over the face of the Palomba country such as thirty years could scarcely have produced elsewhere. A town had sprung up all round the valley where the diggers' tents had been scattered three months before. The hum of busy thousands was there from morning till night; but it was the hum of a city, not now of a lawless gold-field. Two gentlemen had arrived by one of the numerous coaches that ran from Sacramento to Palomba, and were slowly strolling, side by side, out of the town, and towards the still uninvaded wilds of Palomba mountain, as it was called, which rose rugged and craggy above the town. Side by side they walked on slowly and in silence, each apparently wrapped up in his reflections. They had left the town far behind, or, more correctly, they had now stood upon a small plateau, so seamed with strange irregular walls of quartz rock, and deep, all

water-courses, as to present a most striking and unusual appearance. It was not, however, apparently at the peculiar features of the landscape that the travellers were looking. As if by common consent, although without a word, they walked slowly over the rocky ridge on which they stood, and through a green little valley beyond, towards the deep ravine formed by the mountain stream at their side. Near the middle of this hollow one of them stopped, and, pointing to a curious looking block of white quartz beside them, said,

"It was just at the foot of that stone, Jim, that I came upon Silas Chobbin's body. I knew him in a moment; he had one hand clenched tightly on his breast and his discharged pistol in the other. I knew I should find our gold next his heart, poor wretch !"

A few yards farther, and they came upon a grave. The green grass and the bright flowers of the country had covered it already, and at the head was a simple wooden cross without name or date. The two men stood long on either side of the simple mound of earth; not a word was spoken by either of them, and it was not until the gathering gloom of the still evening warned them that it was time to go, that they clasped their hands over that lone grave, and turned away with dimmed eyes from the spot. Truly, though he slept in an unnamed grave, Tom Smith was not altogether forgotten.

CHAPTER VI.—THE END.

It was Autumn once more at Beachford. The village looked but little different from of old. The cottages had the same amphibious look close to the beach, giving the impression of utter indifference on their part as to whether they were called upon to make a sea voyage or not; while those higher up the hill looked as anxious as ever to assert their connexion with the Hall rather than with the beach, only injured by the very decidedly fishy odour which somehow would cling to them. On the Hall itself, however, a more than Autumn blight seemed to have fallen. The giant oaks and elms did indeed look melancholy enough as they scattered their ghostlike leaves on every breeze that blew, but they might be said to look cheerful compared with the Hall itself. It was not deserted, for the usual number of chimneys still smoked day by day, and the same numbers of fish were daily consumed within its walls; but yet it looked blighted and forlorn. The servants walked softly, and spoke under their breath, as if there were some one dead in the house. The look of hearty life that had surrounded the old mansion of the Fortescues, seemed to have died out with the last of the direct line. The Baronet was there indeed, but that only seemed to make matters worse. While he was away, which was for the first year of his reign at Beachford Hall, you might have heard the milkmaid's song in the park, and the mower's merry whistle on the lawn, but since the master's return, these seemed to have died altogether away, and nothing more cheerful than the cry of the sea mews as they winged their way across the promontory on which Beachford stood, enlivened the dreariness of the

park by day, and the whoop of the owls that honoured the oaks in the old avenue with their presence by night.

Sir Charles was at home. Indeed he was always at home, and it formed one of the most bitter of the gamekeeper's many grievances that "the Measter" (he never would call him Sir Charles,) "didn't never show his feace to a blessed hare or pheasand all the year round, he didn't." It was perfectly true. Sir Charles seldom moved out of the house, but usually made use of a long corridor for his solitary walks. At times, indeed, he would go out, but it was only to pace up and down the long melancholy avenue of oaks and elms that led up to the hall, with his hands joined behind him, and his head bent towards the ground as he walked. On the day on which we revisit Beachford, the Baronet had been unusually restless. All the forenoon he had paced incessantly up and down the long gallery where the old portraits of the house of Fortescue gazed sternly down from the walls upon the first out of the direct line who had ventured to inherit their family name and honours. He did not seem to be the victim, however, of any superstitious fears of that kind, for he took no notice whatever of the portraits, but with his somewhat sunken eyes fixed on the floor, pursued his walk without once looking up. The principal sign of consciousness which he exhibited was, that his lips moved at times as though he were being forced to say something against his will. The quickly shortening autumn day was beginning to draw towards a close, when, as if inspired by some sudden resolution, he seized a hat, and leaving the house by a side door, took his way to his usual walk in the avenue. By the eager and excited steps with which he traversed it, so different from the usual dreary routine walk of the man, it was evident that something either had happened, or was expected to happen shortly, that affected him nearly. Something had certainly occurred to excite him ; for, as he paced rapidly down the avenue, his lips moved constantly, and at times he even extended his arm as if he were making a speech. Once he stopped altogether, and drew a letter from his pocket. He did not open it, however, for he shuddered as his eye fell upon the bold manly writing of the address, and thrust it hastily once more into his pocket. His walk did not, as was his custom, terminate just as he came within sight of the lodge, for he walked rapidly on to the park gate, scarcely noticing, and not in any way acknowledging, the repeated and low curtseys of the gate-keeper's wife, who gazed wonderingly after him from the door of her house. The Baronet looked anxiously along the road and up the hill, but was unable to see anything apparently, for with an exclamation almost amounting to an oath, he was turning reluctantly away, when he caught sight of the dust raised by some vehicle travelling evidently at speed, on the top of the farthest hill on which the road was visible. He watched it with the greatest anxiety as it rapidly approached, walking impatiently up and down in front of the gates in evident excitement. The carriage presently rolled up to the gate, and its occupant recognising the Baronet, stopped it by a sign, and jumped out to meet him. It was Mr. Gibson. Sir Charles came up to him, and made a show of shaking hands ; this, however, with easy politeness, the lawyer managed to avoid noticing, and changed the greeting into a cold formal bow. His manner evidently affected his client unpleasantly, for merely saying, "I want to speak with you, Mr. Gibson," he turned, and

passing through the small postern gate, apparently forgetful of the horses and carriage, led the way into the long avenue. The lawyer did not remind him of his mistake, but merely signing to the driver to stay where he was, followed the Baronet. For some way they walked on in silence, until indeed they were out of sight of the gate, when Sir Charles turned suddenly round upon his guest, and in a tone of strange emotion, asked abruptly,

"Well, Mr. Gibson, and what of that business? Have you heard any thing more from that beggarly bastard who pretends to own these estates?"

The calm grey eye of the lawyer was fixed upon his own for a moment as he ceased speaking, and involuntarily paling under the glance, he hastily turned his eyes on the ground.

"Sir Charles," said the lawyer, after a moment's pause, and articulating his words very distinctly, "I have done what I could for you in this matter; of that I hope you are aware. Beyond a certain point, however, it is neither consistent with my interests, or indeed with my conscience, to proceed. That point, as it seems to me, we have now reached."

"What do you mean, Mr. Gibson? What do you mean, Sir? I assure you, Sir, I don't comprehend you. You are my lawyer, Sir, are you not? And bound to look after my business, Sir, and my interests in every way, Sir! In every way, are you not?" In his excitement he ventured to face Mr. Gibson's gaze once more; but it was only for a moment. His eye fell; there was a hot flush upon either cheek, but otherwise his face was very pale, or rather grey. He looked ghastly in his excitement.

"To your first question, Sir," replied the lawyer, slowly and with emphasis—"To your first question, I reply that you perfectly understand my meaning; to your second, that although as yet your legal adviser, I do not consider that I can advance any farther in this matter with advantage or dignity either to my client or myself."

Sir Charles regarded him for a moment with a look of amazement, which was actually pitiable in its distress.

"What! what do you mean, Mr. Gibson?" he faltered out, after a second's pause. "Not with advantage or dignity to me! to me, Sir! What can you mean, Sir! Am I, Sir,—I,—to understand that you don't think it of any advantage to prevent an illegitimate scoundrel, Sir, from filching away my rightful name and inheritance; not consistent with my dignity to defend the name and property of my ancestors, Sir!"

"No, Sir, to speak plainly, I do not believe it is! To tell the truth, I believe your advantage now lies in yielding up what you had no right ever to possess, to the proper heir, and your only hope of saving even a shred of dignity, will lie in the desire which your cousin will naturally have to shield, as far as may be, the character of his dead parent, who may thus stand between yourself and ignominy." The lawyer spoke sternly and calmly, with the voice of a judge pronouncing sentence on a criminal.

As he spoke, his companion's head sank upon his breast in utter dejection. When he concluded, however, the old fiery temper of the man to whom he spoke, reasserted itself. He raised his head with a proud motion, and although the flush on his cheek had gone out, as it were, there was a flash in his dark eye, which told of the new strength which

utter desperation lends to the soul of a man. He faced the lawyer with a proud bearing, which commanded his involuntary respect, instead of the feeling of almost contemptuous superiority which had been evident in his last words. For a moment he faced him without faltering; then, with an indignant wave of his hand, he exclaimed,

"Begone from my sight at once, and do not insult, by your miserable taunts, the man whose cause you have evidently sold so far as lay in your power! Begone at once, Sir! You are no longer my legal adviser!"

"In spite of the entire conviction of the guilt of his client, with which Mr. Gibson's mind was possessed, it was not without a certain feeling of discomfort that he obeyed the order which he felt he could not resist. He turned away, however, and in five minutes the sound of his carriage wheels resounded through the long and now rapidly darkening avenue of Beachford Hall. Until that sound fell upon his ear, the Baronet had stood motionless, gazing down the path by which the lawyer had disappeared. He then turned, without any sign of emotion, and began to walk towards the house; his step was, however, weak, and he staggered more than once, like a man who has received a severe blow. The rapidly waning light made it almost impossible to see his face, which was turned towards the ground. The Hall was all in darkness, and presented, it must be confessed, a very melancholy and even ghostly appearance on a night such as that was, to any one who approached it; its profusion of quaint gables and tall chimneys of uncertain shapes, showing out with a startling vividness against the leaden-coloured sky; the numerous and fantastically shaped windows, showing nothing but deep and cavernous blanks, like the huge eyes of some giant scull; and, to complete the effect, the great old trees, with their now almost bare branches tossing abroad with a strange wild moaning, in the sharp gusts of cold wintry wind that swept across the promontory from sea to sea. It had a ghastly effect, there was no denying it. And even to a man whose conscience was clear, and his spirits not unusually depressed, it might have brought an unpleasant feeling; to Sir Charles, however, whether because his conscience was not clear, or because his spirits were low, it seemed to convey an extraordinary feeling of oppression. He seemed scarcely able to take his eyes off it, especially one window, and even when he appeared able to do so, he trembled so much as to be scarcely able to walk, but had to lean for some minutes against a tree for support. Partially shaking off the feeling of terror, however, he reached the door by which he had let himself out, and quickly traversing the passages and stairs, regained his study. The room, which was a large and old-fashioned looking apartment, was perfectly dark, with the exception of the grey light still making its way faintly through the stained glass of the window, and a red glow from the embers in the grate. Here he threw himself into an arm-chair, like a man worn out by his emotions, and covering his face with his hands, sat perfectly motionless, as if buried in deep thought, or perhaps enjoying that merciful relief from sensation which misery finds in the torpor that succeeds an emotion over-tasking the mind.

How long he sat he never knew; it must have been for
for when at length he raised his head and looked round
gaze, the grey twilight shadows had passed away from

red glow of the fire had sunk into darkness ; but instead, the moon, freed for a few moments from the clouds that were hurried across her nearly full-orbed disc by the wild Autumn wind, cast a light that was, if possible, more weird and unearthly upon the stained glass window, and threw yet more fantastic shadows upon the quaint furniture, and strange looking panelling of the old room. The Baronet rang the bell with violence ; it was answered almost immediately by a servant with candles, who having placed them upon the table, waited for orders ; he was dismissed by his master in a way that induced him to inform the company in the servant's hall that Sir Charles got worse than ever ; he thought he must be going mad. If the Baronet's actions were those of a madman, they were very systematic. No sooner was the servant gone, than he went to his desk which stood on the table, and unlocking it, took from it several papers ; he then deliberately re-locked the desk, and sat down at the table to examine the papers. One by one he opened and read them. The first few were old ; some in a stiff but characteristic-looking hand, and already getting yellow and fading,—these were signed Charles Fortescue. He turned pale as he read one or two of these, but putting an evident restraint upon himself, he went on with it. Then came others in the clear forcible handwriting of his cousin, and signed Richard Fortescue ; these too he read without great emotion. Then came a legal-looking document, which he half opened, and then laid upon one side. As he lifted a small bundle of letters in a delicate feminine hand, however, which came last, his hand shook, and his pale face assumed a look of such pain as almost to deserve the name of agony ; read them, however, he did, by an exertion of his will, the strength of which was evidenced by the trembling of the hand that rested upon the paper. In one of the envelopes was a small lock of auburn hair, on which the unhappy man gazed long and fixedly. At last muttering, "This is all ! And was it for this ?" he seemed on the point of crushing the hair fiercely in his hand ; its touch seemed partially to unnerve him, however, for instead he thrust it hastily, and as if ashamed to see himself do so, into his breast ; then sweeping the letters together with a gesture so wild as might well have justified his servant's opinion of his state, he crushed them together, and hurled them into the fireplace. He then opened once more the parchment. It was a copy of his uncle's will. With bloodshot eyes, his hands cold, yet his brow wet with drops of perspiration, he read and re-read the codicil declaring his cousin's illegitimacy and his own succession to the estates. With a trembling hand he drew from his pocket a letter ; the same which we have already seen him open in the avenue. It was in the same clear writing as those signed Richard Fortescue. It was short, and ran as follows :—

"Charles Fortescue. The witnesses are found ! The world must know you for what you are,—a disgrace to the name you unworthily bear. There are cases when mercy is an encouragement to crime. Expect no mercy at the hands of—Richard Fortescue." As he read, a ghastly look of horror seemed to gather on his face. He started. It was but a sudden blaze in the apparently fireless grate. The papers had caught a spark from some coal not utterly gone out. He watched the blaze as if spell-bound, while letter after letter opened in the heat, and, as though unwilling to be destroyed, showed the characters in white upon the blackening ashes. With an expiring flicker the flame shot up

brightly for a moment, and went out. The wretched man laughed a wild hoarse laugh, and, as if stirred by a sudden resolve, seized a candle in one hand, and the will and letter in the other, and left the room. His heavy tread resounded through the empty house, echoing through the long passages, even to the servant's apartments.

"Where can the Master be going?" asked the old butler.

There was a silence while all listened.

"Preserve us, if he hasn't gone to old Sir Charles's bed-room!"

It was true! In the morning the principal servants went up there, as none knew where the Baronet was. The sun shot a long bright ray into the dim old room with its immense bed hung with faded curtains, in which no one had slept since Sir Charles had died there. The servants looked round. They started. There, with the sunlight falling full upon his ghastly features, lay the Baronet dead upon the floor. The candlestick where the candle had burnt out in its socket stood beside him, and near lay a half-burnt letter, with "Richard Fortescue" still legible in the corner of it. They raised the dead man. From his hand there dropped a lock of silky auburn hair.

LOVE AND FAME.

It was the May when I was born.

Soft moonlight through the casement stream'd ;

And still, as it were yesternorn,

I dream the dream I dream'd.

I saw two forms from fairy-land

Along the moonbeam gently glide;

Until they halted, hand in hand,

My infant couch beside.

With smiles, the cradle bending o'er,

I heard their whisper'd voices breathe—

The one a crown of diamonds wore,

The one a myrtle wreath ;

"Twin brothers from the better clime,

A poet's spell hath lured to thee ;

Say which shall, in the coming time,

Thy chosen fairy be?"

I stretched my hand, as if my grasp

Could snatch the toy from either brow ;

And found a leaf within my clasp,

One leaf—as fragrant now !

If both in life may not be won,

Be mine, at least, the gentler brother—

For he whose life deserves the one,

In death may gain the other.

E. B. LYTTON.

WAITARA AND THE NATIVE QUESTION.

ALTHOUGH it is true that the struggle which, in some shape or other, has for some years been going on between the colonists on the one hand, and the Maori race on the other, can in no sense be limited to the issue of a dispute about the title to a particular piece of land, yet, in the history of that struggle, the dealings concerning Waitara will occupy a prominent position, as constituting a theme of difficulty to the historian, and of amazement to the reader. The former will have to record, and the latter to read of, a series of misadventures, complications, and disasters, which are almost sufficient to lead to the conclusion that some dark fatality has hitherto beset and hindered the beautiful settlement of New Plymouth in its attempts at progress and development. One would imagine that if any block of land in New Zealand ought to be ours in this year of grace 1863, that block is surely Waitara. If a title to land may be bought with money, we have bought this land two or three times over. We have paid all those who had reasonable claims to be paid, and some probably who had not; we have paid alike the conquerors who had overrun the land, and the conquered who were afraid to come near the place at all, until our presence gave them confidence. If the solemn and deliberate decision of a Court of Justice is worth anything, our title was good from the time of Mr. Spain's investigation in 1844. If might makes right, we have held the land since 1860 against all comers. It is difficult to see wherein our title to this piece of land substantially fails. Yet after all this anxiety on our part lest we should not pay enough or often enough to the owners; after the solemn adjudication of the Land Claims Court in our favour; after the setting aside of that adjudication, and the ruin of a settlement, followed by a fresh purchase, and a fresh payment; after a war involving loss, disaster, and disgrace, and after an armed occupation, and a vain attempt to procure a fair investigation, the land is given up. It might, on a hasty consideration, be supposed that this is the lowest deep in which our name and prestige could be engulfed, that we have now reached that worst point at which things may be expected to mend, and that now, if ever, that *vis medicatrix* which the course of events sometimes develops, will be exerted in our favour. Those who entertain these hopes find their confirmation in the recent success of our troops in their first undertaking against the enemy. Such a view, however much it may be in accordance with the natural and excusable feelings of annoyance and mortification with which we first received the announcement that the Government had resolved to abandon the object for which we had endured such heavy losses and such humiliating reverses, is yet scarcely the view which our future historian will adopt. Those who look back from the undisturbed vantage ground which the future progress of the country in civilization and resources will secure to them, will see that our advance has been, from first to last, unceasing and tolerably steady; that it has been, to use a well-worn metaphor, like the

flowing tide, which continues to advance notwithstanding the recoil of the individual waves, producing to a casual observation the fallacious appearance of a declining instead of a rising flood. The advance of civilization, of law, and of order has been sure, although at times it may have seemed to cease, or the direction of its movement to have become actually reversed. The giving up of Waitara may or may not have been one of these temporary recessions of the tide, but at all events it was nothing more, and it cannot much affect the permanence or certainty of the onward movement. If we look solely at the history of Waitara, it does, indeed, seem to present to us nothing but a tissue of weakness, disgrace, and humiliation. But this is to narrow our view unduly, and to limit our attention to one thread only out of the many which the Destinies are weaving. The acquisition of Waitara cannot with fairness be said to be the object for which Governor Browne went to war with William King, and the abandonment of Waitara is not the abandonment of that object. The supremacy of law remains to be established and upheld, and the possession or the cession of Waitara is important only as it helps or hinders the attainment of the grand result.

The reasons which have determined His Excellency Sir George Grey to give up all claim on Waitara have not yet been announced, but they will doubtless receive a thorough sifting when the General Assembly is convened. Meanwhile we may act upon the maxim *de non apparentibus, et de non existentibus, eadem est ratio*, and are at liberty to judge of the act by such light as we have, our judgment being open to such modification as future information may cause. With such facts, then, as are at present before the public, it seems that there are three suppositions upon which His Excellency's course may be explained. The first is that he weakly and timorously gave up an undoubted right, hoping to disarm the hostility of a jealous and turbulent race by such a display of compliant facility. The second is that he was of opinion that the land had been originally acquired by violence and injustice, and, therefore, was not ours by right. The third supposition is that Sir George Grey believed that the pacification and security of the country would be best promoted by renouncing at once a claim which involved the shadow of a doubt as to its rightfulness, a claim believed to be more than doubtful by many eminent men, and which might by any possibility leave hereafter an impression that our object had been originally not so much the maintenance of law as the acquisition of property.

The first of these suppositions is entirely forbidden alike by the known character of Sir George Grey and by the circumstances of the case. In dealing with uncivilized tribes, Sir George Grey has never shown any want of decision and energy. He has, indeed, displayed a great amount of patience and forbearance; he has never allowed himself to be hurried by feelings of irritation and annoyance into precipitate and ill-advised action; he has never been moved by impatient clamour to take steps in all appearance legitimate and just, without considering how far such steps may be consistent with the promotion of his main object; and he has known how to put up with affront until the time would be ripe for inflicting punishment. It is the possession of such qualities as these which have given him his renown, and marked him out as the fittest person for the task in which he is now engaged. He can scarcely be now suspected of such folly and imbecility.

himself the contempt alike of European and Maori by perpetrating an important act under the influence of a panic. Besides these considerations, it is enough to state that the abandonment of Waitara was determined before the perpetration of the murders of the 4th of May. That the Governor was not moved from his purpose by the commission of those murders, argues not weakness, but calm resolution.

In the second place, may we believe that Sir George Grey gave up Waitara because he believed that we never had any right to it, and that we were originally wrong in the quarrel with William King? Many persons adopt this view, but it seems to be contradicted by some considerations of no little weight. The first of these considerations is, that if our title had been originally and clearly bad, Sir George Grey could scarcely have been eighteen months in finding it out. It may be said that being all along aware of the necessity of giving back Waitara, the Governor reserved the time and manner of doing so, as points for the exercise of his own discretion. But though things not in themselves obligatory may be done at such time and in such manner as convenience may suggest, yet we may not suppose that His Excellency would defer for eighteen months an act of plain justice, particularly when all sound policy would dictate that the sooner such an act should be consummated the better. If indeed we never had any right to Waitara, then it should have been given up long ago, and perhaps by such a course some difficulties which have since arisen might have been avoided. There are other reasons which seem to weigh against the supposition that Sir George Grey adopted this view of unqualified condemnation of our claims to Waitara. I do not wish to inflict either upon myself or my readers a tedious consideration of the irksome controversy which took place about the purchase of native lands, and the *veto* claimed by the chief. I cannot believe that any future reader who shall hereafter examine with fairness and impartiality the facts and arguments which have been set forth on either side, can reasonably come to the opinion that an act of violent and unjust aggression was perpetrated in this matter by the Colonial Government. The pamphlet written by Sir Wm. Martin is believed to be the best statement of the case against the Government. His advocacy is however vitiated by two important fallacies which pervade his argument. In the first place, he altogether ignores the numberless sales of land which have been effected by the *hapu* or sub-tribe, without any reference to the *iwi* or tribe. By the convenient use of the term "community," he evades the distinction between the two. In the second place, he persists in claiming the privileges, for those who repudiate the duties, of British subjects, and the operation of British law for cases which are altogether outside its jurisdiction. The question about tribal right might be argued *ad infinitum* without any clear result, but the real point lies in a nutshell. There can be no manner of question that according to Maori usage, William King might claim and exercise a right of interference with the sale of the land by Teira. There can be as little question that Teira, if sufficiently strong, would have claimed and exercised a right to repel William King's interference, and to effect the sale by force. Let us suppose now that the Governor, instead of interfering, had announced his determination not to buy until Teira could secure the conveyance, and the undisturbed possession. Suppose also that Teira's party considerably preponderated in the tribe. Can any one

doubt that William King's interference would in that case either have been withheld or summarily rejected? Or will it be thought that the Governor by so acting would have better carried out the spirit of the treaty of Waitangi, than by attempting, as he did, to uphold the sovereignty of the Queen, which that treaty expressly reserves? It is difficult to see wherein Governor Browne erred, except in undertaking a task for which he was imperfectly prepared, under the influence of external agitation and pressure. There is a class of minds who are always too ready to criticize in a hostile spirit the measures adopted by the Government of their country. If Governor Browne had been successful, and the Taranaki insurgents had been promptly quelled and punished, the enterprise would have been rewarded with the acclamations of the Colony, and the thanks of the Home Government. It was amusing to remark how doubts about the justice of our cause, which, by many, had been consistently enough entertained from the beginning, crept into the minds of others only when it appeared that the war was likely to be longer in its duration, and more disagreeable in its effects, than was at first supposed. It was amusing to see how these doubts acquired fresh depth with every fresh disaster; and greater extent as the war threatened to spread. Writers who were loud enough about the necessity of upholding the Queen's supremacy at Taranaki, began to think William King in the right when it appeared that Waikato would become the scene of strife. The revulsion of feeling which thus set in was aided by some proofs of weakness and indiscretion on the part of the Stafford ministry, and the tide gained strength until that ministry was swept away. On the whole, the case against the Colonial Government in the matter of Waitara is hardly clear enough to allow Sir George Grey to think that he would be supported either by the Home Government or the public opinion of the Colony in throwing the reproach of using unjust violence upon his predecessor. But besides these general considerations, Sir George Grey ought to be better aware than most persons that William King's claims upon Waitara were not of such undoubted validity that the Government was bound to admit them.

In the year 1847, in pursuance of instructions from Mr. Gladstone, who appears to have wished that Mr. Commissioner Spain's award should, if possible, be carried out, Sir George Grey, then Governor of New Zealand, undertook the task of settling, as far as might be, the questions which had arisen out of the refusal on the part of Governor Fitzroy to carry out the award of Mr. Commissioner Spain. In the scheme laid out by Sir George Grey for effecting this object, nothing appeared to be further from his thoughts than any admission of seigniorial right on the part of any native or natives, to the detriment of the Queen's supremacy. He assumed, indeed, all the authority of a ruler. The natives were to be allotted ample reserves for their present and future wants; the remaining portion of the country was to be resumed for the Crown and the use of the Europeans; the value of the land so resumed was to be assessed by a Commissioner, and those natives who could prove their titles to his satisfaction, were to receive proportionate payment. When it appeared that few of the natives were disposed to acquiesce in this arrangement given them distinctly to understand that it was the Government to enforce it. Here was full-blown British supremacy ment would decide what land the native should have

pakeha. The land taken for the use of the settlers should be assessed by a Commissioner, but the price should not exceed eighteen-pence an acre, and those who would not take eighteen-pence might go without it. This was not all. William King, with a portion of the Ngatiawa tribe, then resident at Waikanae, was very anxious to sell that place and return to Waitara. What was Sir George Grey's opinion of William King's right or title in the Waitara land? When he learned that canoes were being fitted out to convey these Ngatiawa natives to Waitara, he sent immediate instructions to Wellington that it should be required of the natives that these canoes should be dismantled, and if they refused to comply, the canoes were to be seized by Lieutenant-Colonel McCleverty. That was how Sir George Grey recognised William King's tribal right in 1847. By a later arrangement Sir George Grey allowed William King and his party to come and settle upon the North bank of the Waitara, upon the condition of *all pretensions being at once relinquished to all lands to the south of the Waitara*. After this it will be naturally supposed that if Sir George Grey believes William King to have exercised a clear and legal right in forbidding the sale of Waitara by Teira, circumstances must indeed have transpired of a nature calculated to alter the whole complexion of the case. In the reality of any circumstances of this character, I confess I have little faith. The circumstances, whatever they may be, are more likely to be simply of such a kind as to render it not expedient, as the proclamation states, to proceed with the purchase. In fact it seems necessary to fall back on the third supposition, and conclude that the abandonment of Waitara was determined by the Governor simply because he considered that his main ends would be best reached by such abandonment.

There are some who appear to confound deliberate and politic conduct of this kind with that cowardly vacillation and weakness which has been already repudiated on the Governor's behalf in this paper. The distinction, however, is clear enough. Whoever possesses a legal claim may, if he please, withdraw from that claim. If such withdrawal is evidently done in a hurry, and as the result of a panic, it is base and cowardly. If, on the other hand, it is done advisedly and by the stronger party; and if, at the same time, a clear determination is manifested to uphold other rights with dignity and spirit, the measure may, in that case, be pronounced unwise, but not weak or despicable. These terms are not applicable to the party who offers with one hand more than he is bound to offer, but with the other firmly grasps the sword. They are not applicable to the Governor who, while he gives up Waitara, sets the troops in vigorous operation against the enemy. Arguments do not seem to be wanting, whatever may be their real value, to show that we are better without Waitara than with it. It may be said that the belief in the original injustice of our quarrel, which, whether well or ill-founded, was undoubtedly disseminated through large portions of the community both here and in England, would infallibly cast its shadow over all our future efforts in the maintenance of law and order among the natives, and that, by giving up Waitara, we rid ourselves of this disadvantage. It may be further alleged that the question between us and the natives rests now upon a different footing from the question which arose in the matter of Waitara. We are now engaged in the task of establishing law and order in this country on general grounds, and not with special reference

community to the native race. The task before us is sufficiently noble to engage all our sympathies, and sufficiently difficult to teach us the advantages of union. The supremacy of Law must be established throughout these islands, promptly, thoroughly, and permanently, and, at the same time, with due regard to the considerations of justice, humanity, and forbearance. This is an undertaking which is attended with many difficulties, and which seems to require the reconciliation of conflicting elements.

Whatever may be thought of Mr. Darwin's views concerning natural selection and the origin of species, no one will be disposed to deny the existence of that struggle for life which he describes, or that a weak and ill-furnished race will necessarily have to give way before one which is strong and highly endowed. This is always the case with different tribes of animals whose territory is limited, and whose interests are conflicting. That it is likewise the case with the races of mankind, the history of many a colony proves. But the case of man differs in some respects from that of other animals. He can study the natural law in virtue of which the conflict arises, and his will can modify its operation. When the European rat exterminates his Maori cousin, he simply follows his instincts, and is not at all aware that he is taking possession of the country in right of his superior strength, ferocity, or sagacity, nor does he feel any misgivings of conscience in respect to the taking advantage of these superior endowments to the detriment of his weaker opponent. The civilized man, however, is able to trace the origin, progress, and consequences of the conflict that spontaneously arises when he comes into contact with an inferior and uneducated race. His higher moral instincts show him at once that to raise the inferior race to his own level, and to endow them with the same gifts, capacities, and advantages which he himself enjoys, is a far nobler thing than to use those endowments to crush and destroy them. The difficulties which lie in the way of such an undertaking arise mainly from the circumstance that the inferior race can scarcely be made to understand the good that is intended them. They will disdain the advances of those whose power they disbelieve, and the proof of this power by its exercise is the one thing which the other party wishes to avoid. When this purpose of pacific colonization is calmly and deliberately embraced after a careful consideration of the consequences which it involves, the spectacle presented is, perhaps, the most sublime which the history of human affairs has to offer. To see a powerful, proud, and lordly nation come in contact with a poor and ignorant race of men, with the design of raising them to something like an equality with itself; to see it submit to have its motives misunderstood, its advances repelled, its interference rejected as encroachment, its generosity viewed as weakness, its power denied, and its majesty insulted; to see it yet calmly persistent in its purpose, withholding the blow which could avenge and crush, and trusting that its labour of love may after all be appreciated and rewarded; this is, doubtless, a more noble sight than the grandest battle, or the most magnificent display of power and wealth.

Alas! that such a picture should be overcast by the blots which imperfect knowledge and defective experience will inevitably import into the realization of our brightest visions. Alas! that after all our self-denying efforts to waive the exercise of the powers which Nature has

to the questions about tribal right in land sales. To give up the particular point, while we vigorously pursue the grand object, will, therefore, be to us a source of strength and not of weakness. Let law once reign, and no future William Kings will claim seigniorial rights in opposition to the Queen's supremacy. Such arguments as these appear, at all events, to be worthy of attentive consideration ; but it is no part of my present purpose to inquire into the true weight which they may carry, or to attempt a defence of the wisdom of the Governor's policy in abandoning all claim upon the Waitara land. All that is meant is that, whether wise or unwise, the measure was in all probability adopted upon grounds of expediency alone, and that such grounds are perfectly legitimate in cases where the higher claims of justice do not imperatively intervene.

It is, doubtless, of little use to lament that all these matters should be merely used as occasions for the display of party spirit, inasmuch as no party is altogether infallible. Occasional failures, and perhaps mistakes, will most certainly occur, and these are immediately pointed out by the adverse party as things which never happened whilst they had the management of affairs, and which would never again occur should they resume it. Yet it seems by no means impossible to take a fairer and more impartial view of things than party spirit chooses to prescribe to us. It appears scarcely necessary to pronounce everything that Governor Browne and Mr. Richmond did to be bad and foolish, and everything done by Governor Grey and Mr. Fox good and wise ; neither, if this view be rejected, are we driven to embrace the opposite. We may, without gross inconsistency, believe that Governor Browne was an honourable English gentleman, who felt that to uphold the authority of his sovereign was the proudest task that he could undertake, and who did not shrink from the difficulties that lay in the way of that undertaking ; and at the same time hold that he committed an error in the selection of his *locus standi*, and in the estimate of the obstacles to be overcome, and of the resources necessary to surmount them. We may give Messrs. Stafford and Richmond credit for considerable ability and statesmanship, and at the same time pronounce them guilty of rashness in the introduction of their "Native Offenders' Bill," and of weak inconsistency in shrinking from allowing a road to be opened through Government land to the Waikato, after having plunged the country in war for the Queen's supremacy. In like manner we may retain our confidence in the ability and steadiness of purpose of Sir George Grey, without binding ourselves to believe that all the money spent upon his Native Institutions has been employed to the best possible advantage. We may also reject the view that all Maories are the representatives of evil and mischief, that those who profess themselves hostile to our progress are necessarily devoid of all feelings of justice and humanity, and that those who profess themselves friendly are as bad as the others, with the addition of being hypocrites. On the other hand, we may decline to believe that all the Maori race are deeply imbued with the love of good and orderly government, and that it is of no consequence when they commit outrages and insults on the Queen's authority, or when they insult and search his Excellency's messenger, because they do it, as Isaac Walton says, "tenderly, and as if they loved him." Moderation in our expressions, forbearance up to certain limits, and firmness beyond those limits, will constitute our best line of conduct, whether in the relations of one political party to another, or of the whole

community to the native race. The task before us is sufficiently noble to engage all our sympathies, and sufficiently difficult to teach us the advantages of union. The supremacy of Law must be established throughout these islands, promptly, thoroughly, and permanently, and, at the same time, with due regard to the considerations of justice, humanity, and forbearance. This is an undertaking which is attended with many difficulties, and which seems to require the reconciliation of conflicting elements.

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given us, we should be at length well nigh driven to declare that he is inexorable and must take its course.

Yet no choice is left to us. Forbearance has its limits, and law justice claim to be protected by the sword. May the necessity be porary, and may the sword introduce a fairer prospect than we have enjoyed of civilization and of peace !

ALEXANDRA.

A CONVOY sailed across the sparkling main,
 A fair, swift vessel shooting o'er the wave,
 With great war-steamers rushing in her train ;
 Who rides upon the deep in state so brave ?
 Daughter of sea-kings, bride of England's heir,
 She comes the sceptre of the sea to share.

Implacable and fierce, her fathers strove
 The island race to plunder and oppress ;
 She comes with looks of gentleness and love,
 That island race to smile upon and bless.
 And mighty keels are with her on the deep ;
 Who shall molest whom England's squadrons keep ?

Swiftly she steers across the foaming sea,
 The huge hulks strain behind or press before,
 The curling waves dash lightly on the lee,
 And bear her blithely to the island shore,
 Where English Thames, impatient and elate,
 Relieves reluctant ocean of his freight.

Then through the arches of the vaulted sky,
 From startled earth pealed to the heavens above
 A simultaneous, loud, triumphal cry,
 A nation's voice of loyalty and love.
 And thus, amidst the guns' resounding roar,
 Is Alexandra welcomed to the shore :

"Welcome, oh, Alexandra, to thy home !
 Our eyes have strained to see our Princess come :
 Our wishes have demanded of the tide
 Our Alexandra, Albert Edward's bride :
 Our hearts have bounded to the cannons' roar,
 That told thy foot had rested on our shore.
 And fairer now thy living presence seems,
 In all our eyes, than fancy's fondest dreams.
 All queenly gifts hath Nature made thine own :
 The quiet dignity to grace a throne ;
 Calm brow that marks the sovereignty

And aspirations high, and soul refined ;
 Soft womanhood, that round some prop will twine ;
 (Who but a King should be the stay of thine ?)
 The sweet simplicity, which, where it comes,
 Makes gilded halls as bright as cottage homes ;
 And the true heart that never fails to find
 The secret bands that link all human kind.
 Come, Princess, come ;—in thy bright beauty's right,
 To every English heart a fresh delight.
 No Nurseling thou of lands whose sunny skies
 Pour languid softness into beauty's eyes ;
 Where strength of soul dissolves in fairy bowers,
 'Mid liquid melodies, and fragrant flowers.
 No ! thou wert born beneath another sky,
 And strength is joined with sweetness in thine eye.
 Thou wilt not shudder in our English air,
 Which now salutes thee for a lady fair,
 And noble Princess, worthy to command
 The stern devotion of a northern land.
 Shall not ten thousand swords, if need there be,
 Flash in the air between all wrong and thee ?
 The hearts and hands of England are thine own,
 Thou latest grace to Queen Victoria's throne.
 Oh ! when that royal lady's star shall set,
 (The brightest England's line hath seen as yet,)
 To thee may Heaven propitiously transfer
 The choicest blessings it hath showered on her.
 Long live our Prince ; and long his lovely Dane
 Live to give lustre to his happy reign !
 Long may life's sunshine laugh upon thy brow ;
 And long thy heart's young freshness bloom, as now,
 Now, when we claim thee with exulting pride,
 Our Alexandra, Albert Edward's bride !"

Our hearts pulsate with England's : England's voice

Rings like a clarion o'er her subject seas,
 Bidding her sons in far off homes rejoice.

We seem to catch her plaudits on the breeze ;
 We seem to hear her cannons' distant roar,
 And answer as we may from our far shore.

Our eyes have not beheld that gentle face

That smiled its way to every English heart ;
 Yet well we deem her robed with every grace

That fancy asks to fill a queenly part.
 We hail her, bride of England's princely heir,
 And ask all blessings on the royal pair.

N. Z.

This tribute of welcome to England's Princess, from the most distant part of her future empire, reached us too late for insertion in our June number.—ED. S. M. M.]

COLONIAL EXPERIENCE.

I HAVE said that house-building may very likely be made to go along with the settler's earliest agricultural operations. Where this can be managed without detriment to these, it ought by all means to be done. It is, of course, important that a house should be provided for the new settler's family, and no garden work can well be done until after the house is built. On this subject of house-building a few hints may not be useless to those for whom these papers are intended. I have already expressed my opinion that what is called a slab house is, upon the whole, the most desirable for the new settler, avoiding, on the one hand, the large expense of a sawn timber building, and, on the other, many of the discomforts and some of the dangers incident to those built of raupo. Slabs, some few persons may require to be told, are rough boards, obtained not by sawing but by splitting the trunk of some one of the pine trees which abound in the New Zealand forest. It is not of any very great consequence which species of pine is chosen, so far as the durability is concerned, as, under any ordinary circumstances, the slabs will out-last the framework of the building. The persons usually employed to do work of this sort are bushmen, who make work of this description a regular trade. These men will, under proper inspection, make, in all probability, a good job of your house. It is, however, of the greatest moment that you should not be helplessly in their hands. You ought to know, and can easily learn, sufficient of the names and properties of the different woods used, to be able to check them in any attempts at roguery, which, indeed, they are but too likely to attempt. If your house is meant to last for any considerable length of time—more than four or five years, that is,—you must take care that the framework is formed entirely of puriri, which alone stands well in the ground. The wood of the other parts is of less consequence; but hard woods may, as a rule, be always preferred to soft. Your chimney must be built of slabs, and ought to be lined inside to a height of at least three feet and a half with stones and clay, which will be sufficient to obviate the danger of fire, if ordinary care is used. These chimneys, although at all times very unsightly, have many advantages, and the new settler will find little cause of complaint in the roughness of his chimney when the south-westerly storms of winter make the sight of a huge back log welcome to his eyes on his return from work. In making slab houses there are two things too often neglected, both of which are well worthy of attention; these are, a verandah, and a floor of sawn boards. A verandah is almost necessary to render a house of this kind tolerably comfortable either in summer or winter, but especially the latter. If the rain beats against the house walls, between the boards of which there are certain to be considerable chinks, it will inevitably make the house a damp one; while in summer the effect of the sun in warping the exposed slabs, and so preparing chinks for the rain is apparent. With regard to the floor it is only necessary to state the fact that under even the most favourable circumstance

slabs can never be properly washed, and will never be so level as to enable you to place a table or chair straight upon it. It might seem hardly necessary to mention it, did not experience contradict such an idea, that ugliness is no necessary part of economy even in house-building. A house may, even if built of materials as rude as slabs, exhibit some amount of taste, and ought if possible to do so, as it is almost impossible to calculate the amount of pleasure which such things afford almost unconsciously to many who have brought with them theories to their new home strongly opposed to all such refinements. Nothing can well be imagined more unsightly than the ordinary slab house, built, as it generally is, of a true oblong form with a door in the middle, a window at each side of the door, and the chimney at one end. If the house required is a very small one, some such arrangement may be almost unavoidable. This, however, is by no means the case where there are several rooms required, and the house has consequently to be built of a considerable size. In such cases the expense would be little or nothing extra, of having the house divided into two parts, running at right angles to one another, with a rustic verandah on the inner side, which ought to represent the front of the house.

Leaving, however, the details of house-building for the present, let us glance at the arrangements which the new settler ought by all means to make as soon as possible for providing a garden. As it is self-evident to every man of sense that a garden will be of the greatest benefit to a family out of reach of markets, I will not enter upon a vindication of the principle involved in spending labour and money in forming one. The first golden rule which can never be neglected with impunity in garden making is, that too large a garden is almost worse than none. With no garden a settler can calculate the extra expense in which he will be involved; with one decidedly too large, he can never calculate the amount of his expenditure in money and labour, while the amount of his returns is not likely to afford him a great deal of abstruse calculation. Most new settlers will find half-an-acre of good land amply sufficient for all practical purposes of gardening. Larger quantities, I am aware, will be advocated by some, but my own experience goes against it. Settlers have sometimes grand visions of orchards, vineyards, and the like, and these may doubtless come with advantage all in good time, and after the more important parts of farm work are placed in a fair way to work well and smoothly; but the only effect which I have observed to spring from a premature attempt at these has been that neither they nor the gardens proper were so attended to as to return any produce worthy of the trouble they had cost, while in the end many were entirely abandoned and destroyed.

Having, then, chosen half-an-acre of land, which had better encircle the house, if possible, upon its front and side,—not behind,—the next question ought to be, before fencing it, how it is to be cultivated. It will usually be found best to plough and cross-plough the land, harrowing it well each time. The ploughing must not, however, be allowed to extend beyond the allotted extent of the ground, as, should you want to make a ditch and bank, the destruction of the surface sod will prove a very serious inconvenience. The reason for my advising the ploughing to be done previous to the fencing is, that it is exceedingly inconvenient even for a good team and a good ploughman to work in narrow limits;

with a new team of bullocks it would be all but impossible to do it well. The question of a garden fence is one of some importance, and as it differs considerably from the same question as applied to fields of some extent, I may as well consider it here, even while I defer the other until a future paper. In fencing a garden there are two things to be borne in mind : security and beauty. I do not mean to say that these are not of importance in other fences, but that they are all-important in that of a garden. Without security against cattle, sheep, and pigs, a garden is almost useless, while half the pleasure of having a garden is done away with if it is not made pretty ; this prettiness is almost unattainable without the aid of an appropriate boundary fence. The first aim, therefore, in setting about a boundary fence for your garden ought to be the getting a good sightly live fence of some kind as soon as possible. A ditch and bank will tend most of all to the success of any fence which you may plant, both as supplying a good defence for the young plants, and as draining away the superfluous water which often injures and even kills them. If the site of the house is in the near neighbourhood of any well grown tea-tree scrub, of from twelve to twenty feet in height, you cannot possibly get a better fence than will be supplied by driving stout stakes of this wood into the ground, then throwing up your bank round the stakes, leaving the tops of them about three feet above the earth of the bank. The tops of the manuka should then be woven between the stakes horizontally, and well squeezed down. The result will be a fence which will perfectly exclude all animals which can injure your garden crops, and in short everything, unless you keep fowls. As to the particular plant best adapted for garden fences, there is room for a good deal of controversy. Some persons speak in favour of furze hedges if well attended to, but I do not think it is wise on clay lands, at least, to introduce them for this purpose. My reasons are these. Furze, although making an excellent hedge in probably a shorter time than any other plant used in this Colony, has these peculiarities ; it bears a vast quantity of seeds, which it throws out from it with some little force upon the bursting of the seed pod, and without constant attention it becomes so far withered at the roots as to be very apt to take fire easily. Each of these is a serious drawback to its usefulness as a plant for garden fencing on clay lands. In a garden where the land is constantly in a favourable state for the reception and growth of seeds, the young furze plants would prove no common source of annoyance, while the danger to the house from the near neighbourhood of so inflammable a fence must be very evident to everyone. To the use of the whitethorn the objections are much fewer. Its advantages are many : it grows well, and might be expected to form a good fence before the brush fence of which I have spoken was worn out. It is also a very pretty fence in spring and summer, and with care can be made a very impervious fence indeed. In spite, however, of these advantages, it cannot be denied that there are several not unimportant drawbacks to its general usefulness. The plants in the first place will generally prove costly before they can be brought to the bush-settler's farm ; when this has been done he is sure to find that a certain proportion of the plants will languish and die. The difficulty of refilling their places is proverbial. It has not, I may also mention, the great advantage possessed by other plants of being an evergreen. While, therefore, many grow thorn hedges partly from conviction of their goodness

doubt, from old association, I must express my opinion that better plants for the purpose may be found in New Zealand, both in regard of their expense and also of beauty and utility. The plant to which I think the new settler's attention on clayland had better be directed, for a garden fence at all events, is that known as the kangaroo acacia. This plant is, I believe, a native of South Australia, but it grows here with a luxuriance which I can scarcely suppose it surpasses in its native land. As there are already a good many fences of it in the country, the seed is not at all difficult to procure in small quantities. The plant grows readily from the seed; but if it can be managed, it is better to force it in a small garden bed. Three years will, in favourable situations, and with proper attention, be found sufficient to form an excellent fence of this plant against cattle great and small. It is also remarkable for its beauty of colour, and has the great advantage of remaining unchanged in summer and winter. It does, however, require attention; indeed, the greatest mistake commonly made by settlers, old as well as new, is a foolish neglect of their fences. No plant will make, or continue to make a good fence, unless it is carefully attended to, and pruned at least twice a year. The kangaroo acacia is no exception to this rule, neither is it, however, more troublesome in this way than the whitethorn or any other plant of which I know anything. With ordinary care and attention in its use, the new settler may certainly rely upon having an excellent fence for his garden.

Care must be taken in putting in the young plants not to push them in anyhow, and into any sort of soil, as this usually leads to their being planted in the coldest and wettest of the clay which has just been turned up from the bottom of the ditch. The hardier plants may, indeed, survive such treatment; but the weaker ones will most certainly perish, and the stronger ones, although they will probably survive, will do so as poor, puny, useless plants, that will not form a fence for years to come. Even where the plants are put in with the greatest care in the best soil, some are certain, often from unknown causes, to wither and die. When this is the case, the earliest opportunity should be taken to supply the gap, as the longer it is left undone the more difficult will it become to do it at all. Large plants appear to draw away the strength of the land so effectually as to have no nourishment for the small newly planted ones, which often refuse to grow altogether in the immediate neighbourhood of the larger ones. If care is taken in these respects, and the bank is carefully kept clear of weeds, which are of rapid growth upon banks made of ungrassed sods, the fence is almost certain to do well, and, in a very short time, to get entirely the better of weeds and other enemies to its growth. The pruning of fences is a subject which demands an experience of a rather different kind from my own for its proper treatment. I may, however, remark that I do not advocate the very early pruning of fences formed of the kangaroo acacia, as they do not seem to require or, indeed, to bear it so well as the thorn, or furze plants. If a fence of this kind is only slightly topped until the fourth year of its growth, I think it will be found to succeed better than upon the more vigorous and scientific systems of some who ought to know better than myself.

A LANDED ARISTOCRACY FOR NORTHERN NEW ZEALAND.

A DAY DREAM.

NEW ZEALAND has, we all know, got a very democratic Constitution, and this we do not regard as an evil unless it leads us to become a very democratic people. The evils of a state devoid of any recognised aristocracy are so generally observed now-a-days, that it is needless for me to recount them here ; but even where there is an aristocracy of a sort such as that in America, the gain is not very great to the national character. The American aristocracy is one of money, in the Northern States at least, and its success has not been very encouraging. The grand distinction between it and England's aristocracy is, that the latter is a landed aristocracy.

My title may startle some, but a little consideration will convince most of us that some kind of aristocracy is inevitable in every country ; and if so, it may be well to make an attempt after the best sort. Men soon lose that sort of equality which depends upon all being equally poor and obliged to work equally hard, which is at times characteristic of new colonies ; and unless circumstances guide the community towards amassing large properties, as in the case of some of the great sheep-running countries, the natural tendency is towards a mere aristocracy of money. Some species of aristocracy is inevitable, and in this province circumstances have stood greatly in the way of ours being a landed one.

Is there any way in which our aristocracy or upper classes of society may be prevented from being entirely composed of the town-resident mercantile men ? I, for my part, believe and sincerely hope that there is. I indulge in looking forward to a time when there will be large landed proprietors scattered over our province to give stability and weight to the more conservative part of our Constitution, yielding, by their means of superior education, a constant supply of good magistrates and representatives for their districts, whose wants they know, and with whose interests their own are identical. It seems to me that, if this is not to be realised, our province will want one great element of social and political progress which has done so much for England's greatness, and is doing so much for some of our sister provinces in New Zealand. To say that this landed gentry is detrimental to the progress of the other classes of society is to contradict the experience of England for many years past. The English tenant-farmer on the estate of some great landed proprietor is better off, to an extent which has become proverbial, than the owner of some small piece of land which he farms himself. The reason is obvious, for while the small proprietor has only his own resources to fall back upon, or the yet more unpleasant alternative of borrowing on mortgage, the other can get many operations performed by his great land-owner's capital, part of which is at his service for permanent improvements.

We are not without some considerable landed proprietors in this province, it is true, but they present few points of resemblance to the class which I have referred to. They are, in short, traders, and look upon their land as so much invested cash, to be drawn out and re-invested as soon as a good opportunity offers. They are, in short, the first specimens of the monied aristocracy, who cannot by any possibility supply the place of the other class.

Neither history, nor the accounts of travellers, give us any very high opinion of the state of countries where the soil is parcelled out into minute holdings cultivated by the owners. The great inducement which has drawn most of our settlers hitherwards from the mother country has no doubt been that they might settle on and cultivate land which is hereafter to belong to their children and descendants after them. Nor would I for one moment discourage them in this wish. I would only observe that its attainment involves a degree of hardship and labour during many years such as few tenant-farmers in Britain ever dream of undergoing.

If, then, we could devise a plan for raising up a class of good landlords, I believe that there is no need of our being deprived of the valuable body of men comprised in the general class—"tenant-farmers." I have no doubt I shall be looked upon as a wild theorist by many in propounding my ideas on this subject, and I submit. It is only a day-dream after all, and I but a day-dreamer; but even dreams are sometimes worth noting, and I indulge the hope that some one may find something to think over in this one of mine. If any one supposes that I am propounding a plan, cut and dry, to be taken up and worked like a piece of well-finished machinery, he is much mistaken. It is not a plan, but a dream of what a plan might be. I believe in my own dream, however, in its main features that is, and I hope to plant the same ideas in some other people's minds, in the hope that my dream may become some other person's reality.

First, then, before I begin to dream at all: I have three ideas strongly developed in my mind, from which my dream, if traced by a subtle metaphysician, would be found to spring. First, that it is for the honour and well-being of this part of New Zealand that it should possess a class of large landed proprietors somewhat like the English Squirearchy. Second, that it is possible to make such a squirearchy an institution of this province. Third, that the time is near when, if ever, the thing is to be feasible. To transplant some cuttings of the tree which we wish to cultivate seems to be a reasonable course. Younger sons of wealthy old English families frequently inherit large fortunes in money. These fortunes it is difficult to find a fitting employment for in England where wealth is already so rife. The possessors of these fortunes are in many cases young men of the vigorous temperament which leads to their becoming strokes of eight-oars, patrons of the Ring, and Alpine or Norwegian travellers. The special settlement clauses in the present Land Regulations of the Province of Auckland, and the provisions of the new Native Titles Bill, about to become law, will afford to such young men as these a field for their energies and an inducement to their exertions in founding family estates to vie with those of England's proudest houses.

Let us suppose the case of an English gentleman who believes that he is qualified for emulating to some extent the energy, self-denial, and administrative ability which produced the Bridgewater canals—such a

young man as may be now finishing his career at one of the English universities—brimful of energy, and delighting in the hardship and effort required for the Alpine traveller or Norwegian tourist. Suppose the fortune to which he will succeed at the age of twenty-one to amount to somewhere nearly two hundred thousand pounds, and that he is already speculating on what he should do in the crowded state of England's walks of life. If such a man were to stumble upon the idea which I am now considering, I think he might do well for himself, his descendants, and the future of this colony, by following it up in some such way as the following :—Let him acquire from the native owners, through an agent here, a block of say sixty thousand acres of land, comprising a fair proportion of first-class soil. This will cost him about thirty thousand pounds, let us say. As the negotiations would not improbably be somewhat tedious, he might in the meantime arrange with the Provincial Government that he should bring out a selection of suitable agricultural immigrants, and that Government should set apart as special settlement land a block of approved quality, to be selected with land orders procured on account of these immigrants, containing say thirty thousand acres.

As so much of the land here is in its natural state covered with forest, I will suppose the next step to be the selecting and bringing from one of the North American colonies a ship load of hardy pioneers, accustomed to hew homesteads out of the forest; say sixty able men, the greater number of whom having wives and families, the whole party may be supposed to represent nearly ten thousand acres. The cost of bringing them, and subsequent expenses before they are at work, will make the land cost quite ten shillings per acre.

For reclaiming the open land, by turning the sombre wastes of fern and tea-tree into smiling corn fields and verdant meadows, a similar sized party, made up of agricultural labourers and farmers of small capital, might be selected in the United Kingdom, and brought out at as short an interval after the others as will enable the men of the first party to prepare temporary dwellings for them on the several locations where they are to commence cultivating. By the time these two parties are ready to begin work, they will have cost our supposed friend about (£10,000) ten thousand pounds; and it will be a proper precaution that, before taking passage, each man of both parties be required to give a promissory note for amount of expense to be incurred for them and their respective families, payable on demand, should there be good reason to believe that they are about to leave the Province of Auckland prior to the expiration of the three years' residence which is by law required for making the Crown Grant obtainable for the land selected by means of the land orders issued on their behalf; but, on completing that term of residence, the acceptors to be entitled to have the promissory notes returned without payment.

I will suppose the best of the forest land surveyed into thirty allotments, of about 200 acres each, in each of which the most eligible piece of 40 acres in extent is marked off, and that in the beginning of the month of March the sixty backwoods-men begin their operations chopping the underwood, and felling all the trees upon these ~~the~~ of 40 acres; even if the forest is of the heaviest and most prevailing in this province, that number of the sort of ~~r~~ be able to have the work completed in the month ~~c~~

following. These clearings will then have the sap and other moisture roasted and blown out of them by the action of the sun and wind, until the end of February, when the woodmen will resume operations thereupon by burning off and logging up the smaller timber. While the embers are cooling, the cutting and splitting of timber for fences proceeds; when cool, the clearings will be sown with grass and clover seeds, embracing a great variety of the best sorts; this should be finished by 1st May. The sooner thereafter that they are enclosed with fences, so as to leave the young plants to spring undisturbed, the better. By the end of the month of August the grass will be getting rank, and the proprietor should have on each section a small dwelling-house, dairy, stockyard, and milking shed, as also a tenant-farmer and family possessing a small set of dairy utensils, and sufficient capital to provide necessaries of life for the first twelve months thereafter; and also to stock with one dozen milch cows, for a commencement. These families should have been selected and brought from the dairy districts of Great Britain, being good makers of butter and cheese, some of each branch.

In order to leave their small means intact, the proprietor will have paid their passages, and obtained land orders in lieu thereof, as in the case of the previous parties.

We will now turn back to picture the agricultural party in the open country. Suppose then the best of the open land at the disposal of the proprietor to be surveyed into thirty sections of about two hundred acres each, that upon the most eligible part of each the woodmen (care being taken to have sawyers among them) have erected a temporary dwelling-house, a stockyard, and, if it is intended to cultivate with horses instead of bullocks, a stable also. All this, with a passable dray track from the nearest landing-place, should be ready for the reception of the British farmers and labourers by the end of the month of November, who should at once begin (a farmer and a labourer on each section) to clear off the fern, tea-tree, or flax, as the case may be, and to plough up the land as it is cleared; this first ploughing should go steadily on till the beginning of March, when the harrowing and cross ploughing may begin in preparation for the sowing of grass and clover seeds in April, of wheat in May, of oats in August, and of planting potatoes in September, and so on. While the clearing and breaking up ploughing are going on, the woodmen may be cutting, splitting, and preparing fencing materials wherewith to enclose the land being ploughed, and, if time admits, putting up portions of these fences before proceeding to use the bill-hook and American axe, as before noticed, in hewing out of the forest the thirty dairy farms, on which work they are to begin about the 1st of March; unless, indeed, they are to wait a little longer to complete the fencing, and the delay to be made up for by the agricultural labourers accompanying them for a time exchanging the fern-scythe for the bill-hook, and using the latter in cutting the vines, supple-jacks, tawheras, &c.—in short, all climbers and undergrowth on the forest sections, in advance of the American woodmen's operations with the axe. The North American forests being for the most part free from undergrowth, these woodmen are apt to undervalue the importance of the preliminary operations of the bill-hook, but the importance of it becomes very apparent when the season arrives for burning off, the green mass which, if in the first instance severed from its roots, will afterwards help to burn off the timber, being neglected and

merely borne to the earth by the fall of the trees (as the American workmen are so apt to do), will partially stifle the fire and make the after logging up a much more tedious and expensive operation. But to return from this digression: we will suppose the thirty agricultural farmers to have brought with them from England a stout handy swing plough with as little cast-iron about it as possible, a pair of heavy harrows, a supply of clean seed wheat, oats, grasses, and clovers, to have the means on arrival of buying four working oxen or a pair of plough horses (if the latter, hay and corn must be purchased for the first year); his capital should also admit of his paying his labourers' wages and providing the necessities of life for his own family the first eighteen months, without trusting to getting one penny of income from the land before that time. If the farmer's capital will not admit of this, the proprietor must only bring him out with the understanding that he is to be paid by the proprietor for his labour on the land till the first crop is ripe. If the farmer is the right sort of man to emigrate, he will even with oxen have got between crops and grass a cultivation of fifty acres in the first year.

The stimulant which the fire and wood-ashes supply to the forest land must, as a general rule, be supplied artificially to the open land if the crop for the first year or two is not to be an entire failure. In order to prevent this disastrous result, our proprietor will make arrangements with the great Liverpool house which acts for the Peruvian Government, so as to have a small cargo (say three hundred tons) of the best Peruvian guano delivered at Auckland in February of the year that his agricultural operations are being commenced, so that, by distributing it to his open-land farmers in proportion to the acreage cultivated, they may sow it along with their grass, wheat, and oats, as well as plant it along with their potatoes, they may secure a good paying crop even the first year,—the use of that kind of guano having been proved on even the inferior soils of Auckland to produce that result on lands broken up in the summer and fairly pulverised. By sowing with wheat three cwt. per acre, and by planting with potatoes four cwt. per acre, success was obtained; in the case of oats the result was even more extraordinary, seeing that land for which time could not be spared to break up till June (after winter wheat sowing) was sown in August with oats and guano, and yet yielded a paying crop, that is where the oats were sown thickly, otherwise they ran too much to straw.

Should the soil be of a retentive character, the proprietor will bring out several workmen accustomed to make and burn draining tiles, and set them to work to make tiles on his land preparatory to commencing draining operations; he will also have taken care that there are some good drainers among the agricultural labourers brought out, and will include in his party an agricultural blacksmith and a wheelwright.

A land steward, to keep the accounts and assist in the general administration of the estate, will be at least as necessary in carrying out an enterprise such as I am sketching, as on the ancestral property of our supposititious landlord.

As the proposed farmers are men of small capital, who will virtually have a large acreage under crop the first year, will bring out reaping and thrashing machines, and arrangements for having them hired out to the several tenants until private enterprise has supplied the want.

vessel or steamer to ply between Auckland and the landing-place nearest his property. He will build a store at the landing-place and a shop on the estate. Furthermore, as his enterprise is not based upon sordid motives, but rather planned with a view to gather around him an intelligent, well-conducted, prosperous, and happy tenantry, he will ensure provision for education, religious observances, and the care of the sick, by settling on his properties clergymen (or dissenting ministers, as the previous habits of his tenantry may require), schoolmasters and mistresses, and a medical man; the whole of the remuneration for these he must expect to have to provide himself the first year, after that, an endowment yielding a part thereof will suffice.

I left a blank in the employments of the woodmen between September and end of February of their second summer in New Zealand. Let us take a glance at how they may be profitably employed during that time, for they must not be turned adrift. They may be made to prepare a set of new forest clearings, which will lie over for burning twelve months from the time the cutting is finished, *i.e.*, from February to February; instead of about five months, as in the case of the first set. This will do no harm if they are situated at a distance from other operations, from whence sparks might fly and fire the fallen bush prematurely. This gap in time being thus filled up, work is cut out for the woodmen for two years from their landing. If they resemble the former immigrants of their craft, they will by that time have saved up sufficient capital to render them desirous of becoming tenants, either by having land allotted to them in its natural state, at a defined and proportionately low rent, to be improved at their own cost; or by having sections, which they are in the first instance to improve a portion of, at the landlord's expense, upon agreement that they are afterwards to be tenants, and pay proportionate rent for them. Should the proprietor combine great administrative ability with the most perfectly balanced justice and liberality that we can look for in mortal man, and add thereto a winning manner, yet he must reckon upon meeting with ingratitude, suspicion, and misconstruction on the part of some of those he is striving to place in a position which will be beneficial to themselves and their families; but the extent to which this malady will prevail will depend in a great measure on the extent to which the immigrants are, on their first arrival, thrown into the society of the Auckland "Loafers," with the most of whom it is a favourite pastime to cast down the spirits of the new arrival, to paint his prospects in the darkest colours, to impute the basest motives to those who have encouraged him to leave his former home, as well as to those who are offering charming words of welcome to him on his arrival. The persevering malignity with which some of these men pursue these nefarious practices will not be credited by those who have not witnessed it, unless more details were given than my space will admit of; but I have said enough to show that if the nearest landing-place to the property I am writing of is in a harbour, to which the immigrant ship can safely sail without coming to Auckland first, it will be conducive to the harmony and happiness of the party that they should go there direct instead of being landed at Auckland at all. This leads me to remark that it would be desirable for the proprietor to have a pioneer agent, who will, before the arrival of the first party of immigrants from North America, have made provision at the landing-place for the storage of their baggage; as

also for the housing of the immigrants and their families, either same place, or, better still, on the block of land where they commence, if a passable dray track can be opened to it in time arrival of the first party. Leaving America as early in the season breaking up of the ice would admit of, they probably could reckon upon to arrive before the end of September, which would give them no more than time to prepare for the arrival of the first party, even if not subjected to any delay in providing accommodation themselves. When the city of San Francisco first sprang into existence many of the people lived for a time in small wooden houses which had been imported ready made in such a state, that any handy man could unpack the pieces, and erect the house ready to live in, in a very few hours; a hammer and a bed key being nearly, if not quite, the only tools required. As sawn timber is very cheap in the British North American ports, probably the most advantageous plan would be to bring a cargo of such houses in the vessel with the immigrants, and erect them in or more hamlets, during the time the captain of the ship might be engaged to provide for the passengers on board, after arrival at the harbour.

Referring to emigrants to be obtained for the carrying out of the scheme, I may state that I have it on the best authority that in the British North American provinces, numbers of the industrious and conducted settlers are (although settled many years there) desirous of removing to a more genial climate, and are only deterred from doing so by the fact that the small sum obtainable for their present farms does not warrant their undertaking a long voyage and a new settlement at their own cost. I am also credibly informed that in many parts of England, Scotland, and the north of Ireland, competent, industrious and conducted farmers of small capital would be glad to join a scheme of this kind, I speak of, because their present position does not give any hope of improvement, and industry and frugality will enable them to raise themselves, or to provide the means for preventing their children from sinking to the position of servants and ploughmen to the gentlemen farmers of the large holdings in the more fertile districts.

I fear the patience of my readers is by this time exhausted, and therefore omit many details affecting the settlement of the individual colony of tenant-farmers, which otherwise I might supply from my own experience. I must also refrain from tracing the reclaiming and settling of the further portions of the estates. Having seen nearly half the land to be invested, I must desist, only remarking in conclusion that the scheme will bear thinking upon, and will, when properly tried, be found practicable; although, like everything large and new, which involves the exercise of high moral qualities and far-seeing confidence, it will be termed Utopian. They are welcome to the self-satisfaction at an oracular deliverance.

For lovers of figures I append a summary of the expenditure which would be required in carrying out the scheme, until returns might be looked for, and an estimate of the returns themselves. I mean of the £. s. d. part of them.

EXPENDITURE.	ON IMPROVEMENTS AND MISCELLANEOUS EXPENSES.	ON PURCHASE OF LAND.
		£ s. d.
First cost in freehold of say 60,000 acres	30,000 0 0
Cost of introducing from British North America sixty backwoods-men, most of them having a wife and family ...	Refunded by means of land orders becomes an expenditure on the purchase of land of ...	5,000 0 0
Erecting store at landing-place and opening road to block, preparatory to arrival of the party, say ...	£700 0 0	
Cost of 50 small cottages brought with them, which will form part of future farm buildings ...	1,250 0 0	
Wages of the 60 men during two first years...	12,000 0 0	
	13,950 0 0	
Cost of introducing from Gt. Britain 30 farmers and 30 labourers, most of them having a wife and family	5,000 0 0
Cost of preparing dwellings, &c., for them, in addition to time of the American party ...	250 0 0	
Cost of 300 tons best Peruvian guano for the farms of this party ...	4,500 0 0	
Portion of labour of this party paid for by landlord, exclusive of that done by American party ...	1,500 0 0	
Cost of additional farm buildings erected afterwards ...	1,500 0 0	
	7,750 0 0	
Clover and grass seeds for the 30 forest clearings of 40 acres each ...	1,500 0 0	
Cost of preparing temporary dwellings, &c., for this party, in addition to time of first party thereupon ...	300 0 0	
Cost of additional farm buildings erected afterwards ...	1,500 0 0	
	3,300 0 0	
Cost of introducing from Great Britain 30 dairy farmers and families	3,000 0 0
Cost of introducing two tile and brickmakers, a blacksmith, a wheelwright, and families..	...	240 0 0
Expended on keeping these men employed, while disengaged, during three years ...	1,000 0 0	
Cost of reaping and thrashing machines ...	500 0 0	
Cost of shop built on block ...	500 0 0	
Two school-houses, to serve also for public worship ...	1,000 0 0	
Cost of houses for clergymen, and schoolmasters and steward ...	1,300 0 0	
Two years' salary for ditto, and for schoolmistresses ...	2,000 0 0	
In aid of passage-money, they retaining land orders ...	250 0 0	
House of proprietor's first mansion on estate..	1,500 0 0	
Proprietor's travelling and household expenses for two years ...	3,000 0 0	
	11,050 0 0	
Totals ...	36,050 0 0	43,240 0 0

The £ s. d. returns to be paid to the landlord, the amount of which I propose now to estimate, will be the annual rent of the sixty farms, the two first years' history of which I have been having, so to speak, a bird's-eye view of. In order that the scheme may work well, the basis upon which these payments are to be calculated will probably be, during the earlier years of the settlement, that for the portion of the farms upon which the landlord has expended no money beyond the first cost, the rent should be at the rate of three-pence per acre per annum; while for the part upon which the improvements have been either wholly or partially effected at the landlord's expense, the rent should be, in addition to the three-pence per acre, seven-and- $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum on the amount so laid out; but inasmuch as any exceptional risks attend the first crop on a New Zealand farm, there should be an understanding that in the event of these occurring, the year's rent will be capitalised, and the future rent raised proportionally. The hire of machines, as also the rent of the shop and of landing-place store, the readers can estimate for themselves. The rent of farms, for which the tile-maker's and drainer's labour have been brought into requisition, we must not now inquire into, but content ourselves for the present with thirty forest dairy farms of two hundred acres each, of which forty acres in each are cleared, laid down in grass, fenced, and have, when first tenanted, sufficient buildings for a commencement of dairy operations—

The annual rent from each of those should be ... £23 0 0

Making, for the thirty farms, a return of per annum ... 690 0 0

And thirty open country agricultural farms of two hundred acres each, on which the necessary buildings have been erected, the ground being cultivated, is fenced, guano for manure supplied, and a portion of the labour of clearing, &c., done, all at the cost of the landlord—

The annual rent from each of those should be ... £28 0 0

Making, for the thirty farms, a return of per annum ... 840 0 0

WORDS.

LITTLE things, and light as air,
Quickly gone, and trifling deemed;
Weight, eternal weight they bear,
Weight of joy or weight of care,
Whether great or small esteemed.
Little sounds that lightly fly,
Some for good and some for ill,
Some on earth and some on high,
Some to live and some to die—
All some mission to fulfil.
Idle some, and purposeless,
Thoughts dismissed or scarcely known;
Some to strengthen and to bless,
None to sink in nothingness—
Each to bear as it was sown.

THE CONSEQUENCES OF A DAY WITH THE HARRIERS.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

"I SEE you have brought a nag with you, Layton ; of course you'll come out to-morrow with the harriers ?"

"Harriers in June !" thought I ; but remembering I was new to the country, I held my tongue.

"Ah, you don't quite understand it, I see ; but the fact is, in summer we take the jelly-dogs on the mountains, and we sometimes have very fair sport. It's the deuce's own country to ride over, though."

The above information was imparted to me over a cigar and a tumbler of punch in the ante-room of the —th Regiment, into which I had just effected an exchange (this being my first night at their mess), and which was then quartered in the beautiful town of Ballymacarbery, County Tipperary. The speaker was one Lieutenant Tom O'Brien, who had seemed to me, during dinner, to descant upon the subject of horse-flesh rather more than was agreeable to his auditors. I found out, afterwards, that this was in him a perfect mania ; and that if ideas on any other subject ever entered into his head, they were jostled into a corner, or made in some way subservient to bringing round his one favourite topic—"horses," as he called them.

That evening we settled about going to the meet : we were to call for the master and the pack, and jog on together to Rathcloog, a hamlet in the heart of the mountains ; and, after another tumbler, I went off to my quarters, not much cheered by the polite wish of a pert young ensign that I might come back with an unbroken neck, but that it was very doubtful, as the master and O'Brien were the only two who trusted themselves in that country, and it was well known they had both sold themselves to ——. Here O'Brien interrupted the youngster by throwing a sofa-cushion at his head, and we parted for the night.

Next morning I was duly called by Tom's servant, who was quite an original in his way. He had been chosen by his master on account of his having the same propensities as himself ; but as to any notions on the propriety of brushing clothes, cleaning out a room, or even bringing in cold water in sufficient quantity, Peter Lynch had none. The time when he figured in the most ridiculous manner was when, dressed in the handsome mess livery of the —th, he stood behind his master's chair at dinner. Stood, I say, because neither mess-man nor mess-serjeant could induce him even to hand round the vegetables. The president was tired of sending him to mess-drill, and Tom would not part with him on account of his being an excellent groom, so at last he was allowed his own way.

"What sort of a morning is it, Lynch?" said I, turning round, and thinking that, after all, whiskey-punch, well concocted, was a sounder drink than "strong military ditto," the name by which mess port is generally known.

"Is it the morning, Sir? Well, it's an iligant one." So saying, Peter threw open the window.

"Why, what on earth is that?" exclaimed I, as a sickly odour came creeping into the room, and my ears were at the same time assailed by a strange hubbub, all the more unpleasant that the owner of each voice seemed to be trying to shout in a falsetto key.

"Shure, and that's the market, Sir."

"No, but the smell. Shut the window, do."

"Is it the smell, now? Shure it's only the pigs that the boys is selling outside the barrack-gate. Will I pit the winder down, Sir?"

"Yes, do?" and off went Peter, no doubt wondering at my dislike to the odour of "the jintleman that pays the rint."

After breakfast Tom and I started, and on getting to the barrack-gate I no longer wondered at the smell or the noise. Just outside the gate was a knot of some dozen pigs, the straw ropes by which their legs were tied entangled, while the owners were one and all screeching at each other in tones that set my teeth on edge. It was with difficulty that the serjeant of the guard contrived to clear us a passage into the middle of the street, and, once there, we were fairly in the midst of the pig-market. All along the barrack-wall, and down the kerb-stone which formed its continuation, were ranged carts, shays, outside and inside cars in numbers, the horses taken out. The place was alive with porkers, and it seemed to me as though over each one there was going to be a battle royal, so vociferous were the buyers and sellers, and so violent their gesticulations. I mentioned this to Tom.

"No fear," said he, "You don't know them. Besides, if they were onst to begin—you see those tall fellows walking about in those ugly hats?"

"Yes; and fine fellows they look, too."

"Bedad, they are, me boy; I should like to see the country that could show their match:—Well, they're the Constabulary, and precious soon they'd walk off any boys who quarrelled.—Well, Pat," added he, —addressing a stoutish man in a frieze tail coat with brass buttons, knee-breeches and stockings, who wore his huge shirt collar open at the neck, and had on his head a hat that might originally have been of any shape or colour—"Well, Pat, which d'you think; were there more pigs bought or sold to-day?"

"Ah, Misther Tom, long life to yer honour; shure it's yourself is the raal sportsman. Well," taking off his hat and scratching his rough head of hair, "May be there were more sowld." And he looked quite indignant at the laughter which greeted his answer.

We found the Master—the Colonel, as he was called, from his having once been, I believe, a subaltern in the militia—and his pack r start, so off we jogged to the mountains. Tom and the Color horseflesh, and I had enough to do in looking at the ho scenery. The pack consisted of seven or eight couple small, looked staunch and good. There was not an on them, and I mentally decided that they were a f

run my eye over them, I now looked round at the country. We had crossed the Suir and had followed for some distance the road on its right bank. On the one hand flowed the river, girt with alders and willows, and on the other ran a steep line of rocks, which, denuded in many places, showed patches of slaty schist worn down to smoothness and polished by the rills of water dropping from above. Soon we turned to the left, up a bridlepath leading through a rift in the cliffs, and as we went on the country became wilder and wilder. We were now on a bleak moor on which nothing grew save furze and coarse grass; the stony path, which was but faintly marked out, still led us upwards; and, by the time we had reached the brow of the first hill, a beautiful view lay behind us. Down beneath was the town, looking so clean and white that I could hardly believe it to be the same through whose filthy streets we had just ridden; through it flowed the Suir, spanned by two bridges, one, old and picturesque, but unpleasantly steep. The valley in which it pursued its course was well stocked with timber, and several large houses scattered on its banks showed that their owners appreciated the beauties of nature. A spur of the mountain shut up the vale to the Southward, and from our elevated position made it seem but a basin hollowed out in the rocks.

"There," said Tom, "those are the Knockmeledown mountains, and beyond them lies Curraghmore, the Marquis of Waterford's place. You ought to go and see his stables."

And on we went. Occasionally we came upon some wretched hovel, with its heap of dung outside the door, and a few half-clad children paddling about in pools of dirty water, and close by one of these we passed a heap of stones surmounted by a rude wooden cross, commemorative, so the Colonel said, of a brutal murder. After about an hour's riding we came to the hunting ground; this proved less bare than what we had passed over; that is, here and there were to be seen a few stunted firs, and the ground was divided into enclosures by low walls, the stones being merely laid one on the other, varied every now and then by a high bank.

"Now," said Tom, "I've but one bit of advice to give you; look out for bogs, for they're plentiful about here, and don't go at anything you see me shirk."

I promised faithfully to do as he said, and, by dint of great caution, managed to see the death of a brace of hares.

I ought to have mentioned that we had been joined by three or four horsemen, well-to-do farmers apparently, to whom I had been introduced by the Colonel as "Captain Leeton," (I was junior lieutenant of the regiment).

The second hare we killed on the brow of a hill overlooking a narrow valley, through which ran a shallow trout-stream. A few houses peeped out from the clumps of trees on the opposite rise, and the ground around them was broken up for cultivation. After the barrenness of the mountain it formed quite a pretty picture.

"Well, now," said one of my new friends, "Shure we're near the house, and ye'll come in, Colonel, and take a bit and a sup. I be bound the Captain," turning to me "has never tasted our spruce-beer." I acknowledged I had not, and the invitation was cordially accepted.

CHAPTER II.

WE followed our host into the courtyard, handed our horses over to some ragged urchins, and entered the house. Tom whispered to me that his friend, Billy Barry, was a rising squireen who was building a new farm, though, by the aspect of the place, it looked much more like being knocked down than built up. Barry apologised for the disorder, and led us into a small room, where preparations had evidently been made for our arrival. The cloth was spread and before many minutes had elapsed a dish of pork chops was brought in, we sat down to lunch, but no sign did I see of the promised beverage. Not liking to speak out, I hinted quietly to the Colonel, who sat next me, that a draught of spruce beer would be very acceptable.

"Is it now you'd be drinking it," said he, "faith, I'd advise you to wait till after you've eaten something."

Under the painful impression that I had made some gross blunder, I uttered not another word, but wondered rather what kind of people these were who drank spruce beer after luncheon. The cloth was removed—when was this beer coming? I soon had an answer to my mental queries. The slatternly red-headed attendant, who had brought in the chops, entered, carrying a tray of tumblers and a huge kettle. Our host unlocked a cupboard, produced a couple of black bottles and some sugar, and then, as he said to himself, "The matharials for the shpruce were now convanient," I stared. Hot whiskey punch at 2 p.m. seemed rather too much of a good thing, but as every one helped himself, it would not do for me to refuse.

"I'll just have one tumbler," thought I, "and make it weak."

Alas for the vanity of human expectations! Barry was watching me, and arrested my hand as I was pouring the spirits into an empty tumbler.

"Faith, Mr. Leeton, ye'll spoil the shpruce if ye mix it in that way. See here, now," taking up my tumbler, "The raal way to make punch is jest to half fill your glass with whiskey, and then every dhrop of wather ye put in spoils the punch; but may be ye wouldn't like it so sthrong?"

I muttered something about having a weak head.

"Well, thin, put a thin slice of the lemon-pale at the bottom of the tumbler, and a couple of lumps of sugar in your ladle; howld it over the glass; pour the boiling wather on; when there's enough, in with the cratur;" and the worthy man deliberately proceeded to mix me a strong nor-wester, i.e., half-and-half.

I remonstrated, and on the plea of being unaccustomed to such potent drinks, was allowed to take it somewhat weaker. My friends speedily disposed of their punch, and, thinking we should now make a start, I hastily finished mine; but, to my horror, each man proceeded to mix number two!

"Shure, Mr. Leeton, your tumbler's empty," said Barry, handing me the bottle.

"No more for me, thank you," I replied; but I was chorus of remonstrances. Tom whispered—

"For the honour o Jimint, Layton, you

I resigned myself to my fate, and followed the example set me. As my glass diminished I began to feel a sense of warm contentment, and a disinclination to stir, and came to the conclusion that the whiskey was excellent, and my companions very pleasant fellows. Their talk, by the way, had been of "throwing lepps" (which I afterwards found out to be "taking leaps"), "pounding," "grand little harses," &c. ; but I soon got to understand them, and by the time I was in the middle of number three, I had consented to enter my mare for a scratch steeplechase to come off somewhere near Ballymacarbery, owners up !

Just then the door opened, and a young lady entered whom Barry introduced as "Me sister, Honoria." The amount of tobacco smoke in the room combined with the heat (it could *not* have been the punch), made me feel somewhat giddy on rising, and I had some difficulty in handing Miss Barry a chair. She sat down beside me, quite indifferent to the thick atmosphere or the smell of the punch. Indeed, she told me that her evening duties consisted chiefly in keeping her brother's glass full till he had disposed of his regular moderate allowance of twelve tumblers. Barry overheard her, and, exclaiming that he would back her to brew punch against any one within twenty miles, insisted on my tasting some of her concocting.

Could I refuse when, in honeyed accents, she backed up her brother with "A—h, do, now ; won't ye, Mesther Leeton ?"

No, it was impossible ; so while she was mixing number four I kept my eyes on her, and decided that she was a very pretty girl with a monstrous fine pair of eyes. Every ladle-full enhanced her beauty in my sight, and reconciled me to her accent, not to say rich brogue.

All things are said to have an end, and our luncheon (1) was at last brought to a conclusion ; so we rose to kill one more hare, as Tom observed. I said nothing, but wondered whether, supposing that I could slip away quietly, I could find my way back to barracks. As I knew not in which direction to go, I was obliged to give up that idea, and to trust to my good luck not to get a fall ; but it was with the greatest difficulty that I clambered up into the saddle after taking a most affectionate farewell of Miss Honey.

The fresh air did not revive me as much as I expected, and now began my troubles. It cost me a world of pains to sit upright in my saddle and talk unconcernedly with my companions, who, seasoned toppers every man, might have been drinking water for all the effects they showed of their afternoon sitting ; but when we began to trot slowly down a stony boreen (Anglice ! lane), I thought I must give in and let myself quietly tumble off. Why go on with this recital of my miseries ? Suffice it to say that I got partly over them ; and, on finding a hare, rode like a maniac. Coming to a high bank I charged it as if it was a bullfinch ; felt my horse and myself performing a somersault, and, beyond that, I have but a confused notion of a heavy fall, and of seeing Tom pull up beside me. I remember no more.

When I came to my senses I found myself lying on a sofa in the room which I had left but a short time before. My coat was off, and my head wrapped round with wet cloths, while Miss Barry, kneeling by the side of the couch, kept applying a sponge to keep them damp ; Tom O'Brien and her brother were standing close by. Barry was the first to notice that my eyes were open.

"That's grand!" said he, "you're all right now, ain't you? I towld you," turning to Tom, "that he was only a bit bothered."

Miss Honey at the same time rose, bending on me a look of most tender compassion.

I attempted to sit up, but my head was still swimming, so I muttered out a faint "Oh yes, thank you, I'm all right."

"Well, Layton," said Tom, "I don't know how you're to get back to baricks."

"Is it to the baricks? Faith, he shan't stir a foot till he's bettther nor that, I can tell you," exclaimed Barry, and Honey added—

"Shure, and we'll take grit ~~care~~ Mr. O'Brine."

I managed to get out somethins ~~not~~ giving them trouble; but I was really unfit to move, as the ~~in~~ hurt my shoulder and bruised me all over, though it had had the ~~it~~ completely sobering me. It was at last settled that Tom ~~ride~~ home and report my accident, getting me leave of absence ~~pared~~; and off he went, promising to bring the regimental surgeon ~~with~~ him early the next morning.

O'Brien had no sooner taken his departure than the Barrys set to work to make me comfortable. Notwithstanding my remonstrances, a bed was put up for me in the sitting room, and then Barry, pleading farm business, went out leaving me in charge of his sister.

Miss Barry was a tall girl with a quantity of wavy brown hair, good features, perhaps rather too full a mouth, a regular white set of teeth, and a pair of sparkling and most mischievous eyes of which she made great use. She was emphatically a good-looking, good-natured, jolly girl. I am speaking of her as she now appears to my mind's eye; but at the time, the attentions she paid me in my helpless state, the care with which she settled the wet cloths on my head, or adjusted the sling for my arm, coupled with her merry glance and the evident delight she took in tending on her patient, made me think her quite charming.

She sat talking to me for some time, giving me the personal history of half the county, and in the course of the evening let fall a hint of some widowed aunt, whose dear departed had made a fortune in Australia, "or some of them parts," and who had promised to bequeath all her money to her darling niece Honey.

As it was getting dark Billy came in, and wanted me to take some more of his universal medicine, whiskey-punch; but Honey put her veto on it, saying I had had quite enough, which was only half the truth; and in due course of time she bade me good night, and Barry helped me into bed.

CHAPTER III.

A FEW days elapsed before I was able to go back to my regiment, and when I did rejoin it, I was regularly in love with Honoria Barry, and I flattered myself that she was far from averse to me. The ~~ther~~ and sister had both talked so much of their aunt's fortune ~~ar~~ ~~s~~, that I began to picture myself going back to my father's ~~1~~ wife and a fortune at the same time. However, I kept myself, resolving not to let my love outrun my di-
struck me as queer: on leaving the house Barr-

anything about his sister to my brother officers ; but remarking that I looked astonished, added—

“Shure, ye know there’s not many purty girls about Ballymacarbery, and I don’t want to have all the officers riding out to see Honey.”

This satisfied me, and I cantered off, building castles in the air.

Time wore on. I followed the Colonel’s hounds whenever they met near Rathcloog, and always found that my way back lay past Barry’s house. I also discovered that the stream that ran past the farm was tolerably stocked with small trout, pinkeens, as Barry called them, and I, whose sole idea of fishing was the old fashioned way of a worm at one end, and a ——well, the saying is old—invested in a single-handed trout rod, a book of flies, and a creel.

I still kept my own counsel, and Tom O’Brien was the only one with whom I ever conversed on the subject of the Barrys.

Talking of them one night, he said, “Yes, Billy’s a very decent fellow; a good judge of a harse, too. He’s somewhat above the common lot; more like what you Englishmen call a gentleman farmer. They say his sister will have a lot of money from some old aunt; but faith, I wouldn’t trust too much to that.”

He evidently could tell but little about the family, and I knew not where else to apply for information.

One day, as I was depositing my (empty) creel and rod in the little parlour at Rathcloog, Honey came bounding in rather noisily, and, on my inquiring the cause of her good spirits, she informed me that her cousin, Miah McDermott, of Ballymacellicott, was about to give a ball.

“And he’s going to ask all the officers, and shure ye’ll go, Mr. Leeton, now, won’t you?”

I promised faithfully that I would honour the gentleman with my company, whoever he might be, claiming, of course, the honour of her hand for the first dance.

On my return to barracks, I found a knot of my brother officers discussing what turned out to be Mr. McDermott’s invitation.

“Who the deuce is the fellow,” asked the Major, lighting a cigar; “does anybody know him?”

“I think I can tell you, Major,” answered Drummond, our junior Captain; “don’t you remember meeting one night at the club a queer-looking fish, who told us an awful story of his having won a pounding match, by first leaping his horse over a cottage into a deep lane, and then jumping into the Suir, out of the water into a barge, in again, and so on, till he got to the other side?”

“I remember him. A splendid lot of lies he told us that night.”

“Well, I rather fancy that’s the man; so, what do you say? I vote we go; there is sure to be some fun.”

It was finally settled that some seven or eight of us should partake of Mr. McDermott’s hospitality, and my name went with the rest, as I did not like to mention that I had been honoured with a special invitation.

A week before the ball, we received orders of readiness to proceed to Dublin, and there embark for Liverpool. This piece of news, hailed with gladness by the majority, who were tired of the dullness of an Irish county town, set me reflecting deeply. At last, I made up my mind to turn Benodick, and resolved to pop the question at Mr. McDermott’s ball.

The eventful night arrived, and eight o'clock saw me, with three others, imprisoned in that most horrible of all vehicles, an inside car.

"Do you know anything of the women one is to meet to-night?" asked a small ensign.

"Oh, they'll be a funny set, I fancy," answered Smith, who was coming merely in the hope of seeing a row; "swell shopkeeper's wives and daughters, *et hoc genus omne*."

"Don't talk Hebrew, Jack," was the reply. "There will be one stunner there, at all events."

"What's her name?"

"Barry; Billy Barry's sister."

"I did not know he had one."

"Oh yes he has, I made her acquaintance while fishing on the Anna, and a jolly girl she is, too. I beg none of you will interfere with me in that quarter."

I could have punched the youngster's head with the greatest satisfaction to myself, but wisely kept quiet and laughed with the rest at his mock-conceit.

Presently, we arrived at Ballymacellicott, and were duly shot out of the car at the hall door, just like so much rubbish.

Mr. McDermott was delighted to see us: "Shure, and it was very kind of us to come all that way; would we have anything, tay, coffee, or whiskey-nagus?"

Resisting all these offers, I made my way to the ball-room, where I saw my beloved Honoria sitting demurely by the side of an elderly lady, who had by way of coiffure the most extraordinary turban I had ever set eyes on. It was a perfect kaleidoscope of colours, and somewhat resembled in size those put on Eastern princes in a pantomime.

Honoria was evidently pleased to see me arrive so early; indeed, I was just in time, for, as I sat down by her side, two fiddles and a cornet with a very bad cold struck up a polka. I was soon made aware that as far as dancing went, my partner's education had been sadly neglected, and I, who had often been told I was a capital partner, now found myself dragged along in a series of most unmistakeable hops. At all events, thought I, the fault lies in her heels, not her head, and can soon be remedied; so I hopped on *con amore*.

Mr. McDermott's party was evidently a great success; the rooms were crowded, and he played the part of host with great cordiality, his voice being heard everywhere.

"Is it nagus, ye'll take, Ma'm? Tom, bring the decanters this way;" or, introducing any one he could catch to the nearest young lady, "Miss O'Flaherty, the Captain 'll be proud to dance with you;" interspersed with various allusions to the horses or dogs of any friend he recognised, and muttered curses at the unlucky cornet-a-piston: "Bad scran to ye, couldn't ye get your horn in dacent order before ye came here? Play on, will ye, ye devil?"

The pert ensign took my charmer from me after the polka, and I had to make myself agreeable to several young ladies, who talked of no on but "Honey, the darlint."

I had marked out a couple of chairs in a recess, and Honoria after another polka (she did not waltz), detern love into her ear. Just, however, as I began to

noire for the evening, the aforementioned small ensign, interrupted us, and carried off my charmer. I rose in disgust, but found time to whisper, "You'll let me take you down to supper?" I'll do it then, thought I.

CHAPTER IV.

SUPPER time came, and I found myself, with Honoria leaning on my arm, struggling in a narrow corridor. Just before us were the Major and Drummond, and a name the former mentioned attracted my attention. Honey (we had been brought to a stand-still) was chatting with some hideous old cousin with a head like a fiddle.

"Yes, I'm sure that's the girl:" so spake the Major. "What a capital hand she was at mixing punch. Snug little hotel theirs was, a capital lounge in that dull place."

"Yes; and do you remember, Major, how she used to eat. Come, I'll bet you——"

The rest was lost in the hubbub of voices that greeted us on entering the supper room. I was certain I had heard the name of "Barry" pronounced; but I might be mistaken, so I thought no more of it.

After a hard fight for a seat, I managed to get a couple of chairs at the table for Honoria and myself. Opposite us were the Major and Drummond, and I thought I could observe a smile on their features. Looking away disdainfully, I turned to the table. What a supper was there! This was no suburban party where the sugar-baskets are meant to be admired, not eaten; where blancmange and creams are the only restoratives, and where gooseberry and bad marsala do duty for champagne and sherry. No, this was a regular substantial supper of the old school. Hot soup, stewed oysters, salmon, joints, and poultry; everything was meant for people who, by dint of hard dancing, had acquired the right to a good appetite.

As soon as Honoria was comfortably seated, and the minor accessories of fan, gloves, and bouquet put carefully by her side, I handed her a plate of soup. That finished, in accordance with the usual supper practice, I suggested the wing of a chicken. She gave me a tender glance, and gently whispered,

"Not yet, thank ye, Mr. Leeton, I'll just thry the oysters."

A dozen or so soon disappeared; and, eager to get away from the room while every one else was intent upon eating, I half rose and offered my arm.

"Shure, and it's a grit hurry ye're in, Mr. Leeton," said the dear girl. "Will ye please get me some salmon?"

I sat down, inwardly fuming. McDermott sent her a liberal portion, and she proceeded to do justice to it. Not a word did she speak, and every mouthful she took diminished the intensity of my ardour. I could not help thinking of my mother and sisters, and of what they would say were I to bring to their house such a female Gargantua. To add to my discomfort, the Major and Drummond were evidently watching her. I hardly knew what to do. I suppose my partner wondered what was the matter with me; for, when the salmon was done, she addressed me with,

"Well thin, you're very crass to-night, Mr. Leeton; what are ye in the dumps about?" and before I could stammer out an excuse, she added, "Shure, that's a bewtiful leg of mutton, will ye get me a couple of slices?"

Mechanically I obeyed, and sat watching her, wondering whether she would ever finish, and whether I could possibly get away, or was too deeply implicated. At last the second slice was finished. Honoria looked up and scanned each dish on the table, then turning to me she said in a tone audible to half the room:—

"Well, Mr. Leeton, I don't much care for swates, so I've eat enough."

I just heard Drummond's voice, as he said to the Major, "By Jove, I've lost this time," and, muttering something about being back directly, I elbowed my way out of the room.

For the last twenty minutes I had been on thorns. The soup, the oysters, the salmon, and the mutton, had each in their turn lessened Miss Barry's attractions; but the "swates," and the certainty I acquired that she was the person alluded to by the Major, put a finishing touch on all.

Snatching up my coat and the first forage cap I could lay hands on, I bolted out of the house, and, as the car drivers had all left their vehicles and were doubtless regaling themselves, I boldly got on the first I saw, and drove away home as fast as the weary horse could take me.

The next morning I made a clean breast to the Colonel, who laughed so that he could hardly sign my application for three days' leave, and promised to forward one for a month on the plea of Urgent Private Affairs. I must say I did not feel thoroughly comfortable till I had placed the Channel between me and my quondam friend Billy Barry.

The regiment arrived in England before the expiration of my leave, and from my brother officers I learnt, after much roasting and quizzing, the *denouement* of the affair:—

Miss Honey, after waiting some time, had fainted away, calling on me to support her; everyone in the room said I had treated her "sheemfully;" and her brother had sent a friend to wait on me the next day. By that time I was well on my way to Dublin, and as Barry never thought of telegraphing me a challenge, I got clear off.

The Major told me afterwards that he and Drummond had known her when on detachment at some place where her brother kept an hotel, and that, to while away the time, they used to have daily bets on the amount she would eat for dinner.

I have never since been quartered in Ireland, but if it should be my luck once more to revisit the Green Isle, I shall certainly be careful how I partake of "Sphruce Beer" in the middle of the day.



THE SPIRIT PATH.

THE seer stands on the sacred hill above the ocean strand,
His eye fixed on the spirit-path that leads to the spirit-land ;
To the far North, with many a bend, along the rugged shore
That sad road leads, o'er rocks and weeds, whence none returneth more.
The weak, the strong, all pass along—the coward and the brave—
From that dread track none turneth back, none can escape the grave.

Tangaroa ! Tangaroa !* whither have fled your waves ?
Who 'gainst the land eternal war wage from their ocean caves.
 Why abashed, with lowly head,
 Sleep they on their heaving bed ?
 Your sons ! your braves !
And Tangaroa tell me why flows this fountain silently ?

Why has the cataract ceased to moan—
 Bounding his last bound,
From mountain top to salt sea stone
 Headlong, but with no sound ?
And the west wind passes by,
Silently, without a sigh !

" Passing now are the ghosts of the dead,
The winds are hushed, the rude waves hide their head ;
 And the fount flows silently,
 And the breeze forgets to sigh,
 And the torrent to moan
O'er rock and stone,
 For the Dead pass by !"

Now on the barren spirit track,
Lingering sadly, gazing back,
Slowly moves a ghastly train,
Shades of warriors, brave in vain :
For what can mortal valour do
Against thee, furious war-god Tu ?

* Tangaroa is the Maori impersonation of the Ocean, answering, probably, in some respects, to the Greek *Okeanos*, but perhaps a less substantial person than the God of Ocean.

You, by sacrifice and prayer,
 To hostile ranks allured were.
 None but you, oh Tu, could slay them ;
 None but the war-god's self dismay them.
 Thou who spakest at thy birth,
 "Let us destroy both heaven and earth !"
 Thou who, charging like a flood,
 Wrap'st whole armies in their blood.
 Thou who scal'st the hill-fort steep
 When the weary warriors sleep,
 And awak'st them, but to die,
 With the Whakaara cry.
 Thou who, when the fight is done,
 Roast'st the flesh on heated stone.
 Brother of the thunder, scarlet-belted Tu,
 For ever and for ever shall the warriors worship you.
 Wealth and power and high command,
 All are in thy forceful hand.
 Earth-shaker,
 Spoil-taker,
 Climber of mountains, climber of waves,
 Weapon-bearer, finder of slaves,
 Battle-fighter, wrathful Tu,
 Builder of the war canoe.
 Though your followers may lie
 In their blood on battle-plain,
 They alone can never die
 For in song they live again.
 And their names remembered long
 Twine in many a warlike tale ;
 And the *Tangi*, plaintive song,
 Makes for them the parting wail.

The seer has left the hill. Hark ! hark ! that wailing cry !
 The shades he saw were the braves of his tribe to the Reinga passing by.

NOTE.—Tu, who is so frequently mentioned in these verses, is the Maori War God. He was supposed to assimilate more nearly in his nature to man than any of the other denizens of the Maori Olympus. All the epithets applied to this deity, who appears greatly to resemble the Odin of our Northern forefathers, are in strict accordance with native tradition and custom. Indeed, the whole imagery employed is due to the peculiar poetry of the Maori mind.

ON MAORI COURAGE.

By H.

“THE idea was formerly entertained that a single well-armed Englishman was sufficient to put to flight a horde of naked savages; but recent experience in New Zealand and at the Cape has done much to dispel this dangerous illusion; and it is now admitted that, on their own ground, the Maoris—man for man—are fully a match for disciplined English troops.”—*Vide* SWAINSON'S “*New Zealand and its Colonization*.”

THE question is an interesting one—has, or has not, the courage of the Maori been over-estimated? What is its degree in respect to that of the European, the American, or the Sepoy? Is the Maori on his own ground—man for man—fully a match for the English soldier; or is not the asserted admission itself a most “dangerous illusion?”

Captain Cook, in 1769, wrote, “The only match for the cunning and activity of the New Zealander is a loaded musket.”

Since 1769, however, the Maori has himself become possessed of the “loaded musket.” What sort of weapon is it, really, in his hands? Can he, as Cooper's “Leather-stocking” would say, “bring out its beauties?”

In 1836 the six boats' crews—thirty-six men in all—of Evans' whaling party, at Kapiti, beat off, with their harpoons and lances only, the whole power of Te Rauparaha, who wanted to place their islet under contribution. A tall Irishman had Rauparaha under his foot, with a lance point at his throat, and coolly looked round to his leader to ask if he should “finish him.” In those days there used to be exciting races,—the war canoes for the islet, and the whale boats from the half-captured whale back to the station, to reach it before it was fired. Those whalers depended on nothing but the steel; having, as it were, their fists in reserve.

In 1840 the ‘Jewess,’ schooner, was stranded at Paikakariki, and the people of Te Whiti (William King) plundered her cargo. As soon as it was heard of in Wellington, a party of twenty-eight settlers, armed with fowling-pieces and rifles, started to aid the crew, and, after three days' journey, arrived at the wreck. They found the tribe in possession, but by the next morning had obtained the restoration of the plunder—concealed amongst the sand-hills—together with payment for the bad behaviour. One man—a half-caste—they took out of the Waikanai pa, marched him in handcuffs to Wellington, and lodged him in the gaol there, on a charge of piracy.

But, it will be said, all this was before the Wairau disaster and massacre had destroyed in the native mind the prestige of the British.

It was so. But it might with more truth be said that it was before the Wairau massacre of 1843, and the sacking of Kororarika, had unduly magnified in the English mind the prowess of the Maori.

It was acknowledged by the natives that when the whites retired at the Wairau, they themselves were in the very act of retreating.

But their position was unassailable. They were in a horse-shoe bend of a deep and sluggish stream, concealed in scrub; while the white party stood exposed on the grass of the opposite bank. A puff of smoke blew away from the bushes and a white man fell: while no means existed of crossing the deep stream to get at the natives. A small canoe, it is true, had been left, and by this, one at a time, the leaders had crossed to parley with the Maoris, and so became separated from their men, and unable to direct them when the firing unexpectedly commenced. Notwithstanding their knowledge of the perfect security of the position, the natives, I say, were actually abandoning it when the white men retreated, to avoid the fire which was destroying it, and which they could make no satisfactory return.

I quote this case especially, as it is typical in the extreme of the character of Maori courage—tolerable resistance while behind physical obstacles that precluded the possibility of a rush on the part of the enemy; but even then, an uneasy feeling, prompting to a retreat. This choice of the position, and the stratagem of dividing their opponents by the trap of the canoe and the device of the parley were, however, admirable in their way, and truly oriental.

At the Bay of Islands, where Captain Robertson with about forty small-arm men of the 'Hazard' stood against five hundred of them, the natives had, as they always have, the command of the position, and by extending along the ridges in the high fern and scrub, they outflanked the small party of sailors, who defended the road in the hollow. With any exhibition of courage on the part of the natives, the sailors would have been compelled to retire in ten minutes, from such a position, in place of withstanding the onset for hours, and only retreating when they had lost half of their number, with their leader wounded in five places.

Encouraged by the success of the attack on Kororarika, the natives in the next action at Mahui arranged an ambush to surprise the assailants of the pa. Engaged on both sides here, the rear rank of the soldiers faced round, and charged with the bayonet. Further description is superfluous.

Attacks on pas, well stockaded, and either indifferently breached, or not breached at all, have always failed; not only can the soldiers not get in, but the defenders cannot get out. Whenever the pa has been incomplete, and an entrance effected, the natives have either decamped, or, in terror, taken to their excavations. Cracroft's, Waireka, Mahoetahi, and the last action, where Colonel Warre carried the Katikara, are sufficient instances of this.

At the Chatham Islands, in 1840, when the 'Cuba's' crew rescued the starved defenders of a closely invested pa, the besiegers, although four to one in number and strong in health, did not dare, while the European boats' crews were in good order on the beach, to make an attack; but when the boats were half loaded, and being dragged through the first rollers of the surf, with a certain amount of unavoidable confusion, they came down and opened fire upon them. But even then their intimation was so great that they could not hit, although some actually touched the steer oars. The trembling of their hands, and appearance of agitation, could be discerned in the boats. Hundreds of muskets that were fired, not one was observed to fall. But they were standing on the open sand

had had cover, not one of the boats would probably have got through the surf.

When a Maori finds that he cannot escape, he certainly faces his enemy with a sullen stoicism that may be mistaken for courage. A species of fatalism seems inherent in the minds of all oriental people—they become calm, instinctively, when they find escape is impossible. There would be a grandeur in this if it were not that such coolness is always accompanied by an instantaneous recourse, if there be an opportunity, to cunning. The Maori taken at Mahoetahi with a gun recently discharged, said that he was a "peacemaker," and in that character he had taken the gun from a native to prevent its being again fired at the soldiers.

While a native will remain unwearied for hours, without food, lurking behind a flax bush for a "pot-shot" at a traveller, he will not, even with a dozen to back him, face half the number on open ground. This is the more remarkable, as, in their wrestling matches and spear play, they are accustomed to look their opponent in the face.

While disliking the open and personal fight, the native is most skilful and original in stratagem. The ambush is placed so that the escape of the victim is almost impossible, and care is always had to the means of retreat, should detection occur. At the Valley of the Hutt, and at No. 3 Redoubt, the natives stole slowly and noiselessly on the sentries, until near enough for a spring and a tomahawk blow. Courage, and that of a high order, is requisite here—personal courage, aided by perfect presence of mind and coolness, and unwrought upon by excitement; but it is not the courage that will withstand the bayonet charge, or the daylight fight—man to man.

If the Maoris were a small race, or slight, like the inhabitants of Bengal, their avoidance of the personal conflict might be accounted for; but it is not so. The Maori—man for man—is larger, far heavier, and more fleshy than the soldier, and he vaunts himself on an assumed physical superiority.

The question then presents itself—Is it the bayonet itself that is so much dreaded and estimated? This is difficult to answer; but it would seem not. The Maori will part with all that he has to be the possessor of a double-barrelled gun, but he won't give half-a-crown for a bayonet. About two years since—during the last Taranaki war—the writer happened casually to go into what appeared to be a provision house at Taupo, near the Wairoa; the place proved to be a kind of armoury, lined round with racks for guns, and containing about one hundred and sixty pieces of various descriptions, from the Brummagem single-barrel at thirty shillings, to the long duck gun, with the highly-engraved French double gun, and the Yankee pea-bore rifle; old flint muskets converted into clumsy percussions forming the majority, however, of the pieces, but there was not a bayonet amongst them.

Converse with a Maori about a bayonet, as a weapon, and he will deride it. "A parry of the tomahawk will foil it, and a blow within its length will finish the matter."

It must be an absolute aversion to the personal and close collision that induces a Maori to fight only at a distance, or from an ambush.

A few years since, the writer was cutting survey lines at Kaipara Flats, with some young English lads, and four natives. It was in a

swampy jungle, and in a moment the party surprised, and were surprised by, a drove of wild pigs. The natives, although holding long-handled fern-hooks—formidable weapons—were in a moment up adjacent cabbage trees, from the tops of which they pointed out two large boars that especially stood their ground. “Now hit him on the nose!” “Go behind and cut his legs—Tena!” were the directions they kindly gave from the tree-tops, but without affording further aid. A pig got a cut, and a man got a roll over, but no more immediate danger ensued. Amongst the party was Puru or Neri, the kingite “surveyor-general,” who was lately expelled from Government House. He rather disliked being “chaffed” by the lads for his tree, and shortly afterwards slipped away from the party. In about an hour he returned with the greater part of the carcase of a large boar on his back. With the aid of a little yelping mongrel dog, he had traced the boar to its lair in a hollow rata, where, with a slip-knot at the end of a stick, he had snared it, tied it up, and tomahawked it.

The courage exhibited by the native in this case was not of a conspicuous kind, but the pertinacity with which the boar was tracked, and the skill of its capture, were perfect. The choice of locality for the late ambush at the Wairau was most skilful: the means of retreat were considered, and the position gave security in the possible event of an attack, but there all the merit ended. The aim, although from cover, was execrable: discharge after discharge was necessary from thirty men, before six, who stood exposed on the beach, were hit; and when only one white man remained alive, they had not courage to assail him personally, but lay down—all of them—whenever he turned to fire.

The ambush laid for Lieutenant Waller was contrived with the same skill, but the reverse of courage was exhibited in carrying it out. With one white man only to contend against, and he entangled with the fallen horse, five armed men quailed, and one apparently swooned with fear.

The abandonment by the natives of attack, when their opponent confronted them, has much in it of the cowering retreat of the predatory animal, when its spring on the intended victim has failed.

To show the proportionate numbers of those hit on either side, I will take as examples the first and the last conflicts—those of Kororarika and Katikara.

In the former the natives had choice of the position, and from the fern hills fired down on the whites; the numbers struck were: British, thirteen killed, twenty-three wounded, total thirty-six; natives, thirty-four killed, sixty-eight wounded, total one hundred and two.

In the latter case the Maories were sheltered from the fire of the troops by their own arranged cover, rifle-pits, and earthworks, with stockades to fight from behind; while the troops were fully exposed in their advance. The casualties were: natives, about forty killed (wounded not known); troops, killed one, ten wounded. In the latter case, with anything like equal courage, the natives should have maintained their position, and, for a time at least, if not ultimately, have repulsed their assailants.

It may be said that the defeat was owing to the artillery practice, which we believe was excellent, but so protected are the natives in their rifle-pits and burrows, that shot and shell have but little effect. The natives assert, but implicit confidence must not be placed in their statement, that in the last Taranaki war one man of

shell. Whenever the native loss has been heavy—whether at Waireka, Mahoetahi, or Katikara, it was by the bayonet that that loss was inflicted.

The secret of the capability of the Maori to withstand for a time our military power, lies in the obstacles of their country and their skill in increasing them—obstacles that to the Maori, who from childhood has found his sport and amusement in the woods, are of no account. It is not the province of the writer, nor would he presume to indicate that the troops should be trained to fight bush warfare. Fortunately at Taranaki they are now being so led, and with marked success; but it may be impressed upon the attention of *all*, from the authorities of Government to each Volunteer who may yet have to skirmish at the outskirts, how every path or track should be explored, and each feature of vantage ground examined. Every man on an outlying station should be prepared to become a guide to a military party, and should at once carry his observations beyond purposes and localities of immediate defence.

For the composition of guerilla bands of settlers to patrol the front, and “look up” an enemy, there is splendid material existing in the young men of the out-settlements—more especially those who have been from childhood in New Zealand. Accustomed to search for and bring in their cattle from the bush, they can get through it as easily as a native, and would find their home in it as well; while they know its paths more perfectly. These, under their own selected leaders, and armed with handy, breach-loading rifles, would keep the enemy from marauding, render campaigning less pleasant to him, and distract the attention of the Maori from the simultaneous organization of large military movements.

STANZAS.

To darker shades
The daylight fades,
The calm night braids
Her brow with stars.

Dark shadows creep
Where the willows weep,
And the bright stars sleep
In their silver cars.
D. E.

OUT-BUILDINGS AND KITCHEN GARDEN.

THE absence of decayed matter, whether animal or vegetable, is absolutely necessary for the healthiness of any dwelling-house, as it is clear that in hot weather the influence of the sun must raise the most unwholesome vapours from it, exposing the inhabitants to all kinds of disease. The old saying, that "cleanliness is next to godliness," was never more forcibly illustrated than in the necessity for removing all such breeders of disease from our neighbourhood. All out-buildings ought, therefore, to be detached from the dwelling-house. Where the space is limited, this cannot be carried out to any great extent, as economy of space is necessary, as in towns, where the ground is of so high a value as to force premises into a very small compass. In the country it is otherwise; and it is to the country and suburban villas that I am especially directing attention. There I would have no out-buildings within, at the very least, forty feet of the house, and as much farther as space will admit of. If the ground is broken or sloping, they ought to be placed a few feet below the level of the house, so as to allow of a good incline for the main drain from the house towards them. Good draining tiles, nine inches in diameter, with a fall of one in fifteen feet from the kitchen through the out-buildings, at a depth of eighteen inches or two feet, will form an efficient drain, and should be led into a tank or large water-butt sunk in the ground, where the drainage would always be available for use in the garden, or for saturating a manure heap. Stables, cow-sheds, piggeries, fowl-houses, &c., may form one side of the kitchen garden, both saving fencing and being convenient for supplying manure to the garden; it will also prove handy for feeding cattle or pigs with the surplus produce of the land. Three things must be borne in mind in forming a kitchen garden: shelter from the south-west winds, convenience, and soil. Shelter, if not naturally formed, can be produced by planting a belt of trees, from ten to fifteen feet wide, along the outside of the garden fence. These, if planted within five or six feet of one another, would make an excellent break-wind in a few years, as they shelter each other, when planted closely, and help to draw one another up. This will prove the most rapid plan of raising a shelter, and after a time the more quick-growing and worthless plants can be removed to make room for others more slow in growth, but much better when grown.

If the ground will admit of it, lay your garden out as a parallelogram or a square, these two forms being undeniably the most economical. The allotment of too much space is the greatest and commonest mistake of all; in this way people very frequently go beyond what they require, and still more beyond what they can cultivate. It is better to err on the safe side, and have rather less than more ground you can manage under cultivation. A quarter of an acre to supply the wants of a family of moderate size

all the year round, and even less might be made to suffice for this purpose. The reason that a square or oblong piece of land is so convenient for a garden is, that it can be laid out in four quarters, with a border ten or twelve feet wide round the sides; a space of four feet for a walk can then be left, and the square afterwards cut through the centre by two four feet walks, thus giving you four square beds within the outside walk.

Presuming the ground to be drained and trenched, the crops can be put in in their seasons: the walks may be partially edged with parsley, thyme, strawberry plants, &c.: gooseberry trees can be planted in rows, three feet from the walk and six feet from plant to plant. Permanent crops are such as will occupy the same space for more than two years, such as asparagus, sea-kale, rhubarb, strawberries, and horse-radish.

I have a great objection to many fruit trees being planted in a kitchen garden: a few dwarf trees, from three to four feet from the walks, would not be open to much objection, such as pear or plum trees; but vegetables never grow well under the shadow of trees. The better plan would be to portion off a part of the ground and devote it entirely to fruit trees, for when planted through the garden, the roots draw all the nutriment in the ground from the minor crops, and interfere materially with the planting and raising of the crops. Nor can the trees themselves be expected to thrive, as the digging of the land destroys all the small fibrous roots formed during the previous season, and prevents the sunlight and air penetrating to the trees, so causing the roots to penetrate downwards into a cold and ungenial stratum of clay or other earth unfavourable to growth. When this is the case, the trees no longer remain in a healthy fruit-bearing condition: decay begins both in root and branch, the leaves assume a lighter colour, and appear to contain less substance; the points of the new shoots decay after the leaves fall; moss grows on the bark and scale on the stem; and if the tree is taken up, you will find the roots few and penetrating deeply, but also decayed. A tree may blossom and put forth leaves, but it will not bring any quantity of fruit to maturity if its roots are decayed, although it may survive in an unhealthy state for many years. Trees in this state ought to be taken up; all decayed wood, both from root and branch, cut away; and the tree re-planted in finely-prepared soil, with the roots not deeper than the ordinary ground level, and the earth well moulded up round them. They will make but little wood during the first year, but the second season will produce fine clean wood, and in the third bear fruit. This shows the necessity for draining and trenching the ground preparatory to planting fruit trees. A small piece of ground, well prepared, will probably yield a larger return than thrice the ground prepared upon the common careless principle, namely, that of digging a hole about a foot deep and as much in diameter, when, if the subsoil happens to be clay of an impenetrable character, you might as well plant trees in a basin. The heavy winter rains fill such holes level with the surface, the soil becomes poisoned with stagnant water, and the trees perish for want of congenial soil in which to grow. The young trees putting forth a few leaves in the spring of a pale green colour, and forming a few feeble shoots during the summer, is no proof that they are likely to

survive more than one year or so : that such is actually the case may be seen daily.

That the out-buildings should be made to form part of the kitchen garden fence is important in another respect, as their walls will be exceedingly useful for training vines upon, and large quantities of fine grapes may be grown upon walls or fences from twelve to fifteen feet in height. In case buildings are used for this purpose, a gutter along the eaves will be necessary to carry off surplus water which would be injurious to the plants. But the greatest advantage of all is having the manure close to the garden. In the course of a year the saving by this means is very considerable indeed in the item of labour ; and gardening, moreover, never will pay without plentiful manuring. Be careful to eradicate weeds in the kitchen garden as soon as they spring up, as nothing tends more to impoverish the soil at the expense of the main crops.

I would have every one remember that, while a well kept garden is both a pleasure and a profit to the owner, a badly kept one is neither one nor the other. Cottage gardens, if not too large, will be found here, as in England, to be a great advantage to the labourer, who can work them usually in addition to his other labour. And this is the case especially in a country like New Zealand, where we are not pent up within such narrow limits as the people in England, who find it a matter of difficulty to obtain a scrap of ground on which to make a garden. Those who have not ground enough to make a good kitchen garden may yet find room for a few flowers, and the pleasure afforded by these will amply counterbalance the trouble which their cultivation entails.

D. HAY.

ARCHIMEDES.

FROM SCHILLER.

To Archimedes once a scholar came,
 "Teach me," he said, "the Art that won thy fame—
 The god-like Art that gives such boons to toil,
 And showers such fruit upon thy native soil ;—
 The god-like Art that girt the town, when all
 Rome's vengeance burst in thunder on the wall !"
 "Thou call'st Art god-like—it is so in truth,
 And was," replied the master to the youth,
 "Ere yet its secrets were applied to use—
 Ere yet it served beleaguered Syracuse :—
 Ask'st thou from Art but what the Art is worth ?
 The fruit ? for fruit, go cultivate the earth.
 He who the goddess would aspire unto,
 Must not the goddess as the woman woo !"

E. B. LYTTON.

MONTHLY LITERARY REVIEW.

It is at all times a pleasant task to notice any new work of even average ability and value that issues from our colonial press. We welcome, with perhaps an excusable degree of partiality, any work which adds another volume to our colonial library, without, by its character, being rather a disgrace to it than otherwise. It is by no means a full meed of praise to "Mahoe Leaves" to say this of it. We might, with perfectly impartial justice, go farther, and say that it was a little book to adorn, by its solid worth, if not by its external appearance, the bookshelves of everyone anxious to possess a colonial library. The work is not a large one, and it owes none of its charms to a unity of design even throughout its small compass; it is, in fact, only a series of short sketches illustrative of the state of the native population of New Zealand at the present time. The vigour of the sketches is undeniable, and of their truthfulness personal observation has amply convinced us. We can, in short, give them this praise, and we know of no higher at present, that they form a not unworthy supplement, either in fidelity or in execution, to "Old New Zealand." We do not say that the reader will find the same overflowing spirit of fun in these pages as sparkles in that really remarkable book; but he will find, imparted in a simple yet a humorous manner, an amount of valuable information on the present condition of the Maori race, and not a few observations of great practical wisdom as to the manner in which they have been and ought to be treated. The book abounds in curious sketches of habits, fancies, and customs still observed and in full force amongst the natives, and yet unknown to the mass of the settlers. Our space will allow of but one extract; it is a description of what is termed Makutu. The pa where the author was staying had been troubled with a good deal of sickness, and recourse was had to a Maori prophet to remove the evil. The following is a description of his proceedings:—

"Some days after receiving intelligence of the arrival of the poropiti, I was out near the pa, when I suddenly came upon a group of individuals promenading in a circle, apparently engaged in the search for something, and arranged so that if the first man missed it, the next, being close to his heels, might have a chance of finding it. It was Beelzebub and Malachi, and a number of people at work at lizard hunting. If lizards are vermin, and their object was simply to get rid of them, I have heard of a simpler plan than I am about to describe, which, while I remember, I may as well quote:—

Och! Antrim hill is very high, and so is the hill of Howth, too;
But I've heard of another hill, that's higher than them both too.
'Twas on the top of this high hill St. Patrick preached his sarmint;
He drove the frogs into the bogs and banished all the varmint.

But St. Patrick was a saint, whereas Beelzebub is exactly the reverse, hence their systems differ. But to my tale. The circular promenade continued for some time, when suddenly they came to a dead stop, and

Beelzebub pounced like a tom-cat on something in the fern ! This was unfortunate lizard number one. The procession continued gradually contracting the limits of the circle, and by the time they had finished, Beelzebub had caught two more. All this time the greatest solemnity was observed. The poropiti then kindled a fire, and proceeded, with the greatest coolness, to roast these wretched reptiles—repeating, in a low mourning tone, an incantation, as the poor lizards slowly frizzled. The lizards nearly calcined, the poropiti shouted something, and the whole crowd at once covered their faces and dropped into the attitude of prayer. I was subsequently given to understand that at this identical juncture the souls of the departed vacated the bodies of the lizards (as well they might). Whether they became stars in the firmament, or entered the bodies of other lizards, I did not inquire. Beelzebub swore hard and fast ‘that he saw them go,’ so I suppose they did. Anyhow, the ‘tapu’ was gone, and no one going over that spot could catch lumbago, colic, or any other disease. So far the arrangement was satisfactory.”

This will give the reader some idea of the vein of this book ; there is, however, a considerable amount of satire, some broad and some of a subtle character, scattered through these pages. With all the conclusions of the author we do not feel called upon to agree, although admitting that, upon the whole, his grounds are usually very powerful for any assertion that he makes. The book may, we believe, serve a good purpose, however, at this time, as exposing forcibly and unsparingly much that has been absurd—much also that has been injurious to our ideas of native management ; and it will hereafter be referred to, we do not doubt, as a strange but a truthful picture of the state of society that preceded the rapid extinction of a race whose name, and it may be a few of whose traditions, alone remain in the country which they once possessed.

MAY we be allowed to talk about a book concerning which we are obliged to confess that we have not read it through ? We think, however, that we may safely promise not to talk so much nonsense in the small space which we shall occupy with the subject, as is to be found in an equal quantity of the book itself ; and we hope our readers will give us credit for being able to fulfil our promise, when we mention that the name of the work under discussion is “The Water Babies.”

We have tried to imagine the reasons which could have prevailed upon Professor Kingsley to write such a farrago of grotesque absurdity as this book, and we feel ourselves baffled at all points. We were quite prepared to believe that Mr. Kingsley was just the man who would enjoy the task of writing a thoroughly amusing story for children, without any attempt at combining amusement with instruction, but full of humorous incidents and healthy mirth. But this is not the style of “The Water Babies.” The tale bears, amidst its profusion of absurdities, too evident marks of some latent philosophy which the writer wishes to inculcate, to allow of the supposition that it was written entirely for children. On the other hand, the whole thing is too ludicrously clumsy to admit of the idea that the writer ever supposed that it would be read by grown persons. It is neither one thing nor the other, and is almost driven to the conclusion that the author was ignorant of how much nonsense the influence of an e

induce a high class periodical to publish, and an eager public to swallow. The thing is too extravagant for any other hypothesis. Professor Kingsley might confidently calculate that his performance would make people stare, wonder, and laugh. He might have produced a similar effect if he had gone into the street and made grimaces, tossed up six balls at once, twisted one leg round his neck, and danced on the other, swinging his academical robe round with a weight in the corner of it to keep the boys out of the ring. Such a tumbling performance would be hardly more remote from the exercises of the "grace-giving Palæstra," than is such a production as "The Water Babies" from the normal and healthy action of the mental faculties. There may be some touches of genuine humour in the work, but the instances of sheer nonsense are much more numerous, and we feel by no means attracted by the frequent specimens which we meet with of buffoonery equal to that of Rabelais, but without his wit.

We have already said that the writer introduces philosophy in his tale, but what it means is occasionally doubtful. In one of the early chapters was a long discussion, written in a ludicrous way, to prove the possibility of the existence of water babies. Now the question which lies at the bottom of this discussion is one of the greatest interest to thinking minds. It is, to what extent is a man of science justified in denying the possibility of such and such things existing in Nature? If Professor Kingsley had anything to tell us on this subject, he might have said it much better than in this burlesque of an argument, which is in its form adapted for children, but is in its substance beyond their comprehension, and which for grown persons can have no meaning whatever. But what are we to think of the unredeemed and pure nonsense which meets us at every turn? From the last chapter, the only one which we have now before us, we select the following, which is meant, we suppose, as a satire on those who seek a royal road to the objects of human desire :—

"Only tell us the great backstairs' secret, and we will be your slaves : we will make you lord, king, emperor, bishop, archbishop, pope, if you like—only tell us the secret of the backstairs. For thousands of years we have been paying, and petting, and obeying, and worshipping quacks who told us they had the key of the backstairs, and could smuggle us up them ; and, in spite of all our disappointments, we will honour, and glorify, and adore, and beatify, and translate, and apotheosize you likewise, on the chance of your knowing something about the backstairs, that we may all go on pilgrimage to it, and, even if we cannot get up it, lie at the foot of it and cry—'Oh, backstairs, precious backstairs, invaluable b, requisite b, necessary b, good-natured b, cosmopolitan b, comprehensive b, accommodating b, well-bred b, comfortable b, humane b, reasonable b, long-sought b, coveted b, aristocratic b, respectable b, gentleman-like b, lady-like b, commercial b, economical b, practical b, logical b, deductive b, orthodox b, probable b, credible b, demonstrable b, irrefragable b, potent b, all-but-omnipotent b, &c., save us from the consequences of our own actions, and the cruel fairy, Mrs. Bedonebyas-joudid !' "

In the latter part of this extract, can any of our readers detect wit, or humour, or anything but intellectual buffoonery ?

As a tale for children, "The Water Babies" is, we think, inferior to "Cinderella" or "Puss in Boots." Grown persons may be seduced into a laugh, but the laugh will be largely flavoured with contempt.

Yet whilst we speak in terms of decided censure of a Professor in a learned University who exhibits such intellectual antics as are displayed in this extravagant piece of nonsense, we cannot help feeling some regretful tenderness when we recollect some of the exquisite and unrivalled sketches of scenery and natural objects which we met with, shining like gems amid the rubbish which surrounded them. Surely the pen which depicted the range of limestone hills over which little Tom journeyed, and which formerly delighted us in the charming little work, "Glaucus," will again be employed to fascinate and instruct us, without the simultaneous infliction of the most outlandish jumble of rubbish and absurdity ever produced by a man of genius.

THE month is exceedingly barren of good books in any walk of literature. It is very rare, indeed, that the reviewer is condemned to turn over so many new works only to find them all so devoid of interest as in the present case. There is no book, either in history, biography, travel, or fiction, this month, which bears the name of any well-known and popular author, if we except, in fiction, the names of the late Eugene Sue and Mrs. Gaskell—and in history, that of William Howitt. The work to which we have referred as written by Eugene Sue, was left unfinished by him at his death, and is consequently only a fragment. Of this fragment, however, the French publishers have made no less than nine volumes, and even in the highly condensed form in which it finds its way into the hands of English readers, it is large beyond the ordinary standard of novels. The experiment of cutting down and Anglicising the work of an author so essentially French in the whole structure of his mind as Eugene Sue, was one of no ordinary amount of risk, it must be confessed, and we should certainly have condemned the attempt as a blunder, without any hesitation. We should have been wrong, however: the "Rival Races," as the book in its English dress is called, is really an uncommon book, both in its execution—which might perhaps have been expected to be somewhat remarkable from the well-known ability of the author—and also in the comparative freedom from those blemishes which rendered the other works of the author so objectionable in the eyes of the English public. How far this is owing to the skill and discernment of the translator and abridger, or how far to any change in the style and feeling of the author, we are unable to say; but at all events, the "Rival Races" is, in its English form, a work of unusual power and dramatic interest, without anything to render it objectionable, or to deter English readers from its perusal and enjoyment.

From Mrs. Gaskell the reading public always expect something powerful and remarkable: in this we do not think they have been in danger of being disappointed in either of that lady's lately-published works—"Sylvia's Lovers," and "A Dark Night's Work." The former, which we have not hitherto had any opportunity of examining, is in every way a book worthy of the author of "Mary Barton." The latter, not, perhaps, the intense interest of that very remarkable work, its keen appreciation and representation of the peculiarities of the North of England, it does not, even while trees

ferent aspect of it, fail in the smallest degree of conveying the same vivid impression of the rural life of the Yorkshire peasantry in the end of last century that "Mary Barton" did of the mechanics' life in Manchester ten years ago. "A Dark Night's Work" is a thoroughly well-told story, although perhaps rather too short for the full development of a very high degree of dramatic interest: we do not know that a more artistic use, however, has ever been made of so short a space to produce a complete effect, and we can easily suppose that the "Dark Night's Work" may command as high an amount of popularity as any of Mrs. Gaskell's works, if we except "Mary Barton," which, while the first, is still, we think, the best of the author's works.

"Lispings from Low Latitudes," by Impulsia Gushington, is one of the best satires upon modern society in one of its phases that has yet appeared. The name of Lady Dufferin, its talented authoress, will be with many a sufficient guarantee for its ability and real genuine humour. To those who do not know any of the former works of that lady, it may be sufficient to say that the book is a satire upon the sentimental young ladyism unfortunately too frequently met with at the present day. It recounts the troubles and aspirations of a gushing young lady who goes to explore the Nile and other wonders of the East, by means of passages from her diary. The execution is humorous and laughable in a very high degree, and its effect is greatly heightened by the number of clever illustrations with which the volume abounds, and which are also the work of the authoress.

Amongst the novels by authors yet unknown to fame there is nothing of great promise. "The Cost of a Secret," by Miss Blagden, is a clever book, but a most unreal and unlife-like one. The incidents are well put in, and the conversations, although at times poor, are in general not below the average; but in the book we can recognise nothing that should have induced the author to write it, or ought to induce many of the public to buy and read it.

"Waiting for the Verdict" is a work in which the author certainly escapes from all risk of being considered tedious for want of sufficiently harrowing incident or detail. He also escapes from the ordinary rules of criticism by the expedient of writing in the character of a madman. What a madman's sensations may be, we do not consider ourselves capable of judging; but we do say that we cannot look upon a book resting for its interest wholly upon the horrible as this does, as a work which a sane man of any talent has any right to place before the public.

"True as Steel" is an effort to produce an historical novel of the Reformation. It is founded upon Göethe's drama of "Götz von Berlichingen," and it is always best where it follows this model most closely. It is by no means devoid of talent, but the subject chosen is one only fitted for a great master, and we do not feel that we slight Mr. Thornbury when we say that he is not a great master of his craft. Some of the minor figures are good and life-like, but the great historical characters are in general a failure: Luther is an abstraction as different as possible from the living man, and the same may be said of every historical character in whom the reader is prepared to feel a strong interest. On the whole, the book, while not a bad one, is far from a good one, and falls, we fear, into that category of neither good nor bad so unpopular, if we may believe the poet, with both gods and men.

The only contribution towards history, properly so called, which the month has given to the reading public is "The Polish Captivity," by Mr. Edwards, and this is more properly an essay than a history. It treats with some ability of the state of the several parts of the ancient Kingdom of Poland in Russian, Prussian, and Austrian hands, and gives some valuable information as to the causes and prospects of the present remarkable resistance of the Poles to the great power of the Russian Empire. The book is a seasonable one; indeed, we suppose this is the reason of its publication, and may be useful to the historian hereafter, but it is not itself of great value as a history.

"The History of the Supernatural," by William Howitt, is a book somewhat misnamed. We do not exactly see on what grounds it is called a history, as it seems to us to be rather the exposition of a theory of Mr. Howitt's, fortified by a truly wonderful number of examples drawn from the credulity and superstition rather than the faith, as he is pleased to term it, of men in all ages and countries of the world. The book has excited a good deal of controversy, some of the reviews treating it in a very supercilious way; while others, such as the "Quarterly," treat it with great respect as, at all events, an able and remarkable work, even if its conclusions prove erroneous.

Macknight's "Life of Bolingbroke" is a work of considerable merit, but unfortunately of even greater pretension. The author unfortunately seems to hold the opinion that he has been fitted by nature to follow in the steps of Lord Macaulay. With this the public will scarcely agree, and Mr. Macknight has placed himself in an awkward sort of contact with the great writer, who had actually touched upon the theme which our present author handles. Knowing this, it was clearly Mr. Macknight's best course to have avoided, as much as possible, everything in style or manner calculated to remind his readers that the subject of Queen Anne's great but unprincipled minister, was one which would have made one of the most splendid biographies in all the collection of Lord Macaulay's gallery of unsurpassed portraits of eminent men. This unpleasant tendency to comparison, in the minds of his readers, Mr. Macknight has utterly lost sight of, to the great detriment, as it appears to us, of his work. He affects the Macaulay style and has not the Macaulay genius, and so far he fails to produce a pleasant book. In other respects the work is a valuable one, and has many merits, conveying a very life-like idea of the man and time of which he writes, together with a sensible and sober judgment upon his merits and demerits.

"China: Five Years on the Yang-tse"—is a book of some considerable interest to all who have curiosity about the strange country and people treated of,—and who has not? The book is written without affectation, and is, on the whole, a book to interest and amuse the reader.

The republic of letters has experienced as severe a loss as any since that of Lord Macaulay, in the death of Sir George Cornwall Lewis. The remarkable fact that the abstruse studies of the late Secretary of State were prosecuted in the midst of cares of office which would seem sufficient to engross the attention of any ordinary mind, only cause us the more highly to appreciate and the more deeply to regret the loss of a great mind from amongst us. It will not, probably, be soon that the British nation will produce another who, amid the toils of Government, will produce such a monument of learning and labour as the "*Astronomy of the Ancients*."

THE
SOUTHERN MONTHLY
MAGAZINE.

"QUE POSSINT OCULOS AURESQUE MORARI."—*Horace.*

AUGUST, 1833.

ÆGLE:

A Tale.—By Gilpie Mossshawke.

CHAPTER I.

The last of our steers on the board has been spread,
And the last flask of wine in our goblets is red ;
Up ! up, my brave kinsmen ! belt swords and begone !
There are dangers to dare, and there's spoil to be won.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

ÆGLE, the daughter of Creon and Iole, dwelt upon one of the small islands which stud the surface of the blue Ægean sea.

She was a damsel of surpassing beauty, and of more than mortal endowments, which she was believed to have derived from the hate of the sea-nymph Glauke, who had caused the destruction of both her parents, and whose revengeful malignity had imparted to their fated offspring the deadly gifts which she wielded for the destruction of mankind. Her birth was attended with such dark and terrible events as plainly boded for her a strange career and a mysterious destiny.

Iole, the mother of Ægle, was the daughter of a freeman, who subsisted by the cultivation of a small piece of ground, to which occupation he joined that of a fisher. At the age of opening womanhood, Iole was remarkable for her beauty, and still more for a bold independence of character and a restless energy of disposition, which caused surprise to her friends and concern to her parents. From her childhood she had been fond of indulging in day dreams concerning the world that lay beyond the waters which washed the shores of her native island. Her

soul was impatient of its narrow confines, and of the monotonous and homely duties of her daily life. Her ordinary occupations had no charm for her, and even the periodical festivities which took place when the harvest was gathered in, seemed to give her but little pleasure. She loved, when she had an opportunity, to wander upon the beach, where she would stand gazing across the waters, and wondering whether the world which lay beyond them would ever be revealed to her eyes.

Yet there were times when Iole would quit her solitary musings, and shake off her accustomed indifference to the things around her. The sovereignty of the island was claimed by a chief named Crantor, who received as rent a proportion of all the produce arising from the cultivation of the soil. The way by land to the chief's residence lay over precipitous hills and through dense forest, and the cultivators of the vicinity in which Iole lived were accustomed to convey their dues of corn, and wine, and oil, to their destination by boat. It was Iole's greatest delight to accompany, upon such occasions, her father in the boat which carried the produce of their land, and she would never willingly lose an opportunity of making a visit to the house of Crantor. There she was sure to meet with those who could either gratify or excite her curiosity concerning that distant world which she loved so much to hear of, and longed so much to see. There, from the servants and household retainers of the chief, she received with avidity the tales which they were fond of telling of the places which they had visited when accompanying him on some warlike expedition, and of the wonderful adventures which they had experienced on such occasions. The power of great kings, the encounters of mighty armies, the wonderful deeds of heroes, and the beauty of noble princesses, were the themes which Iole would never tire of drinking in with her ears, and of embellishing in her imagination. But most of all would she listen with delight to the strains of Theon, the bard, when he took his harp and sang. Then, with breathless rapture, would she hang upon the melodious sounds. When he sang of the pride of kings, and the pomp of armies, Iole's cheek would flush, and her eye kindle, and her bosom heave, as the strings were swept with a rapid and powerful stroke. But when they vibrated to a gentler touch, and the song related some tender tale of love, of love more fixed than fate, and stronger than despair, and of heroic valour devoted to the service of matchless beauty, then her suffused eye and quivering lip would reveal how much her soul was moved and her imagination entranced by the bright visions which were created by the minstrel's art. Thus lived Iole, daily becoming more absorbed in the reveries of her own fancy, and more discontented with the quiet of her island home. But the Destinies had decreed that the unbroken monotony of her life should not be of long continuance.

It was announced that Crantor was about to join a warlike expedition of more than usual importance, and to an unusually remote region. He was to be accompanied by the military retainers of his own household, and by some of the young men who lived upon the island, and who were willing to give up the cultivation of the soil for the sake of the novelty and excitement promised by the proposed adventure. Iole's father had ~~always~~ been one of the most faithful followers of the chief. In ~~ev~~ and in every battle he had attended him, and he resolved to accompany him as a man-at-arms. The day before ~~the~~ the expedition was to depart, was appointed for a

observance of sacrifices and religious ceremonies, by which the will of the Gods might be learned, and their favour propitiated. On that day the house of the chief was thronged by all who either desired to take a last farewell of their relatives, or who came merely from motives of curiosity to see the preparations and to share in the festivities. It soon appeared that the expedition now about to be undertaken, was one of no ordinary magnitude and importance. The greatest heroes of the age were to join in it: Jason, and Hercules, and Theseus, and the brother warriors, Castor and Pollux. Its object was to obtain the golden fleece, which was kept in a far distant country, towards the rising sun. To perform so long a voyage, and to carry so many heroes in safety, a new vessel had been built by the artist Argus, with the help of the Goddess Athena: a vessel of noble size, and of matchless swiftness, and named 'Argo,' in honour of its builder.

Among the crowd of spectators was Iole, who had come to bid farewell to her father and to gratify her curiosity by seeing the preparations and the military display. At a short distance from the shore lay a vessel, ornamented with many-coloured flags, and waiting to convey the chief and his party to the place where they were to meet their companions in arms. The sacrifices were performed, and the priest, after inspecting the bodies of the victims, pronounced the omens favourable. Afterwards all partook of a banquet, which had been provided for the occasion. The chief himself, with his immediate friends, occupied the upper part of the hall; then came his household and military retainers, and after them were placed tables for the other guests.

When they had feasted sufficiently, the bard Theon took his harp and sang. He sang of the blessed Gods, who dwell on the heights of starry Olympus, whence they look with approval upon the mighty deeds of heroes, the most distinguished of whom they raise to be partakers in their own divine happiness. He sang how inexorable necessity has sent upon earth many evils and many dangers, to try the virtue and to excite the enterprise of men, that, by overcoming difficulties and dangers, they may win for themselves the renown of heroes, and free the earth from the evils which oppress it. Then his song narrated the story of the golden fleece. He told how that fleece had been taken from the ram which bore in safety through the air the fugitive son of Nephele. He told of the wonderful benefits that should flow to the State which should possess this celestial gift: victory in war, and prosperity in peace. Lastly, he sang in animated strains the praises of the heroes who were now about to embark in this perilous expedition, and he ended his strain by invoking the immortal Gods to prosper the undertaking, that so many mighty chiefs might return in safety and honour.

Then the chief called to him Eunus, his steward, and, in the presence of all, charged him concerning the management of his household and estate during his absence. He specially commended to his care his infant son and daughter, who had already been deprived of their mother, and who would now be left without a father. He enjoined him that if he himself should never return, his son should be so brought up as not to disgrace his father's name by effeminacy, but to cherish the noble desire for the name and glory of a hero. Then, turning to Theon, Crantor desired that before the guests dispersed he should once more gratify their ears, and animate their spirits by the sound of his harp and voice.

Then Theon took his harp, and, after a host prelude, sang this song :—

Why did the Golden Age from earth depart?
 Was there too much of bliss?
 Had man too blithe a sunshine at his heart?
 And hath Heaven grudged him this,
 And changed light-hearted mirth
 For care and woes;
 And rent the veil of light
 That hung so bright
 Around the bridal shoulders of young earth,
 When first her hills from out of chaos rose?
 No! man is free to seek an upward path;
 And no celestial hate
 Hath swept across the earth in deadly wrath,
 To mar its happy state.
 Doth not the high soul feel
 Unbought joy less
 Than the pursuit that needs
 A hero's deeds,
 A heart fenced round with virtue's tempered steel,
 Resolved to win a nobler happiness?
 Where the Sun-God his fiery steeds doth keep;
 Whence daily kindling skies
 Pour floods of light across the boundless deep;
 'Tis there the treasure lies!
 Ye, whose brave souls would find
 Man's destined right;
 Ye, who would see him shine
 In strength divine,
 Leave all the joy, the ease of life behind,
 And seek the Secret at the Source of Light!

"I would have desired," said Crantor, "a more cheerful and soul-stirring strain, O Theon; thy song had an air of sadness."

"In sadness there is strength," replied the minstrel.

"Well," said the chief, "the bard must sing as the fit takes him. We shall soon meet the noble Jason and his valiant friends, and in such company we shall not lack stirring themes, or the fuel to keep alive our warlike fire."

CHAPTER II.

And aye she sang of boats upset in squalls,
 Of sailors that will never buried be—
 Tossed on the grey wave as it leaps and falls,
 And torn by the wild fishes of the sea :—

Thy mother fondly hung above thy bed,
 And clothed thy shoulders with her careful hand;
 But now the billow heaves thy naked head,
 And haps thee with the blanket of the sand.

The shirt I made for thee is wet, my dear;
 Blue is the mouth I kissed, and blue the nails;
 Yet, sleeping by thy side, I would not fear
 The coiling sea-snakes, and the shadowing whales.

ALEXANDER

On the following day, Iole stood upon a cliff overlooking her own side of the island. The sun was

whose radiant canopy over-arched a scene of wild yet tranquil beauty. The blue sea lay beneath, its surface gleaming in the sunlight which was reflected from ten thousand ever-changing ripples, while the light dash of the waves upon rocky cliff or pebbly beach, arose upon the atmosphere like pleasant music. Scattered upon the surface of the water appeared other rocky islands at various distances, and of different shapes and sizes. Upon one, which was the nearest of all, and which received the full rays of the sun, the eye could trace the rugged inequalities and steep terraces of its rocky shore; whilst in another the same features were softened by distance, so that the rugged and barren character of the land was only to be known by the precipitous and grotesque outline which stood forth in bold relief upon the sparkling surface of the waters. There were other islands more remote, and the eye seemed scarcely to discern whether they floated upon the water, or were suspended in the atmosphere, so imperceptible was the transition from one to the other, and so soft the blue mantle of haze with which the distance had concealed the harshness of crag and cliff. Growing gradually smaller in the distance was the vessel which was bearing the little band of adventurers to join the 'Argo.' The breeze was fair, but so light that the rowers were obliged to labour at the oar, and so much did their exertions, in accelerating the motion of the vessel, surpass the influence of the faint and languid breeze, that the gay flag, which was fixed to the top of the mast, hung nearly straight down, or even displayed a tendency to float backwards, while the sail, owing to the same cause, flapped heavily against the mast. Iole's eye was fixed on the receding vessel. Long after she had ceased to distinguish the objects on board, and the masts and cordage presented a faint and confused image to the sight, the regular gleam of the oars, as they rose simultaneously from the water, and turned their glistening surfaces to the sun, throwing from them at the same time a shower of sparkling drops, was distinctly visible.

Iole watched the vessel as it approached the bold and almost perpendicular edge of a distant island. Her eye followed it, as its bows appeared to come in contact with the cliff, the dark line of which seemed to annihilate the different parts of the vessel as one by one they glided against it. She watched the glitter of the last oar as it was raised, and the next moment the vessel had disappeared. For another minute Iole gazed steadfastly at the rock, and then turned away with a deep sigh, as if the world of her dreams was now closed against her for ever. She seated herself listlessly upon the soft herbage, and remained for some time in that attitude, her eyes fixed upon the ground, and her hand idly plucking up the tufts of grass by the roots, which she again threw from her with a sort of petulant gesture. At length the thoughts which crowded upon her mind found expression in words, which she uttered to the light breeze that gently fanned her face.

"Unjust destiny!" said she "why are the lots of mortals so disproportioned to their capacities? How many are there on board of yonder vessel who desire no more of the Gods than to eat, and drink, and sleep, to gather in the harvests of the earth, and to enjoy the sun and the shower! They go to the glorious east, where wondrous adventures and celestial treasures await them; whilst I am still confined to the dull routine of daily duties, and to the scanty limits of this little island: I, whose soul loves all that is noble and magnificent, and who would fain

penetrate the innermost recesses of the hall of day, though the beams of the Sun-God should blast me in the attempt."

Thus soliloquizing, she raised her eyes, which immediately encountered an object that arrested her attention. At the very spot where she had lost sight of the departing ship, there appeared a boat gliding into view from the perpendicular edge of the rocky island. Iole watched it as it came into sight, and after observing it for some time, thought that it seemed to be coming towards the island. The light wind which had assisted, however slightly, the passage of the vessel, opposed, so far as it had power to do so, the progress of the boat, which consequently was propelled entirely by means of the oars. Its approach was therefore slow, and Iole had plenty of time to conjecture concerning the occupants of the boat, their origin, their destination, and their business. Her eye, practised in scanning the horizon, had detected, shortly after the boat came in sight, an upright figure standing near the mast, and as the distance lessened, she discerned that the dress of this person seemed to mark him as one of some quality and consideration. She was still gazing with the object of discovering all that the eye could reveal concerning these unknown visitants, when she noticed that the boat had somewhat altered its course, and that it was now heading for the opposite side of the cliff, on which she stood, to that towards which it had been before steering. Immediately that Iole perceived this, she sprang to her feet, and, looking round her for a moment with a wild and excited aspect, ran to a small tree which grew at a short distance from the edge of the cliff, and, grasping a bough, commenced exerting her strength in hurried efforts to tear it from the tree. Having succeeded in this attempt, she retraced her steps to the very brink of the precipice, at the most projecting angle, and began to wave the bough with unceasing energy, with a regular motion, and always in one direction.

The eminence on which Iole was standing was a lofty and rugged cliff, projecting with a sharp angle into the sea, and altering its character on each side of this in a different manner. Upon one side of the projecting cliff, the coast line fell back with a gradual but somewhat irregular sweep. The rocks here were less lofty and less abrupt in their outline, and between them and the sea lay a beautiful beach of firm sand, strewn with countless shells of various kinds. From this beach there was an easy access to the interior of the island by means of various openings between the cliffs, where the hills sloped to the beach by a gradual descent, and the ground was covered with vegetation even to the edge of the sand. Upon the other side of the rocky prominence, the nature of the coast was altogether different. From the projecting angle the cliff receded much more abruptly than on the other side, and presented a rugged and unbroken line of precipice running in a semicircular direction to end in a second rocky projection situated at a considerable distance. This crescentic mass of cliff formed a perfect barrier to the sea, from which there was no possible access to the interior of the island upon this part of the coast. Between the two projecting points which formed the extremities of this range of cliff, there was no beach or landing of any kind. The water was deep at every point up to the very edge of the rocky barrier, against which the restless waves were breaking in a line of white foam. The bay thus formed was the resort of all the inhabitants and fishermen of the island.

dangerous character of its currents. No boat could cross a line drawn from one extremity of the bay to the other without being in a position of imminent danger, and this danger was increased with every oar's stroke towards the shore. The exact nature and course of the currents had never been very clearly ascertained, owing to the circumstance that the bay was too dangerous to admit of an examination. From the point upon which Iole now stood, the tide ran into the bay with great velocity, and it was well known that the boat which once became engaged in this current, was doomed to inevitable destruction upon the frowning barrier of rock which everywhere presented its rugged face to the eddying waters. It was towards this perilous locality that the boat which was the subject of Iole's observations, appeared to be now directing its course, and it was to warn the crew of the danger which they were about to incur, that she was waving the branch of the tree as a signal. It appeared that the crew of the boat, finding that the light breeze had somewhat increased, and was beginning to produce a perceptible effect in retarding their progress, intended to escape its opposition by availing themselves of the shelter of the cliff, supposing that they could easily get out of the bay by rowing round the point, and so run the boat upon the shelving beach. Iole, however, well knew that to get out of the bay by rounding the point of rock was an absolute impossibility, and that, unless they discovered their danger in time, the rowers were urging the boat to inevitable destruction. It was, therefore, with eager anxiety that she continued to wave the branch in the air, and to watch the progress of the boat, to ascertain if her signals were observed and understood, and it was with an exclamation of satisfaction that she at length perceived the rowers pause upon their oars. After a moment's apparent deliberation, the course of the boat was altered, the rowers resumed their labour, and the boat began to be propelled in a direction across the point and towards that side of it on which lay the smooth and sandy beach. Having satisfied herself of the safety of the strangers, Iole turned, and began to descend from the summit of the cliff by a narrow and somewhat precipitous path which led to the beach, where she might gratify her curiosity by learning the object with which these visitors had come to the island, and perhaps also be able to give them some information or assistance. After descending for some distance with the light and firm step which she had acquired by a long familiarity with the hills and cliffs, she paused at a point from which she could plainly perceive every movement of the boat and its crew, and from which she well knew that her intimate knowledge of the ground would enable her to make a safe and speedy retreat, should there be anything of a suspicious nature, or any indications of uncourteous designs, in the appearance of the strangers.

From her post of observation she saw the boat run upon the beach. The crew then landed and drew it up for a short distance upon the sand, that it might be out of all danger of getting afloat. Iole's observation was especially directed to the person whom she had before noticed standing upright in the boat. His dress and demeanour marked him as evidently of superior quality to his companions, and as he sprang lightly out of the boat, there appeared a grace and nobility in his air and movements which fascinated Iole's eyes, and caused her bosom to throb with a tumultuous feeling of pleasure mingled with undefined expectation. His face was singularly handsome, and displayed the fresh and open expres-

sion of an age which was as yet only bordering upon manhood. He wore a light helmet upon his head, and a short cloak hung from his shoulders. In his hand he carried a bow, and a quiver of arrows hung upon one shoulder. As he stepped on the sand, he said to his companions :

"Do ye see aught of the maiden who signalled to us from the top of the cliff? She may be able to tell us somewhat of this rocky island, on which I think we are not likely to see anything fairer than herself."

As he said this, his eye ranged with a searching and eager glance over all the inequalities and openings in the cliffs, until, looking almost directly above him, he beheld Iole standing with easy unconcern upon a scarcely perceptible ledge on the upright face of the rock. The place where she stood was not sufficiently high to prevent his addressing her, or to remove any circumstance of her dress, gestures, or movements from his perception. Yet the unbroken wall of precipice beneath her was so abrupt, and the projection upon which she stood so exceedingly narrow, as to cause an involuntary shudder in the spectator at her apparently perilous position. The youthful stranger was so surprised by the sudden appearance of the maiden, and so fascinated by her extreme beauty and by the fearless grace and dignity of her attitude as she rested upon that precarious footing, that for some time he suffered his eyes to dwell upon her with an open gaze of undisguised and speechless admiration. Having somewhat recovered his self-control, he advanced a few paces, and with a courteous manner, thus addressed Iole :—

"Fair maiden, if, indeed, I do not speak to the Goddess of the island, accept our thanks for the warning which prevented us from running into danger, and condescend to add to our obligation by giving us some information which may be useful to strangers."

The respect and courtesy displayed in the young man's manner appeared so genuine, that Iole, abandoning every shade of suspicion as to his intentions, immediately began to descend from her eminence by a path which had not been before perceived by the stranger, and which led round an angle of the cliff, which shut her out from his sight until she again emerged within a short distance of the place where he was standing.

The young stranger informed Iole that he was the son of a chieftain who lived upon the main land, and that his own name was Creon. His father had that morning joined the vessel of Crantor, and was going as one of the adventurers on board of the 'Argo.' He had accompanied his father in the boat, and, after parting with him, had resolved not to return home until he should have seen something of the islands which were visible around him. He was not aware that the island to which he had directed his course was the one from which Crantor had proceeded, but he had been attracted by its size and its wooded appearance, which seemed to give promise both of game and shelter, and if he were not disappointed in this expectation, he proposed to spend the night on the island, and to resume his course in the morning. He concluded his narration by remarking that he thanked the Gods for having directed him to this place, that he might meet with a nymph who should save him by her kind interposition, and reveal to his eyes a beauty never before believed to exist upon earth.

Iole blushed at the enthusiastic manner in which *expressed his admiration for herself, and informed hi*

Crantor, which was the only place on the island at which he could meet with a reception suitable to his rank, was at a considerable distance, but that if he would content himself with the humble hospitality which her father's house could afford, its best resources were at his command.

Creon at once accepted the proffered hospitality, declaring that a cup of water at the hands of Iole would be sweeter than Olympian nectar, though presented to him by Hebe herself.

The story of the loves of Creon and Iole is short and sorrowful. The young chief was of an enthusiastic disposition, and his soul admitted without a struggle the full influence of the brilliant and lofty beauty of Iole. He left the island with his companions when it was no longer possible to protract his stay, and, in departing, vowed eternal remembrance, and, if possible, a speedy return. It was a month before Iole saw him again, a month which wore away tediously, and, although with somewhat less of discontent, yet with more of expectant anxiety and dreamy abstraction than before. During that time she frequented the sea shore more than ever. Standing upon her favourite cliff, she would send an eager glance over the expanse of waters below, and would direct an anxious look to every island within sight, as though she expected that from behind some one of them she might again see the boat glide into view, bearing to her side the object around which all the vague and restless feelings of her former life were now beginning to cluster, and by whose influence they were assuming a definite character and direction. It was thus with a mixed feeling of pleasing recollection and anxious expectation that she looked for the second coming of Creon. She never doubted the sincerity of his protestations, or the reality of the influence which she had exercised upon him. She knew that his eye had been fascinated by her personal beauty, and she felt assured that all the aspirations of his soul, however noble and heroic, might be matched and mated by her own. And yet his appearance had been so sudden, and his stay so short, that when he was gone she almost felt inclined to question whether the whole transaction had not been fabricated by her own busy imagination, during one of those reveries to which she was so prone. But at last her hopes were realized, and her doubts were ended, for he came. He came alone, and in so slight a boat that Iole shuddered to think of the danger which she believed he must have incurred by the voyage. But love had taught him to overcome difficulty, and to defy danger. He carefully studied the position of the different islands, and the facilities for shelter which they were capable of affording, as well as the nature and the peculiarities of the currents, and practice soon made him skilful in the management of his little craft, which gaily bore him many a time over the dancing waves to the side of his beloved. Who now so happy as Iole, the wife of Creon? But the Fates had decreed to her happiness a dark and sorrowful ending.

The elder brother of Creon had, in the absence of their father, assumed, as a matter of course, the position of head and chief of the household. With this brother Creon had quarrelled, and consequently was in no haste to bring his bride home to his father's house, but preferred to visit her on her island, where the days passed away in the freedom of solitude, and the endearing communion of thought and feeling. But Creon's brother died, and the young chief then resolved to bring Iole to his home, and to take upon him the dignity and responsibility which

now devolved upon him. The lovers had wandered to the beach, and were indulging in the conversation so jealously protracted to the last moment which the precautions necessary for the safety of Creon's voyage would allow. He was about to depart for the last time without Iole. His next visit was to be his last. He was then to bear Iole away from the narrow island which had so long limited her experience, and which her imagination had so often spurned.

"You are sad, my Creon," said Iole, as they sat together upon a large stone underneath the overhanging rock, "the music of the wind and waves will be left me when you are gone, but while you remain, I would hear the sweeter music of your voice."

"If I am sad," said Creon, drawing Iole yet closer to him with the arm which encircled her waist, "is it not a sufficient explanation that I am leaving my wife—my Iole?"

"Nay," replied Iole, "often has your boat glided away over the waters, leaving me alone and sorrowful, but never ought our parting to be more free from sadness than now, for is it not the last? When next you come, my beloved, we will part no more."

"May the Gods grant it;" said Creon, "but who knows their will! Do they not sometimes sport with human hopes, and is not every feature of nature the manifestation of some in-dwelling divinity, who can make use of it at pleasure to torment and crush us?"

"I can well believe," she replied, "that the winds and waves, the woods and fountains, have each their own presiding deity; but why should we think that these powers are malignant, or envy human happiness?"

"If," said Creon, "they are sufficiently human to interfere or interest themselves at all with mortals and their concerns, is it not to be feared that they may sometimes make us feel the effects of their jealousy or resentment? Have you forgotten the Sea-Goddess who has appeared to me?"

"Do not let such gloomy thoughts possess your mind, my Creon. The Sea-Goddess you speak of may not be real. Our imaginations sometimes play us strange tricks. I have often sat on the cliff that hangs over us, and given the rein to my thoughts until I almost took the creations of my own mind for realities. I have fancied myself a princess, sitting on a rich throne, and that for my sake kings and armies were in motion, and cities were besieged and taken."

"Yet," replied Creon, "you know that these were delusions. But the visions that I have seen were of a different nature, and memory, which recalls them, assures me that they were real. Yes, Iole, a divinity dwells in the waters which wash this shore, and I have reason to fear that she is not friendly to you or to me."

"Oh! Creon, tell me all you know, and what reason there is to fear her."

"I have already told you that this nymph or deity, whatever she may be, has always appeared to me when my boat was crossing the line of the precipice upon which my eye first met your form, my love. At that place, whenever I have looked over the stern, and gazed into the still water beneath, she has become visible to me. Light waves that might have seemed to other ears mere gentle splash, the bottom of the boat, bore to

distinct and audible words. I need not repeat what I have so often related to you, how she, an immortal Goddess, seemed to seek the love of me, a mortal man ; with what object I know not, unless merely to tempt me, and to seduce me from my plighted faith and love to you, my Iole. I have told you how she would address me at different times in different language, and how her strain always ended with these words :—

Woe to thee, if thou refuse,
When a sea-born Goddess woos.

Iole, in my last voyage I saw her again, and her aspect was stern and threatening."

"Creon, tell me all."

"At the usual place, gazing intently into the water, I beheld her. Her face was no longer pleasant to look upon as formerly ; her features wore an expression of scorn and hatred, and the wrathful light of her eyes seemed to flash in fitful vibrations through the seething water that marked the track of the boat. As I looked and listened, these were the words that met my ear :—

Glauke's smiles have failed to melt,
Now her vengeance shall be felt :
Woe to him who dares refuse,
When a sea-born Goddess woos ;
Woe to her whom he doth choose :
When the sea-nymph swells the wave,
Who shall succour, who shall save ?

As she disappeared, the glancing waters seemed to assume a darker and colder appearance, and a chill breeze began to sigh along the surface of the sea. Iole, I would you were safe with me in my father's house."

"Oh ! my Creon, you fill me with terror. Do not again tempt the sea. May we not live contentedly on this island ? Alas ! how often have I repined at its narrow confines, and sighed to pass the barrier of waters which encircles it ; but now it seems to me an asylum from danger, and I could willingly pass my days here in the delights of security and love."

"It may not be, my beloved : what would be thought, were I, an offspring of an heroic race, to shut myself up for life in an obscure island, for fear of some vague evil, which every one would believe to have been suggested by my own timorous imagination ? If you, my Iole, could hardly believe in the reality of what I told you, who else would be likely to credit my tale ? Should I not be supposed to be prompted by an effeminate and degenerate spirit ? No ; our lives may be the sport of destiny, but our souls are our own. I have done wrong to frighten you with my visions, which, after all, may, as you say, have no reality."

They sat silent for some time until Creon rose to go. Iole rose also, with a chill weight at her heart, which seemed to oppress all her faculties, so that she no longer entreated her lover to stay, and even was scarcely able to say farewell to him. The last embrace was over. It was given by Creon with all the warmth of affectionate tenderness, but was received rather than returned by Iole with an apathy almost amounting to stupor. The light boat was dancing over the water, and Iole was standing

motionless on the beach, her eye fixed on the receding figure of Creon, yet with a vague and unmeaning expression, which seemed to indicate that her mind was abstracted, and was scarcely cognizant of the object which enchained the outward organ of sense. At length she moved and looked round. The heavy depression of her own spirits seemed to have communicated itself to external nature. A chilly feeling pervaded the atmosphere; a light breeze that had sprung up seemed to Iole to darken as it touched the water which had recently lain sparkling in the joyous sun, and, looking to the sky, she perceived that a dark cloud was rising steadily from the horizon, and had already obscured a considerable portion of the heavens. The spell under which her faculties had seemed to stagnate, was broken by the movement which she made. She became at once alive to her situation. Creon was fast departing from her sight; she was alone. And he: he was already approaching the spot which his narrative had now caused Iole to regard with alarm and dread. And now was there not danger? Were not the heavens threatening, and the waves already beginning to whiten under the increasing breeze?

"He is gone," said Iole. "Oh! why did I not keep him by my side? He may yet see a signal, and return."

As she said this she turned, and began with hasty steps to ascend the path which led to the top of the cliff from which she had first waved the warning signal in the air. Never before had she ascended that cliff with such impatience; never before had it appeared so steep. Her powers seemed oppressed as by a nightmare, her breath was short, and her limbs appeared to fail and to be incapable of seconding the eager impatience of her will. At length, breathless, and with a leaden weight on her heart, she gained the summit. A single glance revealed to her the position of her lover, and her heart froze within her. The stupor returned, she stood chained to the spot, and her eye was fixed upon the boat with the wildness of terror and the stillness of despair. The little vessel had now crossed the line of the projecting rock; but, instead of keeping on its proper course, it seemed to have a slight inclination towards the dangerous bay. Creon was sitting at the stern, his head resting on his hand, and his eyes directed downwards into the water. He seemed to be quite abstracted from everything around him, until a sudden increase in the breeze, accompanied by a quickened motion of the boat, recalled him to a sense of his position. The boat was now inside the line of danger, and the velocity of its motion increased every instant. Creon seized the oars, and began to exert his utmost strength to recover a position of safety. It was obvious, however, that the struggle was too unequal. The boat continued to drift nearer and nearer to the rocks. He paused in his labours, and looked around to see if any means of escape remained. His eye fell on Iole, and he could discern her rigid attitude of mute despair. For a moment the sight paralysed him; the next, he had resumed the oars, and was employing his strength with such desperate energy, that, for an instant, the boat appeared to be checked in its career of destruction. Such exertions could not be prolonged, the wind was beginning to be hard, the sky was darkened, the impetus of the tide was irresistible. In that moment his wearied arm relaxed its efforts in the least, the boat was seized finally and hopelessly in the current.

From the top of the cliff Iole saw the catastrophe. *Swing round in the grasp of the eddy, she saw it reel*

wind struck it, she saw the instinctive effort which Creon made to steady it with the oar, she saw it fill and founder. She saw Creon as he sank, she saw his face turned towards her, she saw its calm expression, she saw the waters close over it,—she saw nothing but the cold grey waves breaking in foam. She stood for an instant fixed as marble; then, with a loud shriek, that rang above the noise of the surf and startled the sea birds as they circled in the air, she sprang forwards with outstretched arms, and fell senseless on the very brink of the precipice.

When she recovered, or partially recovered her faculties, she was at her own home, and surrounded by anxious friends. The shock had been too great for her strength, and the hand of death was upon her. From the condition of total insensibility in which she had been brought home, she emerged sufficiently to testify by her imperfect breathing and convulsive moans, the effects of the deadly stroke which had crushed her. Yet ere the powers of life should quite depart, there remained another destiny to be accomplished, a destiny which had been looked forward to with pride and pleasure, both by herself and by him who now lay beneath the tumbling wave. As her powers were slowly called into action by the use of restoratives, it became evident that reason had abandoned its seat, and the mind which had formerly soared to sublime heights of speculation, now found its only expression in incoherent mutterings alternating with delirious ravings. Her wanderings would at times run on in this way:—

“A sea-goddess! Ah! Creon; but cold and slimy, and water in her veins. How can she love you? Oh! Creon, stay with me, with the poor island damsel. Is Glauke beautiful? See, her locks drip with salt water; she will take you down, down to the salt caves, and I shall never see you more.” And springing up with outstretched arms, she would scream: “The bay! the bay! Stop! come back! Oh! save him, save him!”

They brought her her child, and she gazed at it with dilated eyes and a puzzled expression. Suddenly she turned from it shuddering. “Away, away! It is Glauke’s. Wretch! away to thy mother. There, there; over the cliff! She shall nurture thee beneath the sea, and give thee a heart of crystal, and cold clear water for blood. Away, away! I see her now; she takes the child; over the cliff, over the cliff;—ha, ha, ha!”

As her strength failed, these ravings passed into the mutterings of stupor, and ’ere long the free, lofty spirit of the beautiful and hapless Iole, had passed the narrow limits of her island home, and entered the infinity of space.

Her friends mourned over her corpse: but, ’ere the night was over it was gone. Great was the consternation caused by this new wonder. No one could unravel the mystery. There she lay at even in the tranquil beauty of death, and when the morning came she was gone. After awe had abated, and ingenuity had exhausted itself in conjecture, they believed that the Gods had removed her to their own blessed abodes, as a compensation for the misery which had crushed the springs of her fair young life on earth. All that remained was to watch the career of the child which had come into being amidst such disastrous events.

CHAPTER III.

Thou wonder, and thou beauty, and thou terror!

SHELLEY.

THE child which Iole had left behind her, fully justified, as it grew, the curiosity which had been felt, and the expectations which had been formed concerning it. Even as an infant there was a brilliant beauty in its face, and a cold lustre in its eye, which procured for it the name of Ægle. As she passed through the period of childhood, she was so different from other children that it seemed as if some unhuman power had usurped the place of a human soul in her exquisitely beautiful person. She seemed to have neither love for her companions, nor affection for her benefactors. She was cold, passionless, and malignant. Those who were attracted by her rare and wonderful beauty, were repelled by the cold and spiteful malice of her behaviour. Her character appeared so preternatural, that her friends believed her to lie under an enchantment, and while she was yet a child they contrived to consult an oracle which had acquired some local fame upon the neighbouring shore of the mainland. This was the response which they obtained :—

Glauke wreaks her malice dark and fell ;
Yet with Aphrodité is a spell ;
Queen Athené knows its virtue well.

Not understanding the meaning of this answer, all they could do was to treasure it up in their memory, in the hope that time would one day show its application. But as Ægle grew up, all her lustrous beauty, and her freezing soulessness, grew and strengthened with her growth and strength.

The beauty of Ægle was of a character which transcends the art alike of the painter and of the poet. Its secret lay not alone in the rich glossiness of her raven locks, or the wild brilliance of her full orb'd eyes, or the delicate clearness of her skin, or the magnificent outline and subtle movements of her form. It was the way in which all these qualities were harmonized and blended into a character and an expression which seemed to be superhuman. Each separate point in the personal appearance of Ægle might have been matched and equalled by other maidens, yet there was that about her which seemed to justify those who said that she was under some preternatural influence, and those who knew her best believed that that influence was of a malignant and sinister character. Her beauty was of a kind which inspired wonder and admiration rather than love. The casual beholder would depart with an impression of having fallen in with something wonderful and unique, but whose nature and sphere of being were so far removed from his own as to preclude the idea of there being anything in common between them. The ordinary effect of the beauty of Ægle was therefore only to dazzle, but it was very different when she set herself to enchant. It was not often that this happened. She seemed to treat the rustic inhabitants of the island with indifference and contempt, and they in return either avoided her as something ill-omened, or gazed upon her with a timid and wondering admiration. *She for her part shunned the society of mankind, and found her greatest*

delight upon the sea shore. There she would wander, not like her mother Iole, rapt in dreams of poetry and heroism, but with a more complete enjoyment of the mere physical phenomena of outward nature. This enjoyment seemed to rise to its height when the waves were lashed into a storm. Then Ægle would stand and let the spray wash over her, would clap her hands with delight, or burst out into some wild song of sympathy and exultation.

But occasions had arisen when Ægle seemed to think she had formed a subject worthy of the exercise of the powers of fascination which had been bestowed upon her. If there happened to touch at the island any stranger of rank, or wealth, or power, Ægle would beset him with all the enchantments of her wonderful and sinister beauty. Woe to the victim of such enchantments, for from the malignant author of them nothing was to be expected but the most overbearing pride, and the most insolent contempt. The youthful chief who, with his breast full of noble and heroic aspirations, had admitted into his soul the influence of Ægle's wild and magical beauty, seemed from that time to be shut out from the common feelings and intercourse of humanity. He became the prey of a settled melancholy, the highest aspirations of his breast were superseded by the hopeless longing inspired by the vision which enthroned itself in his mind, and nothing appeared to remain for him but to drag out a weary, useless, and hopeless existence, or to put an end to it by suicide. It was currently reported that in addition to her other supernatural gifts, Ægle had the power of exhibiting herself, in all her beauty, in a vision in the dreams of those who passed within a certain distance of the island. The impression left by the apparition was so strong that those who had seen it could never rest until they had sought and found the being whose likeness had come before them in their dreams with such fatal power of enchantment.

One instance in particular had occurred which exhibited the dreadful effects of Ægle's supernatural gifts, and confirmed the islanders still more in their awe and dread of her. A young chief landed at the island, having been driven from his course by a foul wind. He had seen Ægle standing upon the same rock from which her mother Iole had once waved the warning branch to Creon. He had taken her for a goddess, and had been lost in astonishment at her superb beauty. She received him on the beach, she answered his questions, gave him information, procured him a hospitable reception, excited him to the most ardent love, riveted his chains, and then began to treat him with cold indifference. The time came for his departure, and, upon the top of that lofty cliff, he declared his love, and urged his suit with all the eloquence of unrestrained passion. She treated him with the most haughty and disdainful scorn. Then excited by passion, and nerved by despair, he swore that he would not leave the island without her, but would bear her away to his vessel. But as he approached to touch her, Ægle sprang to the very edge of the cliff, and, poising herself on the brink with the ease and lightness of a bird, she darted at her assailant, a look in which the wild brilliance of her expression was so mingled with fierce scorn and hatred, that he stopped and shuddered, as though frozen by the unearthly malice of her glance. Shortly, however, he recovered his resolution, and declaring that though her looks were scorpions and her touch death, he would not desist from his attempt; *he rushed forward to seize her.*

For one moment she stood motionless, all her powers seemingly concentrated in one look of splendid scorn, which froze his very soul half unnerved his limbs when he needed all his strength to carry out his resolution, and then, when his grasp was almost upon her, she eluded him with the ease of a shadow, and, with a wild cry of triumph, she sprang at him with a swiftness which he could neither foresee nor prevent, pushed him, already standing unsteadily upon the brink, over the precipitous height. Then, undisturbed by the tragedy, Ægle turned and sang her favourite song :—

I am the sister of the wave,
 The playmate of the foam ;
 And where the dashing waters lave
 The cliff, and sweep the sounding cave,
 Free as the light unquestioned breeze
 That skims the surface of the seas,
 With step unchecked I roam.
 There's many a wave comes gladly,
 There's many a wave comes madly,
 And I rejoice in each ;
 There's never a wave comes sadly
 Over the shelly beach.

The wave and I, we shine afar,
 We lure men o'er the sea ;
 It hurls their bodies on the bar,
 And when their souls enchanted are,
 Then, blithe and reckless as the wave
 That dances o'er a seaman's grave,
 I laugh unharmed and free.
 There's many a wave comes gladly,
 There's many a wave comes madly
 And I rejoice in each ;
 There's never a wave comes sadly
 Over the shelly beach.

The breeze shall lift my flowing hair,
 The wave shall kiss my feet ;
 Oh ! mortal lover, come not there ;
 The path is short to blank despair,
 And he who seeks the realms of fate
 Shall find you cliff a ready gate,
 The wave a winding sheet.
 There's many a wave comes gladly,
 There's many a wave comes madly.
 And I rejoice in each ;
 There's never a wave comes sadly
 Over the shelly beach.

NEW ZEALAND CONVICT DISCIPLINE.

THE future treatment of our criminals seems now to be attracting considerable attention in New Zealand, at least among those who sometimes look beyond the exciting political questions of the hour and those struggles of parties, misnamed politics, which have, unfortunately, too much engaged the thoughts of colonial communities to the exclusion of the higher objects of statesmanship.

I do not believe that under any, even the most careless, convict system, we have to dread the growth of an organised body of criminals like that which has its being in the old countries. The peculiarities of colonial society do not encourage the formation of such a compact array. The criminal, or he who might become a criminal in a favourable atmosphere, will, in many instances, have recourse to that reasoning which Goldsmith makes the Vicar commend to the minds of the prisoners in his gaol sermon : he will come to the conclusion that crime does not pay here, and will become or remain one of that numerous class of individuals who are honest through policy. But I am far from thinking that our criminal legislation does not deserve anxious thought and careful dealing with from New Zealand statesmen. Though this community may not have an army drilled in crime to contend with, yet it has to do battle with the evil deeds of many a solitary marauder. It has to take heed that there is nothing in its convict system to encourage men to crime, or to make them careless of committing it : it has to be most careful how it deals with those who have sinned against the law, but whose offences involve little or no moral taint ; and it has, moreover, to be wary in its treatment of such as are not yet proved guilty, many of whom may turn out to be innocent.

In discussing this subject, I shall first touch upon transportation, without professing to enter fully into that matter. So far as I can at present see, it is not a method of disposing of our convicts of which we can avail ourselves. In order that transportation should be an efficient means for getting rid of the criminals of any country, a place must be found to send them to, which shall fulfil three conditions at least. The place of exile must be at a considerable distance from the country which transports ; it must be an extensive region ; and it must contain a free population whose pursuits and numbers are such as to absorb the convicts who may have completed their sentences or received a conditional pardon. Of these conditions, the first is, perhaps, the least important. If we do not find it, there is the danger of escaped convicts finding their way back to their old haunts. If the two last conditions do not exist, convicts who have completed their sentence must be brought back to the mother country, and the system of conditional pardons in the penal colony cannot be carried out. Bermuda affords an example of a place which fulfils the first condition, but not the two last. I do not know of

any available region of the globe which fulfils all these conditions for New Zealand.

Assuming, then, that transportation is out of the question, I shall proceed to consider the other means left us. These consist in an improved system of prison discipline. The discipline to be pursued should be such as will deter from crime—will afford, at all events, a chance of reformation; and, while accomplishing these ends, will be as little burdensome as possible to the state.

I now approach the difficult portion of the subject. That we should keep in view the above-mentioned ends, few, I think, will deny. About the means to these ends there will be much difference of opinion. We have, however, just now, a varied experience to guide us. We have before us the old home system—a mixture of brutal severity and license, with no attempt at reformation; the modern English system, which makes reformation its primary object, but has failed lamentably, chiefly through keeping but one end in view, and using most injudicious means to accomplish that end; and, finally, we have the new Irish system, which has been singularly effective in accomplishing all the objects I have mentioned—being deterrent, reformatory, and economical. It is for us to reject what is evil or unsuitable in these several systems, and to adjust what is valuable to our position and requirements.

The present English system, though it has been fostered into fantastic luxuriance, springs from a healthy root. Many of the horrors of the old prisons, exposed by Howard, still survived after the days of Buxton and Mrs. Fry. Many right-thinking persons became conscience-stricken at the thought that these evils had been so long allowed to exist: they were doubly conscience-stricken when they considered how much England had done to create criminals, by her apathetic neglect of preventive educational or reformatory measures. From these compunctious visitings the present system sprang. Consciously or unconsciously, it was intended as a sort of atonement. Stung by a remorseful sense of former short-comings, its disciples became zealots in the new direction, and their zeal soon outran discretion. There is much of wisdom (if we do not take it too literally) in Talleyrand's saying, *surtout point de zèle*—above all things, no zeal. No feeling of the dangers of over-zeal appears to have tempered the enthusiasm of the English prison philanthropists. I do not intend to enumerate their many strange theories: I shall instance but one. They hold that compelling a convict to work is the sure method to give him a distaste for labour, and that the way to awaken in him the love of industry is to pamper him in almost complete idleness. With unconscious impiety they would reverse in favour of the criminal the decree of Providence which makes compulsory labour a condition of human existence. I need not enter at length into the causes of the failure of this system. The want of stringency in carrying out the ticket-of-leave regulations will by no means account for it. This is but one weak point in a system full of weak points. It is perhaps all but a hopeless task to attempt to reform the man born and nurtured in and supported by a criminal public opinion. Be this as it may, the means for reforming adopted by Sir Joshua Jebb and his associates, not calculated to be successful in the most favourable circumstances, said, almost total idleness is one condition of convict reformation, and the sooner is promoted from the ranks of depravity to the ranks of industry, the better.

by seniority : nothing can prevent this but his breaking some rule which he has not the slightest temptation to break, and which he can break only by putting himself to considerable inconvenience. I need not dwell on the almost sumptuous food, and the various appliances for smoothing any crumpled rose leaf which might disturb the serenity of the prison Sybarite. "The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law" cannot be predicted of the English convict ; he has friends, though, unfortunately, injudicious ones. It is hardly necessary to point out that such system cannot be deterrent. Its reformatory effects are but small, while its demoralizing tendencies are many. On this score I need only remind my readers how it tends to add to the sufficiently numerous "bad parts" of the criminal, the crowning one of hypocrisy. In truth, the same fallacy underlies this system which underlies many amiable theories of education. It supposes the prisoner to be made of passive plastic materials, which can be moulded at the will of the modeller. It forgets that the substance to be manipulated is that very corrupted elastic thing, a human being, with a mind, a wit, and a will ; a resisting, plotting animal, having a keen sense of the ridiculous, and a strong tendency to humbug.

The Irish system, a modification of which might, I think, be adopted here with advantage, differs in many respects from the English. There is a reality and an absence of absurdity about it. It requires hard work from the criminal, and gives him but coarse fare. I may here remark of prison labour (what is often lost sight of) that, to make it effective, some inducements must be held out to stimulate the convict to exertion. No amount of surveillance or coercion can overcome the passive resistance offered by the criminal who has nothing to hope from diligence and but little to fear from idleness. Accordingly we find, from the evidence of officers employed both under the old and new prison systems in Ireland, that nearly three times the amount of work as heretofore is now obtained from the same number of prisoners ; and this evidence is corroborated by the prison books. What these inducements should be I shall point out further on.

The Irish convict, on being given in charge to the Commissioners of Convict Prisons, is placed in a cellular gaol called Mountjoy, and is day and night separated from his fellows. This is not solitary confinement tending to injure health, for he meets the other prisoners at chapel and in the exercise ground ; but the black mask forbids recognition, while the officer imposes unbroken silence. If his conduct has been good, after nine months' probation, he is transferred to some of the Government provincial prisons, and employed in healthy manual labour, to which he, in general, takes heartily after his long separate confinement in Mountjoy, where, I should have said, his occupation was picking oakum. His stay in one of these prisons depends on his good or bad conduct. If his conduct has been "exemplary" he is removed at the end of two months ; otherwise, at the intervals of three, four, or six months, as he has merited. On his departure from these prisons a new phase of his treatment begins. Four prisons are set apart for the working out of this portion of the system, which is called the "Intermediate"—that is a something between prison life and liberty. Two of these prisons—*Ports Camden and Carlyle*—on each side of Cork Harbour, are occupied by men employed in public works ; *Smithfield Institution*, in Dublin, is set

apart for artisans ; and at Lusk the men are employed chiefly in agricultural operations, such as draining, levelling, road-making, etc. The men are now allowed a certain portion of their earnings, which sometimes amounts to half-a-crown a week. Each keeps a book, in which the gradual increase of this fund is recorded. He is allowed to draw sixpence a week, and spend it as he pleases, intoxicating drinks alone being forbidden ; the rest is reserved until his departure. When the men are supposed to have acquired some self-control, they are sent out on messages or to purchase articles for their fellow-prisoners, and it is said that no instance of misappropriation of the money entrusted to them has occurred. Work is sometimes procured for them at a distance, the prison officials receiving the hire, and the convict returning to the prison at night. Their diligence is said to be remarkable. It must be remembered that these men have steadily *worked* their way through the different orders of classification. They have passed through the ordeal of the nine months in Mountjoy, and undergone the strict discipline and coarse food of the ordinary prison, to which the slightest misconduct would again consign them. Even in the intermediate stage their food is not too abundant, and many men spend their sixpence a week in bread. When the prisoners are discharged with letters of license, they have to report themselves monthly to the constabulary, and the smallest instance of ill-conduct is reported, and causes the revoking of their license. The reformatory effects of their instruction is proved by the fact that out of one thousand licenses but about seventeen are revoked. These intermediate institutions are not only self-supporting but profitable. After deducting every expense, even interest of money spent, share of directors' salary, etc., the establishment at Lusk exhibited a clear profit of two hundred and thirty-six pounds in six months. Sir Walter Crofton's scheme assumes a sentence of at least four years' penal servitude, without which sufficient time would not be allowed for the trial of his method.

As we have seen, each convict is first subjected to nine months' separate confinement, in order to mark at first strongly the penal character of the discipline. After this there is a classification of prisoners. The probationary or lowest class includes only those who have behaved ill in the solitary cell, or those whose health did not allow them to complete their time there. Others are put into the third class, from which they must rise through the second and first classes, before they are permitted to go to the intermediate establishment. This rise they may hasten or retard by their own conduct. The *minimum* period in the third class is two months ; in the second, six months ; and in the third, a year ; so that no man can be free of the prisons proper and be admitted to the intermediate institutions within two years and five months, nor usually in so short a time. The promotion from class to class depends on the convict's behaviour in three respects :—his amenability to authority as a prisoner, his diligence as a scholar in the prison school, and his industry as a mechanic in the trade he is taught. He is characterised monthly ; and only those who, during every month, receive the highest character in every respect, are eligible for the intermediate establishments in the time fixed. If a man's sentence of penal servitude is to run for three years and two months at least in the ordinary period of detention in the intermediate prisons w

If sentenced to four years' penal servitude, his shortest stay in the ordinary prisons is two years and ten months; in the intermediate, five months. A five years' sentence involves, in ordinary prisons, three years and six months; intermediate, six months; and so on in the same proportion of detention, about four-fifths, until we arrive at the longer sentences, when the period of imprisonment is in a rather smaller proportion; for instance, a man sentenced to fifteen years' servitude may earn his liberty in ten years. A ticket-of-license is issued for the unelapsed period of the sentence. Throughout the entire time of imprisonment the influence of the chaplain and schoolmaster is brought to bear on the convicts; but the former does not seem to play such a prominent part as under the English system. The dietary is as low as the medical officer will permit, and real work is exacted. The convict is not, as under the English system, coaxed and pampered into good behaviour, but trained to good habits. The bait of animal gratifications and high gratuities is not dangled before him. There is no tobacco, no varied "*carte de cuisine*." In England, a convict sentenced for four years may earn over fourteen pounds; in Ireland, about seven pounds. When at one time it was determined not to issue more tickets of leave, the English convicts became exceedingly mutinous. In order to soothe them, Colonel Jebb proposed a considerable addition to their already luxurious diet. This was considered such a notable idea that its adoption was officially recommended to Captain Crofton, who "declined to act" on the suggestion.

My account of this system is, I am aware, destitute of the interest which attaches to practical details; my special object being to exhibit the principles on which it is founded, in order to enable us to consider how these principles can be made applicable to convict life in New Zealand.

The intermediate prison, which seems absolutely essential to the success of the penal system at home, is, perhaps impracticable or unnecessary here. I shall leave it out of sight for the present. A suitable prison being provided, the first change required in our penal system will be a lengthening of all sentences. The regulations which I have been describing refer, it should be remarked, to prisoners who formerly would have been transported; but I do not see why similar arrangements as to the term of imprisonment should not be made applicable even to convicts sentenced but to one year's confinement. In the gaol, the separate system should be adopted as at home, and also the classification of prisoners; the convict's progress through the several classes depending on his diligence and good conduct. In the highest class I would recommend that gratuities similar to those under the Irish scheme should be given. The present prison dietary should be very much reduced, and no tobacco should be served to the convicts. Useful practical instruction should be imparted to them in the evenings. The good conduct of the prisoner should be allowed to shorten his term of detention, and on his release a ticket-of-license should be issued for the unexpired portion of his sentence. The effects of this system would be, I conceive, as follows. The coarse fare and deprivation of tobacco would make it deterrent, as would the hard labour, which the convict would find it his interest to perform in order to shorten his term of a really irksome and penal discipline. The less expensive food, and the increased amount of work

obtained, would render it economical. The gratuities would not add to the cost, as they would be given only for the results of a more than ordinary industry. It could not fail to be, to a certain extent, reformatory, by opening the eyes of the prisoner to the fact that he really is a criminal; and the long course of steady labour for an object, could not but exercise a most beneficial influence on his habits. The gratuities given in the highest class would act as incentives to industry on the men in the lower classes, though their value would not end here. A man discharged from prison entirely without money is very often compelled to commit crime again for a subsistence. The danger of this is not so great here as at home, but still it does exist to some extent. Again (and this is a very important consideration) the liberated prisoner, with the incubus of a ticket-of-license upon him, will, very frequently, take his departure to another colony, where he can breathe more freely, if he has funds sufficient for the purpose. The words ticket-of-leave and ticket-of-license may conjure up, in some minds, visions of garroters infesting the suburbs of Auckland; but the slightest amount of thinking will show how baseless are these fabrics. We shall not retain criminals of whom we formerly got rid, and the convict will be set free but little, if at all, earlier than under the present system. The ticket-of-license in fact affords the community an additional safeguard, as the slightest misconduct of its holder may consign him again, with scant ceremony, to further penal servitude. I do not think that, circumstanced as this colony is, any elaborate system of surveillance over the discharged convicts is requisite.

The question arises as to what profitable work prisoners can be employed on. Stone-breaking, to which road-making might be added, seems at present their most suitable occupation. If stone-breaking machines be introduced, some other employment must be adopted or devised. Artisans might be made to work at their own trades. In the Irish prisons, where mechanics are confined, every turnkey must himself be a mechanic and act as a superintendent of work, contributing also his own labour. Public works will doubtless be carried out on which convicts may find occupation—harbour works, for instance, or aqueducts. There is a plan adopted in Ireland, which I have not mentioned before, which might be carried into practice here. Moveable iron huts, each capable of housing fifty men, are used when labour is required at a certain spot for only a short time. Each hut consists of a single room, the prisoners sleeping in hammocks. These structures are portable, and easily taken asunder. One of them costs at home about three hundred and seventy pounds. Similar huts, on a smaller scale, might be made use of here under like circumstances, in order to make available the labour of prisoners of the highest class who would be least likely to attempt to escape from them. In Ireland there has, I believe, been no instance of such an attempt. If this branch of the system could be made to work here, it would be most valuable, as the prisoners could be placed on a piece of Government ground, from which they could, as at Ireland, raise produce for supplying other prisons and public works. As to the labour during the preliminary solitary period, it should be stone-breaking. In order to isolate the prisoners, the following plan has been devised:—A circle of high-walled compartments radiating from a central point.

in each of which a single prisoner works. In the centre is a sort of guardroom, affording a view of all the compartments; from this, one officer can keep ward over the entire number of men in the yard.

I have said that the "Intermediate" system is not perhaps necessary here. Drafting first-class men into the huts described above would be a near approach to that system, and I have little doubt might be made practicable. But the niceties of the scheme, the more delicate tests of self-control and honesty, are not requisite in New Zealand. In the old countries the difficulty of obtaining work is great, and the temptations to crime many. In New Zealand the temptations to crime are comparatively few, and work is, in general, easily procured; therefore a criminal is more easily reformed here. This may appear paradoxical, but in reality it is not at all so. When the statesman or lawgiver, as such, calls a convict reformed, he merely means that the convict will not again offend against the laws. He does not mean that his heart is turned from evil; he has nothing to do with his morals or motives. If he attempts to deal with the latter *directly*, he invariably fails. This has been experienced over and over again, on large scales and on small. It was tried under Cromwell's administration, and around a small nucleus of really sincere men a vast circumference of cant and hypocrisy gathered. Then followed the license of the Restoration. Louis XIV., again, in his latter days, boasted that he had made religion fashionable. How fleeting was the fashion was shown on the accession of the Regent Orleans. The results of the present English convict system furnish the last notable example of the same kind. Of course it will be understood that I am speaking of men, not of the influences which the state may bring to bear on children.

I have hitherto spoken of the regulations affecting individuals convicted of grave offences. Before I conclude, I must say a word or two of other classes of prisoners,—I mean persons yet untried, and those convicted of slight offences involving no moral taint. Under a good prison system, such persons would never be allowed to mingle with the common herd of convicts. In the Auckland gaols at present there is, I believe unavoidably, no attempt to keep them apart. This is a grave evil, more especially where young persons are concerned. It is using no exaggerated language to say that a community is guilty of a crime when it exposes the young and uncorrupted to the danger of being contaminated by hardened criminals. It is not pleasant to think of a boy, the child of decent parents, being condemned, for such an offence as riding fast through the streets, to a month's imprisonment amongst depraved associates. A great authority (Thomas Fowell Buxton) says, in a passage quoted with praise by Jeffrey—"You have no right to ruin his (the prisoner's) habits by compelling him to be idle, or his morals by compelling him to mix with a promiscuous assemblage of hardened and convicted criminals. * * * Corruption of morals and contamination of mind are not the remedies which the law in its wisdom has thought proper to adopt." The present state of things in this regard calls for immediate remedy. The generality of youthful offenders should not be consigned to a prison, no matter how well managed, but to a reformatory institution. Without these institutions any penal system is incomplete. Indeed, Auckland has much to dread from the neglected children who prowl about her streets

from the present race of adult offenders. I trust that legal measures will soon be devised to compel the parents of these unhappy children to contribute to their support in reformatory schools. If this be done, and if some such system of adult penal discipline as I have attempted to indicate be adopted, the growth of crime will be prevented and checked in a tolerably effective manner.

O.

A TANGI, OR LAMENT,

ON THE DEATH OF EPIHA PUTINI, OF MANGERE, CHIEF OF NGATITAMAHOHO

COMPOSED BY HIS WIDOW TOPAEA.

Tera Kopu, hapai o te ata ! e !

STAR of the morning ! thou whose beam
 Proclaims the lamp of day at hand,
 Like my beloved dost thou seem
 Returning from the Spirit land.

I gaze,—then turn aside to mourn
 O'er these sweet nestlings at my side,
 Left in their helplessness forlorn,
 For thou—their sire, their shield—hast died.

Far to the southward, dark and steep,
 Taupiri lifts its lonely brow ;
 Unheard, unheeded, onward sweep
 The surges wild of Manukau ;

But thou art gone—and in an hour !
 There Motutara's gem may lie :—
 'Mong chiefs of fame and priests of power.
 Of thee 'twill rouse no memory ! *

Return ! return ! and in thine home,
 Father and Lord ! once more recline ;
 Back to my widowed bosom come—
 My heart but beats as linked with thine !

There was a bird whose tuneful throat
 Welcomed the day with joyous tone ;
 Stilled is the song and hushed the note,
 My bird is fled, and I—alone !

* The famous greenstone ear-drop, called Motutara, was in the time of Epiha Putini, but had never been worn by him, as he had not taken any such remarkable action as by Maori custom would. Topaea therefore laments that in future times, when the history, and point to the ancestral jewels to recount the succession, her husband's name will not be reckoned in the

MODERN POETS.

SOUTHEY.

THE beginning of the present century may perhaps lay claim, with as much show of justice as any other, to the title of the Augustan age of English poetry. Never before has Britain—we might say the world—seen so great a number of eminent poets living contemporaneously; and even if none of these reached the loftiest pinnacle of fame as poets, many of them approached it so nearly that the number of splendid lights might well make men forget that no individual of them all reached that brilliancy of which the world has seen but one or two examples. It could scarcely fail to be the case that when poets of a high order were so numerous, it would be difficult for anyone to command the public admiration pre-eminently; and that, therefore, each would more properly be said to have a party than a public for his auditors. That such was the case there can now exist no doubt, and it is only of late years, since a new generation has succeeded that contemporary with those poets, that this has ceased to be so. Among all that brilliant company none were so essentially the poets of a party as the three who were known as the Lake Poets—Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey. The works of all three have long outlived the first storm of popular derision which was unmercifully directed against them, but scarcely, as it appears to us, with equal good fortune. Coleridge has taken the position which was probably best suited to the genius of that extraordinary man; he has emphatically become an English classic, one that is much admired but little studied, and referred to with reverence by those who have scarcely read a line of his poems. He was not the poet of the people, and the mass of the people recognise the fact. With Wordsworth the case has been very different: his poems have become the home poetry of a large class of English readers; and even where this was not the case, the knowledge of how widely it was so has obtained for the poet an adulation such as has fallen to the lot of very few, and which, if we cannot call it undeserved absolutely, may certainly be termed so in its exclusiveness. With Southey the case has been different, and that returning tide which has elevated his two brother poets to so high a position has left his reputation very much where it was. For such things there may always be found a reason, and we do not think it difficult to find one in this instance. Southey's imagination was too fervid, his imagery too gorgeous, to attract any but those whose imaginative powers were also highly developed. His vast command of language also assisted in bringing about the same result, for those who could not follow his imagination—almost Eastern in its gorgeous dreams—were repelled by his language, which conveyed, with singular power and accuracy, those visions which were beyond the comprehension of unimaginative minds. A fact which curiously illustrates

our meaning is, that Southey is a poet delighted in by poets. It was when Southey obtained Sir Walter Scott or Campbell for his critic that his genius received the highest appreciation and the most admiring praise; and this, we have reason to believe, was not confined to these poets. Wordsworth loved to read the "Curse of Kehama," the most characteristic of all its author's works: Coleridge called it one of the first of poems. Byron termed another of his poems "the finest of the age;" and Shelley was, as his "Queen Mab" shows, an imitator as well as an admirer at the beginning of his career. The ignorance which exists concerning the works of a poet such as this is a remarkable circumstance, and it is one which ought, moreover, to be removed if possible. It is time that Southey obtained his proper place in the temple of fame; and now that false impressions and prejudices have been removed by the lapse of time, we shall endeavour to contribute our small share towards a result in every way so desirable.

It was a saying of Lord Macaulay's that so long as Southey's poems were read, they would be admired for their gorgeously imaginative qualities and the splendour of their language. This verdict of the great essayist appears to us to contain within it an explanation of some part of the neglect into which the poetry of Robert Southey has fallen with most classes of the community. It was in great poems—in works which gave full scope to the great powers of the poet's imagination—that Southey was fitted to excel; and to those who are aware how much Spenser and Chaucer have become names and nothing more, and how few of his myriad admirers have ever read Milton's great poem, this fact may go far towards explaining what we shall endeavour to show to be otherwise inexplicable. Of the small fugitive pieces of Southey we shall speak hereafter: at present we must confine our attention to the great poems on which he expended the wealth of his mind, and on which, to the last, he expected to found no inglorious reputation. It was in these, as we have already said, that a genius like that of Southey could alone expand itself freely: his was not that light and playful muse that could throw off, and took delight in throwing off, lyrical trifles for music, or to be admired in a lady's album. What Southey could do with all his strength, and therefore could do well, was a great poem on some really great subject, at which he could labour for months and gain an opportunity for showing his full strength by the magnitude of his self-imposed task. It follows that those who, repelled by the twenty-four books of some of his greater poems, try to form an estimate of his powers by his smaller pieces, do Southey a grievous injustice. It is not from his lyrics that the beauties of Southey should be culled, but rather from passages of his greater works; and even then one great element of beauty—namely, the dramatic element—is totally lost sight of.

There are three special characteristics which mark, in our opinion, the greater poems of Southey as the works of a very lofty genius. These are—the uniform loftiness of his aims, the tender purity of his feelings, and the dramatic grandeur of his execution. On the first of these qualities it is scarcely necessary for us to dilate. His great poems are few in number. The first—"Joan of Arc"—is written with a loftiness of the glories of heroism and self-sacrifice than any poem upon the same subject, even that of the French poet, "Thalaba" demonstrates, in a mystical form, the

waging between good and evil, the apparent vicissitudes of the struggle, but the necessary result in the triumph of the good. — The "Curse of Kehama" does but embody, in another and a grander form, the same great truth ; while in "Madoc" and "Roderick the Last of the Goths," although the tale usurps more of our interest than its lessons, yet, if these be sought, they will in all cases be found to be of a lofty and heroic, as well as a truly Christian, character.

Perhaps no characteristic of Southey is so marked as the tenderness of his affections. Certainly in no poet with whose works we have any acquaintance, is there so much that looks like the spontaneous outgoing of a mind thoroughly imbued with such sentiments. To adduce instances of this is difficult, only because we know not which example to choose amid so rich a variety offered for our choice. Take, as an instance, the following passage from the "Curse of Kehama" :—

The maid that lovely form survey'd ;
Wistful she gazed and knew her not,
But nature to her heart convey'd
A sudden thrill, a startling thought,
A feeling many a year forgot,
Now like a dream anew recurring,
As if again in every vein
Her mother's milk was stirring.

They sin who tell us love can die.
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.
In Heaven Ambition cannot dwell,
Nor Avarice in the vaults of Hell ;
Earthly these passions of the Earth,
They perish where they have their birth ;
But Love is indestructible.
Its holy flame for ever burneth ;
From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth ;
Too oft on Earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppress'd,
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in heaven its perfect rest.
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of Love is there.

Oh ! when a mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
The day of woe, the watchful night,
For all her sorrow, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight?"

It would be needless for us to call attention to the exquisite tenderness of feeling which pervades these lines, and which it would be no easy matter to match in the works of some of our greatest poets. It must not, however, be supposed that Southey can be said to neglect those reflections, as it were, from nature around, in his attempts at employing a gorgeous imagery or, as in the case just quoted, more spiritual flights. On the contrary, his descriptions of nature are magnificent in their truth, and enjoy an exquisite melody of expression not often met with even in the range of English poetry, and which reminds frequently of the style of Spenser. Take, as an instance, the descrip-

of night in the desert, which forms the introductory stanza to the poem of "Thalaba":—

How beautiful is night !
 A dewy freshness fills the silent air ;
 No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
 Breaks the serene of heaven :
 In full-orb'd glory yonder moon divine
 Rolls through the dark blue depths,
 Beneath her steady ray
 The desert circle spreads,
 Like the round ocean girdled with the sky.
 How beautiful is night !

The marked distinction which exists between this and the conventional poetry of description is at once apparent, as, with the exception of the "Queen Mab," of Shelley, which was a marked imitation, in its earlier parts, of the style of "Thalaba," it would be difficult to point to a picture more perfect, more true, or more melodious, than that just quoted.

If, again, we take an instance in which we have to dispense with whatever aid the peculiarities of an unwonted versification may be supposed to lend to the ideas of the poet, and take the following description of a gale at sea, from "Madoc," we shall be able to judge of Southey's powers on more familiar ground :—

The clouds hang thick and heavy o'er the deep,
 And heavily, upon the long slow swell,
 The vessel laboured on the labouring sea.
 The reef points rattled on the shivering sail ;
 At fits the sudden gust howl'd ominous,
 Anon with unremitting fury raged ;
 High roll'd the mighty billows, and the blast
 Swept from their sheeted sides the showery foam.
 Vain now were all the seamen's homeward hopes,
 Vain all their skill ! We drove before the storm.

'Tis pleasant, by the cheerful hearth, to hear
 Of tempests and the dangers of the deep,
 Then pause at times, and feel that we are safe ;
 Then listen to the perilous tale again,
 And with an eager and suspended soul,
 Woo terror to delight us. . . . But to hear
 The roaring of the raging elements, . . .
 To know all human skill, all human strength,
 Avail not, . . . to look round and only see
 The mountain wave incumbent with its weight
 Of bursting waters o'er the reeling bark. . . .
 Oh, God, this is indeed a dreadful thing !
 And he who hath endured the horror once
 Of such an hour, doth never hear the storm
 Howl round his home, but he remembers it,
 And thinks upon the suffering mariner.

As we have intimated, however, it is not in ordinary scenes and in sober imagery that the genius of Southey principally excels—in perhaps, so lofty or so much in its element, as when revgeous dream-land of its own formation. Thus the fine beyond all question, that extraordinary product

Kehama." The finest scenes in "Thalaba" are the most unearthly—as that of the Cave at Babylon, and the Dondaniel Cavern under the ocean, not forgetting the wonderful description of the gardens and palace of Shedad, early in the poem. The most finished pictures in "Madoc" are those of the barbaric yet impressive ceremonial of the Aztecas, and it is the Eastern element of the Spanish Moors that gives the richest of its colouring to the poem of "Roderick, the Last of the Goths."

Under these circumstances, it will not be surprising that we find it difficult to present our readers, in the short space to which we are necessarily restricted, with any very extensive view of the beauties of this poet, which, from their strange and unwonted form, would require to be exhibited more at large by means of extracts than is usually the case with English poets whose works most commonly run in some received groove, so that we can at once compare and judge of them beside other standard authors.

Southey wrote nothing worth mentioning in the form of the drama and the reason of this undoubtedly was, that all his poems were dramatic in spirit and even unusually dramatic in form. The "Curse of Kehama," for instance, may not unjustly lay claim to the title of a tragedy of the loftiest type. The whole conception is essentially dramatic, and in no poem, of which we are aware, is the struggle between "forceful evil" and "unconquered good" so artistically wrought out. The struggle between the all but almighty Rajah and the poor man and his daughter, weak in all but virtue, has in it all the elements which render the subjects of the old Greek tragedy so undying in their interest; while the art which takes, one by one, each external aid from the good to add it to the evil, yet leaves each reader absolutely certain of the ultimate triumph of the former, are almost beyond praise. These are the ground-work of the poem; but it is, as might be expected, where the deities take part in the action, that the poet's imagination revels most freely; thus the appeal of the Glendoveer or good angel at the imaginary abode of Seeva on Mount Calasay, on behalf of the oppressed representatives of good, is worthy of especial notice:—

So as he pray'd, intenser faith he felt,
 His spirit seem'd to melt
 With ardent yearnings of unceasing love;
 Upward he turned his eyes
 As if there should be something yet above;
 "Let me not Seeva seek in vain!" he cries,
 "Thou art not here . . . for how should these contain thee?
 Thou art not here . . . for how should I sustain thee?
 But thou, where'r thou art,
 Canst hear the voice of prayer,
 Canst read the righteous heart.
 Thy dwelling who can tell?
 Or who, Oh Lord, hath seen thy secret throne?
 But thou art not alone,
 Not unapproachable!
 O, all-containing mind,
 Thou who art everywhere,
 Whom all who seek shall find,
 Hear me, O Seeva! hear the suppliant's prayer."
 So saying, up he sprung,
 And struck the Bell, which self-suspended hung
 Before the mystic Rose.

MODERN POETS.

From side to side the silver tongue
 Melodious swung, and far and wide
 Soul-thrilling tones of heavenly music rung.
 Abashed, confounded,
 It left the Glendoveer; . . . Yea, all astounded
 In overpowering fear and deep dismay;
 For when that bell had sounded,
 The Rose, with all the mysteries which surrounded,
 The Bell, the Table, and Mount Calasay
 The Holy Hill itself with all thereon,
 Even as a morning dream before the day
 Dissolves away; they faded, and were gone.

Where shall he rest his wing, where turn for flight?
 For all around is light;
 Primal, essential, all-pervading light!
 Heart cannot think, nor tongue declare,
 Nor eyes of angel bear,
 That glory unimaginably bright;
 The sun herself had seemed
 A speck of darkness there
 Amid that light of light!

Down fell the Glendoveer,
 Down through all regions to our mundane sphere
 He fell; but in his ear
 A voice, which from within him came, was heard
 The indubitable word
 Of Him to whom all secret things are known:
 Go ye who suffer, go to Yamen's throne,
 He hath the remedy for every woe;
 He setteth right whate'er is wrong below.

It is not, however, alone in imagining the mysteries of a Hindoo seventh heaven that Southey most of all shows his power. Here it will be admitted that, in spite of some few blemishes in versification which are easily detected, the vigour and loftiness of his imagination cannot be easily equalled, and we confess that we know not where it can be surpassed; but we think his success and power are yet more marked when he handles, with a grasp truly Dantesque, but without a shadow of imitation, the subject of an infernal world. The poem ends here, and this may partly account for the minute description in which the poet indulges. "Padalon" is the Hindoo Inferno, and Yamen, the god of the dead, is its sovereign:—

For other light than that of day there shone
 Upon the travellers entering Padalon.
 They, too, in darkness entered on their way,
 But far before the car
 A glow, as of a fiery furnace light,
 Filled all before them. 'Twas a light which made
 Darkness itself appear
 A thing of comfort, and the sight, dismay'd,
 Shrunk inward from the molten atmosphere.
 Their way was through the adamantine rock
 Which girt the World of Woe: on either side
 Its massive walls arose, and overhead
 Arched the long passage; onward as they ride
 With stronger glare the light around them spread:
 And lo! the regions dread,
 The World of Woe before them opening wide.

On rolled the car, and lo ! afar
 Upon its heights the towers of Yamenpur
 Rise on the astonished sight.
 Oh ! what a gorgeous sight it was to see
 The diamond city blazing on its height
 With more than midday splendour, by the light
 Of its own fiery river !
 Its towers, and domes, and pinnacles, and spires,
 Turrets and battlements, that flash and quiver
 Through the red restless atmosphere for ever ;
 And hovering overhead,
 The smoke and vapours of all Padalon
 Fit firmament for such a world, were spread,
 With surge and swell, and everlasting motion,
 Heaving and opening like tumultuous ocean.

This introduction to the penal region of the King of Terrors is followed by a description of the torments of that world of woe as vivid, but less painfully minute, than that of Dante. Then follows the struggle between the almighty Rajah, all but omnipotent in the power gained from sacrifice, and the god of Padalon. The temporary triumph of the usurper, who is only vanquished at last by his own act of drinking the cup of immortality, which entails upon him, by its very nature, an immortality of woe, and the majesty of Yamen's re-assumption of his throne, are described in language to which we cannot easily find a parallel in modern poetry. Nor do we think we know a better instance of that fine taste, in which it must be confessed Southey was more deficient than in any other poetic gift, than in the return to those human affections and human images which closes this extraordinary scene. Yamen dismisses the maiden, now rendered immortal by partaking of that very cup of immortality which had wrought so differently upon the wicked Kehama, to the Swerga or paradise of the Hindoo mythology :—

But that sweet angel, for she still retain'd
 Her human loves and human piety,
 As if reluctant at the God's commands,
 Lingered with anxious eye
 Upon her father fixed, and spread her hands
 Towards him wistfully.
 "Go !" Yamen said, "nor cast that look behind
 Upon Ladurlad at this parting hour,
 For thou shalt find him in thy mother's bower.

While from the golden throne the Lord of death
 With love benignant on Ladurlad smiled
 And gently on his head his blessing laid.
 As sweetly as a child,
 Whom neither thought disturbs nor care encumbers,
 Tired with long play, at close of summer's day
 Lies down and slumbers.
 Even thus as sweet a boon of sleep partaking,
 By Yamen blest Ladurlad sank to rest.
 Blessed that sleep ! More blessed was the waking !
 For on that night a heavenly morning broke,
 The light of heaven was round him when he woke,
 And in the Swerga, in Yedillian's bower,
 All whom he loved he met, to part no more.

We have lingered thus long over one poem of Southey's, from the conviction that it is only as parts of a great whole that the special

beauties of very much of that poet's writing can receive their due meed of appreciation. Our space will not permit us to enter at any length upon the discussion of the metres chosen by him, which were made the ground of some of the most severe criticisms which he endured. Perhaps Southey was too disregardful of the trammels of custom and usage in this matter : it may be that some of the excrescences of bad taste which, with all our admiration of his genius, we cannot fail to see in his works, would have received a check from being placed before him in a familiar dress ; but yet we speak our own conviction, and that we believe of most readers of Southey, when we say that we cannot wish that he had done so. We believe the loss would have more than counter-balanced the gain, and we feel confident that such will be the verdict of posterity upon these wild but wonderfully melodious measures.

Our introductory remarks must have prepared our readers for the comparatively slight notice which we purpose bestowing upon the minor poems of Southey. We would not, however, lead any one to suppose that these were by any means unworthy of a perusal ; far from it. In a review, in a former number, of Mrs. Hemans' poetry, we pointed out how greatly she excelled in lyrical composition as distinguished from longer and more sustained efforts. In treating the poetry of Southey as we have done, our effort has been to manifest our opinion that in his case the entire reverse of this was true ; yet, as Mrs. Hemans does at times rise to great heights of beauty and pathos in her larger works, so it will be found that Southey does occasionally produce lyrical or fugitive pieces of great beauty. Our limited space will not permit us to indulge in many quotations, although such might easily be found, in illustration of our assertion. The following verses, however, from a small piece called "The Holly Tree" will serve in some degree to illustrate the style of the poet in this species of composition :—

O reader ! hast thou ever stood to see
 The holly tree ?
 The eye that contemplates it well, perceives
 Its glossy leaves
 Order'd by an intelligence so wise,
 As might confound the atheist's sophistries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen
 Wrinkled and keen ;
 No grazing cattle through their prickly round
 Can reach to wound ;
 But as it grows where nothing is to fear,
 Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.

Thus, though abroad perchance I might appear
 Harsh and austere,
 To those who on my leisure would intrude
 Reserved and rude,
 Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,
 Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

And as when all the summer trees are seen
 So bright and green,
 The holly leaves a sober hue display
 Less bright than they,
 But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
 What then so cheerful as the holly tree ?

So serious should my youth appear among
 The thoughtless throng,
 So would I seem among the young and gay
 More grave than they,
 That in my age as cheerful I might be
 As the green winter of the holly tree.

We have referred already to the one blot upon the genius of Robert Southey—the absence, at times, of good taste. We would not, however, have it supposed that we endorse all that has been said on this subject in the heat of contemporary criticism. It cannot be denied that the vigour of Southey's imagination was not always balanced by that nicely regulating taste which adds so great a charm to the works of all poets in whom it is highly developed. Yet even taking the best known and most severely criticised case of this, (we mean, of course, "The Vision of Judgment") we believe that few will now be able to read it without a feeling of admiration for the skill of its versification and of the solemn beauty of many of its thoughts. Take, for instance, the closing lines of this early essay in English hexameters :—

When I beheld them meet, the desire of my soul overcame me ;
 And when with harp and voice the loud hosannahs of welcome
 Filled the rejoicing sky, as the happy company entered
 Through the eternal gates ; I too pressed forward to enter : . . .
 But the weight of the body withheld me. I stooped to the fountain
 Eager to drink thereof, and to put away all that was earthly.
 Darkness came over me then at the chilling touch of the water,
 And my feet methought sunk, and I fell precipitate. Starting,
 Then I awoke, and beheld the mountains in twilight before me,
 Dark and distinct ; and instead of the rapturous sound of hosannahs
 Heard but the bell from the tower, toll ! toll ! through the silence of
 evening.

We have now briefly and very imperfectly endeavoured to give the reader some assistance towards a right appreciation of one who, while not without faults, was, we believe, a great poet. His works will probably never be very popular among the mass of readers, but we feel confident that many, could they but cast aside the trammels of the popular taste of the day which can see nothing excellent beyond its own very limited range of vision, would find not a little to delight, elevate, and instruct their minds in the poems of Southey. It is difficult to prognosticate concerning anything so arbitrary as reputation, but we feel sure that, whether the name of Southey is ever elevated to a high place in the temple of Fame or not, there is much in his poems which will not be willingly allowed to die, much which, indeed, comes under the class of those " Things of beauty that are a joy for ever."

ON AN ICEBERG.

A Tale.

BY K — H —.

SEALS had become scarce on the New land coast. We had coasted all the western side of the Middle Island had tried Jackson's Bay and Milford Haven without more than a trifling success ; and had been for three months engaged in the neighbourhood of Foveaux Straits, and round the southern coast of Stewart Island. Our success had been anything but gratifying, and the conclusion of captain and crew was, in short, what I have mentioned in my first sentence.

Our vessel was a brig—the 'Sarah D'Urville'—commonly known amongst us by the more familiar, if less aristocratic, *soubriquet* of the 'Sally Devil.' The captain was accounted one of the very smartest of all those sailing from Australia in search of seals and seal oil, and the crew were a picked lot of some five-and-twenty men. The captain held a consultation with the crew as to what was to be done, as he was determined not to go back with so poor a show of furs and so little oil. To this we all agreed, and it was at once determined we should go wherever he liked, as he said he knew where there were furs and oil in plenty for men bold enough to take them. A bolder and, although I say it, a better crew never trod a ship's planks than our own, so we tripped anchor with a smart nor'-easterly breeze. I was at the helm, and as she settled to her work, with every stitch of canvas drawing, I said to the skipper—

"How shall I keep her head?"

"How is she now?" said he.

"Sou'-sou'-west, half a point southerly."

"Let her go the half point free."

"Ay, ay, sir! Free it is!"

"Keep her so!" and he went below.

The wind was a strong one, and rather increased than lessened ; however, as it was fair we were the better pleased on that account. For three days we held on the same course, and had run down from three to four good degrees each day, so that it was not to be wondered at that, in spite of the warm quarter from which we had the breeze, we began to find it growing cold. We should no doubt have found this the case much sooner than we did, had it not been for the fact that it was now the month of January, and a hot spring, and early summer had driven the ice far south. It did begin to get cold, however, and as the skipper still held the same course, we saw that he was bound for the ice floes, where we all knew there were sure to be plenty of seals, although as going after them with such vessels as ours was amongst the Australian sealers. We were all dreading what was perhaps still more important, we did not

or the extent of the risk we ran. The fourth day it was decidedly colder, and we kept a good look-out a-head for ice from the mast-head. Nothing, however, could be made out, owing, perhaps, in part to the fact that a haziness had come up over the southern horizon, and, indeed, to some extent, over the sky generally towards the afternoon. We could not make out the reason of this, but the captain understood it well enough to intimate our near approach to the region of ice. I was on the second night watch, and by the time I came on deck the haziness to which I have referred, had increased to such an extent that we could not make out a star; indeed, the whole sky was apparently as black as pitch. I went to the wheel first, and I remember thinking what a confounded bother it was, as I had only just turned out of my warm hammock, and the night was bitterly cold, especially when there was no moving about. How little we can guess what is best or worst for us after all. If I had had not had to go to the wheel the first of our watch, I would never have lived to tell this tale.

But to return to my story. There was still a good stiff breeze, although not so strong as we had been having for the two days before, and the topsails bellied out in the wind as well as heart could wish. It was very dark, but I could make out the outline of the tightly-stretched sail above me, as it was a new one, and of whiter canvas than is commonly used except amongst Yankees; and I can remember that I thought at the time that if it was worth while keeping a look-out at the mast-head all day, it could scarcely be very safe to carry full sail with so good a breeze all night; but it was no business of mine, and so, with my eye fixed on the binnacle compass before me, and my thoughts wandering sometimes to Sydney, and still oftener to old England, I had forgotten the whole matter in five minutes. I was very cold indeed by the time I was relieved, and it took a good many sharp turns up and down the fore-castle before I was fit to take the look out, which properly belonged to the man last at the wheel. At last, however, I did so; but I had not been ten minutes astride on the bowsprit when I began to feel quite sleepy again. I fought against it for some time, but I suppose it was too much for me at last, for I must have been quite unconscious, until roused by a voice from the fore-castle behind me—

"I say, Jack, isn't it d——d cold all of a sudden?"

"Ay, ay, sir!" shouted I, in reply, half asleep.

"What the d——l d'ye mean by that, Jack? Don't ye find it shocking cold?"

I was gradually recovering from the torpor from which I had been suffering, and did indeed find myself numbed by a degree of cold far greater than I had before experienced. I forget what answer I made now, but he replied—

"Well, I don't know, but I think there's somethin' out o' gear, somewhere, and I shall just give the skipper a call, I think."

"I gave a grunt of approval, for to tell the truth I was surprised myself by the change which the last hour (it couldn't have been more or I should have been relieved) had made in the state of the atmosphere. It had been cold and pretty dark before, but I could not help being struck by the fact that it was doubly so now. The cold, indeed, was intense; and the darkness had become quite unusually great. It was actually painful to strain your sight to look ahead through the blackness of the night. I

confess I felt a sensation akin to fear, and the excitement caused the blood to bound through my veins at a pace which rendered me actually warm in a very few seconds. All this, in fact, since I was awakened by the voice of my mate, had occupied considerably less time in occurring than it now does in relating; and I was just raising myself by holding on to the jib-boom-stay to get another look ahead, when I was struck by the loom of something which seemed blacker even than the blackness of that terrible night, and the next instant, before I had time to utter a sound, I was all but thrown headlong from my position by a shock. I did not fall, however: I held on with both hands to the stay, until I felt that what I stood on was giving way. We had struck upon something with all the impetus of a ten-knot breeze! I felt that I was falling, and made a leap forwards. It was well I did so: I grasped at something as I alighted, and held on. It was cold. At the moment I didn't know or feel it. I was looking back at the brig: her spars seemed close to me for a moment, and I saw distinctly the flash of light from the binnacle, but, strange to say, it seemed below me. It was but for a moment, however; the next, and they were gone, and in their place there was only a black void! There are situations in which, whether in mercy or not I cannot tell, the mind does not appear to act, and the conclusions to which the mind comes are of a sort more akin to perceptions than to the results of processes of reason. These sort of flashes of perception usually depend, however, upon some outward act or other which seems to give the key-note as it were to the imagination, which is, I suppose, the faculty employed. So it was, at all events, with me. I had never given a thought to my own position, so absorbed had I been in the fate of the brig; now, however, I put out my hand to gain a firmer hold, guided by a sort of intuitive feeling of insecurity: I grasped something—it was deadly cold, and slippery as glass. The truth flashed through my mind in an instant, and the shock of the conviction—for it amounted to that—had almost made me fall backwards: I was cast away, not on a rock, but on an iceberg! We had run full against one in the darkness, and had been crushed by the contact! Now I understood the void—the 'Sally Devil' was no more, and her gallant crew had gone down with never a cry, into the black depths of that frozen sea! My brain reeled; I saw for the instant a thousand lights and heard a thousand horrible sounds, and the next instant lost consciousness. The swoon must have been a long one. When I awoke there was a faint grey light in the eastern sky, which did not for some time afford light enough to enable me to see anything around me. Instinct had made me hold on to the place where I had alighted at first throughout my state of unconsciousness, and although my hands felt numbed and lifeless at first, yet strange to say they did not long remain so. I shall not attempt to analyze my feelings at the moment of my first recovering consciousness, as they were of a very confused kind, and such as I have no clear remembrance of myself. Gradually my full and clear consciousness returned; and it was with such a pang as I cannot even now recall to mind without a shudder that I felt myself alone. At that moment it was not the sea, horrible danger to which I was exposed, for of this I had as definite idea; it was not the remembrance of the companions who had gone, I could not doubt, to the *I had only escaped by a miracle, as it seemed, for*

feelings were too utterly selfish for any such emotion—it was the horrible feeling of loneliness, the sensation of utter helplessness from within or from without, that paralyzed my faculties for some time. I did not swoon, again, I believe, but I lost consciousness for the time of all but this sense of overwhelming misery! I started! It was only a breeze that had stirred the hair on my brow. I was roused, however, and looked up. The thrill sent through me by that glance around was one that I can never forget. It was morning. The sky to the eastward was almost clear of mist—the clouds, which now only lingered in belts and patches here and there, their centre parts where they were thickest of a bright red colour, which shaded off towards the fleecy edges into the most transparent amber and gold. With these exceptions, all was blue, a sapphire blue of that transparent colour that seems to evade the powers of the eye when it would fain fix it to any one tint. The sea rivalled the sky in its marvellous beauty of colouring, as it curled and danced in crisp little wavelets, throwing back from a thousand angles the bright sunbeams that shot all around from the great sun as he rose with a godlike smile from the Eastern sea. Strange as it may appear, it was at these things that I looked first, and not till I had gathered the impressions which I have now tried, although but feebly, to put down after the long lapse of years, did I look round at the place where I was. My conjecture had been a correct one, I knew it would be so, I was on an iceberg. I was, I am even now puzzled to guess how it occurred, at some height above the water, and upon a ledge or small terrace of ice, about five feet wide; below me the ice descended sheer down, it might be thirty feet into the sea, that danced and sparkled as it threw up its little blue wavelets against the glassy blue walls of the ice island. Above me the ice wall ascended to a height of, I should suppose, from one to two hundred feet, although as calculations made in this way from below are generally liable to be erroneous, it may have been either more or less. One peculiarity it had which was favorable to me at first, which was that it rather overhung the shelf on which I was sitting than otherwise, and so formed the more effectual shelter against the wind, which now I saw at a glance had veered to the sou' west. Fleecy clouds still hung, or rather nestled, around the inequalities of the huge wall above me, and the bright sunlight tinted them with a thousand of the most delicate variations of colour that can be conceived. The walls too were seamed with ten thousand wrinkles and crevices, sometimes rugged-edged and clear as blue-tinted crystal, at others filled and almost smoothed over by the snow wreaths that lodged in them, and added strangely to their already marvellous beauty. On one side my view was bounded at the distance of a very few feet by a projecting point of the icy wall which descended at once into the sea below and stood up marked and sharp as high as the eye could trace it above. On the left side however it was different: there the ledge or terrace on which I sat seemed to extend along the face of the cliff, although getting narrower and narrower as it went, until at last at a distance of perhaps four hundred yards I could no longer trace it. A short distance beyond, and the berg became less precipitous, and bent round so as to form a half bay, getting much lower and even presenting what almost looked like a beach, till I could not help the thought "Oh! if we had only run upon it there!" then I had almost cursed myself for my folly, at wishing a lingering rather than an easy death to my comrades.

The thought once forced upon me was agony. Was I saved from the wreck only to die by a more dreadful death? I knew that it was so; I had known it from the moment of my conviction that I was on an iceberg and not on an island,—yet the agony came like something new; perhaps it was the glorious life and beauty and joy that seemed to fill everything around that sent such a cold shiver of despair to my heart. I threw myself at full length upon the ledge. I clung with both hands in an agony of terror to the sharp angles of the ice! Strange contradiction, I felt how horrible it was to die a lingering death, yet in my very terror I clung but the more devotedly to it. In some situations life is not counted by hours so much as by seconds, and my present position was one of these. There I lay stretched on the ledge at full length in something almost like a trance of agony, and yet fully conscious meanwhile that the warm sun smiled on the spot where I lay, and the sea birds circled round with fearless confidence and screams of joy, and I could still hear through all the ringing of the words hopeless! hopeless! in my ear, the joyous ripple of the sparkling blue water below me, and the soft whistling of the breeze that sung through the icepeaks and cracks above me. Slowly the day passed on, my consciousness was never much more than half awake, although by some mysterious working of my mind, I knew the gradual changes that took place. I felt that the sunlight was leaving me, and was being followed by shadows that gave me the feeling of weighing me down. I was conscious that the birds were departing, and I ceased to hear the melodious gush of the water, and this was all. My first day had been one terrible awaking, followed by a little less terrible lethargy of half-conscious agony; and it was night once more. It froze that night; I felt my jacket stiffening in the still night air, but I was conscious of but little besides. I suppose I slept; indeed were it not for the horror of the situation, which would seem to make sleep a thing not to be thought of, I should say decidedly that I slept.

Whether it were sleep or trance, however, it was good daylight when I awoke from it; indeed the sun was up, and had been so, I should think, for some hours. I was now wide awake. I suppose it was the claims of nature demanding some nourishment that made me feel in so altered a mood from that of yesterday. Almost unconsciously I had lost sight in some degree of the horror of my situation, and accepted it with a sort of stoical resignation; for the time I had exhausted my capacity for regretful sorrow. The scene was not less beautiful than it had been the day before, and the rays of the sun which fell directly upon me, reflected from the crystal-looking ice, were sensibly more powerful than they had been formerly. I proceeded to take as leisurely as possible a survey of my position, making use for that purpose of my hands and knees, which were far less stiff than I had looked for. It would be needless to trouble my readers with a recapitulation of what they have already heard as to my position, I will therefore only mention two circumstances which now appeared somewhat different to my eyes from what they had done on my former examination.

One of these was that the ledge on which I stood did not be more than four feet wide at any part, and in some places as to be scarcely visible at a distance. The other was, I could see nothing beyond birds upon the iceberg, I saw a huge Polar bear, intently watching at a crack in the

berg for a seal. Of the first circumstance I took but little notice at the time ; but on the bear I felt that I gazed with a species of fascination. I felt as if my fate was linked in some mysterious way with his, and that I was quite as much interested in the question of his catching that seal for breakfast as he was himself. One cannot account for such sensations as these, and I know I should be thought superstitious if I were to speak my mind about them ; but I am an old sailor now and don't much mind the laughs of a lot of landlubbers who never knew what it was to go aloft, much less to see an iceberg. It may seem a curious fact, but the ice on which I sat did not seem cold ; indeed, I was much more annoyed by the damp which now trickled down in very observable streams on every side, making a curious dripping sound as they reached the sea. The ledge as I have said was narrow—not above four feet in width, and at the place where I was the cliff of ice overhung considerably. Without much difficulty, and urged by a strange feeling of unnatural curiosity to see more of the repulsive and terrible animal who seemed my only companion in the horrible situation to which I was exposed, I rose gradually upon my feet and found after a few minutes that I could walk with much greater ease than I had any idea of beforehand. I moved slowly along the ledge, gradually getting accustomed to the position from which I at first had shrunk giddily. I rounded an angle of the great ice wall and found to my no small surprise that the wall above me continued to be as unbroken, and apparently as high as ever all round the indentation or bay, on whose other side I had seen the bear. The ledge too, I could now see distinctly, was, as it were, the top plate of the lower strata of the berg, upon which the rest seemed to have been built up afterwards ; it was on the lower part of this, I observed with a sort of thrill, partly of horror, partly of a strange sort of pleasure, that the huge bear in whom I had taken so deep an interest himself was. He was a prisoner equally with myself, for not even his powers of climbing, great as I knew them to be, could, I was well assured, enable him to surmount the glassy cliff that beetled over his head. He still lay motionless in the same spot where I had first seen him, looking into the cleft cautiously in the hope of seals ; none made their appearance. At last as I looked at him he raised his head, and I could fancy that his red eye fastened on me, as with upturned face he gave a grunt of disapproval. The sound is a curious one at all times ; but at that moment, whether from its novelty or the state of my nerves, I cannot tell, but it thrilled through me with a nameless horror. I could no longer bear to stand in the exposed position in which I was, being persuaded that the savage animal would assuredly follow me up when he felt driven in search of food by the hunger which could find no seals to satisfy it. I turned and crept slowly back again to the place from which I started. There I sat down, my back resting against the wall of ice, and my feet projecting almost beyond the ledge of ice on which I was. As the day wore gradually away, I began to suffer more from hunger ; I had not yet felt any pains of thirst, perhaps owing to the moisture around me, which was now becoming considerable from the melting of the ice exposed to the heat of the sun, and a wind comparatively warm. I was getting strangely careless however, and falling into a half dreamy condition of partial consciousness, owing doubtless to my forty-eight hours' fast, which was beginning to tell upon me. I had that night a sort of painful dreamy sleep which scarcely

amounted at any time to unconsciousness, for I could hear the wash of the water round the base of the iceberg, and even the occasional leap of a fish under the sheltered lee of the huge block of ice. I must have become entirely unconscious at last however, as when I did wake up to full perception, the sun was so high in heaven as to lead me to the belief that it was afternoon. My faintness of the previous day had quite left me, and all that I experienced at the time was a sensation of weakness about the small of my back, which made it difficult for me to rise. The first thing that startled me was the fact, that whereas I had distinctly remembered that when I went to sleep my feet had been scarcely extended to the edge of the ice ledge, they were now quite a foot beyond it in a most uncomfortable position. I was, as may be supposed, startled in no ordinary degree; but it was not for some moments even then that I comprehended what must appear so simple to my readers. The iceberg was melting! The sun was really all but oppressively hot, and had I then known as I do know now the peculiarity of icebergs regarding their shape, I should have comprehended the matter in a moment. As some of my readers may be as ignorant on the subject as I was myself, I will explain:—Icebergs have by some unknown law of nature a great tendency to form in certain regular shapes, which, although one iceberg may differ from another generally, probably always hold good in the individual berg. In my case, I had noticed the overhanging character of the cliff of ice above me, but it had never struck me until events made it plain, that the same formation extended to the lower stratum of ice on the top of which I was placed, and that in fact I was not on the top of a solid block of ice, but merely of a thin edge which protruded above the ocean. It was but too plain, and the comfort which the absence of hunger for the time had given me, was suddenly changed into a feeling of horror, which was—curious inconsistency,—in no way lessened by the knowledge that I was there destined to be starved slowly to death. In this state of horror I rose upon my feet and began to pace the narrow and rapidly narrowing platform on which I stood, and which to my excited fancy seemed momentarily melting away before my eyes. Unquestionably, a great change had taken place in its size since I first examined it; it was then not less than from four to five feet broad at this the widest part of it; now, it certainly did not amount to quite three feet in any part, and most of it was very much less. Taking the knowledge of these things in, as it were intuitively, I paced along the ledge, my sailor habits keeping me from feeling my head affected as most landmen would have done in such circumstances. In this way I reached the bend in the coast line as I may call it of the iceberg, to which I have before referred. At the corner the ledge was very narrow, not more than from fifteen to eighteen inches wide I should say; I clung to the wall however, and by keeping my face turned away from the precipice succeeded in getting round pretty easily. I looked round again, and to my horror saw about twenty yards ahead of me the huge polar bear whom I had seen the day before. I doubted that he was in search of myself, although reflection now; that that was scarcely probable unless he was guided by his; At all events, there he sat on his hind quarters, surveying me look of his small hungry-looking red eyes that seemed strange fitful light as he looked. I gazed at him *his eye fell. He gave a growl of such concentr*

never to hear again, and rose slowly to his feet, coming towards me. The spell of his eye was happily broken for me too, and with a cry of some kind, I scarcely know what, I sprung back, and disregarding in my terror the dangers of the path by which I had come, I stood with a palpitating heart on the other side of the bend once more. It was comfort by comparison to have placed the ice-wall even for a few moments between me and the fierce animal against whose hungry attack I had not a shadow of chance to defend myself, being of course totally unprovided with weapons beyond my clasp knife, which it was a mockery to draw in such circumstances. Still I did draw it; and although seeing no hope of escape the continued non-appearance of the beast gave me a sort of confidence, which is perhaps more often mistaken for courage than people suppose. I knew he wouldn't give up the attempt as I had heard many a tale of the dogged daring of these dangerous animals before; yet I was for some time in horrible suspense as to what could be delaying his advance, as it never struck me that owing to his size, which was very great, he would find it no easy matter to get round the very narrow ledge over which I had sprung, I knew not how, in the extremity of my terror. He was coming at last! I heard his deep breathing almost like a growl as he approached the corner; my heart sunk so that I felt perfectly sick with the horror of apprehension, and my knees, I know, began to grow unsteady under me. First his black muzzle, then his white-furred nose, then his hateful red eyes appeared round the corner, slowly, but with horrible sureness. I would fain have yelled in the extremity of my fear, but I could not, and the huge brute loomed gradually in sight like a ship on the horizon, and came on without ever quickening his pace. If he had but made a spring the agony would have been nothing, but it takes a supernaturally brave man to watch such a death advancing on him at the rate of a funeral barge. I could stand it no longer! I dropped on my knees and covered my face with my hands! I heard his shuffling tread, slow and distinct as it fell on the now wet and slippery ice! I could imagine I felt his hot breath close to my face! Nature was merciful! I knew no more!

Was it a dream? I woke to consciousness, and felt that the sun was shining on me and the cool breeze was fanning my cheek, and making the water ripple and dash against the base of the iceberg below me. I was bewildered for some moments, and unable to comprehend the position in which I was and had been. Then it came back upon me once more, and with a shudder I looked to see the cause of my deliverance. It was simple enough. The huge weight of the bear had proved too great for the strength of the ledge, now thinned and weakened by the melting of the ice. A large piece not two yards in front of me had given way, and carried the fierce animal with it in its fall. I was safe! I knew that it would be simply impossible for the bear or any other animal to climb up the glassy and now wet wall of ice, which moreover sloped considerably outwards. I was safe from that danger! I looked round and thought, "Yes, and reserved for what fate?"——I crawled back slowly and fearfully along the slippery ledge on which the slush stood some inches thick, and the water from which dripped down with a sullen and continuous fall upon the sea below. I felt instinctively that the outer edge of the path was so thin as to be no longer safe footing, and I clung with the energy almost of despair to the slimy wall as I crept along it. The sun was getting low,

and I actually felt a comfort in the thought that it would not melt so much at night from the weather being colder. I sometimes amuse myself, now that I am getting old, with the speculation, how much misery (I mean physical misery) it would require to make a man careless of his life in a position such as mine was. Hemmed in apparently by misery of the very worst and most hopeless sort, I clung but the closer to life for the mere sake of living, and I incline to the opinion that others would have done the very same in my position. It was warm, to me horribly warm, that night. The water continued to trickle, only somewhat faster, as I thought, as the night wore on. I sat with my back leaning against the melting wall of ice, and my legs dependent over the horrible edge of my place of refuge. It was too dreadful ! The constant trickle of the water was agony, and the eternal drip, drip upon the almost glassy sea far below drove me almost distracted. Hope, I had none ; how could I indeed ? but I had a sort of unreasoning despair which shut out hope, yet made me cling to life as though I hoped the uttermost. The sun rose slowly, clearly, horribly red and large. I could have cursed it for its size and for its brightness ; I could have cried to see that the sky was without a cloud, and the air soft and balmy. The drip of the water on every side rushed through my brain like a funeral knell. I could not curse, I could not speak, I could not cry ; I was turning stony in my despair, and had only left the instinct of self-preservation. I clung to life. The long fierce rays shot down, first nearly level, then higher, and higher and higher ; everyone seemed to light upon me and strike straight to my brain. I fancied I was going mad, and I felt almost glad ; I think now I must have been very near the fine division line between madness and reason. My ledge was narrowing moment by moment ; I could not sit upon it any longer as it was too narrow. I stood up or rather crouched against the wall of ice, it was slippery and dripped water from every angle. The ledge below was not more than a foot wide, and the sun was not half its height in the heavens. My eyes fixed on the ledge, and I watched with the most horrible suspense every little thin edging of ice as it crumbled away and disappeared. Minutes seemed like hours, yet still the hours did pass away somehow. Less and less ! Momentarily, and visibly less of the ledge was remaining. Ten inches ! Nine inches ! Eight inches ! Seven inches ! I clung for bare life. Straight below me I could see the water, and it danced and sparkled with a mocking smile in the sunlight. I shivered as I looked at it ! Six inches now between me and death ! I made a fearful effort ; I screamed in the intensity of my fear, such a scream as a man gives but once in a lifetime ! A faint echo seemed to mock my misery ! My foot slipped ! I grasped at the point of ice to which I had clung ; it was soft and slippery. My hand slipped off it ! I lost my balance, and felt myself falling as one falls in dreams ! I know no more ! Thirty-five years this month have passed and gone since that awful hour, and it is I who write the tale ; therefore I was not drowned. I awoke to consciousness in the hammock of a whaling ship. My shout of despair had been heard, and the echo that mocked me was the answer. I was picked up insensible by the boat ; and near me floated the carcase of a polar bear.

ON LAYING DOWN PERMANENT PASTURE.

THE ground enclosed within the boundary fence, after laying out an orchard, kitchen-garden, and out-buildings, should be subdivided, and laid down to permanent pasture. The capital required to lay down an acre of ground in grass will average something like ten pounds; but heavy clay soils will exceed this considerably. I am not over-rating the figure, as will be found when we take into consideration the draining, fencing, ploughing, manuring, seed, and labour, with many other smaller items of expense. This appears a large sum to sink on an acre of ground; but we must sow, if we expect to reap, and the work once well done will return good interest for the capital embarked. On the other hand, if only half done it will not clear the expense of labour, and will require to be broken up and relaid down before it will pay. The first cost will be found the cheapest in the long run.

The whole area should be broken up before the dividing fences are made, as this will save a considerable item in the first outlay. The great object in breaking up maiden soil, either with the spade or the plough, is to expose as much of the subsoil as possible to the action of the atmosphere; a clayey soil more especially can be turned to a good loam by frequent exposure to atmospheric action. To break up retentive maiden soils, the subsoil plough should follow in the wake of the surface plough, and the two ought to produce a depth of one foot of loose soil over all the surface; this, with manure, will bear throughout a very dry summer a good crop, and bring it to maturity. It is not advisable, however, to put in any crop for the first nine months after land is first broken up, as the ground requires to be exposed and acted upon by the influence of the sun and air; it will require frequent ploughing and harrowing throughout the summer, so as to expose every atom of the soil to the action of the atmosphere. In England the frost acts as a pulveriser of strong soils, and here we have the reverse, viz., heat and moisture. In the Spring we find the ground compressed from the quantity of water falling on its surface, and rapid evaporation taking place. About midsummer, when the earth becomes heated, it expands after receiving a shower of rain, and pulverises into a fine surface or seed bed, if the ground has been turned up and left loose and open on the surface previous to this. On the other hand, if the soil receives too much water, it becomes too consolidated.

In New Zealand I have always found the soil work best in the Autumn; the most obdurate of soils can be moulded into a fine powder, if the proper machinery has been applied throughout the Summer to the working and fallowing of the same. This will consist of three ploughings, harrowings, and rolling at stated intervals throughout the Summer. We often see maiden soils newly broken up, and a crop of oats or potatoes put in as soon as ploughed, with about two harrowings to finish off. This may answer remarkably well on thin scoria ash, and may, I believe, be the only mode of realizing a good return, as there is a

possibility of overworking soil of this description, which requires to be compressed more by rolling, and that very frequently when sown with grass, as every shower of rain upheaves the surface, and leaves the plants loose in the soil. But it is heavier soils that I allude to in this paper, such as strong clayey and loamy soils. We are scarcely far enough advanced here to Summer fallow with a crop, that is, we cannot take a green crop out of the ground and fallow it also: the labour market will not admit of that, as the expenses would come to more than the value of the crop, and this could not be done without a large amount of outlay for manure. At the present time, however, grass will return more profit at a far less outlay than any other crop, and is likely to continue to do so for several years. This climate is also better for grazing than for arable farming; therefore in breaking up strong clay or loamy land that has never had a plough upon it, it requires to be well wrought for a season and exposed to the action of the sun and air, to disintegrate one atom from another and sweeten it for the reception of the seed in the autumn; whereas taking a crop off such land with only once ploughing only tends to exhaust it in a twofold degree, and leaves it in a worse state than if it had never been touched. If we could apply good stable manure, at the rate of about twenty loads per imperial acre, we might calculate on a good crop of roots; but every farmer knows as well as myself that fallowing with such a crop would leave him a loser, as the labour entailed by a crop to keep it clean and break up the ground between the rows, as well as hand-weeding and hoeing, lifting and marketing, or consuming on the premises, would not return the capital laid out.

It is a mistaken idea to exhaust land with wheat crops, and then lay it down to grass to improve itself, without any of the essentials necessary for the small roots to feed upon. Oftentimes we get a crop of coarse herbage and sorrel instead of good grass, as the land has a natural tendency to degenerate, if it is not well stocked with cattle, or a liberal supply of manure added.

This province is better suited for grazing than for arable farming, owing to the fact that grain crops ripen prematurely; this is, however, owing to their being sown late in the season, which happens very frequently, owing to the heavy rains in winter. It is true that, by digging the soil with the spade and mixing it with quick-lime, every kind of soil may be greatly improved, clay lands of every denomination may be changed into rich loams, and the present soils of fine earths into lands of a deeper staple and a much richer consistency. The whole mixed formation is changed in condition and capacity by the violent action of heat to which the substances have been exposed; the old properties are banished, and new ones are evolved which are most favourable to fertility.

Animal and vegetable moulds being mixed, by their elements living and decaying on the surface of the earth, form the *humus* of modern scientific agriculture, a natural manure produced by the slow decay of animal and vegetable matters. *Humus* is a dark, unctuous, friable substance, nearly uniform in its appearance. Good lands contain, on an average, from four to five per cent. of *humus*, and two per cent. will render a soil productive. *Humus*, being the production of animal and vegetable matter combined, is yielded in abundance which consists of vegetable and animal manures in

to this quality that the dung of the farmyard is indebted for its superiority over any other manure known, because, after the more active animal substances have exerted their action and disappeared, there remains in the soil a residual mass for future decomposition, and which continues to afford, for years, food for organic life.

To lay down land as permanent pasture there are three things that must not be neglected—deep cultivation, draining, and eradicating all weeds: it is also necessary to have the subsoil well loosened, so that the air may enter every atom of earth. I may mention, by way of remark, that if a hole is dug in the ground, from one to two feet deep, then the earth filled in that was taken out, it will be found that the earth is considerably higher than the level of the surrounding ground: this is accounted for by the air pervading the soil and expanding the earth.

All strong soils on a retentive bottom require to be broken up to a considerable depth, and if they are not done so, the crop will begin to show symptoms of unhealthiness after a fortnight's drought and sunshine, as the roots cannot penetrate lower than the sole of the furrow. Weakness tends to bring on disease, and the crops, therefore, often come to maturity or fall a prey to insects before the seed is matured.

Autumn is generally the time to lay down land as permanent pasture. It would be presumptuous in me to fix a certain time for the operation, but, if possible, have the ground ready by the beginning of April; then watch your opportunity for sowing after the rains begin to fall; do not sow the seed in rainy weather, rather choose a fine day for this operation, so that the soil may pulverise finely without clogging to the foot: lay the soil up in ridges from fifteen to twenty feet wide, and harrow it down fine on the surface; then, with a plough, clear out the furrows, and the ground will be ready for the reception of the seed. The quantity of seed required for an acre will be about two bushels, one of perennial rye grass, four pounds of red clover, six pounds of white clover, and the remainder made up of cocksfoot, festuca, and poa, if procurable. These seeds will require to be sown with a different cast, as the light seeds would fly off and the heavy seeds would fall at the feet of the sower. Do not harrow the seeds into the ground or half of it will be buried under the earth too deep to vegetate; if clover seed is buried more than half-an-inch, it will remain dormant and never come up. A good bush harrow made with thorns is sufficient to cover the seed without burying it below the position where it can vegetate; then finish off with a medium sized roller, and the work will be complete. Top dressings of guano or bones may be sown in the spring, at the rate of two hundred weight per acre.

D. HAY.

PROMETHEUS CHAINED.

I SAT and read a volume quaint and old,
And mused upon the wondrous tales it held,
How giant Titans had huge rocks uprolled,
And against Heaven rebelled.

And while I thought of these and kindred things,
And let my fancy wander forth at will ;
Sweet slumber o'er me waved her magic wings,
And then I slept until

Before me rose the vision weird and strange,
Of those things which in that old book I read ;
Nor seemed it to me new, the wondrous change
That o'er all things was spread.

I saw primeval mountains spouting flame,
And deeps chaotic rage with endless swell ;
The mighty tumult, as I gazed, became,
Such as no tongue could tell.

The mighty thunders, and the lightnings keen,
That shimmering flashed o'er God's eternal hills
Ceased, and the vales were clad in verdure green,
Through which sang silver rills.

The giant waves that lashed the trembling shore,
And cast their spray defiant to the sky—
Hush'd to soft whispers their late dreadful roar,
And rippled silently.

From hills that late on high their lightnings hurl'd,
In wild rebellion to Creation's Lord—
A tremulous blue haze of incense curl'd,
And silently adored.

Thus scene chased scene, and like the sounds in dreams
That print no certain image on the brain,
Mountains and rivers, storms and sunny gleams
Crowded, a jostling train.

Lights swam before me strange and orderless,
And sounds of horror or delight there came,
Of joy and sorrow, pleasure and distress,
Yet ne'er remained the same.

Once more a change : order resumed her reign,
And, like the sound that wakes one from his sleep,
A voice broke on mine ear in gentle strain,—
A voice both calm and deep.

"Yea ! here I stand," it said, "the ages roll
Unceasing by in endless ebb and flow ;
The conqueror rules supreme from pole to pole,
And all before him bow."

"All said I ? All but one, who here alone
Chained, torment-circled to this rifted rock—
By endless ages of unrest atone,
For pride, that power can mock."

Sweet came the voice and low, as though from one
Who breathed a hidden grief to some one nigh ;
So calm, half-meditative was its tone—Anon,
Methought I raised mine eye.

The scene was fearful ; all around was bare
And blasted, by the strife of heat and cold ;
No grateful forests cast cool shadows there,
No limpid streamlets roll'd.

But all was bare ; above, the basalt clift
Rose, lightning-scathed and black against the sky ;
Columnal, huge, seamed o'er with many a rift,
And dreary damp-stain dye.

Beneath, there slept a marsh—a putrid sleep,
With green and yellow bubbles of foul life—
And dim exhalings from the horrors deep,
With which the pool was rife.

Midway upon the cliff a form there hung,
In adamant chains that clasped the rock ;
His face spake Majesty, by anguish wrung ;
Grief, which his soul could mock.

A face of Godlike suffering, yet still,
With calmness breathing through, which seemed to say,
He who would conquer every mightiest ill,
To conquer must obey

The universal law, and wait the time,
Or near, or distant, when the term shall cease
Of woes appointed ; and a grief sublime
Grow to an endless peace.

Aloft he hung, to calmness stormily bent,
Around him sighed the wintry wind ; and o'er

PROMETHEUS CHAINED.

Gazed the dim sun, where through a rough-hewn rent,
Mid clouds, two vultures soar.

The piercing wind around him played and sung,
The drifting snow-dust veiled the slender day ;
Nature's pure robe, around was vainly flung,
Then instant swept away.

Above, around, below, the columned stone,
Frowned, grimly fearful, on that godlike form ;
There, on _____ unmoved, alone,
He bore _____ form.

I gazed on him in wonder and in awe,
To question longed, but strove in vain to speak ;
To ask what dread command, what curbless law
Could such fell vengeance wreak.

Again he ope'd his lips—I seemed to hear,
Like drowsy thunders far among the hills,—
In echoing music, throbbing on the ear,
His guage of present ills.

The piercing wind around him played and sung,
The drifting snow-dust veiled the slender day ;
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Again he op'd his lips—I seemed to hear,
Like drowsy thunders far among the hills,—
In echoing music, throbbing on the ear,
His guage of present ills.

“’Tis sweet, O Jove, to feel the sense of power,
Thrill through the arm Almighty, and to know
That all is at thy feet in this thine hour,
E’en thy most dreaded foe.”

“Tis sweet to feel that thou hast conquered all,
All that could threat thy throne, or life, or joy,—
To sit power-girt, with Heaven’s Coronal,
And all thy foes destroy.”

“Yea ! these are sweet ; but yet thou hast not all
Which thy soul craves ; thy peace is not thine own,—
The hour shall come—this is thy spirit’s gall,
Which shall thy might dethrone.

“Thy joy’s bright flower is radiant, yet a worm
Carking in secret undermines its bloom ;
The restless fear of *Nemesis’ dread form
Makes Heaven’s self a tomb.

“There is a pleasure which thou can'st not know,
An endless joyance, reaching e'en to this
Drear spot, where storms perennial howl and blow,—
Where yawns Hell's dread abyss.

* The Greek Nemesis was the impersonation of the idea which here the Titan threatens to Jupiter at some future *his violence and tyranny.*

"There is a comfort in this raging thirst
Which thou, throned on Olympus canst not know,
Who still hath virtue, is not all accurst,
Nor plunged in deepest woe.

"No ! Hell or Heaven, doth not all depend
On gales Elysian breathed through bowers of bliss :
Or godlike feasts, that know nor bound nor end.
Ah ! Heaven is not this ?

"No ! Heavenly gales may breathe about the brow,
And ages roll in godlike banquets fair,
And pleasure's term seem distant then as now,
And yet no Heaven be there !

"And lakes of penal flame without allay,
Eternal homes of darkness, where there dwell
Accursed spirits, even there there may
Be nought of real Hell.

"This penal spot, where nature seems to store
Her horrors in their dire extremity,
Terrors around may yawn, and storms may roar,
There is no Hell with me !

"These pains and torments which surround me here,
This atmosphere of woe in which I dwell,
Mine eyes view changeless, stretched an endless year,
And yet I know no Hell !

"No ! Hell is not, nor yet can Heaven be
In things around ; the soul can these compel,
But what that soul is, now, eternally,
Alone is Heaven or Hell."

"Around thee, Jove, Heaven's gales ambrosial breathe,
Around my head thy storms for ever blow.
I have a crown which gods would vainly wreath
Around thy tyrant brow."

He ceased. He turned on high a look sublime—
A look so godlike that it thrilled my brain—
A look of suffering, borne through endless time,
By one who conquered pain.

My brain felt bound. I strove to speak or cry,
And failed. And my dream melted and was gone.
I woke, and heard the skylark's carol high.
Was it a dream alone ?

E. D.

COLONIAL EXPERIENCE.

I HAVE promised to speak more at large on the important subjects of farmyard buildings and other necessary farm erections. In proceeding to do so, it must be distinctly and definitely understood that I do not claim for my own ideas any infallibility, or wish it to be understood for one moment that there are no other plans besides those here laid down calculated to ensure the three great ends at which these buildings ought to aim—economy, convenience, and utility. These papers are not so ambitious—neither, I hope, is their author,—as to aim at being considered the only colonial experience worthy of attention, or of being consulted and followed by the actual or the intending New Zealand immigrant. They profess to be the records of my experience extending over a long period of the history of this colony, and as such, and only such, are they now given to the world. There are a few axioms regarding farm buildings which should not, on any consideration, be lost sight of, so I will mention these first. They ought never to be at a distance from the farmhouse itself; they should never be placed under more roofs than is absolutely necessary; they ought not to be placed upon ground higher than that on which the house itself is built. These three things cannot be neglected without considerable loss and yet more annoyance to the settler, although he may not at once recognise it, and when he does learn it by unpleasant experience it will probably be no easy matter to rectify it. If the directions given by me in a former paper as to the proper position for a house have been followed in any degree by the settler, it will be no difficult matter for him to find the very best place for his farm buildings. The house it will be remembered was to be placed on the summit of a rising ground sloping, not very steeply, towards the first cultivations of the settler at the foot, and between it and the invariable watercourse by which nature in New Zealand always appears to make amends for any hill or rising ground into which she has been betrayed. If this has been done, and the garden has been laid out around the house, the natural position for the farm buildings will be that which is also the best—namely, just below the garden on the gentle slope of the hill. It is not of course well to place the buildings in such a position as to form a foreground to the view from the sitting-room windows, as I have seen in more than one instance in this country; but they may very well be placed adjoining to the garden and on the slope of the hill without this. Besides its advantages of nearness to the house, the position which I have assigned to the farm buildings has another and no slight advantage in the convenience which it will give for communication between the garden itself and some of these buildings. Thus, if a few pigs are kept in sty, as ought always to be the case in every well regulated farming establishment, their food must be supplied from the dairy hand and the garden on the other, and the loss of time and labour entailed by having the sty at a distance, if points will be almost equally great.

Having then determined upon the position of your farm buildings, it is well, perhaps, before proceeding to the consideration of the best material and mode of construction for them, to enquire what buildings are really of value to the new settler, or perhaps I ought to say what are really necessary for him to have. In the first place, he must have as the foundation of all farm buildings in this country a stockyard. Of the construction of this necessary and too little regarded erection I shall speak hereafter, at present it is sufficient to say that all other farm buildings must be built with a very decided reference to this, or great inconvenience is likely to result from the omission. A stockyard once erected, the next thing ought to be some sort of cowshed and calves'-house. These had better not adjoin, and indeed had better not, if possible, be entered from the same side at all, as newly weaned calves are often troublesome from getting over more to their mother's sides when mingled in the same yard. A pigstye is also a highly important building, and one which certainly, as soon as he has a garden, the settler ought to provide. A dairy is also almost indispensable as soon as there are any milch cows on the farm, as the too common practice among new settlers of keeping the milk in a room of the house can hardly be too much discouraged, as it not only prevents any good butter being made, but gives the settler's family at starting what I may call an irreverent habit of mind towards their dairy operations, which almost unfits them for ever excelling in dairy work. A cart-shed, and a stable ought to be provided as soon as the cart and the horse are introduced upon the farm, for no economy can be worse than that of keeping a good dray rotting in the rain or cracking in the sun for want of a skeleton shed to keep it in; or of feeding a horse amid the annoyances of fowls, who disturb him and keep you at guard over his meal, for want of a small stable warranted fowl-proof. The important institution of a fowl-house ought on no account to be neglected, still less ought the attempt to be made, as it too often is, to combine it with a stable or cowhouse. The reasons for this are too numerous and obvious to demand any explanation, one glance at the interior of any farm buildings where this is neglected would be a demonstration fitted to convince the most incredulous.

In considering the best material of which to build out-houses of the kind referred to, there are several things to be considered which may materially influence a proper decision on the subject; as for instance the circumstance of plenty of good timber for splitting at hand, or a great want of this material and a great abundance of good manuka brushwood or raupo, which would serve the purpose. Where such can be had, however, there cannot exist a doubt that the use of slabs of split timber is greatly to be preferred to that of any brushwood or raupo. This is the case for several reasons—as for instance, because the danger of firing a shed built of such highly inflammable materials as those mentioned is very great in a country where nine men out of ten smoke at all times and in all places; it is also worthy of consideration that in a very short time a shed or out-house built of anything less durable than timber gives way; a cow pushes her horn through the wall and carries off a large section of it; a hole ever so small once made and the whole stability of the building is at an end; the rain blows in and rots the fastenings, the wind soon succeeds in bursting them when so weakened, and before the shed has stood eighteen months the chances are that it shows considerable signs of

premature decay. Where, therefore, timber can be procured, it ought to be so, even at some increased expense. As before mentioned in another of these papers, the only woods suitable for slabs, or split planks, are those of the pine species. Of these there are many varieties. The different sorts affect different soils and localities in so capricious a manner that but little can be said certainly as to what sorts are likely to be most easily obtained by the settler. The only remark therefore that I shall make on the subject is, that of all pines in the northern island the least desirable for any purpose which involves exposure to the air is the kahikatea or white pine, which grows chiefly in swampy ground, and is, from the excessively porous character of the timber, very subject to rot in a short time. The ordinary mode of building farm out-houses may as well be described here, as it is well for the new settler to be able to exercise some intelligent supervision on the work which he employs others to do for him. Having determined to erect a slabhouse, the first thing to be done is to see about the proper wood for a framework on which to nail the slabs and place the roof. This is usually sought amongst the young saplings in the forest, without any further discrimination than is involved in excluding a few of the very worst and most worthless kinds of timber, and the seeing that the pieces chosen are tolerably straight. This is far from wise, however, as a moment's consideration will serve to show anyone. The importance of making a strong and lasting framework for the out-house is clear, especially when it is contemplated to build with slabs which may, when placed upon a good frame, last many years. For the main supports of the house, which must be sunk in the ground, saplings ought to be avoided, as they must of necessity be less lasting than the older and more closely grained timber of the larger trees. Split timber of the puriri tree is in fact the only thing that can be relied upon to stand for any length of time in this country, where in winter the damp is so great. It is fortunate that there are but few soils in the northern part of the island where this tree does not grow plentifully; it is hard to split in general, owing to a want of straightness often observable in its growth, but when it is straight the difficulty of splitting is not material. The main supports being formed of this timber and sunk at least three feet in the ground, the most arduous part of the work is done; timber of much less durable character, and much more easily procured, may be made use of with perfect safety for much of what remains to be done, as for instance the cross-pieces which should be let into the main supports about eight inches or a foot from the ground, and another set about five feet above them, to be used for nailing the slabs to. Round sapling wood is often used for rafters, and for this purpose it is well adapted; the cross-battens, however, which I think the best for roofing buildings of this class, to which the palings are nailed, ought to be formed of good splitting woods split rather finely.

If farm buildings are put up in this way the consequence will be twofold; the farmer will not be tempted to rush hastily into a building mania, as the expense of the operation would startle him in a way which it would not if he did as many do, merely putting up a shanties which the first wild cow, or the first continuance of their will turn into a ruinous heap of rubbish. The second he will feel as he builds, a sense of permanence ab is very desirable he should have.

I have said that a stockyard forms the basis of all farm buildings in New Zealand, it is therefore highly important that it should be well made. A well made stockyard is, however, a really rare sight, and the consequence is an amount of annoyance such as can scarcely be imagined by those who have never experienced it. Strength is the first great requisite of a good stockyard, and so important is this that no reasonable amount of labour is thrown away that attains this end. Three things go to promote this result in the case of stockyards, which are—their height, their material, and their mode of erection. As cattle in this country are by no means so tame as in Britain, it often happens that when a cow has run in the forest for some time, and having calved, is brought up for dairy purposes, she makes great efforts to escape. I have often seen fences of four rails treated with the greatest contempt by cows and oxen under these and other circumstances, and am convinced that nothing short of five rails is sufficient in the bush. This ought to give a height of upwards of five feet, and should be sufficient for any ordinary emergency. The material should be the very best hardwood attainable; if puriri can be got, then let it be used for both posts and rails; if it cannot, then rata is the next best, and there are few places where it is scarce. Stockyard posts ought never to be sunk less than three feet, for when a large number of cattle are together in such a yard the pressure sometimes exercised by them on some particular part of the fence is enormous. With these three things well attended to, I can see no reason why the newest settler should not start with a first-rate stockyard.

A LAMENT.

I STAND where I last stood with thee!

Sorrow, oh sorrow!

There is not a leaf on the trysting tree;

There is not a joy on the earth to me;

Sorrow, oh sorrow!

When shalt thou be once again what thou wert?

Oh the sweet yesterday's fled from the heart!

Have they a morrow?

Here we stood ere we parted so close side by side;

Two lives that once part, are as ships that divide,

When, moment on moment there rushes between

The one and the other, a sea;—

Ah, never can fall from the days that have been

A gleam on the years that shall be!

THE INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY OF COLONISTS.

AMONGST the many characteristics which draw so broad a line of division between the writings of the present century and those which preceded it, there is one which must, in a greater or less degree, have struck many of their readers, and has probably done so in proportion to the interest they take in the general welfare of their kind. In reading a work of even comparatively modern date, say forty years ago, especially one which treats of domestic life, we are impressed with a sense of its quiet routine, its freedom from change, and its tranquillity—not so much of the mind, which seems in all ages to have been pretty equally swayed by the same passions and actuated by the same motives, but that which arises from the feeling that, whatever changes may be in store for him in the usual course of affairs, his *social* relations are likely to remain pretty much *in statu quo*. The father of a family expected to see his sons' settle down to that profession or rank of life for which they might be intended, either by their talents, or their opportunities either of rank or fortune; and his daughters either marry amongst their neighbours, or continue their quiet home-life with him, and felt, generally speaking, comforted for any pain these inevitable changes might bring by the knowledge that his children were all within reach, and that once a year at least a complete and probably widening family circle would be formed round his fire-side. His neighbourhood too was not likely to tease him by importing many fresh faces into its circles; in his daily ride or walk he might count upon meeting the same old acquaintances, and talking over the same topics of local interest, which had probably formed the staple of conversation with them for years. They might now and then refresh themselves with the anticipation of a French invasion (with very little belief that such an event was really possible), or by a little hearty abuse of the "Mounseers," and now and then some piece of foreign intelligence of more than usual importance might reach them, and startle them into a confused idea that the world was larger than they had imagined; but the feeling was a transient one, and they soon turned again to their vestry meetings and visits, their squabbles and gossip, to the almost total exclusion of the struggles and interests of that great mass of humanity, with which they were brought so little into contact, either physically or mentally, and in which they can consequently feel little or no concern.

Such was the general state of feeling at the time we are speaking of, and one we shall hardly wonder at when we take into account their very limited intercourse with, or knowledge of, the rest of their fellow creatures. All this is either changed or changing; this old order of things is passing away, and a new one is taking its place. A parent may have reared many children to man's estate, and yet Christmas time may fail in bringing round a meeting with them. It will probably bring letters written from distant countries, some of which discovered when the father was a boy, or at any rate, a little but a vague idea in most men's minds, and w

Christmas festivities taking place in the midst of flowers and birds and green leaves, and the glaring beams of a tropical or midsummer sun, whilst their writers are all playing a part more or less important in the founding of new empires and the birth of fresh states. Every day almost each newspaper or book brings its news of a crisis or revolution, a change or a discovery in which they are probably concerned, or treats of great questions and interests, which, however distant in point of place, generally come home to the reader in some form or another, either from their intimate connection with his own country, or with his own friends. His sons may be either bombarding a town in China or administering a province in India, or helping to carry civilisation into remote regions, where its light had never before appeared, and where it will often depend on his individual character whether its introduction proves a blessing or a curse to those he has to do with. Either he will help to instil a respect and reverence for his religion and country by his truth, honour, and justice, in the minds of those who, however unaccustomed to such virtues amongst themselves, seldom fail to recognise and admire them in others; or else by his indifference to anything but his own interests, by his selfishness and want of sympathy, by his irreligion or vice be doing his utmost to close the way against any real improvement or progress, and be raising a formidable barrier in the path of those who, coming after him, may desire to exert their influence in the opposite direction.

The more interested then we become in the great changes that are taking place, and the more plainly we perceive what great issues are depending on the often apparently insignificant questions which are constantly brought before us, the more anxious shall we be that the influence that we all of us, either for good or evil, consciously or unconsciously, are lending to the course of events is in the right direction, and it is peculiarly important that this point should be carefully remembered and acted upon by those who are assisting, in however small a degree, to lay the foundations of a new society or settlement; for in these earlier stages of the progress of a new country, individual character often exerts an influence, and is potent for good or evil, to a degree impossible in an older country.

Where societies have been long settled, the force of habit and custom is proportionably strong, and presses upon us on all sides much in the manner of the atmosphere, its power, though great, being so far imperceptible that it is not till we try to run counter to it that we discover its strength. The good resulting from this pressure will of course be in direct proportion to the enlightenment of the public opinion which exerts it, and as it generally speaking enforces at least the appearance of virtue, it receives the homage of all those (by far the larger part of mankind) who dread its censure and desire its praise.

But every man either has or ought to have a higher law within him, than any which the most enlightened public opinion can give him. A society can only furnish general laws for the use of its members, and each of them requires innumerable modifications to individual cases, and these changes must be made by those concerned. No man may dare to trust this duty to another, and in proportion as he is anxious to act up to the highest standard, will he find his own ideas of right outstrip those of the public mind; but also, in proportion as he cares little about the question will he be content to see it settled by the general voice. We are far

from underrating that influence, which at any rate shames many into respectability and order, and which has more to do with forming our own opinions of right and wrong than we are often aware of, or than many would exactly like to confess. We like to believe that, whatever faults our friends may have led us into, our virtues at least are our own, though if our accounts in this particular were balanced we might sometimes be surprised to find how small a sum remained to our credit. But in a new state of things there is but little of this in comparison, and therefore we, having the first moves in our own hands, are enabled to begin a fresh game, and if we are careful can often improve upon the false moves of the previous one, and by our own opening secure to it a favourable ending, or at least leave it in the most favourable state for those who will have to continue it after us. For instance, we will suppose a lady who, isolated by circumstances (no rare occurrence), stands as the sole representative of her class in the minds of a body of her inferiors in station. If she by her courtesy and gentleness, her consideration for their feelings, and her trust in them, shows that she feels that they are all most truly members of the same great body, and as such knit together by ties which can only be sundered with injury and loss to that body, she will go far to settle the question as to whether they will in future consider her class as one of the same flesh and blood, the same joys and sorrows, and much the same trials as themselves, but which has certain advantages, the benefit of which they are not only willing but anxious to share with them; or whether that disastrous class feeling, prejudicial alike to Christianity, civilization, and real progress, shall take root and bring forth its fruits of social distrust and disorders. Where this latter temper exists it is often doubtless owing in part to pride and suspicion amongst the poor, but at least in equal degree to a want of that sympathy which we all value so much more highly than any benefits, however liberal, which are conferred without it, and which was so truly spoken of by the late Judge Talfourd as the one thing wanted by English society, in order to form its different classes into one harmonious body.

The same principle will hold good, look where we will. Those who are desirous that law and justice should be as strictly enforced, and as much respected as at home, will jealously maintain their honour and, as is wont with generous natures, pay all the more loyal and willing obedience to them, as they are the less able to command or exact it for themselves in the first years of their newly established authority. Those who desire to see their church and religion flourish will desire to make up for any weakness, arising from the small number of their adherents, by their own devotion and by exerting themselves to their utmost in their service. Every child reclaimed from ignorance or vice will tell on the community of which he is already a member, and may some day be an important one; and every girl encouraged in habits of industry, neatness, and economy, may prove the beginning of a future race of good housewives and mothers. This is doubtless the case in all countries and at all times; but it is when we are laying the groundwork upon which successors will have to build that it becomes of such vast importance we lay it aright, that they may not have to overcome, in addition to their own inevitable difficulties, those created for them by the selfishness or indifference of their predecessors.

MONTHLY LITERARY REVIEW.

NARRATIVE OF THE LATE WAR IN NEW ZEALAND: by Lieut.-Colonel CAREY, C.B. London:—Bentley. 1863.

INCIDENTS OF THE MAORI WAR; New Zealand in 1860-61: by Colonel Sir J. ALEXANDER. London:—Bentley. 1863.

THE two works so long promised us on the subject of the Maori War in Taranaki in 1860-61, are now before the public at last. We have thought it best to consider them together on the ground that although, so far as we know, written entirely without any consultation between the authors, they are yet the works of two men whose points of view are so entirely identical, and whose habits of mind, formed in the same school, are so very similar, that the detail and execution of the works is all that we can hope to find any distinction in between the two books.

We think it probable that many of our fellow-colonists will feel a good deal disappointed on a perusal of these two works, that is to say if they, in common with ourselves, hoped to read anything at all worthy of the name of a history of the Maori War. Neither book bears any of the marks which ought to be borne by even an humble aspirant to the rank of history. Colonel Carey's is, as a book—not as a history—perhaps fully the best; that is to say, it has fewer faults, although no more virtues, than its rival. The grand radical defects of both books seems to us to be that they attempt to deal with a large subject in an essentially small and puny manner. The idea of writing the history of a war arising from so strange and so deeply interesting a complication of human motives and feelings as that at Taranaki, without even attempting the smallest explanation of these motives and interests beyond a passing and most shallow remark is, probably, one quite unique in the art of historical composition. This is exactly what both the writers of whose works we now speak have done, and the result is exactly what might have been expected. Neither work is of great general interest—the one subject of real interest in that most uninteresting and doleful of struggles having been carefully eliminated from the design of each author.

How anyone could hope to produce an interesting description of such military operations as the march to the peach-grove or the celebrated "sap" passes we confess our comprehension; both have, however, tried it, and, as might have been expected, both have failed. We do not feel called upon to enter the lists with two military authors on the merits or demerits of the military movements recorded; we leave that for the future historian of the war, who will, we suppose, arise when the war is really finished, and give us what neither of the books now under consideration do, a true and a comprehensible view of the campaign, showing what were the blunders, either of system or of detail, which caused the first Taranaki war to remain a disgrace to our arms in the eyes of the Maoris, who laughed at our generals even while they admired *our soldiers*.

We cannot help thinking it a serious loss to the two writers upon Maori warfare, as practised by Generals Pratt and Gold, that they had not the advantage of seeing somewhat of the way in which a really good military man could manage to surmount the difficulties, which have led them almost to echo the weak and ungenerous sentiments of the writer of "New Zealand, and its Colonization," that we were no better than the Maoris in a military point of view. They can scarcely be blamed for their opinions, if we suppose them not to have had sufficient military talent themselves to correct the blunders so frequent and so palpable that were made by the Generals commanding our troops in the first Maori war at Taranaki. Had they seen the system introduced and worked by General Cameron in the second Taranaki war, of making the settlers one of the most important arms in the service for the reduction of natives to subjection. As we have said, it is their misfortune; had they risen above need of pity, we should have thought better of their works.

One point, however, we cannot pass over, even while we pronounce the books to be unworthy of serious attention at the hands of colonists; which is, that both authors allow themselves in the same silly and unworthy insinuation as that already so popular in England—that we colonists derive so much benefit from a state of war, that peace cannot be secured here until the colonists pay the whole expense of all military movements in the country. If such was the conviction forced upon the minds of these two gentlemen while in this country, we can only say that their ideas of prosperity must be of a very unique character, and can bear but very distant resemblance to those of every one in the colony. We fear there is no escaping from the conviction that such sentiments were contracted not here, but in Britain where such ideas were prevalent and popular.

In conclusion we must remark that the books do not in either case do more for their subject than collect a quantity of isolated facts of more or less interest and importance, which will hereafter be of use to the men who, when the present crisis of the colony's history is over, undertake the work of writing a narrative of the reduction of New Zealand under British rule.

PURE SADDLE HORSES, AND HOW TO BREED THEM IN AUSTRALIA :
by E. M. CURR. Melbourne :—Wilson and Mackinnon. 1863.

It is a great pleasure to us to have a work so thoroughly deserving of approbation in its general treatment, and if possible yet more in its getting up—presenting to us for our criticism as a production of the Australian press. The book would not only do no discredit, but would actually be an honour to almost any publishing house in London. This we say is in itself pleasing, but it is yet more so when we find that the work so got up and presented to the colonial public is in every respect worthy of the trouble taken with it, on account of its intrinsic merits. The title appears at first sight somewhat ambiguous, and the question is not an unnatural one, "What sort of animal is a pure saddle-horse?" Of course all know what a pure Arab, or a pure blood horse means. A pure Clydesdale when we have the good fortune to meet an animal too, but we confess to having been puzzled, as a

our readers may be, at the title, a "Pure Saddle-horse." Nevertheless we don't know that Mr. Curr could better have expressed his meaning in any other words than those he used. Had we in England such an animal as a pure hunter, he would give us an idea of Mr. Curr's aspirations when he longs to see a pure saddle-horse in Australia. The first part of his interesting work is almost wholly taken up in a very tough battle waged by him against the well-known English oracles on horseflesh, Youatt and Stonehenge; and although we do not we confess feel, as we can see Mr. Curr's feels, that he has demolished these two gentlemen, we must yet, in justice to all parties, admit that they have a tough business before them if they think fit to attempt an onslaught upon many of Mr. Curr's positions. To some this preliminary essay may appear disproportionately long, yet, in justice to the Australian author, it is but right to consider that putting himself in direct opposition to two such authorities as those mentioned, he could scarcely hope for a fair hearing unless he first made out a considerably strong case against them. This we think he has succeeded in doing, and we are therefore the more inclined to listen to the views which he expresses as his own. These on the whole appear to us to be satisfactory, although we confess he seems to us in some cases to strain his theory in a way in which we should imagine him too good a horseman to strain an ordinary nag; as for instance, in his wholesale and sweeping denunciation of the English race-horse blood on the ground of its uselessness, forgetting or at least omitting to mention that many of those of that blood who are considered too slow for the turf are used for, and distinguish themselves afterwards, as hunters.

Still, we do not dissent from Mr. Curr's conclusions although his premises may be overdrawn or defective, as we do hold with him that on the whole the best and safest plan would be to turn to Arabia for the parent stock of our Australian horse. Too much cannot be said in praise of the painfully minute observations which the author has brought so skilfully to bear upon his subject, and we do not see that the Australian horse breeder (or indeed too, of New Zealand), can go to a better or a more trustworthy guide than Mr. Curr.

Much of the information which he has collected regarding the treatment, training, feeding, and working, of the Arab and Barb horses is as new to most readers as it must necessarily be valuable to all who feel that pride in their horses which we think they ought to feel, and which we feel sure is fully felt by the author of this book.

The vast reverence for pedigree among the Arabs in regard to their horses, is well illustrated by some interesting and new anecdotes regarding them; and although it may be true that this pedigree-worship is somewhat excessive in its development in their minds, still we think with Mr. Curr that the error is one entirely upon the right side, and that a vast improvement in our breeds of horses would probably be the result of an increased reverence for purity of blood; and indeed we have some doubts as to whether anything else will have the effect to any very marked extent. With his decisions, as regards the superior fitness of Australia, with its hot desert plains and want of water, for the production of the riding horse in perfection, some of our readers may not perhaps feel inclined to agree; we think, however, that a little calm and dispassionate examination of the theory and its grounds would be sufficient to convince all dissentients that however

admirably fitted for breeding the huge cart horse, or even the rapid racer over a two mile course, the climate of New Zealand not being the natural climate of the riding horse, and its food not being such as nature produces for him, it is scarcely likely we shall succeed in rivalling Australia in this respect.

THE month of May has, as we expected, proved somewhat more prolific in the production of works of general interest than the last two months have done. It is, however, rather in the promise for the future that May excels in the actual number of works which have been published, at least previous to the departure of the mail for this part of the world. Novels have, as usual, the advantage in point of numbers, at all events, over all other branches of literature, and according to the appearances of the publishers' lists, they will next month continue in even a more marked way to do so. Of the works of fiction for the month of May there is none that can be placed before Mrs. Norton's new novel, "Lost and Saved." It is difficult to classify this book according to the correct modern methods of sensational or non-sensational, domestic, or otherwise. The truth is that it is too good a novel not to come, to some extent, under each and all of these classes. Its plan is quite sensational enough for all ordinary purposes, and in many parts its execution would seem to verge upon the vigorously sensational school; while at others its tone is so altered that the reader merely opening the book there would suppose he had got into the calm sunny regions of Cranford, or was reading an extra good specimen of Miss Yonge's style. Our highest praise is due to the book, as a pure highminded novel, not afraid to touch upon subjects which in a less highminded author's hands would certainly be unpleasant and perhaps objectionable; but throwing a deep dramatic interest over all, even the least apparently important parts of its heroine's career. The style is very lively, and the book is easily read, and although there are one or two defects in the art of the story, still, they are not such important ones as to induce us to make them evident to any eyes who are not themselves aware of them: and they are certainly not such, as in any material degree ought to injure the popularity of this very interesting story.

"The Adventures of Captain Dangerous" are now published in a collected form, with certain additions, and we may say improvements. Mr. Sala has in this book been fortunate in his choice of a subject better suited than most others to his peculiar genius. As a novel—that is, a thing of plot and connected sequences of cause and effect, wrought out artistically for our wonder and delight—Captain Dangerous falls very far below many a third rate novel, written by nobody knows who, and which in a few months disappears, nobody knows where. The reason we yet praise the book in spite of its great faults in this way, is that from its very nature it does not require anything of the sort to make it interesting. It has the vast merit, for a work of Mr. Sala's, of being month by month self-contained and totally independent of all that after, except now and then some slight allusion without which the story could move just as well as with it. This we venture to Mr. Sala, for he is in novel writing. Coleridge said "Junius" was in political writing,

sentence." If Sala is not floored by a long sentence, he certainly is by a long connected story, as he invariably forgets the beginning before he reaches the end. This was painfully evident in the "Seven Sons of Mammon," the very existence of four of whom he entirely forgot as he went on with his story. In this respect "Captain Dangerous" is a success; chapter after chapter is interesting, amusing, or harrowing in its details, and without taxing the author to remember it at all in writing his next chapter. In addition to this, it is but just to say that the assumption of antique manners and forms of expression is admirably carried out throughout the work, and that probably no book yet written by the author will have so great a popularity as "The Adventures of Captain Dangerous."

"Up and down in the World," by Blanchard Jerrold, is worthy of a notice here, rather for the good things that are in it than from any goodness which it possesses as a story. Viewed as a novel it is a decided failure, presenting rather the blurred and blotched look of a blotting pad than the clear finish of a picture. There are, however, not a few really good things in it; some of the characters are capital, and not a few of the scenes amusing. Were it not indeed that Mr. Jerrold's notions of the care due in the formation of a story are of the very haziest and loosest character we should from the evidence of "Up and down in the World" be inclined to predict for him some success as a popular novelist hereafter.

"Skirmishing" is also a novel of many good points, only marred by a few weaknesses of the same kind as the former one. The books are totally dissimilar in every respect but that of failing in the one important point, of affording interest as a story. Perhaps "Skirmishing" is better than the other in this respect, but the difference is not sufficiently marked to enable us to absolve the clever authoress of "Skirmishing" from the same charge of insufficient reverence for her task of making a story, which leads to its not being so well done as the powers of the author would warrant us in expecting; and unless this is improved upon in future the authoress of "Skirmishing" need not, in our opinion, hope for even the due meed of praise which her elegant fancies and pleasant English would otherwise entitle her to.

Miss Freer has finished her work on the life and times of Henry IV. of France, by publishing in two volumes, "The last decade of a glorious reign." We suppose that it is but natural that a historian labouring to extract all that is known of the picturesque aspects of a great man's reign or life with a view to making a telling book of it, will insensibly come to think much more highly of the individual than others who have not had that endearing personal contact as it were with him. To this we in some degree ascribe the admiration with which Miss Freer loads her object of worship, Henry IV., who, although all acknowledge his success, and even his possession of some great qualities, we cannot ourselves, and we do not believe the public will be ready to receive as such a perfect knight as Miss Freer would have us. When we have admitted that he was a brave, accomplished, and fortunate prince, we think we have done ample justice to the character of Henry IV., without ignoring his licentiousness, and in some cases his duplicity and cruelty. True, these were vices of his age, but it does not on that account become us to forget or to pass over the truth that they were vices still. In spite of Miss Freer's frank, and therefore pleasant and respectable hero-worship, we must do

her the justice to say that her book is a good one, so far as great industry and honesty of purpose could go to produce such a result in a work claiming to be a history. We do not think the female mind finds a natural sphere in the higher domains of historical writing, and think that it is best when it confines itself to the style of Miss Strickland's works, which enable the writer to verge upon the picturesque without giving erroneous ideas upon grave matters of general history. Miss Freer has in truth done little more than this, although her work professes something more ambitious. And if not mistaken for anything beyond this, the book is a good and a pleasant one.

Mr. Massey has finished his "History of England in the reign of George III.," and has finished it too as well as it was begun. The style of book was not one to give room for anything very startling in the way of brilliant writing, and the author was too sensible of this, and it may be of the different direction of his own powers, to attempt it. He deserves all credit for what he has done, for in all cases he has done it evidently in a thoroughly conscientious manner, and generally thoroughly well. Massey's History of England will not, we should say, ever become a history for the people of England; indeed its author could never have intended it so to be. It is the history of politics and of parties, such as must be of the deepest interest and importance to the future historian and statesman, such too as may recall much that is full of interest for the men who have lived contemporaneously with the statesmen, and have discussed the measures of which it treats. In these Mr. Massey will doubtless find a large enough public for his work.

"The great Stone Book of Nature" professes to be an introduction to the study of geology, and few works so rigidly or systematically adhere to their professions as this one. It is, we believe, sound beyond all question in its science, and the only fault we have to find with it is that it is not a popular book in any way. The author seems to have meant it to be so, and it is not. We do not know that popular works on science do really advance the cause of science in any degree, but there certainly is to ordinary mortals a pleasure in having a smattering of many things, even when they cannot hope to know more than one or two really well; and to accomplish this we must have popularly written books giving us merely what we want to know, and in such a way as may be a relaxation rather than a labour to us. The book before us does not indeed set out with a statement that such is its intention, but we are led to suppose so in various ways, and we are sorry to say that it is not calculated to allure any one into the veriest first steps on the high road of modern geology.

Two books of poems have made their appearance within the month, but neither of any great value or importance. The first of these is by Mr. Worsley, who is already so favourably known by his admirable translation of the *Odyssey* into English verse. The small volume of original poems which he has now produced does not contain anything so good in its originality as did the other in its borrowed lustre; yet there are good things in the book, and perhaps as much show of poetic power as could be looked for in a good poetical translation which ought certainly not to deal in too much originality of thought. The following extract from a short poem named 'Phæthon,' will give a good idea of Mr. Worsley's best manner:—

"They in a moment knew the vulgar hands
That held them, and their lordly eyes wept fire
For anger at the ungenerous pilotage,
And each dilated nostril panted fire,—
And the sides, heaving through their sleek expanse,
Stared with a noble horror, foaming fire ;
While, raving up the causeway, hoof and wheel,
With screams and anvil-thunder, a deafening din
Rained earthward, and to heaven, a storm of fire.
So to the summit, from whose brows the team
Thrice maddening prone adown the diamond arc—
Swept, and a triple whirlwind of white fire
Blown skyward, sloped upon the charioteer."

The faults and the beauties of this are sufficiently self-evident to need no comment, so we shall merely add that some of the best things in the volume are imitations of a variety of great poets, which coming more within the ordinary scope of Mr. Worsley's genius, are freer from faults than his more entirely original efforts. Of the other volume by Bessie Parkes Rayner, not much need be said ; the poems are mediocre and not much more or less, sometimes amusing, sometimes a little tiresome, but in the whole well meant.

We are glad to observe that several works by authors of some celebrity may be looked for next month. A further series of the "Chronicles of Marlborough" is, we see, announced as on the eve of publication, to contain 'The Curate' and the "Doctor's family," and if they at all come up to 'Salem Chapel' in point of interest, they are likely to form one of the most successful novels of the season. Another is "Austin Elliot," by Henry Kingsley, which will be looked for by many with anticipations of pleasure, gathered from the remembrance of that remarkable novel 'Ravenshoe.'

THE ALD, OR ALDER-KING.

(TRANSLATED FROM GOETHE.)

Who rides so late on a night so wild ?
'Tis a loving father with his child ;
He clasps the boy closely in his arm,
To bosom him safe, and to keep him warm.

"My son, why so frightened as hide thy face ?"
"The Ald-king, see, father, in that dark place ;
The Alder-king with crown and tail."
"My son, 'tis a streak of the mist so pale."

"Thou pretty child, come, go with me !
For pleasing games will I have with thee,
There's many a bright flower to fill thee with joy,
And my mother has many a golden toy."

"My father, my father, and dost thou not hear
What the Ald-king softly breathes in mine ear ?"
"Be silent, my child, thy wild fear but grieves,
'Tis the hoarse wind rustling amid the leaves."

THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD.

"Now, my brave boy, with me thou wilt go,
My daughters shall make thee a beautiful show ;—
My daughters, they nightly gay revels keep,
And they'll sing thee, and dance thee, and rock thee to sleep."

"My father, my father, dost thou not see there
Alder-king's daughters with golden hair ?"
"My son, my son, I see them quite plain,
'Tis the old grey willows we near again."

"I love thee ;—thy sweetness prevails as a charm,
And fain I'd use force, though it must be thy harm."
"My father, my father, he snatches at last ; ,
The Alder-king fierce—he has gripped me fast."

The father shudders ;—his speed has increased ;
His moaning child in his arm lies embraced ;
He reached his home filled with passionate dread ;
But within his arms, the child lay dead !

R. A.

THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD.

UPON a barren steep,
Above a stormy deep,
I saw an angel watching the wild sea ;
Earth was that barren steep,
Time was that stormy deep,
And the opposing shore—Eternity !

"Why dost thou watch the wave ?
Thy feet the waters lave,
The tide engulfs thee if thou dost delay."
"Unscathed I watch the wave,
Time not the angel's grave,
I wait until the ocean ebbs away."

Hush'd on the angel's breast
I saw an infant rest,
Smiling upon the gloomy hill below.
"What is the infant press'd,
O angel, to thy breast ?"
"The child God gave me in the long ago."

"Mine all upon the earth,
The angel's angel-birth
Smiling each terror from the howling wild."
Never may I forget
The dream that haunts me yet,
OF PATIENCE NURSING HOPE—THE ANGEL AND "





J. W. G. Latta

THE
SOUTHERN MONTHLY
MAGAZINE.

"QUE POSSINT OCULOS AUBESQUE MORARI."—*Horace.*

SEPTEMBER, 1863.

ÆGLE:

A Tale.—By Gilpie Mosshawke.

CHAPTER IV.

A breath of our free heavens and noble sires,
A memory of our old victorious dead—
These mantle us with power; and though their fires
In a frail censer briefly may be shed,
Yet shall they light us onward, side by side—
Have the wild birds, and have not we, a guide?
MRS. HEMANS.

YEARS had passed away since the 'Argo' had sailed on her distant and perilous expedition. She had returned in triumph, and the heroes of the enterprise bore with them the celestial prize, the Golden Fleece, the object for which they had dared so many toils and dangers. Their glory was established, the songs of bards enshrined their names, and tales and legends handed down to remote ages the memory of their arduous adventure. But not all the warriors who had engaged in the undertaking returned in safety and honour. Some perished by the sword, and some by pestilence, and left their bones to whiten upon that eastern soil. Amongst these was Crantor, who fell by an arrow whilst bravely fighting with a few friends to make good their retreat to their comrades, against a horde of barbarians who had attempted to intercept them. His last thoughts reverted to that sunny island whose distant breezes would never more fan his cheek, and to those halls which would never more re-echo the sound of his footstep. To his nearest and dearest friend he had given his good sword, which had that day hewn a path for him through the

throng of barbarous foemen ; and he had conjured him to visit on his return, his island home, and to relate his fate to Eunus, his steward, giving him the sword as a token. The sword was to be laid by among the memorials of his house until Philokalos, his infant son, should arrive at an age to wield it ; and Eunus was again to be charged that no opportunity was to be lost of impressing the boy with a reverence for the name and glory of his ancestors, and with the desire to emulate their great achievements. The friend of Crantor returned home in safety, and did not forget his commission. He went to the island, and to the house of Crantor. He saw Eunus, the steward, and informed him of the death of his lord. When that trusty servant heard the tale, and saw and recognised the well-known sword of his master, he burst into tears, and promised that the injunctions of Crantor should be borne in mind by him, and that all that he could do should be done to render the son fit to wear his father's sword, and maintain the lustre of his father's name.

"Alas !" exclaimed the old man ; "why have I survived to hear such fatal news ? Happy, had I died before this calamity had reached my ears ! Eunus has lived too long ; and yet not so. Not long enough, until he shall see the son of his lord strong enough to hurl the spear, and to recall the memory of his father's deeds."

The two children of Crantor, at the time when the intelligence of his death, reached his home, were not of an age to appreciate the full import of the event which had happened. Philokalos, as the eldest, had perhaps some vague and childish recollections of the rough man who used sometimes to take him in his arms, whom he was taught to call "father," and with whose shining armour he used to play ; but he was yet too young to connect these memories with the arrival of the stranger, or the grief of Eunus, or the blood-stained sword which the old man told him was his father's. He was able, however, to feel, rather than to understand, that something evil had happened, and this something was indelibly associated in the mind of the child with the sword, which he accordingly looked upon with a feeling of awe, and scarcely dared to touch its hilt with his finger. Iothales, his sister, when she saw the stranger, was frightened, and held her brother's hand more tightly, as if for safety, but when she turned her large blue eyes on the old steward, and observed his sorrowful countenance, a vague sense of apprehension of evil filled her mind, and she wept from pure sympathy. To both the children the event marked the commencement of a new era in the progress of their mental development.

There were two persons to whom Philokalos owed more than to any other source the ideas with which as a youth his mind was filled, and which exercised the greatest influence in the formation of his character. These were Eunus, the steward, and Theon, the bard. With the former he was more familiar in his early childhood, and with the latter as he advanced somewhat in years. All the affection and regards of the old steward seemed to gather and concentrate themselves around the son of his departed lord. He exulted in the boy's growth both in stature and beauty, and he was ready with an abundance of tales, lessons, and for him, so soon as he was old enough to understand them, displayed an almost unlimited capacity for the reception of tales and legends, particularly such as related the achievements of heroes, and the first leading idea which his

tained with any force and distinctness was, that he also was one day to become a hero. He soon became familiar with the sword, which had been hung in the hall; and looked forward with impatience to the time when he was himself to wield it in battle, and renew the recollection of his father's name and deeds. It was not long before the eager and indiscriminating appetite of the boy had exhausted all the stores of traditional tales which the old man had at his command. It was then that he began to find in the more imaginative and poetical narratives of Theon an endless and inexhaustible source of gratification and delight. The same tales which had been told him by the steward, and repeated again and again until the child no longer cared to listen to them, were related by the old minstrel with such fire and animation of style, and accompanied by such spirit-stirring bursts of song and music, that the boy would listen in breathless rapture until the sounds had ceased, and he soon began to find his greatest happiness in learning the songs and legends, and listening to the inexhaustible lore of Theon. When he had arrived at the age of twelve years, tidings had arrived of a great and important war; the news of which had kindled all his boyish enthusiasm, and made him imagine in his childish eagerness, that he was already able to wield his father's sword. This war was undertaken by all the most illustrious chiefs and princes of Greece, against the city of Troy,* to avenge the quarrel of Menelaus, the Spartan, whose wife, Helen, had been carried away by Paris, the son of the Trojan monarch. Many heroes were to take part in this expedition who had before distinguished themselves in the adventure of the Golden Fleece; and the young Philokalos sighed that he was not of an age to show his father's companions in arms that the valour of Crantor had descended to his son. But this excitement and fervour gradually subsided as year after year passed away, and the war was still protracted. The youth at first began to entertain hopes that the fall of the city might be delayed until he should be able to bear a part in it; and at last, as time went on, and the war still continued, he began to look upon it as a permanent thing, and tacitly to assume that it would keep open for him a field to which he might at any time resort, to win honour and distinction. So the brother and sister continued to live in peaceful seclusion, following the pursuits which their own cultivated tastes suggested. The serenity of their life had been for a time clouded by the death of Theon, and they long thought of the aged minstrel with sadness, and recalled with regret the feelings of delight which they as children had hung upon the melodious accents of his lips. They had both acquired considerable proficiency in the minstrel's art, and often would they enjoy together the enchantments of music, awaking the very harp-strings which had so often given forth, at the touch of the old bard, their sweet sounds of melody. Sometimes they would wander forth upon the hill sides, and in the recesses of the woods, where they would together

* If any critical reader is disposed to cavil at finding the Trojan war placed ten or twelve years after the expedition of Jason, I request him to furnish me with the precise dates of those two events. If the critical reader finds, as I suspect he will, that his inferences are mainly conjectured, then I beg to remind him that mine is based on a simple calculation; for if Philokalos was an infant at the time of the expedition of the Argonauts, and was twelve years old at the commencement of the Trojan war, it seems reasonable to conclude that not much more than ten years elapsed between the two events.—G. M.

admire the lovely prospect of sea, and sky, and mountain, or together study the plants of the open country, or the trees of the forest. But Philokalos did not spend his whole time in such mild and peaceful pursuits. He was an eager and skilful hunter; and as the wild beasts of the forest fell beneath his assaults, he pleased himself with thinking that he was gaining that skill and confidence in his weapons, which were so necessary for the purpose of obtaining the success and renown in war which he hoped. In his hunting excursions, also, he was often accompanied by his sister, who had learned to handle the bow with skill and dexterity, and many a time was the rapid flight of some forest monster interrupted by the still swifter flight of her unerring arrow.

So the time glided away until Philokalos had passed the age of twenty, and his sister that of nineteen, at which period they were as fair and interesting a pair as poet could desire for his song, or painter for his canvas. Philokalos was of a middle stature, his person was slender, and at first sight appeared almost too delicately formed for one who aimed at renown in the field of battle, but this impression was contradicted by the graceful agility, and easy vigour of all his movements. His face had an engaging frankness of expression, combined with an almost feminine softness and refinement of feature, which latter effect was further heightened by a slight shade of melancholy, which appeared to rest upon his countenance as its ordinary and habitual expression, but of which every vestige would vanish whenever his bright blue eyes were from any cause lighted up with animation, irradiating his clear brow, around which the rich brown hair hung in luxuriant curls. The leading characteristic of his mind was a poetical enthusiasm, and love of beauty. Beauty, whether exhibited in the scenes of nature, or the melody of sweet sounds, or the figments of song and legend, or the creations of his own imagination, was to him an enchantment and a spell; beauty, as such, he instinctively revered and worshipped, without heeding what other qualities might be combined and blended with it. A great portion of the enthusiasm which he felt on the subject of the Trojan war, arose from the reported beauty of Helen. He would not believe her complicity in the plot by which she was carried off; she was beautiful, and therefore could not be guilty, and to fight in her cause appeared to the chivalrous nature of Philokalos the most glorious fortune that could befall a warrior. With such a refined delicacy of mind and body, Philokalos seemed to have been scarcely fitted by nature to find his sphere amidst the blood and tumult of the battle-field. He had indeed all the nobility and grace of manner, and all the skill and address in the use of his weapons, which might be desired to complete the perfections of a youthful hero; but the painter or the sculptor would have taken him for his model in attempting to set forth the attributes of Apollo rather than of Mars, and indeed it appeared doubtful whether he was not better adapted for the service of the former deity than of the latter, and whether the very enthusiasm which was displayed in his countenance and his voice whenever deeds of heroism were the subject of his conversation, did not mark out for him the path of the minstrel rather than that of the warrior. Yet beneath the poetical susceptibility of his mind, and the almost womanish softness of his person, ^{there} wanting indications of a boldness of spirit, and an active mind and body; which gave promise that when his delicacy were somewhat worn away by the rough

camps and the stern duties of active life, his character might acquire the manly firmness, and his frame the robust endurance, which might fit him to shine as a leader amidst the throng and tumult of men.

Iothales, his sister, the companion of all his pleasures, the sharer of all his aspirations, was in many respects like her brother in character and person. The refinement, the delicacy, the softness which seemed in him to be somewhat excessive for a man, and were even calculated to move some degree of contempt in the mind of a rougher or severer critic, in her produced that exquisite grace and soft tenderness of manner and person, which never failed to strike every beholder as the natural accompaniment, and most perfect development, of true womanhood. Her figure was slender, and possessed of the most perfect symmetry and grace; her movements so light and elastic that the wild-flower seemed scarcely to bend beneath the tread of her small and sandalled foot. Her rich brown braided hair, her clear open forehead and finely pencilled eyebrows, her large, full, blue eyes, shaded by the long and delicate lashes, and her exquisitely moulded features, all combined to give to her countenance a character of the most perfect beauty. But the principal charm which she possessed, and the most potent spell which she wielded, lay in the unfathomable depth of her bright blue eyes. Their ordinary expression was somewhat dreamy and abstracted, downcast, and partially concealed by their silken lashes, they seemed to have in them a character of pensiveness, and a depth of mystery which communicated its influence in an unconscious manner to the soul of the beholder. But when her eyelashes were slowly raised under the influence of anything which required her attention, her eyes were fixed with such an expression of earnestness combined with simplicity; an expression so gentle, and yet so searching, that roughness was abashed, and hypocrisy confused, and admiration and homage unresistingly exacted.

Again, when animated by the chace, or inhaling the invigorating breeze on some green hill-side, while sky, and air, and woods were replete with the life and joy of a summer's day, then her eyes would beam with such joyous animation, and with such a pure and unmixed delight in the beauty of the scene around her, that the beholder might almost suppose that it was from their luminous beams, and their laughter-giving radiance that heaven and earth had derived the joy and beauty which they possessed.

Such were Philokalos and Iothales at the time when the course of events began to indicate an interruption to the calm and happy life which had hitherto been their lot.

CHAPTER V.

Until his heart is well nigh overwound,
And turns for calmness to the pleasant green
Of easy slopes, and shadowy trees that lean
So elegantly o'er the waters' brim.

KEATS.

IOTHALES was sitting in the apartment which she usually occupied, and was engaged in her customary and favourite employment of ornamental

weaving. The house of Crantor was built entirely of wood, and, although tolerably spacious and substantial, was of a much ruder character than the dwellings of the wealthier chiefs, who owned more extensive and profitable estates upon the mainland. The room of Iothales was fitted with some degree of comparative elegance, and was furnished with such rude luxuries as circumstances permitted. The stone-floor was covered with clean white matting, plaited of rushes; the walls were hung with tapestry, a great portion of which was the work of her own hands. The place of a door was supplied by an embroidered curtain, and besides the lights from the peristyle or court, which was open to the sky, a window had been made in another wall of the room, which was also the outer one of the house; this consisted merely of an opening made in the wall, which could be closed at pleasure by means of a shutter fastening by two wooden leaves. The window thus formed had a western aspect, and looked out upon a view of the most lovely character. Upon the occasion of which mention is now being made, the scene was revealed in its utmost perfection. It was a summer's morning, and all things seemed to be touched with light and glory. Afar off could be seen the shore of the mainland and its range of mountains, with their fantastic outline of gradual slope, and rugged cliff, and sharp peak, blue, dim, and hazy in the distance; at the point where the shore of the mainland seemed abruptly to cease, in consequence of the sudden recession of the coast-line, a broken chain of rocks, some square, some conical, and others of a grotesque and irregular shape, ran out into the sea. One or two rocky islands also loomed in the distance through the blue haze, and the sea, scarcely agitated by the soft western breeze, sparkled and glittered joyously in the brilliant sunlight. The coast of the island itself was not visible from the spot where Iothales was standing. The house stood upon an elevation, which on the western side was of considerable height, and of abrupt character. The hill-side was here thickly clothed with trees, of small size indeed, but of a green and vigorous foliage. At the bottom of the descent was a narrow valley, which presented but few openings through the dense entanglement of bushes by which it was shut in, but at one of these the white foam of a waterfall dashing amidst the foliage, was distinctly visible, while the music of its murmur gave a new charm to the scene. From the valley which contained this stream, the hill arose upon the other side somewhat less precipitously, and not to the same height as upon the side on which the house stood. The ascent upon this side still retained the thick covering of bush, and at the summit it presented the appearance of a gently rounded ridge running across the line of view; upon the side towards the sea it again descended in an abrupt and precipitous manner. Thus the spectator from the window looked down first upon two hill-sides clothed with bush, and meeting in a valley at the foot, and so obtained the advantage of the only way in which the marvellous variety of shades and hues of forest foliage can be rightly seen. The foaming and murmuring cascade beneath heightened the beauty of this part of the scene, while the hill forming the further side of the vale stood forth against the glittering waters of the sea, upon whose blue surface the outline of the foliage, and almost of the individual leaves, seemed clearly the intervening descent, as well as the coast-line being hidden view. This window was the favourite resort of Iothales to sit, watching the various phases of loveliness which

shows in earth and sky, whether irradiated by the glorious light of the sun, or illumined by the milder beams of the silvery moon. But there was no hour when the scene was so attractive to her poetical and somewhat pensive mind, as that of sunset. She loved to gaze upon the setting sun as he went down behind the distant hills, above and beyond which the clouds would nightly gather themselves in a grander mountain range, to be lighted up by the sinking luminary with the most glorious and resplendent tints, and to preserve as long as possible the last vestiges of his departing splendour.

Near the open window stood a loom, at which Iothales was now busily engaged upon a new piece of tapestry which she was weaving. The hangings with which the walls of the room were covered exhibited woven pictures representing many of the tales and legends which were currently related among the people, and sung by the bards. Some of these, which were of a fresher colour and less faded appearance than the others, were the work of Iothales herself. The older pieces represented most of the poetical and mythological tales of most universal celebrity. One of them exhibited the defeat of the Titans, hurled to Tartarus by means of the lightning and thunderbolts which had been obtained from the Cyclopes, and Zeus succeeding to the sovereignty of heaven and earth. In another was depicted the beautiful Aphrodite rising from the foam of the sea, and in a third Perseus was carrying away the head of the Gorgon, Medusa. The pieces worked either by the hands of Iothales herself, or by her female attendants under her directions, consisted chiefly of the principal incidents in the expedition of the Argonauts. In one of them the artist Argus was contemplating with pride and satisfaction, the vessel which, by the assistance of the Goddess Athena, he had completed, and which, in size and beauty, exceeded all that had preceded it. In another part, the 'Argo' was preparing to sail, a crowd of spectators was assembled on the beach, the priests were consulting omens for the success of the undertaking, and the heroes were taking leave of their friends and relations. Elsewhere Jason was seizing the prize of the golden fleece, under the guidance of the beautiful Medea, by whose potent enchantments the watchful dragon which guarded it, had been laid asleep. But there was one piece upon which Iothales seemed to have spared neither time nor labour, and in the execution of which she had taxed all her ingenuity and skill. This was an elaborate representation of the death of her father, as it had been related by the stranger who had brought the intelligence of his fate, and as it had been often, in her hearing, repeated by Eunus, and sung by Theon. In the foreground of this piece was seen a small band of armed warriors who were suddenly assaulted by a crowd of barbarians, through which they were endeavouring to force their way to the ships which were visible in the distance. The barbarians had first discharged a flight of arrows, and then rushed upon the enemy with yells and shouting. In the midst of the throng the figure of Crantor was conspicuous. He had received an arrow in his side, and had concentrated all his remaining strength in a stroke at a barbarian of gigantic size and ferocious aspect. His antagonist was represented lying on the ground, cloven through the skull, whilst the remainder of the enemy appeared to be checked and struck with astonishment. Crantor himself was sinking to the ground, supported by the friend already mentioned, and who was receiving from him his sword together with his dying injunctions. The

rest of the band, taking advantage of the momentary pause effected by the expiring effort of Crantor, had formed themselves in a close array, and were preparing to force their way at all hazards to their ships. This piece of work was, of all which were in the house, the most carefully designed, the most perfectly finished, and the most valued. Philokalos in particular loved to gaze upon its details, and never failed to be reminded by it of his early vows and resolutions, and of the old sword which hung in the hall, the destined instrument by which he was to carry them out. The work upon which Iothales was now engaged was scarcely commenced, and its design was not yet visible. She was standing at the loom and busily employed in arranging the threads, when her brother suddenly entered the room.

Iothales raised her eyes with the expression of pleasure which her brother's presence always caused her countenance to assume, but there was also inquiry in her look, for she thought his face wore an expression as if he had something to communicate. He did not, however, immediately gratify her curiosity, but after the usual affectionate salutation, he stood gazing silently for some minutes at the favourite tapestry. Presently he turned, and glancing at the freshly arranged warp, he asked his sister what was to be her new design.

"The judgment of Paris," replied she. "It will serve as an introduction to a series comprising the incidents of the Trojan war, if indeed that war is ever to be ended." She paused, for she fancied that a cloud came over her brother's face at the mention of the Trojan war, and knowing that he sometimes had uneasy feelings of self-reproach for not having yet engaged in that adventure, she tried to divert the train of thought by exciting his interest in her proposed performance. "See, brother," said she; "here will sit the false and beautiful Paris, while Hermes gives him the apple, and explains to him the commands of Zeus in respect to it. On this side will stand the three goddesses, waiting his decision, and ready each with her proper gifts and promises. Hera will be proud and majestic, Athena commanding and serene, and Aphrodite melting and seductive. On the other side, and half hidden by the bushes, will be seen the unfortunate Ænone; a sorrowful spectator of the scene, and weeping for the abandoned faith and decayed love of the fickle Paris. Will it not be a great work?"

"It will be as excellent and beautiful, my sister, as everything which your hands have executed; but tell me, Iothales," and he pointed to the representation of his father's death, "is that to be the last work which shall exhibit one of our house engaged in noble deeds, and earning for himself the immortality of song?"

"Not so," replied she. "I shall keep the best place on the walls for the time when your figure shall grace the canvas as the leader in some brave adventure. Ah! that will be the best and most beautiful of all my pieces."

"Iothales, I must go to the Trojan war."

She started a little at the abruptness with which he spoke, and looked at him for a moment; then, putting her hand softly upon his, she said: "Ah! my brother, is it needful that you should enter the first essay in so perilous a field? Do not engage in a contest which may probably be unsuccessful. Has not the city been besieged for nine years, in spite of all the efforts of so many heroes?"

for the strength of Ajax and Achilles, but you—" and she looked at his slender form, "Philokalos, I shudder at the thought of your mixing in fight with the most practised warriors of the age."

"Antilochius, the son of Nestor, is but little older than myself, and he has already covered himself with renown. Achilles fights no more, and every hand is needed that can use a weapon."

"How and when did you learn this?"

"I have had news this morning. A fisherman who was driven out of his course yesterday by the wind, lay all night off the island, and landed at daybreak. He assures me that the intelligence he brings may be relied on. Achilles has quarrelled with Agamemnon, and refused to fight any longer. The Trojans are encouraged by his absence, and no longer remain behind their walls, but meet our host in the open field. The priests and augurs all predict that the city will not stand longer than the tenth year; but they also predict that that year will abound with glorious deeds of arms, and will go down to futurity adorned with nobler and grander song than bards and minstrels have ever yet given to the world. Shall such things be, and I remain on this island, buried in obscurity, and consumed by sloth? See, sister," and he drew from his side his father's sword, which he had never before worn, "see; this was given me by old Eunus. After he had heard the news, he remained for a short time in deep thought, and then he took this sword from the place where it hung. 'The gods have willed it,' he said, and these were the only words he uttered; but he presented the sword to me, and turned away. Ithales, if I shrink now from the destiny that calls me, I shall deserve to be pierced with the weapon of my father, and disowned by his shade!"

His sister mused for a few moments in silence. The idea of parting with her brother was the greatest trial to which she could have been subjected; and if she had followed the first impulse of her mind, she would have used all her influence, and all her arguments to induce him to abandon or at all events to delay the project. But she knew that the time so much dreaded must one day arrive, and indeed she would not have had it otherwise. Her enthusiasm for the honour of their house was equal to his own, and she would not, for the world, that her brother should go through life without aspiring to the deeds and fame of a hero. She could not therefore resist the conviction that he was in the right in the view which he took of the crisis which had now occurred in the struggle upon the plains of Troy. She knew moreover from her intimate acquaintance with his feelings and character, that although he was at the present moment excited with martial ardour to a degree which she had never seen in him before, yet the lapse of time, and the recurrence of his daily and habitual pursuits, would be likely to turn his somewhat pliant and yielding mind into its customary channels, and to efface the impression which now existed. From the idea of such a result she could not help shrinking, as from a species of dishonour. She felt that were he now to abandon his intention, he would be encouraging himself in sloth and effeminacy, and would be undermining all the manly virtue and resolution of his character. Accordingly, with that instinctive directness of perception, and that absence of all casuistry, which are so remarkable in women whenever they fairly set their minds to the solution of some important practical question, Ithales, after a short but severe struggle

of mind, came to the conclusion that what her brother had said was right, and that it was her part to encourage him in his resolution, and not to dissuade him from it.

She took his hand, and clasping it in both her own, said, looking him full in the face with her full, truthful eyes: "Eunus is right, Philokalos; it is the will of the gods. The Trojan plain awaits you with a full harvest of glory. Our father's sword is in your hand; and I, your sister, say to you, go!"

"Thanks, my beloved sister, a thousand thanks! I knew that from you I should get noble counsel and encouragement. Within a year, if oracles speak true, Troy will be levelled with the ground, and" added he gaily, "I will then figure in your tapestry bearing away the spoils of the mighty Hector."

But the temporary tension of mind which had supported his sister in suppressing her own feelings for the sake of encouraging him in an honourable career, was now past, and throwing both her arms round his neck, she exclaimed, "Oh! my brother! my brother!" and burst into a passionate and unrestrained flood of tears. He led her to a couch by the open window, and sitting down by her with his arm round her waist, endeavoured to console her, and forgot all his martial ardour in the task of mitigating her grief. As soon as its first burst had subsided, Iothales made a powerful effort to recover her equanimity. Fearful lest the violence of her sorrow might have some effect in weakening her brother's resolution, and true to the course which she had from conviction adopted, she forced a smile, and said:—

"Do not mind my foolish weakness, Philokalos; it is all over now. Let us talk about the expedition to Troy; and the preparations that will be required."

So, stifling her own feelings, and at the cost of a great mental effort, she led him back to the exciting topic of the adventurous novelty, the enterprise and glory of the life on which he proposed to enter. The plan of their proceedings was soon arranged. He was to go in the first place, accompanied by his sister, as soon as the necessary preparations could be completed, to the residence of that friend of their father's who had been with him at his death, and had brought home the intelligence of it. Here they were assured that Iothales would find a safe and hospitable home during the absence of her brother, who proposed to join himself to any party which he might meet with destined for the plains of Troy, or otherwise to proceed thither by such opportunity as might offer.

The excitement felt by Philokalos now that the grand prospect, which had often amused his thoughts as a dim and remote possibility, opened upon his mind as something real and near at hand, amounted to a condition of feverish restlessness. He felt totally unfit for any steady or consistent effort of thought, and, half ashamed of the boyish impressiveness which allowed his mind to be so unsettled and disturbed at a time when he would most wish to begin to assume the manly firmness of a soldier and a chief, he wandered forth into the open air, with an instinctive fear that the fresh breeze, and the calm yet animated face of nature dispel the throng of dreams and fancies by which he was enabled his thoughts to settle into a steadier and more practical frame. With a short hunting-spear in his hand he issued forth, and took his course across a piece of open ground, which was

a gradual slope to end at the brink of a winding stream from the further side of which the hills rose somewhat more abruptly, and were covered with wood down to the edge of the water. He crossed the open ground with hasty steps and reached the brook, which at a point lower down in its course formed the cascade which lent such a charm to the view from the window of Iothales. A rustic bridge had been made over the stream by a tree which had been felled for that purpose, and a narrow and winding track led upwards through the bush on the opposite side. Philokalos crossed the log-bridge without pausing, without casting a look at the objects around him, and without appearing to have any clear knowledge of whither or with what object he was going. As he took the track which led up the hill on the opposite side, his steps became necessarily somewhat more slow and deliberate, and this diminution of his pace, assisted perhaps by the sudden change from the warmth and light of an unclouded sun to the cool shade and refreshing verdure of the forest, seemed to exercise an influence in checking and controlling the wild current of thoughts and fancies which flocked through his brain, not indeed altering their character or direction, but regulating their impetuosity, and reducing them to a calmer and more equable flow. His mind did not consciously recognise the change which the physical objects around him had produced, but it began to form dreams of a more coherent character, and to dwell upon imaginary scenes and situations with more consistency and resemblance to truth. He pictured to himself the field before Troy, and the walled city frowning defiance at the leaguering host which had so long invested it. Then the gates would open, and the Trojan army would rush out with acclamations, led by the fierce Hector, and strong in the knowledge that their terrible enemy, the mighty Achilles, no longer wielded his dreadful spear against them. Then would come the shock of the two armies meeting in deadly conflict in the middle of the plain. His imagination represented to him the tumult, the dust, the blood, the swaying to and fro of either host, the clashing of arms, the thunder of chariots, the horses rushing masterless from the throng. Then the Greeks give way, the tide rolls along to the place where he is, and Hector appears, thundering in his car, and marking his course with blood. The time is come when he must fight or fly; shall he join the retreating throng, or meet the impetuous foe in fight. There is no time for hesitation, the shade of his father is perhaps watching his conduct, and he plants himself in front of Hector. The hero looks on his youth with contempt, and hurls his javelin. He evades the stroke, and a flying warrior is pierced by the furious weapon, and falls with resounding arms. Now it is his turn; he has skill with the dart, and he throws it with all his force. It flies straight, it strikes, it hangs! Hector is wounded! No, it is only in his armour; he tears it away angrily, and draws his sword. But time has been gained, the onset of the foe has been checked; Diomed and Ajax arrive, the Greeks rally, and the thanks of the leaders are given to the young warrior who withstood the dreadful Hector in battle. Such were the visions that presented themselves with a vividness little short of reality to the abstracted mind of Philokalos as he followed unconsciously the winding track. At length he was suddenly recalled to his senses by finding himself upon the edge of an open space in the wood. He had reached the top of the hill, and even from his pre-occupied mind the scene which now presented itself could not fail to exact the tribute of attention and admiration.

CHAPTER VI.

When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eye-lid.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE spot at which Philokalos had arrived, was one which was well known to him, and which had been a favourite and frequent resort of both himself and his sister. It was an open and nearly circular piece of ground occupying the summit of the hill, and was remarkable for being the most elevated point of the whole island. The eminence which was rocky, was covered with a somewhat scanty herbage, and presented the appearance of a round knoll whose highest part was at the centre, from which it gradually and equably sloped to the circumference of wood which shut it in, and which scanty and stunted here, became thicker and more luxuriant as it sloped down to the valleys below. Here and there upon its surface lay the trunk of a tree, bearing every appearance of having lain there for many years, and, indicating that the summit of the hill had once in all probability been partially covered with wood, which had been cleared away either by the hand of man, or the force of the wind, or perhaps both these causes combined. The view from this hill summit was striking and magnificent. The sea was visible upon all sides, either nearer or more remote, and it was the only spot upon the island from which the observer was able distinctly to see that he was surrounded on every side by water. The general character and aspect of the island also became now more apparent. The spectator who might have arrived at this spot by the same path which Philokalos had been travelling, would see that, keeping his face in the same direction, while one third of the breadth of the island lay behind him, two thirds were yet to be traversed before he arrived at the opposite coast. Extending his notice to either side, it appeared that the sea upon the one hand was not very far off, whilst the length of the island extended five or six times that distance in the opposite direction. Upon that side on which stood the house of Philokalos, the spurs of the hills which ran towards the sea were covered with wood, the valleys were fertile, and many portions of them were cultivated. The same character was exhibited also upon that side which has been mentioned as comprising the larger portion of the island. Here the hills were less rugged, the wood thicker, and the vales more fruitful. The part which lay in front was the most barren and rugged of all. The wood upon this side seemed gradually to give place to a more stunted vegetation, which in turn was lost in a series of rough and precipitous cliffs. It was in this part of the island that those scenes and events which have been before related had taken place. At the side on which the coast was nearest to the spectator who has been supposed to be occupying the hill on which Philokalos was now standing, the descent to the sea was also abrupt and precipitous, but the wood here was continued to the edge of the cliffs, so that their craggy steepness was not apparent to the eye.

Philokalos, upon arriving at this open space, walked at a somewhat slower pace to its summit, and there paused, partly because he was in

doubt what direction he should take, and partly because, although the scene was familiar to him, he could not resist the inducement to gaze, it might be for the last time, upon its surpassing beauty. The dreams which had before run riot through his brain were dispelled, and he sat down, somewhat calmed by the loveliness of the scene around him, and began to follow a more connected train of thought than he had been yet capable of. It occurred to him that his sudden emergence from the depth of the wood to his present open and commanding situation, bore some resemblance to the vista which had so suddenly presented itself to him in his journey on the path of life. Had he not hitherto been loitering in sequestered nooks, and wandering in sheltered paths, and had not the world of life suddenly opened upon his view, with its hills and crags, its wide waste of waters, and here and there its pleasant islands? And then his mind began to dwell on the difference which existed between these two things which his fancy had thus brought together for comparison. The scene presented to his physical eye exhibited nothing but a mixture of beauty and grandeur, but was it so with the view of life which had burst upon him? There he saw before him scenes of strife, and blood, and slaughter, and his imagination began to revert to tales which he had heard of wise men, who had rejected glory as a delusion and a shadow, and who had chosen to live among the hills and woods, subsisting upon the simple fare provided by nature, and solacing themselves for the want of things which other men valued by the peaceful contemplation of her serenity and beauty. The picture thus presented to his imagination was not without its charms for him, for Philokalos was a worshipper of beauty from his inmost soul. But the impression did not continue long, for there crowded upon his memory all the legends and tales of heroism, the feasts, the music, and the songs of bards, which had so often filled his mind with enthusiastic admiration, and these things seemed more beautiful to him than all that outward nature could produce. And then he thought of the fair Helen whose beauty was sufficient to give a charm to all the dangers and terrors of battle, and for whose sake so many kings and heroes were engaging in deadly strife, and his bosom heaved with exultation at the thought that he too should encounter danger and death in the cause of the most consummate beauty that had yet appeared among men.

Whilst thus musing, his eye roaming abstractedly over the surface of the water, discovered what appeared to be a sail in the distance, and he rose to his feet for the purpose of observing it more attentively. He watched it for some time, but could make out nothing more than that it was a vessel, for the breeze was too light to give the vessel the speed necessary to enable him at that distance to form an opinion as to its probable destination. The incident, however, had broken his reverie, and he began to consider in what direction he should now bend his course. That side of the island which lay in front of him he had never yet visited, and as his eye now wandered over its bold and precipitous cliffs, he felt a desire to make a nearer inspection of them, for he was not now in pursuit of game, and he felt that the physical exertion of climbing the crags and crossing the ravines would be more beneficial to him in his present state of mind, than wandering through the familiar parts which were more frequented and less fatiguing. He knew that by making a circuit he would find a path which passed over the hills where

they were less precipitous, and which led to the cultivations which lay most remote from his own dwelling, and nearest to the rocky part of the coast, but he was now in a mood to choose rather the straighter and rougher course, and as the sun had not yet attained its full height, and he knew that with such a guide in the heavens he could not miss his direction, he entered the wood upon the opposite side to that on which he had emerged into the opening. The bush was not so dense as to present much impediment to his progress, but he had not gone far when he came upon a track, not much beaten, but still sufficiently distinct to show that it was sometimes used. The path led in the direction in which he was going, and it appeared that if he followed backward it would lead into the opening he had lately reached. Not staying however, to satisfy himself on this point, but wishing that he had never met with this track before, he determined to avail himself of it so far as it was likely to suit his purpose. After following it for a considerable distance, and over many inequalities of ground, he came to a point where it divided into two branches. One of these seemed to be the continuation of the original path, but the other was much more trodden and distinct. Philokalos could not help feeling surprise at finding such signs in a place where he had supposed a human foot never came, and he had some thought at first of following the better marked path. But besides that the other lay most in the direction which he wished, he felt it probable that the well beaten path might bring him in contact with some other signs of life, and he felt an aversion to meeting with any person at that time. He therefore pursued his former course. He continued his journey for some time, until it became evident to him that he had underestimated the distance which lay between him and the cliffs which he wished to reach. The sun also was getting low in the heavens, and Philokalos began to feel some approaches of fatigue and hunger. He had begun to deliberate whether it would be better for him to return and follow the beaten path he had seen, but while at a loss as to the best course he could adopt, he heard the sound of falling water, and he fancied from the appearance of the sky in front of him, that there was a break or opening in the forest. He had not gone much farther before he found that the wood ended abruptly at the brink of a deep ravine. The path which he had been pursuing here took a different course, and turned off near the edge of the cliff at a right angle to its former direction. The ravine in front was deep and narrow, and the rock on both sides was steep. From the face of the limestone cliff on the opposite side at a point about half way from its summit fell a cascade of water in a slender stream which spouted forth through a fissure in the rock and dashed noisily into a stream below. From the indications which he could observe upon the summit of the opposite cliff, and from the presence of the little rill, Philokalos conjectured that he would be likely to find there one of those sheltered and fertile corners which he knew to exist in different places among the hills. The probability of this, expectation of discovering there some wild figs or other fruit which he might satisfy his hunger, determined him to cross it with preference either to retracing his steps, or following the beaten path and different direction. Accordingly, he began to descend the chasm, assisting himself by such shrubs and other plants as grew upon the face of the rock. The

required care, but presented no great difficulty to the steady eye and active limbs of the young chief. He reached the bottom in safety, and crossing the stream began at once to ascend the opposite wall. This was a work of some labour, and by the time he reached the summit, he was glad to pause for a few seconds to take breath. The sun was now on the point of setting, and Philokalos began to be warned by hunger and exhaustion that it was desirable to lose no time in looking for food and shelter. He was not disappointed in the expectations which had induced him to cross the ravine. From the summit of the cliff he descended into a sheltered and narrow valley, through which ran a little brook of clear water, and upon the wooded sides of which he found abundance of wild figs. Having refreshed himself with these, and drank of the pure stream, he searched for some spot where he might enjoy the rest of which he now began to feel much need. He was not long in finding a nook which provided a bed of the softer herbage, and was shut in by thick and over-arching bushes. Upon this spot he stretched himself fatigued and exhausted, and with the music of the rill sounding in his ears, it was not long before he slept.

But the throng of images and thoughts which had so occupied him during the day, but which had been checked by his recent exertion and fatigue, again invaded him, and took absolute possession of his mind as soon as sleep had sealed his external senses. His dreams assumed the most incoherent character, and the imaginary scenes which had engrossed his waking thoughts now passed through his brain joined and mixed in the most grotesque confusion. He dreamed that he was upon the Trojan plain with the battle raging around him. The war had been undertaken to recover the golden fleece which had been stolen by Paris. Upon a rising ground at some distance the fleece itself was erected as a banner upon a tall and stout pole, and near it stood the figure of a woman whom he knew to be Helen. Stimulated by the sight, he rushed forward at the head of a select party of warriors, and by the fury of the onset he forced an opening through the hostile ranks, and approached the spot where the prize awaited him. But as he drew near the eminence, he was checked by a firm array of the enemy, who seemed determined to defend the post to the last extremity, and on raising his eyes again the female figure was that of his sister, and instead of the golden fleece there hung the piece of tapestry which represented the death of his father. He again rushed on with a loud cry, and the ranks of the enemy receded before him. He ascended the eminence and found it bare; the enemy seemed now to surround the hill at its foot, but on looking again he saw nothing but trees, and found that he was on the summit of the hill where he had rested in the morning. At his feet lay the apple of Discord with its inscription "For the most beautiful," and he understood that he was to act the part of Paris, and decide between the rival deities. And then the goddesses, one by one, passed across the space. First Hera, queenly and majestic, and with her an attendant train of nymphs, who bore among them a crown and sceptre, together with the golden fleece, the symbols of power and wealth. And then came Athena, calm, severe, and dignified. She had a helmet on her head, and carried a spear and shield. Her attendants bore many warlike trophies, and they unrolled a banner which Philokalos again recognised as the tapestry representing his father's death. And then came Aphrodite, fair and soft as a

tended beyond the limit of the ordinary financial year to the 30th March next. The main reason that was alleged for this by the Colonial Treasurer was, that as the Parliament had agreed to support Sir G. Grey's policy, and as His Excellency required time as well as money to work it out, ample time as well as ample means should be given, and the Parliament voted the time as liberally as they had previously voted the money. Now fair play is a jewel valued highly by every Englishman, and the colony felt it had a right to demand that, if within the time allowed Sir G. Grey's policy failed, the Government ought not to take advantage of the liberality of the extension when the reason for that extension no longer held good. Ministers appeared to be, in fairness, bound to summon the Assembly at the close of the ordinary financial year, if at the end of that period the pacific solution of the native difficulty had become impossible. The impossibility of the pacific solution was clear on the 4th of May last. The attack on the escort at Oakura must have convinced those who most tenaciously held to the creed that the Maori could be governed by law and justice, and bribes and coaxing, and all that, that they were wrong; that their theories were flimsy, and no good in practice. That it was a bitter experience there can be no doubt. Large numbers of intelligent and thoughtful men clung to their theory in the full assurance that they had indeed discovered the true remedy for the wars of the North Island of New Zealand. But to every clear judgment, to every evenly-balanced mind, the events of that day must have shown the utter hopelessness of persevering, of any longer indulging in the lofty hope of satisfying barbarians by justice and mercy. All that the most anxious solicitude could do to stave off war has been done—no stone has been unturned, no device missed, to maintain peace. Justice to the Maori till it bordered on injustice to the European has been done and overdone. The Courts of Law, while closed against a European seeking redress from a Maori, have been opened wide to the Maori as against ourselves. Money has been lavished on them till they have ceased to appreciate its value. Magistrates, assessors, police, and all the machinery of law have been given to them, without asking them to contribute a copper to the cost. Medical men have been sent amongst them at our expense to teach them the first simple principles for the preservation of health. Money has been lent them to aid, if possible, in their civilisation. If they desired a mill, or a ship, or cattle, or ploughs, the Treasury was ready for an advance. Civil Commissioners were sent into their districts to hear and to redress any grievances they might have, or fancy they might have, and to communicate their views and wishes to the Government. By the Native Lands Bill of last session an enormous boon was conferred upon them, by securing to them for ever the right of property in their own land. Untold wealth was thus placed at their disposal, and yet all has been in vain. England has been reproached for her treatment of aborigines. Theorising philanthropists point with scorn at the treatment of the North American Indians, of the original inhabitants of Tasmania and Australia; and yet the same man may now turn round and appeal to the history of New Zealand to prove that the civilisation of a savage race is impossible; that they possess no sense of gratitude; that they have no desire for the elevation of feeling; that they are crafty, grasping

to the last degree. Kindness they attribute to fear, and it is only through fear that they can be prevented from obstructing the extension of a civilisation which they are unable to appreciate.

As soon, then, as this was apparent, when it was absolutely necessary that the policy of the country should be changed, it may be fairly argued that it became the duty of the Government to summon the Assembly. We have good reason to believe that, notwithstanding what has been written to the contrary, this was the Governor's view, and that more than once His Excellency urged it upon his Ministers. Perhaps it was that power was sweet and they did not like to relinquish it. Perhaps it was that from their point of view they did not appreciate the necessity for its meeting. Perhaps it was that, as they had not anticipated the necessity for an early session, public business was not in a state for one; and perhaps it was for another reason altogether. We do not like to attribute low motives. We do not like to educate the public into believing that our statesmen are actuated only by mean and selfish considerations in their decisions on important questions, as is the constant habit with the *New-Zealander* newspaper.*

It is possible, we think, to discover a motive of a very different kind for postponing an immediate session. Rightly or wrongly—and we suspend our judgment until the papers are laid before Parliament—the crowning act of justice or concession to the Maoris was done when the Government determined not to go on with the Waitara purchase. From one end of the colony to the other there rose a howl of indignation at this. The thing, too, was done in the most clumsy manner possible. A bare proclamation was issued abandoning the purchase, but no hint given, no clue afforded, to the reasons which induced the Government to take such a step. Nor up to this time, months after the purchase has been abandoned, can men do more than guess. No *Gazette* has been published showing the reason why—no statement has been made of the “circumstances” so darkly hinted at in the proclamation. The *Canterbury Press* has published a brilliant article, in which it compares Wm. King to Hampden, and assures the public, with characteristic inconsistency, that nothing more is wanting now that Teira has confessed, and yet that the Governor has done wrong. Ministers probably felt that if the Assembly had been summoned immediately after Waitara, they would not have acted fairly to themselves. What followed Waitara? The successful fight south of the Tataraimaka. What followed that? The abandonment of Tataraimaka, and the return of the General and many of the troops to Auckland. Another howl of indignation rose at what was thought by many to be a traitorous abandonment of that which should have been held in spite of fate. Again the Government made no sign—surely these gentlemen's skins are thick!—but gradually it came to dawn on the minds of many that all these things were but parts of a wisely foreseen and well-organised plan. The seat of disaffection was the Waikato, —the scene of operations was to be removed from Taranaki there, and the whole plan was developed when the General crossed the Maunga-

* See the *New-Zealander* of August 11, for an article in which the imputation of the basest motives is attributed to the Ministry with an unblushing coolness which ought to exclude any journal from the community of modern newspapers. Those who write thus are those who would most readily act in the way described.

tawhiri, and Ministers published the proclamation setting forth conditions upon which the confiscated lands of the Waikato rebels would be occupied by settlers. The rubicon was then crossed. From that position there was no retreat. The Ministry which took office to carry out Sir G. Grey's peace policy, which saw that policy fail, determined with promptness and vigour to define another before they submitted to the criticism of the representatives of the people. No sooner is this done than, without any hesitation, a proclamation is issued summoning the Assembly for the despatch of business.

We are no strenuous advocates of the Domett Ministry. Native matters have been bungled sadly, and Mr. Domett's former official experience seems to avail him nothing now in the ordinary administration of public affairs. But justice demands that we should say this. When these little matters of detail sink into their natural insignificance, and when we have forgotten that letters remain unanswered and much that should be attended to has been neglected, it will be remembered, to their honour, that the Domett Ministry was the first New Zealand Government to advise, and the first to take steps to carry into execution, the great principle that will, if anything can, settle once and for ever the native question in this colony, *that the land of the natives must be held responsible for its owner's keeping the peace.*

But after all said and done, what is it that the Assembly is to achieve? What is the practical good that is to be done by the next session? The press from every quarter demands it, but whether it is that the papers may be filled with floods of talk or for any better purpose the public is left to guess. It surely cannot be absolutely necessary for the salvation of the State that, regularly every twelve months, a number of people should be got together, who know but very little about it, to pass from twenty to eighty Acts, most of which prove unworkable when put to a practical test. We have been struck with the absence of any definite statement of what it is the Assembly is expected to do in all the articles we have seen suggesting a session,—of the absence of any attempt to shadow forth what it is likely to do. What measures will the present Government bring forward? The landmarks of party are broken down. The old ties such as they were, which united men, are loosed, and instead of the Assembly presenting now two clearly divided compact parties, it will prove, or we are much mistaken, a fortuitous collection of human beings, with scarce any recognised bond of union or any object of division. The present Government really is neither supported nor opposed; there is no party organisation either in their favour or against them; there are none to excuse their blunders, none earnestly to support and make the most of their successes. The consequence of this is, of course, that before the end of the first week the places that have known them will know them no more. Powerful to destroy as a Representative Assembly thus constituted undoubtedly is, what out of the chaos can it create? Who, in fact, is the coming man? Stafford is a beaten horse, and a beaten horse once beaten does not easily win; besides Mr. Richmond was the strength of the Stafford Ministry, and without him its nominal leader was nothing. In our judgment Stafford could not command a sufficient following in the House to enable him to form even the semblance of a Government. Fox might do it, and may be the man; *he is business-like, able and clear-headed, his power of debate is amazing,*

and his ability recognised by all ; but somehow or other, statesman as he undoubtedly is, he does not possess the faculty of inspiring others with full confidence in him. Sincerity, that first of virtues, that grand characteristic of all who would lead others, is not generally attributed to him. He does not seem to have set any one great object before him as the aim of his political career, and pursued it through good report and evil report to the end. He has worked spasmodically, quickly seizing an idea, energetically pursuing it, and then abandoning it for another without reference to its consistency with the first ; this has been the main characteristic of his public life. Besides he is too zealous, too eager ; and by the power of an invective, which sometimes degenerates into Billingsgate, he has wounded the *amour propre* of too many not to insure always a violent opposition against him. He forgets or never knew the value of the maxim, always to treat an enemy as if he might one day become a friend, and a friend as if he might one day become an enemy. In private life he is charming, free from all superciliousness or conceit, genial in his manners, fascinating in his conversation, and those who esteem him most and most appreciate his noble qualities, most regret the tarnish which conceals them from common view. Featherston, we suppose, is out of the question ; those barren hills and that bleak beach of Wellington occupy all his attention and absorb all his thought ; so that he who might be the great statesman of the colony is satisfied to be the Superintendent of an almost insignificant province. Fitzgerald,—he is understood to be an eager bidder for office ; the impulsive Irishman proclaims it in every page of the *Canterbury Press*, and in every page he bewilders his readers by the brilliancy of his writing, and the camelion-like hues which his policy assumes ; never twice the same, fertile in ideas to profusion, he is the very model of political inconsistency. Providence in its bounty has endowed him with every sense but common sense, and with every kind of ability but that practical wisdom which is rewarded in this world when genius goes a-begging. Last session at first his power in the House was enormous, but soon it began to be felt that his light was as unsafe a guide as that of the will-o'-the-wisp. Major Richardson makes an amusing speech, but fails utterly to inspire people with any belief that he is a leader of men. Such be your Government, O people of New Zealand, from whom you are to get such salvation as you can.

Our sympathies are with the Northern Island,* and we tremble for its fate. The Middle Island is rich, and safe, and strong, and says "What have I to do with thee, thou poor and feeble but lovely Northern neighbour ; have not I gold fields and sheep runs and population, am I not prosperous in the extreme, and what hast thou ?—a soft and genial climate, abundance of the richest soil which you cannot use, and a native difficulty. Begone, thou art an unholy thing." Separation in some form is sure to be tried, perhaps not in its worst of a complete division politically of the two islands ; but if we can forecast at all, two things will be aimed at by the Southerners, a fixed pecuniary contribution supplementing the heavily burthened revenues of the North, and the removal of the seat of Government to Christchurch. Auckland need no longer fear Wellington ; if they are wise they will both unite their forces against the Southern combina-

* It must be understood that our contributor speaks here for himself alone. The sympathies of the Magazine are with the colony as a whole.—ED. S. M. M.

THE PAKEHA WAR SONG.

tions which are at this instant being made. Probably ancient jealousies will prevent this, or render it luke-warm in the extreme ; in that case they will become an easy prey to their united opponents. We must confess we view the approaching session with misgiving,—with more of apprehension than of hope. Great and organic changes will be attempted, and if not fully, at least partially achieved,—changes which must necessarily be prejudicial to the interests of the North Island of New Zealand.

 THE PAKEHA WAR SONG.

THE storm has arisen, and over the shore,
 So lately reflecting the sunshine of Peace,
 The trumpet has sounded. The toga we wore
 We have changed for our armour, our land to release.

Too long we have waited the strife to avert,
 By humanity's prompting compelled to forbear ;
 But our foes, all untrained to humanity's art,
 Have thought that our waiting was sign of our fear.

They reck'd not the evil they sought to entail—
 They dreamt not of wounds, or of death, or defeat ;
 Of the numbers which (ere a new year they could hail)
 Will have found their repose in stern death's winding sheet.

They thought but of victory, each wished at first
 To engage in the clash of tumultuous strife,
 But they found that our fear, not our courage was hush'd,
 That each bang of our guns bore the knell of a life.

Once engaged, it behoves us to 'quit us like men,
 To do all our duty, and trust to our might ;
 While we hope that the issue desired may attend,
 Let us strike for our GOD for our QUEEN and the RIGHT !

C.

Auckland, N.Z., August 21, 1863.

MRS. SIMPKINSON'S PARTY.

A Tale of the Garotters.

CHAPTER I.

IF that portion of the world which can afford to treat itself to three meals a day were canvassed, I doubt not but that the majority would agree upon naming breakfast as the most pleasant of the three. You have a consciousness of the day being before you, you feel fresh and bright after your matutinal "tub;" your letters are by your plate (I pre-suppose no unpleasant news expected), and, luxury of luxuries, there lies the *Times*, duly aired by your eldest daughter, awaiting your perusal. Herein, I think, lies the great charm of breakfast; you can read while the meal is going on. It is so undoubtedly the privilege of a free-born Briton to read his paper while at breakfast, that I feel confident any objection on the part of a wife would be considered by Sir Cresswell Cresswell as quite sufficient grounds for a demand for "separation." It is while engaged at this pleasant meal that I beg to introduce to the reader some of the characters of this veritable story—Mr. and Mrs. Simpkinson, their two daughters, Arabella and Fanny, and Master Tommy, a young gentleman of the age of twelve or thereabouts, who will not often have to appear in the course of the narrative. Paterfamilias, deep in the "leader" of the *Times*, asks for a second cup of tea.

Mrs. Simpkinson, loquitor: "Mr. Simpkinson, will you please put down the *Times* for one moment and listen to me?"

Obedience is the first duty of a soldier; Mr. Simpkinson, being a volunteer, was probably deeply impressed with this maxim, so he laid down the paper, his looks plainly expressing his thought—"What the deuce is coming now?"

"I've been talking for the last ten minutes, and I don't believe you have heard a single word," said Mrs. Simpkinson.

"Oh yes, my dear," answered her lord and master; "you were saying that—that—"

"There my dears," and Mrs. Simpkinson turned to her daughters, "I knew how it would be; that horrid paper quite spoils your papa's breakfast, and makes him a perfect bear. I was saying, William," continued she with a rapid change from forte to piano, "that I thought that, as Bella and Fan have been out so often lately, we ought to show some return for the civilities paid them, and that—"

"Bless me," cried Mr. Simpkinson, jumping up suddenly, "it's half-past nine! I shall miss the 'bus; my hat and umbrella, girls!"

"Never mind the omnibus this time, William. Girls, just leave your papa and me alone for a few minutes;" and when they had gone out,

Mrs. Simpkinson, pointing to the door by which they had left, added "I have a reason for what I say, my dear."

"Well ; I suppose what must be, must," ejaculated the resigned Simpkinson as he sat down again.

"Indeed I have. In the first place, the girls *have* been out a good deal lately, and we *really* ought to do something ; in the next place, I wish to show every *attention* to Mr. Soppleton. Fanny has, I am sure, made a great impression in that quarter."

"Soppleton ! why the fellow is a downright ass !" exclaimed pater-familias ; "besides, I thought—why it's only the other day you were praising young Redford to the skies, and giving him every encouragement."

"Pray, William, have you never made any mistakes in your life ? I have studied Mr. Redford's character, and, I regret to say, the more I see of it the less I like it. He is accustomed to the society of wild young men, and has not got those sober steady habits which make the good husband. Mr. Soppleton is a quiet gentlemanly young man, who will devote himself entirely to his wife, and who has also a very comfortable income, £1,500 a year, I believe."

"W—hew ! Now the murder's out !" growled Mr. Simpkinson. "Redford has only about £600 with his salary, and that's why you throw him over."

"Mr. Simpkinson, I wonder at you ; do you suppose for a moment such mercenary motives could influence *me* ? No. Fanny's happiness is my object, and I believe that it will be best promoted by inducing her to accept Mr. Soppleton's attentions."

"Well, I prefer Redford ; however, we were not talking about either of them, but about a party ; I believe you want to give one ?"

"I do."

"Then give it any day you like ; only don't bother me any more about it."

So saying, Mr. Simpkinson took up his hat, and, in an exceedingly bad humour with his wife, himself, and all mankind, went forth to the city. He was a stockbroker ; and the house where the above conversation took place was a detached villa in Albert Terrace, Maida Hill. To it we must now return, leaving the old gentleman to pursue his way along the Paddington Canal to catch a city bus at the Edgware Road.

"Well, my dears," said mamma, entering the morning-room ; "your papa has consented to give a ball, so we must set to work upon the arrangements."

This was no such easy matter, as the architect who had planned No. 12, Albert Terrace, had made little provision for ball-giving tenants. The drawing-room would do to dance in, the dining-room for the wall flowers ; the morning-room at the back would be required for tea and coffee, and that opposite would be the receptacle for coats and hats, but *where was* the supper to be laid out ?

"I suppose, my dears," at last said mamma, "we must give up the idea of supper, and be satisfied with sandwiches handed round."

"Oh, impossible, mamma !" cried both young ladies in one breath.

"What would people think ?" said Fanny.

"And besides," added Arabella, "only fancy what Mrs. Fitzb would say !"

Now the Simpkinsons were but new-comers in M.

Fitzhammerton reigned supreme as Queen of Fashion in that suburban region. It was at last decided that a marquee should be put up in the back garden, which (the marquee, not the garden,) could be easily warmed by a stove, and that the only thing to do was to hope for a fine night, which, it being now the latter end of October, implied that the Simpkinson family was of a decidedly sanguine temperament. The next thing was to determine who should and who should not be asked, and Fanny sat down, pen in hand, to write down the names as her mother dictated them.

"Mr. and Mrs. Fitzhammerton, of course," said Mrs. Simpkinson; "Lady Snarlington, the Fullertons. Let me see—"

"Mrs. De Vincks, I suppose, mamma," said Arabella.

"I have half a mind to give her her right name, and call her 'Winks,' " whispered Fanny to her sister.

"Oh, yes, certainly," said mamma, "Mr., Mrs., and Miss; she sings very nicely—"

"Sings!" interrupted Fanny; "I call it screeching out of tune; and must I request the pleasure of the company of that dreadful haw-haw son of theirs?"

"Fanny," said her mother, "you must not be so sarcastic; sarcastic young ladies are not admired at the present day. Mr. Adolphus must of course be asked; and as for his sister, she was the favourite pupil of Signor Smitherine, and that stamps her at once as quite an 'artiste.' Mr. Augustus Soppleton; and, Fanny, please pay attention to me, I beg you will make a point of not being engaged when Mr. Soppleton asks you to dance. He is a young man whom I admire excessively, and for whom I have a great regard. I think I may say he paid you marked attention the other night at Lady Snarlington's.

Fanny held her head down very low whilst writing this name; her mother was too absorbed in mentally reviewing her acquaintance to notice the look of sorrow which came across the previously joyous face of her youngest daughter.

"I suppose, mamma," asked Bella, at the same time pressing her sister's foot, "as you have come to the gentlemen, Mr. Redford's name ought to be put down?"

"I really am not so sure," was the answer, while Fanny's cheeks and neck became crimson; "I don't know whether Mr. Redford is exactly the kind of young man I like to see dancing with my daughters."

"Oh, mamma!" ejaculated Fanny, without, however, looking up.

"And," added Bella, "you forget what nice parties his aunt, Mrs. Holmeswell, gives, and how often we have gone to them."

"Well; I suppose he must be asked; put him down, Fanny. Mr. and Mrs. Slipton, the Twentyswells," &c., &c.; and, the list duly finished, the young ladies sat down to write out the invitations.

To a good walker, the Regent's Park is no great distance from Albert Terrace; you have only to cross the Edgeware Road, go up the St. John's Wood Road, turn to your left, and you find yourself in that grand resort of nursery-maids and Life Guardsmen from the Albany-street Barracks, who seem, in conjunction with the wild beasts of the zoological, to have a monopoly of the park. On week-days it is deserted enough. A few perambulators are wheeled up under the shade, their contents being permitted to choke themselves quietly, whilst their attendant flirts with

a red-jacketed giant ; here and there may be seen some young ladies taking a morning's constitutional, whilst if any of the male sex (Life-guards exempted) be seen about, they are either taking a short cut through the park, or have come there with a felonious design upon some of its frequenters. If you are fond of a walk, for the walk's sake, no better place certainly can be found for it in town than the Regent's Park ; we may presume it was this reason which induced the two Misses Simpkinson, on the morning following the conversation above recorded, to enter its gates and turn down one of its most unfrequented avenues. This time, however, it was not altogether deserted, for some way up, lying lazily along a bench and smoking a cigar, was a young man of some eight-and-twenty or thereabouts. As he is one of the principal figures in this narrative, I may as well tell the reader what he is like. Imagine then a tall, well-built, powerfully made young fellow, with a good-humoured broad countenance, and carefully trimmed brown moustache and whiskers. I wish I could say he was handsome, for then I think he might do for the hero of a three-volume novel instead of a plain short tale ; but I must confess he was not. He was, however, a fine looking man, and that is the most I can say for his outward appearance. Mr. Frederick Redford,—for that is his name,—must, I fear, have been guilty of a falsehood that morning ; for as soon as the post came in, he had sent off his boy to the office (he was a Government clerk) with a note to the effect that he was far from well, and would not be able to attend to his duties that day. Yet here he was, looking fit to put on the gloves with Tom Sayers, and actually smoking. Perhaps he had found the air of the Regent's Park very reviving, perhaps—it is no use conjecturing further, for as he sees the two young ladies approaching, he starts to his feet, runs forward to meet them, and a “Good morning, Frederic,” and “Nice young ladies you are to keep an appointment,” informs us that perhaps here lies the mysterious cause of Mr. Redford's sudden illness. Arabella is evidently of opinion that “Two is company, three is none,” for she drops quietly to the rear, until summoned by the pair in front.

“What do you want with me now ?” said she. “What is the matter with you, Frederick ; you look quite a monster of wrath ?”

“I may well do so,” answered he ; “that mother of yours is too bad.”

“Chut, chut, Frederick,” interposed Fanny.

“Well, I can't help saying so ; the idea of setting you at that fellow Soppleton. I know the reason—he does nothing, and fritters away some twelve or fifteen hundred a year ; whereas I have to work for what I have, and precious badly I get paid, too.”

“The *Times* says you Government clerks do nothing but read the papers, and make mistakes in your spelling ; and that your salaries are much too high,” said Fanny.

“Oh, ah ! I beg your pardon. Hang the *Times* ! Look here, Bella : Fanny says she is certain that Soppleton will—will propose to confound him, at your ball. She'll refuse him, of course, but she'll dare face her mother after doing so. What's to be done ?”

“You know him, don't you ?” asked Arabella.

“Know him ! yes ; to be the biggest ass of his inches in *Kingdom* ;” and Redford pulled at his whiskers till he had qu *their symmetry*.

"Could he not be prevented from coming that night?"

"If I could get him to put on the gloves with me, I'd warrant his not making his appearance. No chance of that though. However, I'll see what's to be done. At all events I have a fortnight before me."

"And we but a few minutes," said Bella; "so come along Fan, or mamma will be scolding us for taking such long walks."

I don't know why Arabella should further have turned her back upon her companions, or what made an elderly lady, at that moment turning into the avenue, start as with horror, thereby nearly strangling a fat poodle she was leading. I suppose it was the old story, and that Frederick was whispering to Fanny that he would ever, ever, &c., &c., and she, that she would never, never, &c., &c. Is not that what you, my dear sir, once whispered into the willing ear of that very respectable old lady now sitting opposite you, and complaining that the glasses in her spectacles have lately got weak; and how can you wonder if Tom and Lucy do now as you did some five-and-thirty years back? Far, far better they should follow that example than look upon matrimony as merely a preliminary step leading to so many thousands a year. The poodle and its leader were perceived, a hasty good-bye said, and the young ladies walked away at a smart pace towards Albert Terrace.

CHAPTER II.

REDFORD watched the retiring forms of the two young ladies for a few moments, then, lighting a cigar, strolled down Langham Place, thinking what delight it would afford him to hear that his hated rival had broken a leg while skating, or had tripped up on a slide on the pavement and dislocated every bone in his body. The more he thought of him, the more he hated him; and he was very busy mentally administering, with his umbrella, a sound thrashing to the abhorred Soppleton in the middle of Regent-street, when he was stopped by a friendly voice.

"Why, Redford, what's the matter? Why are you flourishing that gingham of your's about so furiously? Hallo, man; you look uncommonly glum!"

The speaker was one Richard Framwell, an old college chum of Redford's, who, by virtue of his chambers in the Temple, and of having eaten sundry dinners in the hall of that ancient fraternity, deluded himself into the idea that he was a barrister. None of his friends had, however, heard of his ever receiving a single brief; yet he had taken a good degree at the University. The cause was simply that Dick was "cursed with a competency" (as I have heard it observed), was entitled to a comfortable income at his father's death, and had a great objection to the closeness of the law courts in Westminster Hall. He was, notwithstanding all this, not quite an idle man. He wrote for papers and magazines, and from his comfortable chambers gave wholesome advice to Austria, inveighed against the policy of the French Emperor, and sneered at "the ins" or "the outs" as his editor found best suited to the tastes of the public. Talk of a paper leading the said public! Nonsense; a clever newspaper accommodates itself to the prevalent tone of opinion so imperceptibly that in many instances it may, with but

little fear of contradiction, claim to have originated a movement it has merely seconded. For the rest, Dick was a capital fellow, fond of all athletic sports, and of having his rooms full of his friends.

"You look quite glum, old boy," said he.

"I was coming to your place, Dick," answered his friend; "for I want to have a talk with you."

"Come on then. I suppose that miss what's her name is at the bottom of all this, eh?" said Framwell; and added, when they had sat down in a Hansom, "Cheer up, old man, and take my advice: eschew matrimony, and stick to your bitter beer and 'baccy. You won't get them once you're married."

Framwell's chambers were in Oak Court, Temple, and looked on the river. There were four rooms, very comfortably furnished; that is to say, there were plenty of easy chairs, some of them furnished with those brass appendages for holding books, which enable a reader to go to sleep comfortably without dropping the novel he is supposed to be absorbed in, and the window seats were provided with soft cushions, on which it was very pleasant to recline and smoke the pipe of peace when father Thames condescended to keep to himself his unsavoury odours. The walls were hung with prints, with a few water colours, and here and there a photographic view in Oxford; while bats and rods, whips and rackets, lay about on shelves which ought to have supported the weight of Blackstone's Commentaries or Coke upon Lyttelton.

A small boy opened the door to the two friends, and after ordering him to draw a tankard of his panacea for all human ills, bitter beer, Dick sent him off.

"Now, Freddy," said he, "sit down, and let me hear all about it."

"I need not tell you," began Redford, "all about Fanny."

"For Heaven's sake don't, my dear fellow! Now, don't look so fierce; I have every respect for the young lady, but you are so spooney when you get upon that subject."

Redford shrugged his shoulders, and then went on to relate what the reader already knows.

"You see, Dick," said he, "I want to get poor Fan out of this scrape. Her mother seems a regular dragon; but as the old gentleman and I are great friends, if she were disappointed in Soppleton she might come round to me. What can I do?"

Framwell made no answer, but smoked hard for a few minutes, then asked—"When's the hop?"

"Next Tuesday week."

"What if Sopp does not go to it? Will that be any use?"

"The very thing I want."

"H—m. Nearly a fortnight. Well, I'll make sure of my man. Hand me over that blotting-book," and after some moments' reflection, Dick scribbled off a few lines. "There," said he; "I think that will do."

"Dear Soppleton,—Will you come and wine in my rooms next Monday week? It's a long notice, but I have a grand scheme a-foot for which I want the co-operation of all the good fellows I know.—Yours—"

"R.]

"What on earth is that for?" asked Redford.

"Well, it's very odd," answered Dick, "but I got

Charley Adams a hint of the very thing for us. Talking about garotting, he suggested going out at night in a body, and sending on a decoy ; directly he was attacked, the rest would rush in and give the brutes a sound thrashing," and here Dick stopped to take a pull at the tankard.

"I really do not see how that will help me," said Fred.

"I do though," rejoined Framwell. "I'll get Soppleton to act as decoy-duck."

"You will have some trouble to induce him to do that."

"Never fear ; Charley and I will manage him. He'll go on, and then we garotte him. Do you see now ? He's such a glorious old muff that the fright will be enough to make him stay in bed for a week. He does not go to the party, Mrs. S. thinks herself insulted, you make yourself very agreeable and talk of your expectations, get hold of the old gentleman after supper, strike while the iron's hot, and I'm open to backing you at five to three."

"I don't much like it," said Redford. "It seems a queer bit of business."

"I promise you it will turn out well. Can you devise any better scheme ? '*Siquid novisti rectius istos : candidus imperti ; si non, his utere necum,*' as we used to say at Oxford. Will you trust to me, Freddy, to prevent his going to the ball ?"

"I suppose, I must, Dick."

"Well, then, finish the beer, and come and have a game of rackets at Prince's. Tim, post this letter at once."

On the evening of Mr. Richard Framwell's wine-party that gentleman and Redford dined together at their club, and Dick did all in his power to raise his friend's spirits. Frederick was in truth very despondent. He had met Miss Simpkinson at a party some six months previous to this, and on further acquaintance had decided that in her he had found the only woman who had it in her power to make the rest of his life either happy or miserable. All seemed to go on smoothly ; her parents gave him every encouragement, and every day saw him getting deeper and deeper in love, till one morning he was surprised at a sudden coolness on the part of Mrs. Simpkinson. This kept on increasing, till at length the ladies were denied when he called. Unable to guess the cause, he gave his aunt, Mrs. Holmeswell, no rest till she had asked the Simpkinson's to a party ; that evening he found an opportunity to ask Fanny a question, which was answered in a, to him, most satisfactory manner, and since then he had contented himself with a few formal visits to Albert Terrace, and an occasional meeting in the park. Now, however, that a rival claimant to his Fanny's hand had started up, he was very unhappy. I do not mean to say that he went the length of refusing his food, and pacing up and down his rooms the live-long night ; I rather fear that his daily consumption of tobacco and Bass was rather increased. Young men of the present day do not give way to such transports of joy or grief as their forefathers were wont to indulge in, if we may believe the testimony of Messrs. Fielding and Smollett. He had not a doubt as to Fanny's fidelity, but he felt that she would be called on to make for him what the world calls a sacrifice. You see, Redford had been brought up to believe that the majority of young ladies calculated the merits of their suitors by an Algebraic sum, such as the following :—X has £600 a year, Y has £1,200, Z has £2,000 ; therefore Y stands to X in

the ratio of twelve to six, and Z to Y in that of twenty to twelve; therefore Z is to be preferred to Y and X in the proportion of twenty to twelve to six. Such a problem in mental Algebra has been solved 'ere now; and though, as I have said, Redford never dreamed of Fanny's throwing him over, yet that horrible proportion, £1,500 to £600, would keep recurring to his mind. He had seen Fanny once or twice since the meeting recorded above, and she too was very unhappy. Mr. Soppleton was continually calling. He sent them boxes for the English opera, stalls for [the concerts at St. James's Hall, and bouquets from Covent Garden. He had actually interested himself in Master Tommy, and had won that young gentleman's heart by a judicious tip; but luckily Mr. Simpkinson could not be gained over to his side, and though the old gentleman refrained from any open expressions of dislike, yet he grunted very audibly whenever his spouse expatiated on the merits of her pattern young man. So Frederick was not in the very best of humours for a jolly bachelor party. However, it must be deep grief indeed which cannot be temporarily alleviated by a good dinner and a magnum of Moselle, such as the Polyanthus Club can produce; and, cheered by this and his friend's hopeful conversation, Redford began to take a less gloomy view of things in general, and resumed something of his former buoyant spirits as Dick and he walked down the Temple after dinner.

Most of the guests had already arrived, and the pair were saluted on their entrance with numerous inquiries, couched in the slang of the day. With some difficulty Framwell succeeded in imposing silence on the party, and, standing on a chair, proceeded to address them in a mock-heroic tone. Perhaps he had just read "*Les Miserables*," and wished to imitate Victor Hugo's students, who talk such glorious nonsense.

"Friends, Britons, Fellow-countrymen, lend me your ears! We are not met here this night to discuss the usual beverages so dear to our pockets and so noxious to our health, neither are we assembled to poison each other with the pestilential gases of the Nicotian weed!"

A general shout interrupted him—"What the deuce did you ask us for?"

"Silence," said Framwell; "Keep dumb and listen. A grand sacrifice is to be accomplished this night. To Sir George Grey and the metropolitan police we are about to offer a holocaust; to the readers of the morning papers, a sensation paragraph! You, Tom Littlehales, brawny giant; you, Charley Adams, man of thews and sinews; and myself are, the priests: the victim will be here anon."

Here Littlehales broke in: "I say, Dick, how many magnums have Redford and you disposed of at the club? What are you talking about?"

"Benighted individual," answered Framwell, "canst thou not comprehend the mystic language which Homer spake, which Pindar wrote, which Ossian poured forth? Then thus, thus do I descend to the vernacular. I want you men to help me in a bit of fun. Soppleton is coming here to-night; Redford has bet me that I can't get him to do decoy in a garotter-hunt,—so I wish you to humbug Sopp as much as I can. I know we can get him to go, and then Tom, Charley, and I enact the parts of first, second, and third ruffians, and garotte

"What is that for?" asked one of the guests. "Why to frighten the man out of the few wits he possesses, as don't want to hurt him?"

"Rest assured, worthy sir, there are most grave and weighty political reasons for what I propose. Come, be good lads, help me in this, and I promise you some fun. There's some one at the door; take care, it may be our man," and as he finished speaking, Tim ushered into the room Mr. Augustus Soppleton.

CHAPTER III.

MR. AUGUSTUS STAMFORD SOPPLETON deserves a few words. He was a specimen of a class of young men who are now, thanks to the muscular-development spirit of the age, becoming rarer and rarer every day. He was a perfect idler, a loungeur, what the French would call *un flâneur déterminé*. He patronised no manly games, rode but in the park, was driven about town in a brougham, and never wore twice the same pair of gloves. Men who knew him characterised him as "a lady's man;" but I think such an appellation is wrongly given to those effeminate creatures who have nothing masculine about them but their dress and vices. Of course there are to be found women to prefer men whose sole thought seems to be how they shall best rival the soft sex in their pursuits, who will talk by the hour of the last Paris fashions and discuss point lace and Valenciennes with a milliner; but if "a lady's man" means a favourite among ladies, I strongly protest against the name being applied to such as Soppleton. As a rule, women like to see the other sex distinguish itself by those qualities which specially belong to it, and are so opposite to their own. Place such an one as I have attempted to describe by the side of a VC man, and then take the sense of any assembly of women; "'Tis Lombard-street to a china orange!" Soppleton was, however, rather a favourable specimen of the genus. He was a good-natured not bad-looking little fellow, and had he been at an early age brought into contact at a public school and the University with young men of his own standing, might have been very different from what he was now. Unfortunately for him, his father died while he was very young, and his mother, fearing lest her darling might be contaminated by bad examples, entrusted his education to a private tutor. Pampered, spoiled, and allowed his own way, the boy became lazy and indolent, and, flattered by all around him, grew up vain and conceited; so that by the time he was some six-and-twenty, his name was hardly ever mentioned amongst his male acquaintance without the address of "Good little fellow; pity he's such an ass!" His appearance at such a party as Framwell's may seem strange. The reason lay in the fact that, though averse himself to sports, he yet had a sort of sneaking regard for men who excelled in them, and also respected Dick as "a man who writes for the papers, Sir." So Soppleton made his appearance in Oak Court, shuddering at the thought of the amount of time and perfumes it would cost his valet to take the smell of tobacco out of his clothes.

"Come in, old boy," shouted Dick; "here's a chair for you by the fire; sit down and warm yourself. You know most of the men here, I think. Port or claret?"

"Thank you, I'll take claret."

"You are just the man I wanted to see, Soppleton," said Littlehales. "Did not I see you riding a bay mare the other day?"

Soppleton languidly adjusted his eye-glass, and drawled out "Ye-es."

"I was much struck with her," continued Tom; "she looks well bred. Do you feel inclined to part with her?" Then aside to Adams: "A regular leggy weed, my dear fellow."

"Why no," answered Soppleton; "it is only the other day I gave one hundred guineas for her."

"I don't call that dear," said Tom, aloud; then, in a whisper to Adams, "wouldn't give £25 for the brute." "Did you get her at Tattersall's?"

"No; I bought her from Quartermaine."

"Ah! those fellows let a good judge of horseflesh like you have things much cheaper. He would have put on twenty pounds if I had wanted her."

Framwell then broke in, and asked Soppleton to recommend him a tailor, as he was dissatisfied with his own. This gave Augustus a good opportunity for displaying his knowledge of the *res vestiari*; and as soon as this subject was discussed, his opinion was asked on the merits of the last English opera; then another topic was started, and in each case his decisions were accepted and his views applauded, till the little man was quite beside himself with vanity. His host plied him with claret, and, when he thought him sufficiently up to the mark, informed his guests that, as it was a cold night and their business lay out of doors, he had thought it best they should take in a stock of something warm. Accordingly the bell was rung, and Tim entered carrying a china bowl of punch, accompanied by a perfectly orthodox ladle having a whalebone handle, and a guinea soldered in the bottom. Soppleton was not accustomed to such vulgar beverages, and, had he been in his usual mood, would certainly have declined taking any; but he had been worked up to such a pitch of good humour that he could refuse nothing, so he took his tumbler like the rest. This was the signal for Dick to lead the conversation to the common topic—GAROTTING.

Soppleton had a most holy horror of Sir George Grey's pets, and at night never trusted himself to walk fifty yards; but, sitting among a set of young athletes who laughed at the idea of any one daring to attack them, and were on the contrary planning reprisals, he began to think that after all it was only elderly M.P.'s and young ladies with inviting hair who were waylaid, and that a resolute countenance would scare off any number of these cowardly assailants. This idea, so contrary to his usual notions, may perhaps be accounted for by the fact that Tim had been very assiduous in keeping his tumbler full; however that may be, Augustus of his own accord expressed his willingness to join in the hunt.

"We must have a captain," said Littlehales; "I vote for you Dick."

This motion was carried *nem. con.*, and the Captain proceeded to unfold his plans. "We'll to St. John's Wood, that's a very resort of the blackguards, and split into parties of four. ^{1.} one will walk by himself, and if he can simulate some ^{2.} *shady* in his walk, so much the better; the other three *shady side of the street, and—*"

"Why man," said one of the party, "our footsteps would discover us at once."

"That is the reason why I begged you all to bring your India-rubber overshoes with you;—and must be ready to run up directly. Directly they have pinned the garotters, a shout will summon the rest, and then, won't we give it them, that's all! Let me see; Tom, Charley Adams, you Soppleton, and myself, will form one section of fours. The rest divide yourselves. Now one toast—'Here's confusion to the garotters!'"

While his guests were busy putting on their goloshes, Dick took aside Redford, who had been very silent the whole evening, and said, "I think I've got him in hand now; he has been fooled to the top of his bent, and I don't fear the result. Do you explain the *modus operandi* to the other fellows, and don't keep too far off. Now then, are you fellows ready? Have a weed, Soppleton, and come on."

It took quite a procession of Hansoms to convey Framwell's guests to the scene of action; as they alighted in Park Crescent the Langham Place Church clock struck eleven.

"Just the right time," said Dick. "Fall in my squad. All work round to the left, and be ready to run up at the first shout," and with his three colleagues he plunged into one of the quiet streets which lead towards St. John's Wood, and had at the time the unpleasant repute of being most unsafe at night.

"Surely," said Soppleton, "no one would venture to attack us four?"

"Hush," whispered Dick; "Didn't you hear the programme? Of course no one will, so we'll separate, merely keeping within reach of each other."

"But, goodness gracious," said Soppleton, "I might be robbed and strangled before you could come up to me."

"Fiddle-de-de," said Littlehales; "if you're afraid you can go home again."

"Soppleton tried to look indignant, but failed signally, as in truth he felt very much like Bob Acres previous to his intended duel; but he hastily reflected that by leaving his friends and walking back, he would run far greater risks than by staying with them. So he answered as boldly as possible, "I afraid! my good sir, you don't know me."

"Who's talking about being afraid?" said Dick; "is it you Tom? There's nothing to be afraid of, except that the police may come too soon and spoil our fun, and there's not much fear of that. Policemen in this neighbourhood are not to be met with at every corner."

They had now walked some little distance, and had reached a little street leading into the St. John's Wood Road; here Dick called a halt, and whispered to his friends—"This place is a sure find. As you're not much used to this kind of thing, Soppleton, do you go down here, and turn to the left along the road, it's the safest. I'll go straight on, and Tom and Charley take the first turn to the right; we can join each other at a moment's notice by the cross streets. There are lots of them. One word of advice, Sopp; don't wait for the 'hug,' but hit straight from the shoulder and sing out;" and before Augustus Stamford could offer the slightest objection to the plan of campaign, he found himself alone. He remained for a few minutes standing on the spot where his friends (1) had left him, most devoutly wishing that Framwell and all his guests had different notions on the subject of fun; indeed I think the

little man was much to be pitied. To noisy Oxford men, accustomed to fracas with barges, and town and gown rows, the whole thing might be sport, but to a delicate rose-bud like our friend it was death. He no longer felt certain that a resolute countenance would scare off a garotter, and all the horrible stories he had ever heard of their stealthy mode of attack came trooping upon his recollection. The cold air besides was affecting him, and he now came for the first time to the conclusion that he had taken too much punch. He thought of running—what use was that? then he began to feel cold. "Well, this will never do," thought he; "I may as well be moving. Surely I shall find a policeman or a cab in the road, and then—catch me going out again with a parcel of lunatics!" As he walked on he suddenly thought of the ball the next night, and figured himself unable to attend in consequence of a black eye or some other injury; and he mentally saw Fanny dancing again and again with Redford, for Augustus too felt he had a rival, and a monosyllable rose to his lips which bore witness to the disturbed state of his mind. On he went with, I must confess, a somewhat unsteady gait, which however was as much due to nervousness as to punch, and on reaching the corner of the street, looked eagerly up and down the St. John's Wood Road. Not a soul was in sight. Afar off he could hear the rumble of some late cabs, but that was all. With a deep sigh, he resigned himself to his fate, and walked down the road, "the beard over the shoulder," as the Spanish proverb runs. He tried to whistle, somehow or another he could not remember the tunes he essayed; then he lit a cigar, while all the time his thoughts would keep running on that morning's *Times*, which had devoted two columns to correspondents one and all frightened out of their lives by the bugbear of the age. Presently he passed a street leading to the left: what was that in the shadow of the houses? It did not move, yet it seemed the dim outline of a human figure. It must be a garotter. Should he call for his friends? Ha! three forms are indistinctly seen lower down. Surely they are Redford and his companions; and Augustus, who had stopped for a moment, was just about again to proceed, when a slight noise behind him made him turn round. There, close at his elbow with what looked like a huge bludgeon in his hand, was a man, no doubt the same who had been lurking in the shade. No time was to be lost. Soppleton just remembered Dick's parting words, struck out at the form beside him, and called out lustily for help. His foe reeled back, staggered with the blow, then with loud cries, possibly as Augustus thought for his accomplices, rushed in, grappled with him, and soon the two combatants were rolling in the middle of the muddy road, pummelling each other to the best of their ability. Footsteps were heard running up;—a well-known voice shouted "Hold him tight, Sopp!" His foe's grasp relaxed, and Augustus looking up saw with delight the joyous face of Dick as the latter seized his assailant. Then his brain swam, a giddiness came over him, and for a short time he was unconscious of what was passing around. When his senses returned he found himself surrounded by most of Framwell's guests were, one and all, giving way to shouts of uproarious laughter. The garotted was bad enough, but to be laughed at about it. Augustus started to his feet and angrily demanded untimely mirth, and whether he was the cause of it

"Most certainly not, my dear fellow," answered Dick, the tears rolling down his cheek the meanwhile. "We're only laughing—ha-ha-ha!—at the way your friend—ha-ha-ha!—has got off. He upset Redford and bolted. However, Freddy and some others are after him. Are you hurt, old boy?"

Soppleton could hardly understand how such a slight incident could have caused so much mirth, especially as during their progress home every now and then one of the party would break out in a loud guffaw, and the rest would join him in bursts of undisguised laughter. He felt certain he must have something to do with it, so coldly declining Dick's offer of "a quiet pipe, and something hot after the row," he took the first cab he saw and drove sulkily home.

"Well Freddy," said Dick, when on entering his rooms he found that gentleman smoking very comfortably, "things have turned out queerly, eh? I never laughed so much in my life."

"Faith," said Adams, "I thought the fellow had got really garotted after all," and this was the signal for a fresh round of laughter.

"I failed in my promise to you, though," said Dick; "for I looked at him attentively by all the lamps as we passed, and he has not a scratch; but I think now that that is a good thing. What do you think Fred?"

"That everything has turned out much better than if your original plan had been carried out."

"So do I. Trust to me to work up the details. I've got an invite for to-morrow through the Fitzhammerton's, and never trust me if to-night's doings do not put a stop to Soppleton's designs upon Made-moiselle l'adorable. Tim, some hot water and tumblers. Look sharp;" and the adventures of the night, and its probable results, were discussed till the small hours of the morning.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ARIADNE.

ON the peak of Naxos' islet, towering to the blue
serene,

Looking o'er a hundred islands, and the waves that
dance between;

Looking where the sparkling ocean glances from its
thousand eyes,

Looks of never-ending brightness upward to its
parent skies;

Where, as far as eye can wander, all the ocean is
bespread

With fair islets, and the azure of the heaven smiles
o'er head.

ARIADNE.

There upon the height she standeth, gazing, gazing
o'er the sea,
Asking her own heart, in anguish, "will he ne'er
come back to me?"

Gazing ever out to seaward, while the sea-winds
gently play
With the sunny golden tresses, that adown her
shoulders stray.

And her hands she clasps in anguish; presses on her
fevered brow,
Wildly murmurs "He hath left me. Death! O
death were welcome now."

Then her head once more she raises; looking wildly
o'er the the main,
Gazing wildly, while she mutters, "Ah, he'll ne'er
come back again.

Far away the sunlight gleameth on the hills that
gird the shore,
There I watched my hero vanish, thence he cometh
never more.

Ah! the weary, weary sunlight, ah! the mocking
joyous wave
Which with ceaseless heartless clamour, doth this
wretched island lave.

Die! O die! thou mocking sunlight, and shut out
the hateful sea
Which hath borne my lov'd one from me, ne'er will
bear him back to me.

Sink, O sink, ye shades around me; let me ne'er
again behold
This drear world which the Immortals, in dark mists
of sorrow fold."

And the day fades into twilight, and the twilight
sinks and dies
And the myriad lamps of even, sparkle in the
pitying skies.

When at morn the car of Phœbus bounded forth to
greet the day,
Ariadne's prayer was answered, in death's arms she
smiling lay.

E. D.

THE GARDEN.

KITCHEN GARDEN.

REGARD being paid to my previous directions for the preparation of the ground, and as we are entering on a busy period for the committal of the seed to the ground and getting in the crops, let no time be lost, when the weather is favourable for this operation. In the beginning of this month make another sowing of peas, broad beans, and parsnips, on finely prepared soil; likewise sow lettuce, radish, parsley, mustard, and cress; of celery a small quantity may also be sown for pricking out for early use. Plant out a good bed of cabbage from the autumn sown, and continue to sow a little seed every month for the next three months. Cauliflower plant out on very rich ground, and continue to sow more seed. Proceed with the main crops of potatoes, especially in fine weather; defer planting them in wet weather, or when the ground is clammy and adheres to the foot. It is a good maxim to sow in dry weather, as the ground is left more open, and not consolidated on the seed by the tread of the foot. Towards the middle of this month every exertion will be necessary to get every spare piece of ground dug and cropped, likewise many of the earlier sown crops will require attention. As regards hoeing and stirring the ground, among all crops that are above the ground too much care cannot be taken, especially amongst the brassica tribe, as a loose surface will allow the sun-light and air to enter the ground and throw an additional warmth to the roots, which is very beneficial to the well-being of the plants at this early season. Sow broccoli, Brussels sprouts, Savoy; this is also a good time to get in the main crop of carrots. Prepare the ground well by forking it over, so as to destroy slugs, as this is a crop they devour with avidity, and a break is often cleared in a few nights (in showery weather) by these pests. Quick lime is a good preventative, sown over the ground three hours after sunset. The best way is to sow the seed in drills, one fourth of an inch deep and nine inches between each drill, and that will leave room to hoe between the rows, and will assist to accelerate the growth of the young plants. Rake the ground very fine before sowing, and this will prevent vermin from burying themselves under the clods. Make a sowing of turnips every month till the end of the year, beginning with the early Dutch, early stone, and orange jelly; the last mentioned is a turnip of first-rate flavour, and not so liable to get stringy as some of the other sorts. Swedish turnips may be sown in November; sow in drills one foot between each row, and thin out to five or six inches; as soon as they have made the rough leaf, hoe between the rows to destroy weeds and insects—it is astonishing what a difference this makes in the crops. Sow round spinach in drills; rhubarb, seakale, and asparagus. Sweet herbs may also be sown about the middle of the month, on a fine dry well-pulverized piece of ground, either in beds or drills. Cover the seed very lightly, leaving only one-eighth of

an inch of soil over many of the seeds that are smaller than white clover. It is a very great error to bury seed too deep in the ground. If the main crop of onions is not already in the ground, no time should be lost in getting them in ; sow in drills nine inches between each drill, on a fine rich piece of ground, as free from weeds as possible, and do not sow unless the ground will pulverize and break fine ; tread the rows in with the foot, and finish off with raking the ground smooth and even all over ;—when they are two inches high, thin out to five or six inches. Sow also a bed of silver-skinned very thickly for picklers. Sow beet towards the end of the month, in drills one inch deep and one foot between the rows ; when up, thin out to ten inches from plant to plant. Surface the strawberry plantations with decomposed manure, and destroy any weeds as they appear. Manure rhubarb, and dig between the rows, if not already done ; fork lightly over the asparagus beds, and add a little manure on the surface ; cover over seakale to blanch for use. Hoe and stake all advancing crops, and dig all waste ground as soon as vacant ; this will give the kitchen garden a neat and cheerful appearance. Do not delay the getting in of the crops on all favourable occasions.

FRUIT GARDEN.

The pruning of all fruit trees must be brought to a close now, likewise the planting of the above must be deferred till next autumn, presuming that all vacancies have been filled, and if not already done, fork round the stems of the trees and mulch the surface of newly-planted trees with manure to keep the ground moist ; let this be done immediately ; also see that newly-planted fruit trees are secured from high winds. Any worthless sorts may be cut to within a few feet of the ground, and grafted with a superior sort. Proceed with the grafting of all stocks ; cut down raspberry canes that bore fruit last autumn ; manure and dig between the rows of the previous year's wood or canes that are to bear fruit this season. The present is a good time to dress apple trees that are affected with the blight : if any are past recovery, root them up and burn them ; wash the remainder with equal quantities of soft soap, black sulphur, and hot lime, mixed in two quarts of skimmed milk, put on the trees with a sash brush, the whole mixed and heated to 130 degrees, applied directly at this heat to the infected parts of the tree. This is only a preventative, and will require to be applied every year ; an ounce or two of red lead incorporated in the above will have a good effect in clearing the plants. Give vines a good mulching of manure round the stems, and attend to the training of the shoots.

FLOWER GARDEN AND SHRUBBERY.

The shrubs will require looking over this month ; cut away any dead branches, and shorten back any bad and straggling shoots. Cut away any worthless ones altogether if they are over-hanging or growing into specimens ; but do not cut away so as to expose the remainder at one time, as some of the finer plants may be thrown back through an injudicious thinning. Prune roses ; cut out the young shoots to three or four eyes,—then only take in four sections of the rose, viz., Hybrids

or French rose, moss, and cabbage. The Noisette require to be thinned out, and cut into a few eyes, more especially the robust growers; tea roses require little or no pruning, merely cut away any old wood, and shorten any straggling shoots, so as to keep the plant well balanced on all sides; China roses flower better on the young wood, therefore discard old plants, and renew the stock by putting in a few cuttings every year. Space will not admit of my entering on all the different sections of the rose at present. The present is a good time to subdivide many of the flower roots that are growing in borders and shrubberies, as a small patch throws finer flowers, and has a neater appearance than a large bunch, and does not impoverish its neighbours by drawing so much nutriment from the soil. Dig and rake all shrubberies and flower-beds, dress edges of walks, and eradicate all weeds from the walks, then add a sprinkling of fine gravel and the place will assume quite a new appearance. Cut in the creepers, and train all to supports. Towards the end of the month make a sowing of annuals in the flower beds and borders, they will give the place a cheerful and lively appearance throughout the summer months. In sowing annuals, however, be careful not to cover the seed too deeply; make a fine surface with a rake and sow the seed afterwards, sow some wood ashes over them with the hand, then rake over the ground, and that is all that will be required; when the plants are an inch high, they will require to be thinned out to about three or four inches apart, they will grow and bloom much better than if they had been left close together, and the duration of the flower will be prolonged also. Some of the more tender sorts will require to be sown in pots, and planted out, when an inch or two high, in fine rich soil. The slugs are very troublesome in their attacks upon the flower seeds just as they are emerging out of the ground; two or three dustings of hot lime repeated for a few nights will remove them. Of plants that will continue in flower throughout the summer and autumn, and give a profusion of blossoms, I may mention—Heliotrope, alonsoa, verbenas of sorts, fuschias, stocks, anagallis, linum (or scarlet flax), phlox drumondii, mignonette, marygolds, balsams, lupine, zinnias, cockscombs, larkspur, calliopsis. These handsome and showy annuals are, from their brilliant colours and long duration in bloom, worthy of extensive cultivation. The callirhoe pedata nana is another very handsome annual, blooming continually for four or five months. I have only space to enumerate a few here, many more are deserving of cultivation.

GREENHOUSE, OR CONSERVATORY.

The plants in these structures will require to be got under way, as the sun and light is increasing. Camelias and azalias will be in flower now; give water liberally to the ones that have a profusion of bloom, and shade from mid-day sun. Prune creepers; introduce vines, and give them a washing with lime and sulphur, to keep down spider and thrip. Achimenes and gloxinias must be re-potted in very light soil; drain the pots well before potting, and place the bulb on a level with the surface of the pot, and press it down with the finger and thumb. Shift all plants that have had their season of rest: maintain a moist atmosphere in fine weather. Fuschias, cut down and re-pot in light rich soil; cacti, re-pot in larger pots. In fact, all the pot plants require examining at this

THE RUINED CASTLE.

season ; and any that are sickly should be shaken out and fresh potted in new soil. Sow cucumbers and melons in frames on dung-beds, as a little heat will greatly accelerate their growth, and get them on for planting out. Tomatos and Chillies ; a box of each may be sown and put in the frame, likewise a few vegetable marrows. All bulbs should be planted, if not already done. The sowing of grass seeds must be finished this month.

These few practical hints are given principally with a view to benefit the influx of population that has arrived of late ; it will be a guide so far as to let them know about the time of putting in the main crops. Time will not allow of my entering upon the cultivation of one individual species ; but at a future time I will enter more fully into the different modes of cultivation of some of the above-named plants.

D. HAY.

THE RUINED CASTLE.

THERE stands an ancient castle,
 And its time-worn walls are grey,
 And o'er each mouldering buttress
 The ivy's fingers stray.

And through its silent courtyards
 The sparkling lizards creep,
 And nodding from the donjon tower
 The willow-tree doth weep.

And through its damp-stained chambers
 The summer breezes blow,
 And wave the woodbine's clinging shoots
 All softly to and fro.

And in its ancient moated ditch
 The white-fleeced lambskins lie,
 And indolently crop the grass
 That waves so rankly by.

And 'neath its lordly gateway
 The herd-boy idly lies,
 And gazes with a listless look
 Into the drowsy skies.

And the sun sets all glorious,
 As when he used to shine
 Upon that lordly castle,
 Pride of a lordly line.

And quiet twilight lingers
 About its ivied walls,
 And breezes whisper calm good-nights
 Through its deserted halls.

MODERN POETS.

KEATS.

THE saying of the old Greek—"Those whom the gods love die young"—was probably never more strikingly exemplified, in a certain sense at least, than in the life and death of John Keats. Few, and indeed, if we except Chatterton, may we not say none, have ever been more wonderfully endowed with that divine gift of genius than Keats: in none of whom we know had Nature done more than for him, unassisted by the discipline of life, to form a great poet, and does not this correspond in a great degree with the idea of "those whom the gods love." A few short years of a fevered life of genius, and at the age of less than five-and-twenty years, the wonderful self-taught—should we not say rather nature-taught—lad was laid to rest under the calm shade of the old Honorian wall, his grave buried in flowers, and leaving behind him a name and an influence in English poetry such as has been left by only one or two of the greatest masters. Keats did not live to taste that fame himself, nor to wield and extend that influence which, to his nature, would have been so sweet; and thus in him the second part of the maxim was fulfilled, for in every sense, in the youth, vigour, and freshness of the imagination, as well as in the mere age as we count it by years, John Keats died young.

Some poets may be characterised by certain qualities which may seem to have given the whole bent and tinge to their minds and genius, if not to the exclusion, at least to the casting into the shade the other great qualities of mind which, in their combination, form the poet. If called upon to assign some such characteristic title to Keats, we should at once call him the poet of the imagination. His whole mind seemed to flow towards and strengthen the imaginative qualities, so that if we except Shakspeare and Spenser, to the latter of whom Keats' imagination bore a striking resemblance, we shall hardly find any English poet who, in this particular, approached the wonderful boy under consideration. The consideration of Keats' circumstances may heighten this conviction, but is by no means necessary to implant it; every image, and we might say every line, of his poetry is replete with treasures of the imagination such as are hardly to be found elsewhere in English poetry. But, as we have said, the consideration of the circumstances of the poet's life may well heighten that wondering admiration which we conceive every candid reader of imagination must accord to his works. A most imperfect education, an apprenticeship to a country surgeon, a feverish passion, a painful illness, and an early death, may be said to comprise the history of John Keats; and few circumstances can be supposed, we should imagine, less favourable to the rapid development of such a genius as that which he possessed.

We have mentioned the name of Chatterton in connexion with that of Keats, and it must be confessed that the points of similarity and of divergence between their genius was very remarkable. Both almost equally young ; both starting at once into a position of eminence as poets of a high and original order of mind ; both almost equally indebted to nature, and equally unindebted to training for the remarkable powers exhibited, and both dying so young, and leaving behind them so painful a history and so remarkable an influence. Both, it is worthy of remark, turned naturally to antiquity for the themes of their songs. It was in the poems of the supposititious Rowley that Chatterton's strength was apparent : it was in the still more ancient and more imaginatively beautiful realms of the Greek mythology that the genius of Keats revelled in a way to which no other modern poet has approached. This peculiarity is a rather remarkable one, and might afford food for not a little curious speculation as to the reasons why a genius almost premature in its development should naturally have turned to ages either long gone by, or entirely obscured by the dim haze of distance, and the wild fables which form their only records.

Be the reasons, however, of these things what they may, the fact of this natural bent in the case of Keats is one of the most salient points with which we meet in an attempt at forming a just estimate of his poetical character. He was the classical poet of the modern world ; and it is to this perhaps, as much as to any great superiority of his poetry itself, that it has gained and continues to gain so great a hold upon a certain class of minds in the community, and that class usually the most influential from its culture and talent. In saying this, it must not be understood that we would depreciate in the smallest degree the great beauty and excellence of the poetry, wonderful in itself, and yet more wonderful when we consider its author's circumstances ; but we yet believe that the surpassing charm which Keats possesses for many minds even over such poets as Byron and Shelley, he owes to that wonderful power of reproducing all, and more than all, the majesty and beauty of the old classical fables, joined with a spirit which none of the old classical writers knew or possessed.

In Keats' poems there are, as might be expected, a large number of minor imperfections and crudities which nothing but time, a thing not granted him, can enable any young poet of original mind to free himself from. The great improvement in these respects visible in Keats in the later works of his genius, show that his mind, almost prematurely perfect, was not less so in its efforts at self-discipline than in any other respect. At an age when even our greatest poets have usually been content with fugitive pieces or a University poem, shadowing forth in the dimmest way their future greatness, Keats had written his longest poem of "Endymion," abounding in wonderful beauties though not devoid of faults. He had endured without sinking under the bitter and unjust criticisms of the reviewers, and instead of a bitter reply and a feeling of general misanthropy, had set to work upon other poems which, with the beauties heightened, showed many of the faults removed that had marked his earliest poem. Of such a youth as this it required no prophet to foretell his future fame, that was certain ; but few even of those who most admired Keats could have hoped to see his name occupy the *place which it does* in the temple of fame, and the greatest poet of the

age confess himself in very much the disciple of the young surgeon. We might go on to say much of the peculiarity of his verse, which it requires some little effort in most persons fully to enjoy from its very peculiar character, but perhaps we shall best attain our object by allowing the poet to speak for himself, and trusting to his powers of making himself understood and fully appreciated. No better example of his peculiar manner can be found than is exhibited in the opening of "Endymion":—

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever :
 Its loveliness increases ; it will never
 Pass into nothingness ; but still will keep
 A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
 Full of sweet dreams and health and quiet breathing.
 Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
 A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
 Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
 Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
 Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways
 Made for our searching : yes, in spite of all,
 Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
 From our dark spirits. Such the sun and moon,
 Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
 For simple sheep : and such are daffodils
 With the green world they live in ; and clear rills
 Which for themselves a cooling covert make
 'Gainst the hot season ; the mid-forest brake,
 Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose, blooms :
 And such, too, is the grandeur of the dooms
 We have imagined for the mighty dead ;
 All lovely tales that we have heard or read :
 An endless fountain of immortal drink
 Pouring into us from the heaven's brink.

With these strangely and subtly musical lines was the first poem of Keats ushered into the world ; it met a very poor reception, or rather we may say a very unmerited and unjust reception, at the hands of the critics. Some, indeed, of the public had enough of penetration to see that a new star of the very first magnitude had arisen on the poetical horizon ; but for a time the critics prevailed, and, with the unusual form of the verse, with its remarkable richness and strangeness of rhymes and even of rhythm for allies, a few critics, either incompetent or thoroughly prejudiced, succeeded for a short time in ignoring the beauties and exaggerating the defects of "Endymion" to a remarkable extent. Had Keats been but half a poet ; had he been even a less original and remarkable poet than he was, he might have succumbed, and his poetry certainly would have done so to the storm. There was, however, far too much of life and vigour in the poet for this. In "Endymion" itself there were too many passages of surpassing beauty, and it possessed too general a spirit of poetic power, to be at their mercy for more than a short time. Such a strain as the following had in itself the germs of an immortality of fame by no means at the mercy of a critic :—

Then up he rose,
 And slowly, as that very river flows,
 Walked toward the temple-grove with this lament :
 " Why such a golden eve ? The breeze is sent
 Careful and soft that not a leaf may fall,
 Before the serene father of them all
 Bows down his summer head below the west.
 Now am I of breath, speech, and speed possess'd,

MODERN POETS.

But at the setting I must bid adieu
 To her for the last time. Night will strew
 On the damp grass myriads of lingering leaves,
 And with them shall I die ; nor much it grieves
 To die when summer dies on the cold sward.
 Why, I have been a butterfly, a lord
 Of flowers, garlands, love knots, silly posies,
 Groves, meadows, melodies, and arbour roses ;
 My kingdom's at its death, and just it is
 That I should die with it ; so in all this
 We miscall grief, bale, sorrow, heartbreak, woe,
 What is there to 'plain of ?"

In the short poem of "Isabella," Keats showed a depth of power in the imagining and delineation of love which must ever remain a marvel to all, but which can scarcely fail to give the poem an ever new charm for the young. In it, however, as in "Zamia," there is less of that marvellous sympathy with everything sweet or beautiful in nature, which amounts to a voluptuous sensuousness not easily understood by most temperaments. In some of its manifestations, however, it is understandable enough, as in the beautiful poem "The Eve of St. Agnes," held by many of the best judges to be the most perfect of small poems in our own or any language. The reader is carried along with the poet's feelings so as almost to feel the cold of nature and the warmth of affection, so wonderfully vivid in their description :—

St. Agnes' Eve—Ah, bitter cold it was !
 The owl for all his feathers was a-cold ;
 The hare limped trembling through the frozen grass,
 And silent was the flock in woolly fold ;
 Numb were the beadsman's fingers while he told
 His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
 Like pious incense from a censer old,
 Seemed taking flight for heaven, without a death.
 Past the sweet virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

The picture must be confessed to be perfect as a cameo, and yet with all the colour and life of a great painting ; nor is the following less wonderful :—

She hurried at his words, beset with fears,
 For there were sleeping dragons all around,
 At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears—
 Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found,
 In all the house was heard no human sound.
 A chain-drooped lamp was flickering by each door ;
 The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and hound,
 Fluttered in the besieging wind's uproar ;
 And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

And they are gone : ay, ages long ago
 These lovers fled away into the storm.
 That night the Baron dreamt of many a woe,
 And all his warrior guests, with shade and form
 Of witch, and demon, and large coffin worm,
 Were long be-nightmared. Angela the old
 Died palsy-twitch'd, with meagre face deform ;
 The beadsman after thousand Aves told,
 For age unsought-for slept among his ashes cold.

To us it seems, however, that in the fragment of "E

to the highest pitch of which his genius was capable, in the short time allowed it by death. Nowhere can we find in English poetry anything like it, in its calm and noble beauty so like what we sometimes see in our happiest dreams. The imagination of Keats led one long and beautiful dream, forming a strange contrast to his work-a-day life. Keats' gods are his own creation; no such deities are met with in the works of the ancients. There, indeed, we may find the vigour, the beauty, the eternal atmosphere of youth and gladness, or—as in Æschylus—of sublime despair; but it is only in Keats that we meet with the sublime calm, the moveless majesty of feeling which commends itself at once to us as something loftier, and more truly god-like than all those other ideas of their nature, which could but think of them in beauty and in strength. The address of "Oceanus," the dethroned god of sea, to the assembled Titans, as it is perhaps the noblest passage in the poem, is certainly the best fitted to exhibit its remarkable peculiarity in the respect referred to:—

Great Saturn, thou

Hast sifted well the atom-universe;
 But for this reason that thou art the King,
 And only blind from sheer supremacy,
 One avenue was shaded from thine eyes,
 Through which I wandered to eternal truth.
 And first, as thou wast not the first of powers,
 So art thou not the last; it cannot be.
 Thou art not the beginning nor the end.
 From chaos and parental darkness came
 Light, the first fruits of that intestine broil,
 That sullen ferment which for wondrous ends
 Was repining in itself. The ripe hour came,
 And with it light, and light engendering
 Upon its own producer, forthwith touched
 The whole enormous matter into life.
 Upon that very hour, our parentage,
 The heavens and the earth were manifest:
 Then thou first-born, and we the giant-race,
 Found ourselves ruling new and beauteous realms.
 Now comes the pain of truth, to whom 'tis pain;
 O folly! for to bear all naked truths,
 And to envisage circumstance, all calm
 That is the top of sovereignty. Mark well!
 As heaven and earth are fairer, fairer far
 Than chaos and blank darkness, though once chiefs,
 And as we show beyond that heaven and earth
 In form and shape compact and beautiful,
 In will, in action free, companionship,
 And thousand other signs of purer life;
 Soon our heels a fresh perfection treads,
 A power more strong in beauty, born of us
 And fated to excel us as we pass
 In glory that old darkness; nor are we
 Thereby more conquer'd than by us the rule
 Of shapeless chaos. Say, doth the dull soil
 Quarrel with the proud forests it hath fed,
 And feedeth still, more comely than itself?
 Can it deny the chieftom of green groves?
 Or shall the tree be envious of the dove
 Because it cooeth, and hath snowy wings
 To wander wherewithal and find its joys?
We are such forest-trees, and our fair boughs
Have bred forth, not pale solitary doves,
But eagles, golden-feathered, who do tower

MODERN POETS.

Above us in their beauty, and must reign
 In right thereof; for 'tis the eternal law
 That first in beauty should be first in might:
 Yea, by that law, another race may drive
 Our conquerors to mourn as we do now.
 Have ye beheld the young god of the seas,
 My disposessor? Have ye seen his face?
 Have ye beheld his chariot foamed along
 By noble winged creatures he hath made?
 I saw him on the calmed waters' sand,
 With such a glow of beauty in his eyes
 That it enforced me to bid sad farewell
 To all my empire: farewell sad I took,
 And hither came to see how dolorous fate
 Had wrought upon ye; and how I might best
 Give consolation in this woe extreme.
 Receive the truth, and let it be your balm.

To those who have dwelt with pleasure on the poetry of classical antiquity it would be unnecessary to point out how purely classical, and yet how superior in much to its classical models this beautiful poem is. To those who have not the means of comparing "Hyperion" with these models, we can freely trust it to make its own way upon its own merits.

One and perhaps the most remarkable characteristic of Keats' mind was its intense sympathy with nature. Everything in nature had a voice, and a living individuality for him, and so wonderfully highly wrought were his perceptions that it resulted in imparting a voluptuous sensuousness to his poetry, which would most likely have been in great measure toned down and corrected had a longer share of life been allotted him than was actually the case. In none of his poems is this more markedly apparent than in his "Ode to a Nightingale," which probably arises from the fact that in such short pieces we see more of the personal existence of the poet than where he throws himself rather into an imaginary world:—

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains,
 One minute past and Lethewards had sunk:
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
 But being too happy in thy happiness,—
 That thou light-winged Dryad of the trees,
 In some melodious plot
 Of beecher green, and shadows numberless,
 Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage that hath been
 Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
 Tasting of flora and the country-green,
 Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-burnt mirth!
 O for a braker full of the warm South,
 Full of the true, the blushing Hippocrene,
 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
 And purple-stained mouth;
 That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,—
 And with thee fade away into the forest dim.

Limited space, however, compels us to close this short notice. The poetry has now stood the test of a generation and has lost none of its influence, but rather becoming more and

is and mouths as household music. What Keats might have been, his life been spared we can only conjecture, but our conjectures arising from our knowledge of what he has left us, can scarcely fail to enable us participate to some extent in the feeling expressed in that best of poems, the "Adonais" of Shelley, and to conclude that amongst the bright throng of "inheritors of unfulfilled renown" whom the world has seen, the name of John Keats ought to obtain the very foremost place.

F R E E D O M .

WHAT is Freedom ? 'Tis the spirit,
Changeless, godlike, and sublime,
Which the sons of earth inherit,
Relic of some nobler time.
Time when stern oppressors were not,
Time when slaves were yet unborn,
Time when dastard fears yet tare not
Human hearts that now are torn.
When the world was in the morning
Of its life, and of its bloom,
Ere its glory sank to scorning,
And its brightness sank to gloom.
Freedom hath a future yet ;
When the crowns of earth shall fall
She shall wear a coronet,
Which shall far surpass them all.
All shall revel in her gladness ;
All, but most those who have groaned
In the long dark night of sadness,
And her deprivation moaned.
She shall reign through all creation
With a mighty healing power ;
Making men but one vast nation,
Living, loving, hour by hour.

K. H.

THE WAR IN AUCKLAND.

—
“ARMA VIRUMQUE CANO.”
—

WAR appears to occupy the same place in regard to the conditions of human society that the hurricane does in atmospheric phenomena. It is a desolating agent ; but it restores the natural equilibrium, and gives stability for the time to that which is salutary. Without war, as a stimulating and equalising agent, man cannot for any lengthened period, work out his destiny as an intelligent and progressive creature. Argue as men may, that we are rapidly approaching a period when wars will cease to devastate, and universal peace prevail, we cannot agree with their conclusions whatever we may think of their postulates. Man's nature and the experience of all ages is against them. It may be, and doubtless shall be, the case, that man's intellectual development will be such as to lead to the conclusion that all his actions will be squared in accordance with the soberest dictates of reason ; but our conviction is that until his moral nature is entirely changed—until, in fact, he ceases to be the creature we call man—wars will remain a necessity of his existence. We hold, therefore, that wars are inevitable under certain conditions, and that they are as necessary as they are inevitable. We have a war at our own doors ; let us, therefore, carefully trace the course of events, not with the view of espousing any side in the contest, but to ascertain, if possible, what has been done to bring it to a successful issue—a satisfactory and lasting peace.

And perhaps no more favourable time than the present could be selected for such a task. The war has now entered on a new phase of its development, and the steps towards peace, taken in future, will be marked by the victories won, and strategic positions occupied, by the British troops. Reference to the past, therefore, cannot affect the future. The question at issue now will be solved by collision of forces, and not by a well meant but silly policy of palaver, carefully elaborated in the Cabinet, and indifferently executed by the agents in detail.

Let us, therefore, refer to the past, which has become matter of history. Facts are plentiful, and if failures can be classed in the category of facts, they are scattered over the pages of our colonial history for several years back

Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa.

At the outset, we will designate the present war, as a war for the sovereignty of New Zealand. There is no denying the fact a degree of cohesion amongst the aboriginal tribes of this not the least remarkable circumstance in this strange
imagine men becoming troublesome when too well t

the case with the Maoris, for ingratitude is more common to mankind than gratitude; but it is an extraordinary circumstance that so many conflicting elements should combine for a common object, at the risk of utter destruction, or at least the certain curtailment of those favours which have advanced the aborigines of this country to a more than ordinary degree of prosperity and comfort. This circumstance gives the present struggle more than usual importance. It raises it, in fact, to the dignity of a war for political independence on the one part; and on the other, to acquire the sovereignty of the country by conquest, and by force to establish the blessings of law and order amongst the community. War has, therefore, become a necessity to us. Civilization must give way to barbarism if we shrink from the conflict; and prudence and duty alike impel us to prosecute it with vigour.

We shall take this war for the conquest of New Zealand to have commenced actively in March, 1860, when the Waitara purchase was made the plea of action by the Government, although the natives' opposition in this case was by no means an exceptional exhibition of their insolent contempt for the supremacy of the Crown and the laws. It is evident, to a candid inquirer, on reading the public records of the period, that the representative men of the Maori people had, with undeviating persistency, forced on this final struggle between the two races in the North island. There is no difficulty in detecting this covert purpose in their acts of aggression, their language, and contempt of authority, long previous to the date of the open rupture in the beginning of 1860. The fault of the Government, (and it was a cardinal error) was to ignore this attitude of the Maori people, and narrow the cause of war to the dispute regarding Wi Kingi's title to the Waitara block. The colony and the Queen's Representative thus placed themselves in a false position, from which they seemed unable to extricate themselves. Indeed, with singular shortsightedness, the political leaders in the colony did not appear conscious of their folly, and rung the changes on Waitara until the British people became impressed with the conviction that the colonists of New Zealand had brought about a costly war with the natives, to become wrongfully possessed of a paltry 600 acres of waste land on the banks of the Waitara. On no other hypothesis can we explain the language of the English press in reference to this colony; but the speeches in the General Assembly, the pamphlets published on the subject, and the more ephemeral articles in New Zealand newspapers, certainly do justify, to our mind, the imputation by the English press, that the colonists of New Zealand forced on a war with the natives, nominally to acquire possession of a moderate sized farm, but really to secure the large military expenditure which necessarily follows the presence of several thousand troops in the country. It is scarcely necessary to state that the damaging speeches and writings referred to, have been proved, by events, to have been uttered and penned (let us charitably hope) in complete ignorance of the spirit and intentions of the Maori people, and the nature of the struggle that had then begun in this colony. The effect of the colonial policy—for the colony is bound by the political acts of its representative men—was to provide an excuse to the Maori leaders, justifying their violent conduct, and placing the colony in the wrong. The Maori leaders instantly perceived the great advantage they secured by adopting our definition of the cause of war, and to their credit be it said, they made the most of it.

It never struck colonial politicians that the alleged cause of war was altogether disproportioned to its magnitude ; but if they had reflected, they must have perceived that such was the case, and been led to the conclusion that Waitara was only an excuse, under cover of which the Maori people were establishing their tribal and individual independence of law and authority, and restoring their waning prestige as a warlike race by an appeal to arms. The great bulk of the native population took no pains to conceal their real design, but their attitude was disregarded, and the pacific professions of their politic and sagacious leaders were accepted as the sincere professions of honest men, and not understood in their diplomatic sense. The result of the whole has been, that whereas the colony and its administrators narrowed and made everything hinge on the Waitara purchase, the Maori leaders took advantage of Waitara, and our attitude regarding it, to push vigorously forward their great design of retrieving their race from the embarrassments of civilization, and the meshes of law. They were being conquered in an inglorious way by the ever-flowing and placid tide of civilization, and their fierce spirit rebelled at this. The waves of a new life wrhippled on their sandy beach, and overflowing the country, obliterated as it flowed every trace of internecine strife. The Maori felt himself borne down in the noiseless flood. He had floated on the coming tide at first, and like a strong swimmer struck out manfully, giving promise of a great future. But his efforts were in vain. Farther and farther this tide of a strange life carried him away on its sparkling and treacherous surface from the old land-marks he loved so well, and the swimmer lost heart. He attempted to swim back against the flood, but it was now impossible. He had left far behind him the habits of his father's home. While he floated with the stream it was easy work ; when he turned to stem the flood, he had to encounter a rapid current, whirling him about, giddy and sinking, in its capricious eddies. And now he collects his last energies for a desperate effort to regain a footing on the rugged mountains and lonely glens familiar to his savage childhood. He opposes barriers to this tide of civilized life ; and sooth to say, until a recent period indeed, it seemed as if he would be successful.

The Maoris took their stand upon Waitara, while it was possible for them to use it as an excuse ; when that ceased to be possible, however, they were at no pains to conceal their real designs. They instantly shifted their ground, and prepared to make good their pretensions to independence by a general rising of the tribes, emissaries to enlist recruits having been labouring for that purpose for a couple of years at least, throughout the North island. How far they will succeed in their object events as they occur alone will tell. Our task is not, however, to speculate on that, but as reviewers to revert to the conduct of the campaign of 1860, having already referred to what we consider the cardinal political error of that period. And our remarks on the campaign of 1860, from its commencement to its close, will be few. It does not require a lengthened disquisition on military tactics to support the view we take of that campaign, as the results supply the key by which to unravel the mystery of our defeat. From the beginning to the end of the campaign every act of the military commandants was characterised by irresolution or incapacity. There was a dread of responsibility which, wherever it exists, *paralyses the arm that wields the sword.* Strategy there was none.

Expeditions disproportioned to the nature of the service required were planned, and even these were so managed as to become a parade of weakness instead of strength. This is a humiliating picture, but it is true nevertheless ; and it had the effect of stimulating the war spirit amongst the natives. The moral effects of this inglorious campaign were widely felt in the North island. Fresh spirit was diffused throughout the whole of Maoridom. Success had attended their appeal to arms. By adopting our definition of the quarrel they had put us in the wrong, and justified their acts of violence and rebellion ; by standing resolutely at bay they had baffled and defeated our military leaders, dispirited the army, and extorted from the colony the concession of a truce, which left all substantial advantages on their side, and gave them time to recruit their strength and complete their plans of organization. They had done something even more than this (great as were these triumphs), because it appealed directly to their lust for plunder, which is the major passion of the Maori race. They had succeeded in despoiling a fair settlement, and obliterating almost entirely every trace of occupancy by civilized men. Homesteads were burned down, the settlers were driven into a little town within a few yards of the ocean by which they came, and their property had gone to reward the enterprise and valour of their assailants. This was a tangible result, which the least acute native could understand ; and doubtless it has had its effect on the Maori people. Everything promised to become as it had been in New Zealand's palmiest days, when powerful chiefs led their naked warriors to battle and returned laden with spoil.

The warlike prestige of the race was restored ; and in one province at least, the power of the Crown and the colony had been unable to protect the settlers. Was not everything tending to that happy state of things, so admirably described in "Old New Zealand," when the pakeha trader paid the chief in whose settlement he was resident, for protecting him against friends and strangers ? Truly this appeared to be the case, but on a larger and more magnificent scale than it had ever been seen in "the good old times."

Let us see how this conviction was brought home to the native mind. It will be recollected that we pointed out what we consider the great political blunder of the period, and showed how the evil effects of that mistake were strengthened by the unsuccessful conduct of the campaign in Taranaki. Instead of retracing our steps during the truce, the political blunder regarding the *casus belli* was continued. In fact it was made the base of the new pacification policy of the Government. Being totally beside the real question at issue, we are not at all surprised at the failure which attended that scheme. But as a main part of the means to the great end of peace, and the establishment of law and the supremacy of the Crown in the colony, this scheme is deserving a passing word of comment. It was by no means an original plan. There was not a single feature of novelty about it ; but after all, there was a good deal more of honesty underlying the new policy than its opponents gave its authors credit for originating. It was based on the assumptions that selfishness is the great motive-spring of human actions, and that although this is undoubtedly true it is a dangerous experiment to appeal directly to human selfishness. A little management must therefore be resorted to if it is to succeed.

* THE WAR IN AUCKLAND.

Doubtless the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated as to cheat,

when done on a large scale; and our political Solons were prepared to do an extensive business. They gilded the pill, therefore, with a spice of novelty—something to tickle the palate, to flatter the vanity, and minister to pretentious individual weaknesses. The pill was a simple bribe; the gilding, the new institutions. There was something for everybody. If all could not be assessors, many could be wardens or policemen; and those who could not carry the policeman's baton, or sit in the curule chair, might have seats at the runanga. For the sake of appearance, every male of the tribes who accepted the new institutions could not well be public pensioners; but to make up for that, was there not an army of Government officials appointed to dispense the gratuities of the colony? It was an excellent plan, based on a correct estimate of human nature, and might have succeeded in the end but for three conditions which had been overlooked by its authors. First, they shut their eyes to the real cause of the war, and proceeded on a false issue; second, they began their new system at a time when its triumph should have been assured, if tried at all; and third, the gifts which it was in the power of Government to bestow, were not equal in value to the plunder acquired in war by the "free lances" of the Maoris, nor was the novelty of judicial proceedings and noisy runangaing to be set in the same balances with the excitement of fight and the intoxication of victory. The new institutions failed in their object. We have explained why we think this failure was brought about; and we would not have adverted to the subject at all were it possible to overlook that pretentious plan, for the development of which the Imperial Government and mother country, as well as this colony, waited with remarkable patience for two years, and appropriated money with benignant complacency.

To the last moment, even after blood had been shed in the second Taranaki campaign, maugre the failure of the pacification scheme, the political leaders of the colony perpetuated the same gross political blunder about Waitara. They talked of Waitara, wrote of Waitara, almost wept over Waitara. Everything in their mind turned on Waitara; and the wily diplomatist Thompson, took advantage of this political infatuation and boldly challenged the Governor of the colony to recognise the supremacy of the King in return for his nominal interference in regard to Waitara. There was then a chance of the new policy succeeding. The interest in the game of diplomacy was at its height at that time; and our player, too intent on his own game, forgot to consider minutely the positions of his adversary. A concession is made; the King movement is not to be recognised, but it is not to be put down by force. It was, therefore, *un fait accompli*. The natives were masters of the situation, and soon acted as if they knew they were so. The Queen was held in check by the King's knight. The whole fabric of the new institutions suddenly crumbled to the dust, and the minions of the Maori potentate threatened the same fate to Auckland, Wellington, and Hawke's Bay that had befallen Taranaki. The supremacy of the Maori was nearly established; and as said, even after blood had been shed in Taranaki, in defence of the inviolability of Maori territory, with culpable on the part of the colonial authorities this bloodshed was account of Waitara.

Let us proceed more in the order of events, however, and go in imagination to Taranaki early in the present year, shortly after the unfortunate concession to the symbol of Maori sovereignty, mentioned above, had been made. The Governor, impressed with the conviction that he had won the day, instead of being circumvented by Thompson, as he really was, accompanied by the representative men of his Ministry, and the General commanding the forces in New Zealand, went down to that province to effect the reinstatement of the settlers. He proceeded cautiously, feeling his way as he proceeded. First, the Waireka hill was occupied by the troops, and a redoubt (Poutoko) built there by order of General Cameron. Next, a movement was made towards Tataraimaka, and on its southern boundary another redoubt was built and garrisoned by the troops. There was no opposition. It is true the political atmosphere seemed charged with combustible elements, but the portentous clouds might dissipate, and all be well. There was no positive resistance to the occupation of the Tataraimaka block, and the soldiers were at first welcomed by a few Maoris at the Kaitake river. The land held by conquest had been quietly ceded, it was said, and the air rang with the jubilant shouts of those who sang the triumphs of the "new" policy. All is well. The Governor wisely kept in the back-ground all reference to Waitara the unblest. He spoke only of his own—of the lands held under Crown grants, from which the settlers had been expelled by armed bands of rebellious natives; and these blocks were occupied in the manner described. It was a military occupation, and so far it answered the purpose; but no settler would go upon the land. They saw the unsubstantial character of the proceeding. They felt that they could not recommence their labour of improving the soil, and creating capital in the districts out of sight of the military camps; and after-events proved that in the vicinity of a camp life was unsafe.

For a time the Court bulletin was uniform in its tone: everything is going on as well as can be expected; but by-and-by the storm burst. It was necessary to cross a block of unalienated land to get upon the Tataraimaka block, and this violation of the sacred soil of Maoridom by the soldiers was resented by the massacre of the 4th of May last. And once more we are forced to refer to that crowning political blunder to which reference has been already made. It is the last act in regard thereof we will be compelled to mention. The massacres took place on the Oakura block, and our political Solons groaned "Waitara!" Without loss of time an apologetic proclamation was issued, confessing to the Maori people our fault in having had anything to do with the purchase, but giving a slightly different version of the document in English. Surely this will satisfy the Maori magnates! Has not the Governor confessed his sin and the sin of his predecessor; and has the confession not been countersigned by the Colonial Secretary on behalf of the colony? And again the spirits of the admirers of the "new" policy rose with the occasion, and the wisdom of the concession and its justice were duly extolled. That it was not a wise concession, we think will appear from what we have written; and that it was not an act prompted by a sense of justice is apparent from the time, the mode, and the terms, of the concession. It was the crowning act of political folly of this strange history, and it was committed with fear and trembling, to propitiate the blood-stained champions of Maori independence.

We need not pursue this subject further. Events are too recent to require detailed narrative ; and we will only add that as soon as all ground of excuse for war on the score of Waitara had been removed by the surrender of our title to Waitara, the natives boldly threw off the mask, and avowed by acts an intention to maintain by force the advantageous positions they had gained in the first campaign, and subsequently confirmed by diplomacy.

The day of "Waitara" politics is now over. There are those who still cling to this Shibboleth of party with a fondness more to be pitied than blamed. Their affection is natural. On Waitara they rose to power, and floated on the treacherous stream ; but as where its tide mingles with Ocean's wave, a swimmer would sink to rise no more, so they, when the conflicting forces met, which Waitara and Ocean aptly illustrate, disappeared from the political arena where, for a season, they played a conspicuous part. One word alone is needed to confirm our views regarding the aspect in which the hostile natives actually regarded Waitara. When we relinquished all right and title to the block, we left the native disputants, King and Taylor, as they were at the first. Taylor denies King's right to the block and holds possession, and the natives who fought against us, on the plea that King was an injured man, pay no further heed to the matter. Even King looks with an indifferent eye on the "bedroom" of his tribe, and aspires to be a magnate in the new kingdom south of the Waikato.

We have brought down our review of the events of the war for the subjugation of the natives, to a period when it is necessary to refer more particularly to the military operations of the second campaign in Taranaki. For the sake of the continuity of the narrative we must occasionally refer to political matters as we proceed, as the action of the General commanding the forces has been influenced to a certain extent by the position taken up by the civil power. It will be recollected that as soon as the Governor resumed possession of the southern section of the Omata block, General Cameron gave orders for the construction of a redoubt upon that block. The Potouko redoubt was accordingly built, and a military post established. Our occupancy was unquestioned, because as yet we had not violated native territory ; and it does seem strange at first sight, that the General commanding should establish a fortified post on a line which was not menaced by a foe, and at a time when the head of the Government of the colony led the country to believe there was no enemy to be feared. It was fortunate for the country, however, that the command of the army devolved on a veteran officer, whose vision was not obscured by the political haze which surrounded him. All might be peaceful, as was represented ; but like a prudent soldier, he put on his own armour of defence, and calmly awaited the issue of events. After the occupation of Potouko, reinforcements arrived from Auckland, and the troops advanced through the Oakura block to Tataraimaka, which the natives claimed as territory conquered from the Crown during the first campaign. A redoubt was built on the southern boundary of this block, and the General, with admirable foresight, provisioned it for a month. But why, let us ask was this action taken by the commander of the forces, seeing that welcomed the troops when they first appeared on the debate. The friendly greeting by the natives filled the civil authori

the mercury in the peace thermometer rose to almost boiling heat. It was clear, however, that in that season of rejoicing there was one man who did not consider the aspect of affairs entirely satisfactory. As yet, no overt act was committed by the natives. The line of communication between New Plymouth and Tataraimaka was still open, and the military passed without interference. But this state of things was not of long continuance. The natives soon began to show signs of a determination to stand upon what they considered their rights, and preserve the inviolability of the King's territory. An ambush was laid on the Oakura block, to intercept any Europeans passing over that unalienated piece of land. The first ambush, the existence of which the Government affected to discredit, failed in its object; but a second ambush was more successful. The slaughter of Dr. Hope and his companions, on the 4th of May last, at the Wairau stream wrote in bloody characters the native manifesto, that they were prepared to do battle to the death in vindication of their territorial unity. The King's territory must be preserved inviolate.

We must look upon this bloody deed, not so much in the light of an ordinary capital felony, as an act of retaliation, the political significance of which the natives intended the authorities to understand. The ambush was laid on native territory, and the victims were armed soldiers of the Queen, passing over that territory without native permission, on military duty. We do not palliate the great crime of which the natives were guilty, but we contend that the action of the authorities, from March, 1860, up till that period, led the natives to conclude that their unalienated land should be respected; and as "the law of fighting" still continued in force in Taranaki, notwithstanding the truce, they knew no better mode of expressing their resentment at the trespass than by recourse to bloodshed. But the result of this action on their part was very different to what they might have anticipated from past experience. While the civil authorities hastened to humble themselves before the gory rebels, and apologised for having had anything to do with Waitara, General Cameron took possession of the Oakura block, and fortified a camp on a commanding eminence, which opened the line of communication to the outpost at Tataraimaka and menaced Kaitake, the hill pa of the rebels on the Tataru range, from which the party planting the ambush had descended to the plain.

We have seen the General preparing for a struggle, which his plan of operations, as developed, proves he had anticipated from the first. His work is now finished; his armour is buckled on; and he quietly bides his time to strike. We have also seen the authorities, on whom devolved the management of the affairs of the colony, act with irresolution, and make damaging concessions through the pressure of fear. On the one hand there is the spectacle of a wary soldier, more politic than the politicians; and politicians without a policy, grasping at every straw which appears on the turgid flood of social turmoil, in the vain hope that by such slender aid they could float themselves to a "fair haven" of repose and peace. It was in vain our politicians grasped at straws. The surrender of Waitara did not propitiate the natives. We have stated that the natives only pleaded Waitara as an excuse for their rebellion, because it was the excuse supplied them by the crassitude of colonial politicians; and now this truth is manifest. They do not thank the Government for

this tardy surrender ; they do not forget the past, in consideration of the abject terms of the surrender ; but they take new ground. They stand out for the inviolability of Maori territory and the supremacy of their King. The mask is thrown off, and their intention is best discovered from their acts. Oakura is lost to them by its military occupation, but the territory to the south is not yet violated by the passage of our troops. Indeed, orders were given that on no account whatever should the soldiers cross the Kaitakara river to the Maori land. That the natives intended to dispute our passage of that river is proved by the next step they took. Field works were begun on the left bank of the Kaitakara, more we think, as a defence of the frontier line than as a base of operations against the troops in the province of Taranaki. It was likewise a post of observation, and consisted of a square redoubt, and covering rifle pits in front strengthening the natural defences which the steep banks of the river supplied. Their naturally strong positions in the ranges were strengthened at the same time, and the Kaitake pa may be taken as a fair illustration of the skill which the aborigines of New Zealand display in strengthening, by artificial works, the natural fortifications which constitute the chief obstacle to offensive warfare in this country. The flanks of the position were protected by steep hills, converging towards each other, forming a recess where their pa and main works were constructed. The sides of these hills were rifle-pitted, and the sloping ground in front, defended by a gully and tall fern, by which an attack must be led, was likewise fortified by rifle-pits. A double line of stake palisading defended their pa the entire width of the recess, the line being lengthened by cremaillères. Their retreat was open to the forest at the rear, which rendered pursuit next to impossible. The field works at Kaitakara were wanting in many natural adjuncts of defence, and had the natives not been led to form too low an estimate of the British soldiers, from the events of the first campaign, we believe they never would have made a stand there as they did.

General Cameron did not, it appears, recognise the necessity for these Maori works in the vicinity of the Tataraimaka camp, and therefore planned an expedition, which was to have taken them by surprise on the morning of the 26th of May. But through the intervention of the civil authorities that expeditionary force was recalled. However, on the 4th of June, the native position was carried by storm by the British troops, commanded by the General in person, and a crowning victory was won. The first stern blow was now struck at their military prestige, and their complete overthrow on that occasion prepared the natives for the reverses which followed. But the moral effect did not end there. They had slaughtered a handful of our troops for unavoidably trespassing on unalienated land, and in return General Cameron took possession of the block of land on which the outrage was committed ; they had fortified a post on their frontier to prevent trespass on Maori land to the south of Tataraimaka, and the General crossed the frontier, and drove them from their works with much slaughter. There was great significance in these acts of the commander of the forces. He had slipped the leash of diplomacy, and set his heel on the neck of the rebellion in Taranaki, invading and occupying native territory before the enemy suspected his intentions ; the Government of the colony had recovered from the stupor in which the massacre of the 4th of May had thrown them. The

troops was trifling compared with the solid political and military advantages purchased by that loss. Heretofore, there was nothing tangible in the successes of our politicians and commanders. In fact their very successes looked so like defeats that only a partial eye could distinguish the difference. But now we are able to apprehend solid advantages gained by the foresight and resolution of the General. With the occupation of Oakura and the invasion of the Maori-king territory to the south of the Tataraimaka block, and the defeat thereon of the champions of Maori nationality, the second campaign in Taranaki may be said to have closed. The conquest of the district had been achieved. All the land that was claimed by the Colonial Government was in the keeping of the troops, and the natives were punished by the military occupation of Oakura and the fight on the Kaitakara, for their armed interference with the free passage of her Majesty's forces through the country.

Looked at in a military and political point of view the war in Taranaki was virtually closed by these achievements, and would have been throughout New Zealand if the elements of civil discord had been confined to that province. Strategically we could not improve our position. The Imperial and colonial forces held every post in the province which could be turned to good account for the protection of the settlement, and this was done at a trifling cost, and in a brief period indeed. The natives were shut up in their mountain fastnesses, and their land was occupied by the troops, without any attempt by the rebels to dislodge them. It is true there must, of necessity, have been a large standing army maintained in Taranaki to keep the Maoris in subjection, involving an outlay for which the value of the moiety of land alienated from the natives could not be pleaded as a set-off, if it had been determined to limit operations to the maintenance merely of our position there. But the strength of the rebellion lay in Waikato, and not in Taranaki; and the Waikatos did not allow the colonial authorities much time for reflection, after the defeat of their supporters in Taranaki, before proceeding to extreme measures under the standard of rebellion they had so long flaunted with impunity. The Maori king flag now became the banner of the blood-thirsty and ungrateful, and not the banner of peace, law, and love which Thompson, and the politically-wise-men of the colony who allowed the king-maker to think for them, tried so hard to persuade every one it was.

There was nothing to be gained therefore, by maintaining a large military force in Taranaki, where their presence could not influence the war in the Waikato which, as was apparent to all unprejudiced persons from the first, must be undertaken by the troops before peace could be established in the country.

The conquest of the district having been accomplished, all that was required was to concentrate a sufficient force in New Plymouth to garrison Marsland Barracks and the line of blockhouses around the town, and to occupy the two flanking positions at Omata and the Bell Block, when the scene of active operations was to be transferred to another locality, where the arena of strife was not circumscribed to a few miles of broken land between the ranges and the sea, and where the results of decided victories would be more speedily apparent. Accordingly we find that so soon as the continued threatening attitude of the Waikatos south of Auckland, rendered it imperative to concentrate a large force on our frontier in that direction, the Tataraimaka redoubt was actually abandoned. Still more

recently the Oakura redoubt was likewise abandoned, and the forces which held these posts, and did no more than keep in check the natives congregated in the ranges, without in any degree weakening their strength or shortening the war for the subjugation of the entire country, were drafted to Auckland, where their services would be active instead of passive. Nor should we at all feel surprised if the Potouko redoubt be abandoned in turn, and indeed we rather think that at the present time its abandonment would strengthen instead of weaken our position in Taranaki. We lose none of the prestige we gained at Kaitakara by abandoning these positions for a season, seeing that the movement has been rendered necessary by the massing of the troops in Auckland province, and the more so also, as it will be found that so soon as the Waikatos and their allies have been thoroughly beaten in the north, we will be able to reoccupy them, when we please, without bloodshed. The battle which destroys the strength of the rebellion in Taranaki and Wellington will be fought in the Waikato, and not in either of the southern districts.

Space will not permit us to discuss, with sufficient minuteness, the progress of events in Auckland province, for a short time previous to the arrival of General Cameron from Taranaki. In a subsequent article we will be better able to do justice to this branch of the subject, which is not less interesting than important, and also to the steps that were taken after the General returned to the capital. It will be sufficient for our present purpose to refer generally to the steps taken to defend Auckland and Southern districts, and carry the war into the heart of the enemy's country. The strength of the army at General Cameron's disposal in Auckland was not equal to the work which he had before him. An extensive district, over which settlements were scattered, extending in width from the West to the East Coast, and in length from Auckland almost to the banks of the Waikato, required protection ; and if the supremacy of the Crown was to be asserted, an invading army must at the same time penetrate into the Waikato district. These were the two great difficulties, and they could only be overcome by increasing the strength of the army. Then there were minor difficulties, consisting of natural obstacles, and the labour and delay in carrying supplies to the front from Auckland, added to which was the danger to be apprehended from the numerous native residents within the line of the Waikato.

The force was fortunately strengthened by the arrival of the head quarter companies of the second battalion 18th Royal Irish, from England, and drafts of men from the army in Taranaki. The Militia was called out for active service, and the Volunteers also were required to do duty. A large accession of strength was thus gained ; and on the 10th of July, General Cameron made his forward movement, establishing his head-quarters at the Queen's Redoubt, Pokeno. A sufficient force was left at Auckland, Otahuhu, and Drury, to protect the seat of Government and surrounding districts ; and posts were established along the line of the Wairoa, and on the west by Waiuku.

It seems that the plan of the campaign had been long previously elaborated by the General, for we find that three days after he took the field in person, his supports and boats were in readiness, at the tawhiri creek, and under cover of night the force embarked *a landing on the eastern bluff of the Koheroe range. The*

mistaking this movement. It carried the war into the enemy's country, violated the tabued soil of the Waikato, and gave the General the key of the entire position. The camps at Kohere were fortified, much to the astonishment of the rebellious natives. Matters were progressing satisfactorily in the field, and a new base of operations was being established, which would economise time and labour and enable the commander of the forces to throw a powerful column, at short notice, on any point he might wish to assail. But once more the baleful influence of diplomacy intervened;—the irresolution and mismanagement of the Native department thwarted the commandant, and delayed indefinitely offensive operations. We have already referred to one of the minor difficulties, to be overcome in order to protect the district within the line of the Waikato and enable an aggressive war to be carried on without check, as the danger arising from the numerous native settlements within that line. The loyalty of these natives was of a doubtful character, and a test was proposed to them, simple in itself, and to men who scarcely understand the obligation of an oath, one which would sit lightly on them. The test was to take the oath of allegiance to her Majesty the Queen and give up their arms;—the alternative, a safe conduct to the enemy's lines, with their arms and ammunition, goods and chattels. Did we not know that such was the proposition literally, we could hardly credit it; but it was consistent with the general policy of the Native department. It is not to be wondered that the natives chose the alternative. It was more congenial to their feelings, and moreover presented greater advantages. But they refused, in effect, the safe conduct. They felt themselves equal to the task of defending themselves, and they departed, with arms in their hands. Whither did they depart? The question is easily answered by referring to the Kerikeri conflicts, and the murders and burnings along the Hunua ranges, and to the hostilities along the line of the Great South Road. This is a branch of the subject which must be gone into more in detail than we can afford to do at present, and we particularly refer to it in this place, as the cause of the bloodshed within our line of defence, and the still more serious drawback to the progress of the war.

The attack on the escort on the 17th of July, and the presence of the natives on the Hunua ranges, necessitated a movement for the defence of the rear, and especially to keep open the communication with Auckland, from whence supplies were drawn. Fortified camps were established along the line of road between Pokeno and Drury, and the daily escort was greatly strengthened. This absorbed fully six hundred men of the effective force at the General's disposal, and necessarily checked his advance into the Waikato. It is singular, and instructive also, that whenever the Native department interferes with matters which should be entrusted entirely to the military chief, disasters ensue. No one can suppose that if the General had been entrusted with the task of disarming the natives resident within our lines, he would have failed, seeing that the safety of his expedition, in great measure, depended on success. Nor can any one suppose otherwise than that the disarming of the natives would have been effected without bloodshed; but it is equally improbable to suppose that General Cameron, or any other General holding her Majesty's commission, would have been guilty of the superlative blunder of giving a body of men, dangerous to the State, safe conduct with arms,

ammunition, and provisions, to the enemy's camp. This was peculiarly a Native office idea, and one which has cost waste of valuable life and treasure, and delayed the prosecution of the war with that vigour which General Cameron's antecedents in New Zealand led the country to expect.

It will be seen, therefore, that the flank movement of the enemy was created by the temporising policy of the Native Office, and not through any want of foresight by the Commandant, the military only being called in to second the civil servants of the colony in this undertaking.

Let us turn, however, from this misadventure, and see what is done to consolidate British authority in the island. Where the conduct of the campaign is left to the General commanding, there is no want of resolution, no evidence of weakness or want of judgment.

The available force at the General's disposal having crossed the Maungatawhiri, established themselves in a position commanding the creek, and keeping open the navigation to the Bluff stockade, our advanced post at that time, on the Waikato river. The natives determined to oppose the further progress of the troops, and began fortifying a strong natural position on the western slope of the Koheroe ranges, along which a land force would be compelled to advance towards the Waikato. With characteristic energy General Cameron determined to dislodge the enemy at once, and for that purpose advanced with a small force on the 17th of July. The engagement was short, but it left the British troops in possession of the entire range to the Whangamarino. This victory, like that on the 4th of June, was gained with few casualties on our side, while heavy losses were sustained by the enemy. Defeated and humiliated, the Maoris retired inland. Their warlike prestige was waning fast ; and it was evident that the English General had his hand on the throat of the rebellion. This battle on Koheroe was fought with every advantage on the side of the Maoris. They were superior in numbers to their assailants ; they had the choice of position, which they strengthened by defensive works ; and they were attacked by a force armed only with rifles and bayonets. No artillery was called into play against them. The odds were therefore in their favour, but they were signally defeated.

This is a proper occasion to refer to the peculiarity of Maori field works. They selected as their first position on the range a spot which gave them several lines of retreat on their right ; and another retreat down a wooded gully on their left was open to them. This natural fortification they strengthened by digging a line of rifle pits along the brink of the declivity on their right front, the occupants of which pits had the choice of one of two short gullies leading to the swamp at the Whangamarino, as a means of escape if pressed home by an enemy. The main object appeared to be to select a position which rendered retreat easy. Instead of piling the earth from their trench in front, to form a breast-work, over which European soldiers would fire at an enemy, the Maoris invariably flung it behind them, elevating the back-ground. This plan was found useful in Taranaki for stopping bullets when they had run short of lead, but at Koheroe the precaution was useless, as they did not get a chance of afterwards picking bullets out of the earth. The attacking force was exposed to a concentrated fire from this line of rifle-pits as it advanced along the narrow ridge from Koheroe and rushed in front of the Maori works ; they were likewise exposed

fire, on the right and left, from natives planted on the covering spurs, and who escaped down the adjoining gullies. The lines of rifle-pits between their first position and the Waikato, were constructed on precisely the same principles of defence.

The command of the Waikato, from the Heads to the Whangamarino is now in the hands of General Cameron, and a post has been established on the extreme of the Koheroe Bluff overlooking the new Maori works at Meremere. These works are simply an elaboration of the rifle-pits on the Koheroe, and defend the three sides of their position on which the Maoris apprehend attack. Their rear is protected by the Maramarua and the swamp, and their front by the Waikato. Belts of bush on the right and left, flank their position. Their line of retreat is open to Rangiriri, where they have also extensive defensive works, from which their line of retreat on the capital of the Maori kingdom is in the rear.

It is not for us to pursue this subject further. Time, the revealer, will put us in possession of events as they transpire, and we will then be able to discuss the conduct and results of the campaign on sufficient data.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MATAARA, OR NATIVE WATCH-CRY.

LITERALLY TRANSLATED.

Whai Mai ! Whai Mai !

Come on ! Come on ! Oh Ngapuhi, come for vengeance sake.
Slain by my hand your warriors lie ; to challenge you I wake.
Stiff in death your warriors lie ; loudly your women weep.
And now you hear my taunting cry : Ngapuhi can you sleep ?
P. M.

WHAKAARA, OR MAORI REVEILLE.

He po, he po, he ao, he ao, &c.

Night, night, day, day,
Darting comes the morning light ;
Birds are singing,
Skies are bright.
'Tis day ! 'Tis day ! 'Tis day !

P. M.

MONTHLY LITERARY REVIEW.

As we expected there have appeared during the month of June several works of more widely diffused interest than any whose appearance we were able to record during last month. This, however, it must be observed, is confined almost entirely to the regions of fiction, for in works in other walks of literature the month has been singularly barren. The names of Henry Kingsley and the talented authoress of "The Chronicles of Carlingford," were in themselves a sufficient material guarantee for the general ability and even popularity of the books which bear their names; and even were there no other books worthy of notice at our hands, these would themselves, in the estimation of many of the reading public, render a month noteworthy by their production.

"Austin Elliot," by Henry Kingsley, is a book in every way characteristic of, and in most ways worthy of its author. The racy style which rendered the former works of its author so popular, whether he told of bush-scenes in "Geoffrey Hamlyn," or still better of English scenes in "Ravenshoe," is as fresh and refreshing as ever in "Austin Elliot." The thousand and one odd and out of the way bits of experience, which one would fancy it had been the business of his life to collect wherever he went and among whatever society he has been thrown, are brought in as unexpectedly, as felicitously, and as absurdly in their disconnected form and curious spirit as in either of the former works. One thing we have to object to in "Austin Elliot," and it is a curious fault for the author of "Ravenshoe" to have committed,—he has tried to tell a story with a moral; of course he has failed, as how could anyone imagine he would have succeeded in coming any nearer a regular moral than a sort of genial cheerfulness and elasticity of mind, which are after all better than a dozen regular morals in a novel. The moral ostensibly enforced is the evil of duelling, apparently, but the text is so badly preached upon that if it were not happily true that the absurd and wicked habit is to all intents abolished in England, we should rather fear it leading some of its fiery young readers to the very vice it is meant to condemn. In justice to Mr. Kingsley, however, it is but right to say, that had he not carefully pointed out the moral of his novel, we should never have discovered that it possessed such a useless and uncalled for encumbrance in any shape. "Austin Elliot" is of course somewhat after the Charles Ravenshoe type, so dear to the Kingsley family;—he starts life as an Eton boy, is clever and distinguished both at school and college; has that remarkable freedom from all religious impressions so common in the stories of the family, but tries to make up for it by a cultivated taste, and has views of regenerating society by means of Shakespeare. The thing fails of course; the hero wants to fight a duel about a lady—the heroine,—but is only successful in allowed to act as second for his friend, who gets shot, and arms, and Austin Elliot gets taken up and put in jail. *course much wretchedness is endured by all parties, but*

second duel, in which the hero acts as principal, all comes right; the hero and heroine get married and retire to one of the Hebrides, which they buy, and the reader leaves them in the very act of rendering their island a true Arcadia. To any one, however, who has read a novel by Henry Kingsley, it will be unnecessary to state how utterly impossible it is to give an idea of the real charm of his works, which consists less in what he says than in his manner of saying it. In this respect "Austin Elliot" is no falling off from his former works, and in saying this we say everything.

An author of a different stamp, yet not without many points of resemblance, gives us a delightful continuation of a delightful book in the "Rector" and "The Doctor's Family." "The Chronicles of Carlingford" have already established for themselves and their author so high a reputation that to say the present volume is in no respect a falling off from the last containing "Salem Chapel," is to say as much as is needed to ensure a strong desire to read the book in the minds of all those who have seen the former work. "The Rector" is but a short story, but is told so well and with so many of these subtle touches of nature so justly popular at this time, that it is impossible to regret anything in the tale but its shortness. "The Doctor's Family" is much longer, indeed may be said to be the story of the book; it has many merits, of which perhaps the greatest is the delineation of a new woman; one, that is, whom we have never met with in any book before, but who is so perfectly constructed and so utterly womanly, as we imagine, that we cannot feel as if truth had been in any way sacrificed to originality. In a word the story is an excellent one, and is calculated to enhance the already high repute of its author.

Mr. T. A. Trollope has again favoured us with an Italian novel. "Giulio Malatista" is a tale of modern Italy, with which country Mr. Trollope is really wonderfully familiar. Its object seems simply to be the explanation of the courses that have led to the Italian Revolution, by showing the gross evils that affected society under the government of the small dukes and princes, who subdivided the country among them. The subject was, it must be allowed, a very difficult one for an English novelist to handle for the benefit of an English public, and we think Mr. Trollope has failed. The grand stumbling-blocks to be avoided in writing on such a theme were the improbable and the improper; we think that most readers who acquit Mr. Trollope of the one error will be very much inclined to attribute to him the other. Nevertheless the story is a clever one, and is far more worthy of being read than nine out of ten that are daily circulated among us.

Of the minor lights in the novel firmament little need be said beyond the assertion that they are neither better nor worse than the usual ephemera of the circulating library. Amongst these the most noticeable are "Respectable Sinners," by Mrs. Brotherton, which is clever in detail, but weak as a whole; and "Chesterford," which is better as a whole, but very weak in many parts of its detail.

"The Life of Bishop Blomfield," by his son, appears to be a really valuable record of the life and labours of a man who exercised great influence on the destinies of the Church of England at a very critical period of her history. It is very seldom that a son makes a good biographer of his parent, but the present is one of those exceptional cases in

which this is strikingly contradicted. As a biography, the book is an excellent one, and the good taste and feeling of the writer cannot be too highly praised which enabled him to render it so. In a word it may be said to be the very reverse of Mr. Shute's "Life of the Bishop of Exeter."

The great "German Commentator on Shakespere" has been translated into English, and in so pleasant a way that the book is likely to take a place among English books permanently. It is almost humiliating to find how much better Shakespere is appreciated in Germany than amongst his own people; who beyond a general sort of admiration of the great world-poet, have very little insight really into the meaning and perfections of his works. No English commentator has ever done for the works of the great dramatist what Gervinus has done;—some, such as Coleridge and Charles Lamb have done something, but always fragmentary. Gervinus, on the contrary, set himself to explain and illustrate the perfections of the poet through his whole works, and his success has been remarkable. But few, and those very gifted men, have read their Shakespere so as to see in it all that Gervinus points out, and on this account we hail the translation of the work into English as an excellent step to a better appreciation of him whom all consent to admire.

A Northern American lady—Mrs. Kemble—has treated the English public to a very amusing book on the subject of the Slave States of America. Not that she has the smallest idea of being laughed at, but simply because she talks so very much nonsense in her attempt to show how good everything Northern is, and how bad is everything south of the Potomac. Mrs. Kemble it appears went to Virginia to reside upon her husband's plantation there, and, it would appear, quarrelled with him more than is generally looked upon as desirable. This she attributes entirely to slavery, although the connection is less clearly established than we could have wished to have seen it. At all events she returned to her Northern home; and now, after a lapse of twenty years, turns up the tablets of her memory to refresh the British public with the harrowing reflections which her unhappy married life gave rise to, and which are all traced to slavery.

"Virgil in Verse" is the only poetical work of the month worthy of notice. The name of its author—Dr. Kennedy—is sufficient to urge its claims upon the public in the character at least of a good translation. This, in the main, it undoubtedly is, although now and then, owing to the exigencies of a verse which seems less under the author's control than might be wished, we have passages loosely rendered. On the whole, however, the translation, as we have said, is a good one. With regard to its merits as poetry we cannot pronounce so favourable a verdict, and we fear it will not rank high at a time when we possess such classical translators as Theodore Martin and Mr. Worsley.





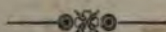
THE
SOUTHERN MONTHLY
MAGAZINE.

"QUE POSSINT OCULOS AURESQUE MORARI."—*Horace.*

OCTOBER, 1863.

ÆGLE:

A Tale.—By Gilpie Mosshawke.



CHAPTER VII.

Atque superba pati fastidia.—*VIRGIL.*

THERE is no phenomenon in nature which may fully symbolize the sudden springing up and the destructive course of passion in the human mind. The sea which from a state of serenity and sunshine is suddenly swept by the hurricane into dark and tempestuous billows, presents a scene of desolation and dismay, but the storm subsides, and the sun again lights the surface of the deep with a thousand glittering smiles: the fire, which from a small beginning rushes with resistless might through the luxuriant vegetation of a summer's growth, defaces the beauty of nature with terror and devastation, but its fury at length expends itself, spring returns, and with her creative touch restores their softness and verdure to the plains and hills; the shock of battle, and its carnage and destruction, present a painful contrast to the brilliance and animation of armies assembling with all the inspiration of courage and of hope to the scene of expected renown; but peace returns, the green grass waves over the buried dead, and history and song combine to mask the horror and to preserve the glory: but the human soul which has once been swept by the tide of passion, recovers not its former condition, no flowers grow over the rough and broken places which remain as evidences of the past convulsion, like the precipitous chasm which marks the violence of the earthquake by which the solid hill was riven, and down the craggy sides

of which no softer herbage blooms. And yet to this mighty and terrible power nature seems to have provided no effectual barrier or resistance; youth in its unthinking ardour rushes eagerly forward to meet and to welcome the flood which is to overwhelm it, and learns that wisdom which might have furnished the means of resistance when it can only be used for the purpose of repairing or of masking the ravages which have been committed.

Philokalos must have been more than mortal had he not been profoundly impressed by the extreme beauty of the figure which had revealed itself to his waking eyes, and as he started from his resting-place in pursuit of her vanishing form, his mind entertained no other object or idea than the eager desire again to set his eyes upon that enchanting vision. But such was the swiftness with which the dazzling form of the maiden disappeared, that although the floating extremity of her scarf was yet visible as he sprang from his grassy couch, yet he issued from the embowered recess in which he had passed the night, only in time to see her vanish again in a similar manner at a point a short distance off, where the path up the valley wound round a projecting and wooded point. Confident in his own agility, Philokalos quickly followed, but on arriving at the spot, he saw no trace of the object of his pursuit. He stood still for a few seconds lost in astonishment, for the length of valley which was now visible, precluded the supposition that she could have traversed it in the short time which had elapsed before he had arrived at the place where he now stood, and he had heard no cracking or rustling sound from which he might have inferred that she had deviated from the open path and taken shelter in the wood. Her disappearance seemed so unaccountable, that Philokalos almost began to doubt the reality of her existence, and to believe that he had been pursuing a phantom of his own dreams, or else that some nymph or goddess was mocking him in delusive sport; but recovering himself, he began to search for some traces which might reveal the direction which she had taken. Down the centre of the valley ran the stream of water whose exit in the rocky gorge had first attracted him to the locality. The sides of the stream were covered for the most part with grassy herbage, but here and there was a spot where the channel was wider and shallower than usual, and where on one side or the other was a shelving piece of sandy or gravelly mud without any grass or vegetation. As he came upon one of these spots while searching along the stream, Philokalos discovered the distinct impression of a foot, which a single glance convinced him belonged to no other than the mysterious being whom he was pursuing. None else could have left an impression so small, so delicate, so perfectly formed, and the young man hung over the trace as if its discovery were some compensation and solace for the absence of the fair creature, who had made it. Another impression was visible at the water's edge, of which the mark of the heel was alone discernable, the water covering the remainder. It was evident, therefore, that she had stepped into the water, and Philokalos hastily crossed the stream to see if any signs of her steps were to be discovered on the other side. However, his search was vain, for the grass grew on the opposite close to the margin of the water, and the most minute inspection to detect upon it the slightest trace of that light and deli-

"Surely she is a water nymph," said Philokalos, "
sparkling water has borne from my sight that form w

purity of its own crystal depths is alone fitted to receive." And then he returned and again began to gaze on the foot-print, which was now the only vestige left him of the lovely vision whose momentary sight had thrown such a potent spell upon him.

His second inspection of the foot-print produced no further result than the first had done. The stream itself afforded no hiding place, and the marks on the bank appeared to make it certain that she had crossed the water. As it seemed impossible that she could have disappeared in the short time which had elapsed by going up the valley, Philokalos was reduced to the conclusion that she must have crossed the stream and entered the wood upon the other side. He, therefore, again went across the water, and began to make a careful search along the edge of the wood to see if there were any part open enough to have allowed of her entering it without making sufficient noise to attract his attention. This search was however equally fruitless with the former ones; the thicket presented nothing like an opening or track in any part, and though Philokalos thought it possible that the agile and subtle movements which he had witnessed, might have carried that light and sylph-like form easily and noiselessly through any part of the wood, yet there was no sign or trace to indicate in the least the direction which she might have taken. Philokalos, therefore, reluctantly abandoned the search, and with slow steps and undefined purpose, began to follow the foot-path that led up the valley. As he walked, his thoughts were wholly engrossed by his mysterious visitant, whose appearance had been so brief and departure so unaccountable.

His speculations as to who and whence she might be were not wholly conjectural or without a clue. He had often heard strange tales of Ægle, the damsel whom report pronounced to be of unearthly origin and of unhuman nature. He had heard many a story of the wonderful and mysterious fascination which she possessed, and of the fatal and terrible consequences which befel the victims of her potent and magical influence. Such stories had, however, been generally set down by Philokalos and his sister as being either entirely fabulous, or, at all events, gross exaggerations, and they were believed by them to have their origin in the ignorance and superstition of the rustic population who inhabited that side of the island. Now, however, with the impression of that superb beauty of face and figure strong upon his mind, Philokalos was inclined to think that there might be more of truth in the popular stories than he had ever before believed, and he felt a strong conviction that the being who had appeared to him, and stamped her image indelibly on his heart, was none other than Ægle, the wild and malignant enchantress of the popular tradition.

"I then shall test the truth of these wonderful tales," said he to himself, as he pursued the train of thought which had been excited by his conjecture concerning his beautiful visitor; "I shall test their truth, and ascertain whether I am destined to become a victim to a fatal and irresistible fascination, or whether, on the other hand, courage and devotion may not look for beauty as their reward. It is probable enough that the clumsy admiration which alone she can have met with upon this island may have merited and provoked the scorn of so queenly a beauty. Who can she yet have met fitted to offer the tribute of sympathy and of love to such a divinity in earthly shape? But now, will not the case be different, when she finds one capable of under-

standing and doing homage to the sublimity of her beauty, and who, sprung from a noble and heroic house, is ready to prove his devotion by undergoing for her sake a thousand hardships, and braving for her smile a thousand deaths? Oh! ye gods, I thank you that such a vision of perfect beauty and loveliness has been revealed to my eyes; but if ye have deluded me with a phantom that will evade my grasp, then let the thunderbolt overwhelm me, and save me from the misery of desire without hope and pursuit without a recompense. Ah! beautiful vision, if you are indeed flesh and blood, you cannot escape my search; the island is small, and there is no corner, no nook, no hiding place, which shall enable you to evade my pursuit; I will seek you in the mazes of the forest, in the fissures of the hills, in the caves where the waves of the sea dash and roar, and you shall know what it is to have the absolute command of the heart of one who was born to noble destinies, and who will now receive from you alone the signal which shall guide his career and influence his fortunes. Yes, for the future my destiny is in your hands; say the word, and I tear from Hector, of Troy, his blood-stained spoils, or die upon his spear; or if you bribe me with a smile, I will abandon the sword, and shield and cultivate the vine and the olive in peaceful seclusion."

Warned by the current of thought into which he had thus allowed himself unresistingly to drift, Philokalos had become momentarily oblivious of the objects around him. He had stopped his sauntering and undirected walk, and standing on the brink of the stream, had uttered aloud a portion of the foregoing soliloquy, gazing into the clear water. As he concluded, he heard a sound behind him, and turning quickly round, he beheld to his great astonishment the figure of a man whom he had never seen before, and who, before he had recovered from his surprise, addressed him thus:—

"The influence had need be strong which can induce the son of Crantor to encounter the peaceful seclusion of a rustic life, while the columns of Ilium yet stand, and the armies of Greece still do battle on the banks of the Scammander."

The stranger was dressed in a rustic and homely garb, and the cloak which hung from his shoulders was of plain and coarse material, but the nobility and dignity of his mien and gestures seemed to denote that he was a person of rank and consideration. He carried on his shoulder a sheaf of arrows, and in his hand was an unstrung bow, on which he leaned while speaking. His countenance wore an expression of sadness, but his eye was bright, full, and penetrating; and as he addressed Philokalos, it appeared to the latter as if all his former history with his youthful dreams and ambition, as well as the recent events which had given such a turn to the current of his life, lay alike exposed under that calm and searching glance. He felt at first abashed upon discovering that he had thus betrayed his innermost thoughts and feelings, but speedily there arose in his mind a strong feeling of annoyance and irritation. He was angry with himself for thus exposing the secrets of his breast, and he felt a sense of uneasiness arising from the consciousness that the pursuit to which he had that morning devoted himself had been embraced in the heat of passion, without regard to the dictates of wisdom, or to the worthiness or dignity of his own future career. And now he could not help feeling that this stranger who had appeared to him in *such a mysterious manner*, who had addressed him in words so pertinent

and appropriate, and who now fixed upon him a gaze so full and probing, was, in truth, an obstacle raised to the tumultuous course of his passions and a calm witness on behalf of reason and wisdom. In the present state of his mind, his one wish was to be allowed to rush headlong onwards in the career which he had that morning entered upon, and regardless of consequences to pursue it to the uttermost, and he felt proportionately angry at being compelled in any way to think calmly, or to sit in judgment on his own conduct. It was, therefore, in a tone of considerable asperity that, after recovering from his first surprise, he answered the stranger:—

"The son of Crantor has not yet learned to give an account of his conduct to one who appears to make it his business to overhear words uttered unawares, and concerning no one but the speaker."

"You are angry, young man, but you have no cause," said the stranger, "your words were borne to my ears as I came out from the shade of the trees, and I involuntarily overheard your speech before I saw your person. It was with feelings of friendship and interest in your welfare that I ventured to address you."

The manner of the stranger was so free from all embarrassment, and his tone so courteous and yet dignified, that Philokalos felt that he had no longer any cause for maintaining or exhibiting the feelings of petulant anger which, however, still remained in his breast. He began to feel a strong curiosity to know who this man could be, as well as how much of his secret he had either learned from his soliloquy or fathomed by his own penetration. He therefore replied—

"I would fain know whence and who you are, who appear or assume to be so well acquainted with my person, my objects, and my pursuits."

"Who or whence I am is of little consequence," replied the stranger, "the past may be left to the dominion of memory alone, under whose power the future is also hastening. Let it suffice that I know many who know not me, and much which has never been told me. I am one whose mission it is to wait, to watch, to warn."

These words were uttered with an earnestness and appearance of sincerity which seemed utterly at variance with any suspicions of the low craft of the impostor, who aims at power by feigning mystery. Philokalos could not help feeling also that they seemed to be addressed to his own peculiar circumstances, with an accuracy and force which seemed to imply either considerable knowledge or extraordinary penetration. Yet the feeling of irritation which had arisen in his mind on the first address of the stranger was still so strong, that he was ready to seize any excuse for giving a hostile character to their conversation, even though he knew that the attack which he was making was unjust and ungenerous.

"I have lived long enough to learn," said he, "that good purposes are generally sought by openness and candour, and that the language of mystery and darkness is employed to conceal objects which are unfit for the light of truth."

The stranger looked at him for a moment with an expression whose calmness was unaltered, and then made answer—

"I have lived far too long to be in the least disturbed by an accusation which is known to be false at the moment that it is made. Youth goaded by passion may be driven for a moment from its native goodness and generosity, but when we meet again, young man, you will perhaps do me justice. *For the present, farewell.*"

He turned to go, but Philokalos, somewhat awed by the dignity of his demeanour, and partly ashamed of his own injurious words, exclaimed—

"Stay; if I have done you an injustice I willingly ask your pardon, but I confess I felt annoyed by your assumption of so much knowledge concerning me and my affairs, and your careful concealment at the same time of everything that relates to yourself. If, indeed, you have anything to say to me, whether it be of the nature of information, or counsel, or warning, I pray you to say it in plain words, so that I may understand your meaning, and be able to judge of its importance."

"The information, the counsel, the warning, which I would give," replied the stranger, "are too likely, if my supposition is true, to pass unheeded. You would know what acquaintance I can have with your history, your pursuits, your motives? My sources of information are simple. I could not be wrong in supposing that the son of one of the companions of Jason must have been brought up in the love and admiration of noble deeds, and with the desire to imitate and rival them. I could not be wrong in thinking that his attention must often have been directed to the plains of Troy, the scene of the grandest struggle which has yet been achieved or sung. But when I chanced to overhear him addressing his impassioned soliloquy to some fair unknown, who was to be the arbitress of his destinies, and at whose word he was willing to give up all his dreams of glory for rustic seclusion and inglorious ease, then I might well think that the son of Crantor stood in need of counsel; and lastly, when I remembered who and what was the being who, in all the radiance of her fascinating and fatal beauty, had only a few short moments previously passed me beneath the shadow of those trees——"

"What?" broke in Philokalos impetuously, "you have seen her, and I have delayed so long in talking! Tell me," but recollecting himself, and stung with the thought of his unguarded folly in thus precipitately revealing all that he would most studiously have kept concealed, and particularly from the scrutiny of this calm and mysterious counsellor, he hesitated, blushed, and became embarrassed and confused.

"If indeed you are in pursuit of Ægle," resumed the stranger, without any alteration of voice or manner, "you stand in need of all the counsel which wisdom can furnish, and of all the heroic resolution which your own mind can supply. Young man, if your strength and your virtue are not more than human, I say to you, fly! Seek death under the walls of Troy, and escape the death of honour, and virtue, and heroism, which awaits you in this island."

Philokalos had now recovered himself, and just in proportion as he felt the truth and force of the words which were addressed to him, did his anger burn against the person who forced these considerations upon him as a bar to the gratification of his blind and reckless passion. He answered—

"I have betrayed my secret, and this is the reason why I consented to listen so long to one who thinks to frighten me with the tales and superstitions of the ignorant. I have yet to learn that the admiration of transcendent beauty is dishonourable or unworthy of a hero."

"I scarcely expected," replied the stranger, "that aught that I could say would have much present effect, or be able to save you from the fate which awaits you; yet I cannot think that the gods will abandon you,

and some day you will remember the words which I now speak. The popular superstition has hardly exaggerated the truth in respect of the being whose image you are now worshipping in your inmost soul. Better that you were sunk in the depths of the sea than continue your pursuit. She will lead you on step by step until you become her slave, until all the nobility, and virtue, and resolution of your soul are sapped and destroyed, and then she will mock you with scorn and contempt, and leave you to remorse and despair. May the gods preserve you from this destiny, for I know of no other help."

And so saying, he turned and vanished among the trees as noiselessly as he had first appeared.

Philokalos remained for some time standing upon the same spot and in the same position as that in which the stranger had left him. The words which he had heard sounded in his ears and sunk into his heart like a knell. He felt that the present moment was to decide his future career, and that the scales of his destiny were trembling upon the balance and ready to dip up on one side or the other. And what were the alternatives? Upon the one hand, the noble dreams and hopes of his youth, the path of renown and glory, the honour of his father's house, the deathless song or legend which should enshrine his own name and heroic deeds; upon the other hand, the pursuit of a brilliant apparition, scarcely seen ere it vanished, an intoxication, a delirium, and the grave face of the stranger, with its calm expression and words of deep warning. Yet it was not in doubt as to which alternative he should adopt that Philokalos now paused in meditation; it was rather to collect his thoughts, to shake off the influence which had been exercised upon him by the ominous meeting which he had just gone through, and to exert his own ingenuity in finding plausible reasons on behalf of the course which he was already determined to take. It was with full deliberation and clearness of sight that he resolved to continue the pursuit of the beautiful enchantress. He saw without difficulty all the arguments which could be adduced upon the subject by the coolest reason, yet they had no weight with him. He mechanically reviewed in his mind his own history, his past life, and its early associations. He recollected the sage lessons of the old steward, and the stirring songs of Theon, his own ardent and ambitious dreams, his sister's tender and noble sympathy, his father's sword, and the words and manner of Eunos as he had taken it from the wall and presented it to him on the preceding day. Then he recalled his interview with his sister, and the lofty enthusiasm with which she had suppressed her own feelings, and counselled him to take the path of honour and virtue. He recalled his own overwrought feelings as he had left the house, his ramble through the woods, his waking and his sleeping dreams, and then there came back to his mind the awakening of that morning and the vision which had attended it. He felt that this was the point which separated his past life from his present and future. He felt that he was not the same as on the day before. The Philokalos of yesterday was the son of Crantor, the hope of a noble house, earnest, chivalrous, devoted. The Philokalos of to-day was a wild enthusiast, standing on the brink of a precipice, and insanely bent on plunging into the darkness below in the hope that, instead of rugged crags and dashing billows, he might find awaiting him a bed of roses and fragrant herbage.

As he mused Philokalos had resumed his walk up the valley and

along the course of the stream. His pace was still slow and uncertain, for the object of his pursuit having escaped him for the present, haste was just as likely to thwart his wishes as to forward their completion. From the train of thought which he had been pursuing, his mind reverted to the mysterious stranger from whom he had so lately parted. He felt much curiosity to know who this person could be, and wondered that he had never seen or heard of him before. His rustic garb so plain and homely, his bearing and appearance so noble and stately, the melancholy of his countenance, his penetrating glance, his impressive speech, were all vividly stamped upon the young man's memory; and yet, though he could not conceal from himself the consciousness of the truth and real friendliness of the stranger's warning, he still looked upon him as an enemy, as one who had stepped between him and the realisation of his wishes, and had forced upon him the consideration of stern and unpalatable truths. Then his busy ingenuity began to find reasons and arguments for his neglect of the stranger's admonitions.

"Why," said he "am I to be deterred from pursuing the course which Fortune herself has pointed out to me on account of the words of this dreamer, this mysterious intruder, who comes none knows whence, and vanishes none knows whither? And wherein consists the wisdom of the counsels which he delivers with such oracular certainty? Is it a crime or a folly to admire and love the most exquisite beauty that the imagination can conceive, or do the gods sport with us by presenting such forms to our eyes only for the purpose of leading us into hopeless misery and ruin? And what are the evils which are so sure to attend this pursuit? Why should I suppose that she will endeavour to lead me from the path of duty and of honour? Are beauty and virtue incompatible? She will make me a slave and reward me with scorn and disdain! Ah! what slavery so sweet as the service of such loveliness? What spell so tolerable as the enchantment of such fascinations? And if my devotion should prove vain, and contempt and scorn be the only return for my admiration and love, then what fate so desirable as a grave on some well fought battle-field? But never will I be turned from the pursuit of such a prize by mysterious warnings and chimerical fears."

His musings were interrupted by the discovery that he was ascending a hill, and turning his attention to the objects around him he found that it had become necessary to decide whither and with what purpose he was going. At the point at which he had now arrived, the valley had become considerably narrower, and its wooded sides much more steep and precipitous. Philokalos saw that he was approaching the head of the valley where the spring arose from which the stream was supplied, along whose margin he had wandered. It was obvious that from where he now was there was no egress, except by either retracing his steps or climbing the hill by which the valley's head was shut in. Here, therefore, Philokalos paused, and began to consider what course he should take. He felt that the idea of retracing his steps was repugnant to his present state of mind, and a vague notion that his day's adventures were as yet only begun, induced him to find his way out of the valley by ascending the hill before him. He was not long in arriving at the top, and when there, he found that the country which lay before him was of a different kind from that which he had hitherto been to. Instead of being fertile and thickly wooded, it was now rocky. The trees were smaller, and grew only in scant



spots, and the vegetation generally was more scanty and stunted. These characters increased towards the sea shore, which appeared to be not far distant. The distant sea-view was visible from the spot where Philokalos now stood, but intervening cliffs shut out from his sight all the nearer portions. Philokalos now felt somewhat embarrassed, for having eaten nothing that morning the prospect before him appeared rather barren and unpromising. He saw nowhere any trace of a human habitation, and he began to think, that after all, it would become necessary for him to return upon his footsteps, by doing which he would be sure at all events of meeting with the same sort of refreshment which had served him on the preceding night. Before adopting this course, however, he turned his steps towards a small eminence near him, from which he thought he might obtain a slightly more extensive view. He ascended it and began to look round, but in the act of turning, his eyes fell upon an object which instantly arrested him in an attitude as fixed and motionless as stone.

Upon the eminence which he had just ascended and within a few yards of the spot where he was standing, there stood the very figure which he had that morning followed, and the sight of which had caused such commotion and conflict in his breast. There she stood in all the brilliance of her superb beauty, the dark folds of her magnificent hair hanging around her shoulders, from which her scarf floated its graceful drapery. She was leaning against a tree, and upon the scanty grass rested that small white foot, whose size and form Philokalos had so well studied by means of the impression it had left upon the margin of the stream. She appeared to be occupied in gazing down the valley from which he had just ascended, and to be totally unconscious of the presence of any one near her. And now that Philokalos found himself in the presence of the object of his earnest pursuit, now that his eyes rested upon the form which appeared to him to be the sole object in nature worth gazing upon, now that the interview for which he would have defied a thousand dangers, was within his power, he felt unable to move, to speak, almost to think, but remained as fixed as marble, all his powers apparently engaged in the occupation of gazing at the beautiful vision before him. At length she suddenly turned her head and saw him. Instantly, as some beautiful, wild animal which has been suddenly disturbed by the unheeded approach of a strange footstep, she started, and with head thrown back, and dilated nostril, and flashing eye, she seemed about to fly; but in a moment she appeared to have altered her intention, and whether discerning that no violence was to be apprehended from one who seemed himself so overcome with wonder and admiration, or confident in her own address and swiftness, she stood still and watched the intruder with her keen and lustrous black eyes.

It was only by a strong effort that Philokalos was able to shake off the strange feeling of fear which hindered him from addressing the wild and mysterious being who stood before him, but having succeeded in rousing himself from his state of embarrassment and surprise, he approached the maiden, and with something of the grace and dignity in his manner which were natural to him, said—

“Will the fairest of all maidens who have ever trod the soil of earth pardon the intrusion of one who deems that a life of toil and hardships might be well rewarded and overpaid by the sight of so much beauty?”

She made no reply for a moment, but continued gazing upon him,

and then said, rather as if in continuation of her own thoughts than in reply to his words—

"I thought that neither the winged bird nor the gliding lizard could elude the eye and ear of Ægle." Then, in a half taunting tone of voice, she continued—"I pray you, are you of the race of men, or rather some deity of the woods, who thus comes with so noiseless a footstep to disturb the solitude of a poor rustic maiden?"

"Beautiful Ægle, if indeed you are she of whom I have heard so much," replied the young chief, "I must ever thank the noiseless footstep of which you speak, since it has procured for me the sight of so much loveliness. But know that I am no deity, but am, like yourself, of the race of men, and capable of rendering all the homage which is due to your supreme beauty."

"Like myself!" said she, and laughed in scorn. "If the water of the sea runs in your veins, and the blast of the North is in your breath, you may claim fellowship with me. I know little of kindred, save that of wind and wave, and cliff."

"If the healthful sea breezes of this island have given or heightened the beauty which you possess," returned Philokalos, "if they have been to you as companions and friends upon this bleak coast, they have not deprived you of your humanity. This rocky shore which has been the nurse of your loveliness, has been almost its only witness. Here you can have met with none capable of comprehending or worthy to look upon your peerless beauty. Listen now to one who is fascinated by your charms, and whose soul is able to mate and sympathize with your own."

Again she laughed scornfully. "Aye," said she, "I am to listen to you because you are of a noble house and the son of a chief. The rustics whom I have yet seen on this island, labour with the ox and the ass, and when they fight, they fight with sticks and stones; but Ægle must listen to one who will carry a shield and spear, and wield them perhaps on the plains of Troy."

Philokalos was stung by the last words, and the mocking tone in which they were uttered. In an instant there came crowding upon his recollection all the mental struggles which he had gone through, and the warnings of the stranger concerning the evil influence which this strange beauty would exert upon his destinies. He recollected them, and began to feel their truth, but the infatuation which urged him to neglect them then was far stronger now, and in the presence of the enchantress herself all the arguments of reason and wisdom were but dust in the balance. He answered Ægle's last remark by saying:—

"I will go to the plains of Troy, oh, queen of all beauty! and I will bring back thence and lay at your feet spoils that shall prove to you how many dangers I have dared and endured for your sake."

"And what care I," returned she, "for the spoils of battle? Why must I value a battered helmet, a broken shield, or a pointless sword? I care not for the quarrels of men, or the causes for which they fight."

"It cannot be," exclaimed Philokalos, "that the heart of woman can be insensible to the dangers and achievements of heroes—dangers and achievements too which are often undertaken for the sake of her beauty and to earn her gratitude. This very Trojan war of which you speak has been carried on now for nearly ten years on behalf of the most peerless beauty whom the world has yet seen; so at least fame reports, and so I have always believed until this morning revealed to me charms which no Helen can ever hope to rival."

"Let men deceive whom they can by such pretensions," said Ægle, "and let women, if they will, be fooled by them; let them believe that when men kill each other on the battle-field it is all for their sakes, and let them continue to be the puppets which men set up to excuse their own turbulence and thirst for blood and plunder. But I love the music of winds and waves better than the hollow flattery of man. Go then, sir hero, and fight for the fair Helen, and leave Ægle to the free wild breezes of this rugged shore."

"Oh, sovereign beauty," exclaimed the young man passionately, "your will shall be my law, and your word the arbiter of my destinies. Speak, and I will seek the trophies of renown on the field of battle, or if you will it, I will cast away the arms of a hero and live a life of peaceful seclusion, if only the bright light of those eyes may be my reward."

"What?" said Ægle, "Will the son of Crantor forego the fame and glory of a hero; will he love beauty better than renown, and consent to pass his life in inglorious ease?"

"Enchantress!" he replied, "What more excellent object of worship can earth afford than such incomparable beauty? My soul is enslaved to your charms, my life itself is at your disposal. There is nothing you can enjoin me that I will not perform."

"If," said Ægle, speaking with slow and measured words, and looking him full in the face, "if the son of Crantor speaks sincerely, let him take that sword from his side, and break it upon this rock. The spear in his hand will be sufficient for the wild animals of this forest."

Philokalos started and turned pale, as though an arrow had pierced him. To what point of degradation and ruin had he now arrived? He had abandoned himself without reserve to the fascinations of this beautiful temptress, and her first requirement was that he should break and cast from him his father's sword, that relic of the honour and dignity of his house around which so many of his early associations were clustered—associations which had exercised such an influence in the formation of his own character. He felt that Ægle had already established such a supremacy over him as would allow him to refuse nothing that she might enjoin, but at the same time he was far from being insensible to the indelible disgrace which would be the consequence of his yielding to her wishes in this particular. He saw the look of mocking expectation with which she awaited his reply, and in a confused and hesitating manner he answered:

"Alas! beautiful Ægle, you know not what you ask. I will break a hundred swords, and consent never to look on a field of battle, if you command it. But this sword was my father's, and is one of the most precious and valued trophies of our house, and—"

"And therefore," broke in Ægle, "its presence would be a constant reproach to the degenerate son who had refused to wield it. Break it, therefore, if your intentions are sincere. By so doing you will not imperil your father's fame, but you will remove from yourself an unpleasant memory."

"I will hang this sword again," said he, "on its accustomed place in our hall, and I will now swear to you if you choose, by whatever oath can most bind a man, to renounce for your sake the use of arms. Will not this content you?"

"I thought I had estimated aright the sincerity of men," returned

she with cold sarcasm. "Abundant protestations, and the first request denied. Ægle will return to the wild waves who woo her with no deceitful flattery. Let the son of Crantor wield his sword on the plains of Troy." And she turned as if going.

"Stay!" exclaimed Philokalos, "stay, oh cruel beauty. I refuse, I deny you nothing. The Gods know my sincerity, but I pray you let me prove it in some other way, and do not ask me to dishonour myself and my family by breaking the sword of my father."

"If you are indeed sincere in renouncing your father's career, and yet cannot persuade yourself to destroy this memorial of it, give me the sword, and I will keep it until you shall ask it back, as I doubt not you will soon do, for I much suspect your present fancy to be as short-lived as it is sudden."

"Ah! inexorable enchantress," replied he with a sigh. "Would that my love might be as prosperous as enduring. I can refuse no command of yours. Take the sword of my father; take the ambition, the hopes, the honour of Philokalos; take every thing, but let my devotion claim a smile for its reward."

He unbuckled the sword, and presented it to her, and, as he did so, a chilliness came over his heart, for he felt that he was giving up every thing that to his unclouded sight had made life worth having, and was bringing disgrace upon himself and the traditions of his house.

Ægle took the sword in her hand, and looked at it from heel to point; then suddenly stretching her white arm high above her head, she waved the sword in the air, and uttered a low, but clear and ringing laugh, whose tones seemed to express bitter and triumphant scorn.

"And this" she said, "is the faith and integrity of man! Thus easily is he turned from his career! Oh! this sword shall be to me a lasting proof of the insincerity of men; a new weapon to repel all vain and deceitful wooers. Sir hero, if you need your sword, you may chance to meet with Ægle among some of these rocks and crags."

She spoke the last words in departing, and had scarcely concluded them before the bushes hid her from his sight.

CHAPTER VIII.

Full jolly knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,
As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt.

SPENSER.

THE young chief made no attempt to follow the path of the malicious enchantress in the wood. He remained motionless, and apparently stunned or stupefied. The mocking sound of that taunting laugh still rang in his ears, and its scornful tones seemed to him like a note of triumph sounded over the ruin of his own name, honour, and reputation. He felt that he was now beginning to taste the bitter consequences of that course which he had embraced with precipitate recklessness-- against which the stranger had warned him so emphatically. Had he done, and what was to be the consequence of his bl
He had given up the sword of his father, that sword w
priceless memorial of the glories of his house, which

parted with less willingly than with his life's blood, and which had been for so long destined to carve for him a way to renown. And now, how should he return home without it? What should he say to the old steward who had first put that sword in his hand, and had first taught him to aspire to noble deeds? Above all, how should he meet his sister? How would the noble enthusiasm, the lofty spirit, and the tender love of Iothales be grieved and shocked at finding that her brother had fallen from all the noble aspirations which her sympathy had shared and her encouragement had sustained? He felt as though he were an outcast from the house and the friends of his youth. And yet, though these considerations were distinctly and keenly felt, and tormented him with regret and remorse, still the one image ever present to his mind, and eclipsing and overpowering all others, was that of the beautiful Ægle. Far from feeling a desire to retrace his steps or to shake off her magical and baneful influence, he felt more spell-bound and fascinated by it than ever. She had never looked to him so grandly beautiful as when she stood waving the sword over her head, and uttering that taunting, bitter laugh. And then his mind began to recur to the details of their conversation, and to recall every circumstance of her speech, and tone, and manner, forming a thousand conjectures as to the precise meaning which she might have had in each word and gesture. The sarcastic contempt which had been so unequivocally expressed in her countenance and her voice, did not seem to afford him much encouragement or hope of success; but, on the other hand, he considered that she must have had some motive in trying to seduce him from the profession of arms, and that her attempts in this respect seemed to show some interest in his future career. And even in the burst of derisive scorn with which she had parted from him, had she not hinted how and where he might meet with her again if he desired? This did not look like total indifference, and he resolved that he would not be discouraged by occasional outbursts of haughtiness and petulance, or measure by ordinary rules the conduct of so grand and wild a beauty.

He had recovered from the first surprise into which the unexpected termination of his interview with Ægle had thrown him, and whilst the thoughts above described were coursing through his mind, he was walking forward with hasty steps over the now broken and rugged ground. He had forgotten the fatigue and hunger which he began to feel before he met with Ægle, and he walked swiftly onwards, unconscious whither he was going, and alive only to the thoughts which engrossed and agitated his mind. His attention was awakened by finding that he had arrived at the sea-shore. He found that he was standing on a high cliff which projected in front of him into the sea, having on one side of it a rock-bound bay, and on the other a shelving beach. It was the rock on which the unfortunate Iole had stood so many years before, watching the skiff of Creon as it came on its voyage of love and danger. On arriving at this spot, Philokalos perceived with surprise that a vessel was just furling her sails and dropping her anchor at some little distance from the beach. He at once concluded that this must be the same vessel that he had seen in the distance on the preceding day, and he watched the motions of those on board with some interest and curiosity. Soon he saw a boat lowered, and with a party of men in it, begin to be propelled towards the shore. Philokalos upon this began to descend the cliff that he might meet the boat, and ascertain who and what these



strangers might be. He arrived upon the beach at the same time that the boat touched the sand, and the principal person of the party stepping on the shore, advanced to meet him.

He was a man apparently about five or six years older than Philokalos, and of a much larger frame and more robust appearance. He was dressed in complete armour, except that upon his head, instead of such a helmet as was usually worn in war, he had one of a lighter and plainer sort, without any plume, and suitable for ordinary occasions. His shield was carried by an attendant who landed behind him from the boat. In his hand he carried a javelin, and a sword hung by his side. This stranger was of the middle stature, which seemed somewhat less than he really was, by reason of the square and massive proportions of his frame and limbs. His chest was deep, his shoulders broad, and his limbs such as indicated uncommon strength, from which, however, all appearance of clumsiness was removed by the ease and lightness of his motions. His countenance was open and handsome, his eye blue, sparkling, and wandering; his lower jaw was firm and massive, and his general expression was suggestive of frankness and good humour, but combined with strong and probably little controlled passions and impulses. Such was the stranger who advanced to meet Philokalos, and it was not long before he had made him acquainted with his name, his destination, and the circumstances under which he had arrived at the island.

His name was Iphitus, and he was on his way to the plains of Troy, where, as he had been informed, his elder brother had recently fallen. His vessel had been unskilfully prepared in some respects for the voyage, and he had put in at this island, thinking he might here find the means of getting it repaired. He expected to be detained some days, and enquired of Philokalos if the woods offered any quantity of game either for sport or subsistence. Philokalos scarcely knew in his present frame of mind whether to be pleased or annoyed at the arrival of this stranger. Had the occurrence happened on the preceding day, he would have welcomed it with delight, for it offered the very opportunity which he had desired for going to the scene of war, but now the very thought of the undertaking was hateful to him; yet under what pretext should he avoid embarking as soon as the ship of Iphitus could be ready? All that he could do was to delay matters as much as possible, and watch the course of events. On the other hand, he felt that by bringing home with him a guest bound on such an expedition, he would have the opportunity of concealing the change which had been effected in his own wishes and purposes, and of delaying what he most dreaded, an explanation with his sister. It was on the whole, therefore, with feelings of satisfaction that he invited Iphitus to become his guest during his stay upon the island. With respect to his own intentions he merely mentioned that he had some thoughts of going to the Trojan war himself, and, when Iphitus proposed that he should accompany him, he evaded the point by remarking that they would have opportunities for discussing that subject.

It was arranged that Iphitus, accompanied only by his armour-bearer, should go with Philokalos to the house of the latter; whilst his men should remain to take charge of the vessel, and to commence, as soon as possible, the necessary repairs. After partaking of some refreshment, which was supplied by the party in the boat, the
 : upon their journey, Philokalos acting as guide, and

path which he had travelled that morning, and on the day before. If the personal appearance of the stranger seemed to mark him as one fitted to shine in the strife and tumult of battle, his conversation no less clearly proved him to be an intelligent and genial companion. He enlivened the journey with an inexhaustible fund of anecdote and observation. Every object on the way seemed to give occasion to interesting and animated discussion; and the tedious path, under the influence of his profuse animal spirits, and his versatile talent for amusement, would have seemed short and easy to any one whose mind was less pre-occupied and engrossed than that of Philokalos. He appeared to be one who loved excitement and danger for their own sake, and to be moved, not so much, as Philokalos had been, by the romantic love of glory and renown, but by a robust hardness of mind and body which caused him to delight in the mere exercise of strength and skill. Hence, he seemed to care little what was the particular adventure in which he might be engaged, and his enthusiasm for the Trojan war did not prevent him from receiving with pleasure the information given him by Philokalos that there were wild boars, of considerable strength and ferocity, to be found in the island; and, finding that Philokalos also professed to be fond of the chase, he began openly to express his satisfaction that his vessel had proved leaky, and to promise himself a pleasant sojourn upon the island.

Although Philokalos was not in a frame of mind to enter into the schemes of his new acquaintance with an eagerness comparable to his own, yet he could not but feel himself somewhat influenced by the animation and cheerfulness of his tone and conversation; and he had besides already grasped the idea that, by entering into the sports and amusements of the other, he might manage to make his stay so agreeable that he might be willing to delay his departure. So, with different ends and motives, they followed the varied path across the island, and, towards sunset, they arrived at their destination.



2

BY THE RIVER.

In the beautiful greenwood's charmed light,
And down through the meadows wide and bright,
Deep in the silence, and smooth in the gleam,
For ever and ever flows the stream.

Where the mandrakes grow, and the pale, thin grass
The airy scarf of the woodland weaves,
By dim, enchanted paths I pass,
Crushing the twigs and the last year's leaves.

Over the wave, by the crystal brink,
A kingfisher sits on a low, dead limb :
He is always sitting there I think,—
And another, within the crystal brink,
Is always looking up at him.

I know where an old tree leans across
From bank to bank, an ancient tree,
Quaintly cushioned with curious moss,
A bridge for the cool wood-nymphs and me :
Half seen they flit, while here I sit
By the magical water, watching it.

In its bosom swims the fair phantasm
Of a subterranean azure chasm,
So soft and clear, you would say the stream
Was dreaming of heaven a visible dream.

Where the noontide basks, and its warm rays tint
The nettles and clover and scented mint,
And the crinkled airs, that curl and quiver,
Drop their wreaths in the mirroring river,—
Under the shaggy magnificent drapery
Of many a wild-woven native grapery,—
By ivy-bowers, and banks of violets,
And golden hillocks, and emerald islets,
Along its sinuous shining bed,
In sheets of splendour it lies outspread.

In the twilight stillness and solitude
Of green caves roofed by the brooding wood,
Where the woodbine swings, and beneath the trailing
Sprays of the queenly elm-tree sailing,—
By ribbed and wave-worn ledges shimmering,
Gilding the rocks with a rippled glimmering,
All pictured over in shade and sun,
The wavering silken waters run.

Upon this mossy trunk I sit,
Over the river, watching it.
A shadowed face peeps up at me ;
And another tree in the chasm I see,
Clinging above the abyss it spans ;
The broad boughs curve their spreading fans
From side to side, in the nether air ;
And phantom birds in the phantom branches
Mimic the birds above ; and there,
Oh ! far below, solemn and slow,
The white clouds roll the crumbling snow

Of ever-pendulous avalanches,
Till the brain grows giddy, gazing through
Their wild, wide rifts of bottomless blue.

II.

THROUGH the river, and through the rifts
Of the sundered earth I gaze,
While Thought on dreamy pinion drifts,
Over cerulean bays,
Into the deep ethereal sea
Of her own serene eternity.

Transfigured by my trance'd eye,
Wood and meadow, and stream and sky,
Like vistas of a vision lie:
THE WORLD is the River that flickers by.

Its skies are the blue-arched centuries;
And its forms are the transient images
Flung on the flowing film of Time
By the steadfast shores of a fadeless clime.

As yonder wave-side willows grow,
Substance above, and shadow below,
The golden slopes of that upper sphere
Hang their imperfect landscapes here.

Fast by the Tree of Life, which shoots
Duplicate forms from self-same roots,
Under the fringes of Paradise,
The crystal brim of the River lies.

There are banks of Peace, whose lilies pure
Paint on the wave their portraiture;
And many a holy influence,
That climbs to God like the breath of prayer,
Creeps quivering into the glass of sense,
To bless the immortals mirrored there.

Through realms of Poesy, whose white cliffs
Cloud its deep with their hieroglyphs,
Alpine fantasies heaped and wrought—
At will by the frolicsome winds of Thought,—
By shores of Beauty, whose colours pass
Faintly into the misty glass,—
By hills of truth, whose glories show
Distorted, broken, and dimmed, as we know—
Kissed by the tremulous long green trees
Of the glistening tree of Happiness,
Which ever our aching grasp eludes
With sweet illusive similitudes,—
All pictured over in shade and gleam,
For ever and ever runs the Stream.

The orb that burns in the rifts of space
Is the adumbration of God's Face.
My Soul leans over the murmuring flow,
And I am the image it sees below.

THE WAITARA.

THE interest in the Waitara is fast sinking into insignificance. It is doubtful whether a debate on the question can be got up in the House of Representatives. Event follows event with such rapidity—each succeeding act of the drama now being played out, explaining with more or less fulness the mystery hidden in the one which immediately preceded it, that even curiosity about the “new circumstances” so mysteriously hinted at in the proclamation abandoning the block, can scarcely be excited. It is rather a relief than otherwise to all parties that, in the present struggle Waitara “is well out of the way,” and that no land question or difference of opinion about Maori title is mixed up with the issue now being fought out.

Nevertheless, however willing and thankful we may be that, by the exercise of ministerial legerdemain, Waitara has been got rid of, we must confess to a certain lingering desire to take a peep behind the scenes, and ascertain how the thing was done. No sooner will the Assembly be in session than all will be revealed. It can hardly be supposed that the Waitara papers will then be any longer withheld; and though we do not in the least anticipate that the fate of the Government will at all depend upon the case they can make out, or that the abandonment of that block will be regarded as a good ground to impeach the Ministers, as some eager journalists suggested when first the intelligence shocked the public out of its sense of propriety; yet, as a matter in itself of grave public importance, there are few who take interest in the political history of the Colony who will not read with eagerness the story as the parliamentary papers will tell it.

So far, but little has been written on the subject, and that little has not gained much credence. An article in the *Canterbury Press*, the writer of which boasts that he knows all about it, appeared on the 9th July, and though the story which he tells is, in many respects, very remarkable, and no doubt contains much which is true, it can hardly be accepted as the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. The writer of that article was evidently anxious to make the most of the facts which had come to his knowledge, and these he has dressed up with all the charm of style and power of language to which we are so much accustomed in the *Press*; so that, what with the facts which he relates, the inferences which he shows, and the illustrations he uses, he makes the story of Waitara to reveal one of the most tragic blunders on record. He would have people believe that the forces of Great Britain had been used to turn from their houses and their cultivations a large, defenceless, and peaceable population of Natives, for no other reason on earth but to extend the limits of settlement of the Province of Taranaki. He compares the resistance of William King to the resistance of Haia, his heroism and chivalry to that of Garibaldi. In his eyes, *he is no rebel opposing an authority superior to his own, but*

over this country should vest in the Maori and not in the European ; but a justice-loving patriot, impelled to opposition by the tyrannical and oppressive acts of the land-grasping stranger. This picture is as nearly like the truth as a brigand on the stage is like the brigand of the Apennines, or as the frontispiece to the "merry Swiss boy" is like the youthful inhabitant of the valleys of the Alps.

Whatever may be the truth, whatever we may think of the Waitara purchase originally, and of the various blunders that have been made in reference thereto, we are quite certain that an historical statement of the facts that have transpired will lead no one else but the writer in the *Press* to the conclusions which he has drawn. The position taken up by Governor Browne and his Ministers was, that Teira and his people were the sole owners of the land they were desirous to sell ; that their title was disputed by no one ; that there was no good reason to allege against the purchase ; that William King's opposition was purely factious, and for no other reason than to resist the Queen's authority and to prevent the further alienation of land. Great stress has been laid by the supporters of Colonel Browne on the fact that the "investigation" into Teira's title was going on for a period of nine or ten months ; that during that time every effort was made to ascertain whether there were any other claimants, and that none could be found. Now, there can be very little doubt that this much boasted investigation was all a farce. Mr. Parris was the Government agent ; Mr. Parris was the Land-Purchase Commissioner ; Mr. Parris was deeply interested in the extension of the Taranaki settlement ; Mr. Parris received instructions from the Government to buy the land if possible ; Mr. Parris was the Investigator ; Mr. Parris was, in fact, Judge, Jury, Prosecutor, Counsel, and Witness, all in one. There was not even so much as the formality of a Court. No particular time was fixed for this celebrated investigation. According to Mr. Parris's own showing, it consisted of nothing but occasional loose talk at a Maori pa between him and any Maori he could get hold of. This is his own statement : "I went to Waitara to have an interview with William King and his people on the subject of resuming the negociation (not investigation mind) for Teira's land. I spent this day and many others with them *endeavouring to induce them to meet Teira's party, and discuss quietly and deliberately the claims to the block of land (thus admitting that they had claims), but they never would consent to do it ;* I, therefore, was obliged to get information from other natives." No one need be surprised at a crop of "new circumstances" arising out of such an investigation as this ; indeed, the surprise would be if there were any other result. The main point is to ascertain what the "new circumstances" really are, and how they came to be discovered, for whatever else is known or unknown, it is clear that there has been no more formal investigation this time than there was before by Mr. Parris.

It is said that the "new circumstances" rest entirely on Teira's own confession. That Teira had an interview at Taranaki with Mr. Bell. That on that occasion the talk turned upon the emigration of the Ngatiawa from Waikanae, and that Mr. Bell asked Teira to tell him how it was that William King resided on the south bank of the river instead of on his own territory on the north. The reply which it is understood Teira made is very curious. He said that, in the first instance, King had fully intended to reside on the north bank, but the

people were so afraid of their old enemies, the Ngatimaniapoto branch of the Waikatos, that the tribes came to an agreement among themselves, that, for the sake of mutual protection and defence, they should all live together on the south bank ; that, in consequence of that agreement, they all had lived there since 1848 ; that their pas were all built so close together on the south bank as to be in fact, for defensive purposes, one pa ; that King's people, to the number of 150 to 200, had lived there twelve years, and that they had cultivated the land on the south bank in common. He is said further to have added, when Mr. Bell asked him how it was, under such circumstances, that he (Teira) offered the land for sale without the consent of the tribes, when it was with the consent of the tribes that it was originally occupied, that he had no reply to make that question. Now it is of importance to know the precise meaning of those words ; in ordinary parlance the meaning to be attached to them is, that Teira was "stumped." We have, however, heard, with what truth we cannot pretend to say, that he meant no such thing, but simply that he would not answer that question then, but would take some other opportunity of so doing. The conversation did not end here. Mr. Bell once having begun, seemed determined to go on ; that wonderful politician, who did his best by long interminable talking and writing to set up Governor Browne's case, seems now equally desirous of knocking it down, and having got Teira in a loquacious mood determined to pump him dry. Teira it seems then went on to relate that there were a number of other claimants besides himself to the block which he offered for sale, and that the reason he was anxious that the surveyors should measure the ground was, that each owner's piece should be laid off ; that it was a great mistake to suppose that he ever intended to sell the site of the pas at the mouth of the river, or the cultivations ; and that he had always bargained for a reserve of 200 acres there. To make the whole story more wonderful, in spite of Governor Browne's formal proclamation in the *Gazette* that the purchase money for Waitara had been paid, and that the land was the Queen's, he had received only £100 on account of the £600, which Parris had agreed to pay for this block.

One is positively bewildered by this story. One's first impulse is to say at once it must be false. Yet, on the other hand, the writer in the *Press* is a member of the General Assembly ; he may be supposed to be in communication with, and to possess the confidence of the Government he called into being, and he himself vouches for the accuracy of the story in the main. Hints mixed up with party animadversions have appeared to the same effect in the *New-Zealander*. No contradiction to our knowledge has appeared in any journal, in any shape or form. Men who are supposed to be in the secrets of the Government, whisper mysteriously that it is all true ; and we must confess, though too young and possibly too insignificant to have a "friend at court" from whom hints can be occasionally gleaned, that we are fully prepared to find the official documents bearing out the facts as stated.

It seems almost incredible that the Government could have gone to war in 1860 about a purchase of which so little was known. But then it will be answered, they never went to war about land at all, it was a question of jurisdiction of her Majesty's sovereignty, and not at all a question about land. If this were so, why did the very same party who so applauded Governor Browne, shriek so loudly when the Waitara,

about which they said so much blood and treasure had been expended, was given up? These questions involve such nice distinctions, that we had rather not discuss them here. If all this, or the greater part of this, is true, is William King a martyr, or Hampden a self-sacrificing patriot, or is he the contumacious Maori we have so long believed him to be? Supposing every syllable of this story as detailed in the *Canterbury Press* to be literally true, William King would still be, in our opinion, a rebel and thoroughly bad fellow. When Governor Browne, at Taranaki, asked him to come and meet him, to talk of the matter of the Waitara, he refused; and when Teira offered the block for sale, instead of stating what his (King's) claims were, or what reasons he had for opposing the sale, nothing could be got out of him but that he would not let the land go. The Waitara to William King formed a good excuse, an excellent excuse, for resisting the Queen's authority; and to have explained the complications of the title would in no way have suited his purpose. He knew, and no one better, that if the Government became aware that the purchase of that piece of land would compel 200 people to abandon, against their will, their homes and their cultivations, and that the title was complicated beyond all conception by innumerable individual owners of pieces within the boundary, who would object to the sale, that the Governor would give up all intention of completing the purchase and have told Teira to be off about his business. That the Governor and his Ministers knew nothing of all this, we cannot but believe; at the same time, we cannot acquit them of blame in not being perfectly satisfied of all the facts of the case before they took so decided a step as that of making war; and especially culpable will those be held to be who must have kept back much from their superior officers, or have been utterly unfit for the position of Land-Purchase Commissioners which they held.

In all this apparently inextricable jumble and confusion, what was the present Government to do when these facts came to their knowledge? They find the very preliminaries of the Waitara purchase unsettled. Reserves bargained for, but undefined and unknown. Many proprietors claiming, where it was believed only a few existed. The most precious part which was supposed to be bought and on which the former Government proposed to lay out a town is the very spot which the seller declares he never intended to dispose of, and 200 persons formerly expelled from their locations must be prevented from returning by force. Complicated in this way beyond all possibility of unravelment, there were still greater complications in another direction. Both races looking on, anxious to see what steps would be taken with reference to Waitara; and the Maori race ready as ever, or even more so, to get another good excuse for war. Any attempt on the part of the Government to what is called "complete" this purchase, would have been, there can be no doubt, the signal for war in all directions. Waitara could only have been secured by another Waitara war. The fighting could not have been confined to Taranaki, but would have been general throughout the North Island. Prior to the murders on 4th May, the case stood thus:—If the Waitara purchase had been gone on with, war was certain, on the worst possible ground—a land quarrel. If the Natives were really sincere in their desire for peace, provided the Government would not attempt to acquire land in opposition to their custom and against their will—peace would have been cheaply bought by giving up Waitara. If, on the other hand,

the Natives meant to force on a war, no excuse should have been afforded them ; but by giving up Waitara, they should have been placed, as they have been absolutely and completely in the wrong, in the face of their own people and the whole Colony—Church Missionaries included. It is said, with what truth we know not, that the abandonment of Waitara was determined on before those murders were committed ; if so, we state it as our deliberate opinion that the Government then came to a wise conclusion that they were fully justified in the course on which they had determined. To the reason why that determination was not at once carried into effect we can obtain no clue. For this we must wait in patience till the session.

We should be sorry to condemn the Government unheard, but no sufficient reason has been given for abandoning the Waitara after those murders were committed ; for after that time all hope was gone of the pacific solution of the native difficulty. There may be political reasons of which we know nothing. It may have had such an effect on the mind of the better disposed Maoris, that we owe at this moment peace at Wellington, Hawke's Bay, and Wanganui, to the fact that all claim upon the Waitara has been publicly renounced. If this can be clearly shown, the justification of the Government will be complete. The question, however, now is one of existence ; it is simply narrowed down to that. All men who reflect at all must be thankful that Waitara is out of the way—that no disputed title, that no doubtful purchase is now the cause of war : that blood is not shed nor treasure expended to increase the limits of a settlement, but that we fight, and fight we will, against the barbarous tyranny of the Maori, that civilisation may spread and peace be secured throughout the length and breadth of the land.

HER EPITAPH.

THE handful here, that once was Mary's earth,
Held, while it breathed, so beautiful a soul,
That, when she died, all recognised her birth.
And had their sorrow in serene control.

"Not here! not here!" to every mourner's heart
The wintry wind seemed whispering round her bier ;
And when the tomb-door opened, with a start
We heard it echoed from within,—*"Not here!"*

Shouldst thou, sad pilgrim, who mayst hither pass,
Note in these flowers a delicater hue,
Should spring come earlier to this hallowed grass,
Or the bee later linger on the dew.

Know that her spirit to her body lent
Such sweetness, grace, as only goodness can,
That even her dust, and this her monument,
Have yet a spell to stay one lonely man,—

Lonely through life, but looking for the day
When what is mortal of himself shall sleep,
When human passion shall have passed away,
And love no longer be a thing to weep.

MRS. SIMPKINSON'S PARTY.

A Tale of the Carotters.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER IV.

MRS. SIMPKINSON'S first troubles were over ; the drawing-room carpet was up, and the floor French-chalked to a nicety ; the marquee had been put up with no further damage than running the poles through the bed-room windows, the ices had come, the pastry cook had, in the supper, fallen not far short of what he had promised, the waiters for the occasion looked almost as if they belonged to the house ; Weippert's band had been secured ; and the mistress of the house, after being dressed, sat down for the first time that day, waiting for her guests, and feeling much more fit to go to bed than to talk platitudes till three in the morning. Presently the two young ladies came down, and very pretty they both looked, Arabilla the brunette, and Fanny the blonde. Both wore plain white tarlatan dresses, looped up and trimmed with natural holly ; the only difference being in the head-dresses ; that of Fanny being, like the trimming, of holly ; while a solitary crimson rose set off the dark tresses of her sister. Presently a knock was heard, and the usual speculations hazarded in as to who might be the first arrival. Mrs. Simpkinson took a last glance around the room, and, seeing every thing in its place, put on her best smiles to welcome the ladies who now came ballooning into the room. The rat-tats became more frequent, and carriages kept rolling up to the door, much to the disgust of the next-door neighbours in No. 13, who, not having received an invitation, wondered very much how people could make such fools of themselves by attempting to cut a figure in the world, and hoped that poor Mr. Simpkinson would not suffer from his wife and daughter's extravagance. Meanwhile the waiter stationed at the dining room door was rapidly getting hoarse, and making a series of gigantic blunders in ushering in the visitors. Lucky were the guests whose names were called out with anything like their proper pronunciation.

Mr., Mrs., and Miss Winks ; Mr. 'Olfus Winks." These were Fanny's friends, the De Vincks.

"Mr. and Mrs. Fizzleton !" and in sailed the dreaded Mrs. Fitzhamerton, whose verdict was so anxiously looked for by the hostess. Apparently there was every chance of its being favourable, as she was graciously pleased that evening to be in high good humour, and gladdened Mrs. Simpkinson's heart by praising the appearance of her daughters.

"Who shall I say, Sir?" inquired the servant of a foreign-looking gentleman.

"Monsieur de Botteribelli."

"Monseer Pot-belly," shouted the domestic, much to the amusement of Redford and Framwell, who were close behind. Dancing had now commenced, and Mrs. Simpkinson began to feel alarmed at the non-appearance of Soppleton. He had promised to be early. Could anything have happened to him? Just then Mrs. Holmeswell was announced, and, after the usual common-places, enquired after Mr. Simpkinson.

"Oh, such a dreadful thing, my dear Mrs. Holmeswell; the poor man can't appear; he was attacked last night by some wretches, and has got a shocking black-eye! I really do not know what would have happened had it not been that your nephew and Mr. Framwell were passing by and rescued him."

"Dear me! I had not heard of it," said Mrs. Holmeswell. "I hope they secured the ruffians."

"I am sorry to say they escaped; but the police are set on their track."

"I do hope they will be able to apprehend them;" and some fresh arrival put a stop to the conversation.

A short time afterwards, Soppleton made his appearance, looking rather pale. He was not much accustomed to late sittings and brandy-punch, so that last night's amusements had told on him. Part of his vision of the previous evening was realized, for, as he entered the room, the first couple of waltzers he perceived were Fanny and Redford.

"Confound the fellow," thought he "Wish I'd been earlier!" and he made his way to Mrs. Simpkinson. That lady was delighted to see him, but commiserated his pale looks.

"I hope you are not unwell, Mr. Soppleton," said she.

"Thank you, no," drawled out Augustus; "but, fact is, I was garrotted last night, and I have not yet got over the shock."

Mrs. Simpkinson was just going to condole with him, and had got as far as "I am so very sorry"—when a servant whispered that her presence was required elsewhere. So Soppleton was left to recount his adventure to the ladies who happened to be standing near the hostess.

"Pray tell us the particulars, Mr. Soppleton," said Miss Singleton, putting on a look of the deepest sympathy.

"Why, fact is, I was walking down the St. John's Wood Road last night, and I was assaulted by a huge ruffian, armed with a bludgeon, who attempted to throw his arms round my neck, but I was too quick for him, and knocked him down. However, we had a tussle, which was luckily decided by some friends of mine coming up."

"How fortunate!" simpered Miss Lovetin, and did you receive no injury?"

"None whatever, thank you. May I have the pleasure?" and Soppleton and Miss Lovetin started off at score to the music of the night—Bell Galop. Dancing was the only exercise Augustus was fit for, and as he was a good performer, and was besides a most partner in other respects, he always could command the most young lady he danced with requested him to give a "garrotting," and each time it was related, something The only partner from whom he got but little rest

Simpkinson, and as he thought he detected something like a smothered laugh in a sudden cough which seized on her, his uneasiness of the last night at the mirth of his companions returned to him.

The ball was going on as well as Mrs. Simpkinson could wish. Her rooms were full; Mrs. Fitzhammerton had congratulated her on the success of her first party, and Soppleton had been assiduous in his attentions to Fanny. Even in the crowded ball-room the mother could find time to build castles in the air for her child, and she fervently hoped that the wish of her heart might be realized, and that she might hear, before retiring to rest, Fanny's blushing avowal that she had engaged herself according to her mother's choice. And who shall blame her that she had set her heart on a rich son-in-law? She had suffered when first married from the *res angusta domi*, and though she had borne all patiently, had enacted the part of a good wife, and been a comfort and stay to her husband during his early trials, she still shuddered at the thought of her past sorrows and prayed that her daughters might never have to go through similar scenes of suffering. She wished them to take at once the place in society which it had cost her many years to attain. She dreaded lest their now joyous young faces should be marked with tears of grief, or, still worse, be prematurely furrowed with the lines that care stamps on the brow; and so, she had somehow or another, quite forgetting her own choice of William Simpkinson and £250 a-year against her father's will, imbibed the notion that her girls would never think of opposing her in this most vital question—their settling down in life, and that they would bow meekly to her decision, and accept *sans mot dire* whoever she might fix upon as suitable matches. Where were your eyes, Mrs. Simpkinson, during that Burlesque Galop which Fanny danced with Redford? Had you but looked that way, you must have seen that your castles were but as those frail ones children build of sand on the sea-shore, whose battlements topple down at the inroad of the first ripple. The French proverb says, *Ce que femme veut, Dieu veut*. But what happens when two female minds are in opposition? I leave the question to the metaphysicians of the day.

At one o'clock supper was announced, and the noise made by the guests entering the marquee roused Mr. Simpkinson from his first attempt at a doze. The old gentleman was sitting in his den upstairs, heartily wishing he could fall asleep, and trying by vigorous smoking to while away the tedious hours of the night. Several of his friends had come up to see him, and as the murmur of voices in the garden below started him up out of his incipient snooze, the door was opened and Framwell walked in.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Framwell," said his host; "very kind of you to come up. I really must again repeat my thanks for your conduct last night."

"Pray don't mention it," said Dick. "I've not come to sit with you, but to bring you down to supper."

"Oh, impossible, I could'nt come. Just look at my eye."

"It is rather black," said Dick; "but what of that? It is not as if you had been engaged in a street row. Being garotted is quite sufficient excuse for an extravasation of blood about the eye. Do come down; we shan't enjoy the supper without you."

Now this proposal just suited the old gentleman. He was beginning

to feel hungry, and, naturally enough, wished to see how things were going on below. Besides this, he had, in a fit of liberality, opened his cellar, and sent up three dozen of his best champagne for supper; and here I may be allowed a short digression. Why is it that when a man gives a ball he cannot content himself with decent claret and sherry, and sound beer, but must needs order in champagne at 26s. a-dozen, and treat his friends to "gooseberry" in its most abominable shape! And it is not only Brown and Smith who do this; I have known of its being done in what is called "the higher circles." An anecdote to the point recurs to my mind. At a large ball given by the Viceroy of the island of—say Barataria—one of the guests, a noble lord, a captain in H.M. Life guards (Green) was missing for some time. On his re-entering the room, he was asked by some one who had been sent in search of him, "Why —, where have you been hiding yourself?"

"My dear fellah," was the answer; "I've been trying to poison the staff with their own champagne, and 'Gad, I think I've succeeded!"

Mr. Simpkinson thought a glass of this champagne would do him good, and as Framwell would take no denial, he hastily dressed himself, and came down stairs. After answering the numerous inquiries after his health, he was elbowing his way through the supper-marquee, when a fresh irruption of hungry dancers brought him to a stand-still. Close beside him was sitting Soppleton, talking to deaf, old Lady Snarlington.

"Yes," I assure you," he was saying, "he was just going to put his arm round me, and give me the hug."

"What, Soppleton," asked the host, "have you too fallen among thieves?"

"Yes, indeed; I was attacked last night."

"Upon my word, it's too bad. I hope your man has been secured; mine got away, but as my rescuers say they can swear to him, I've been to the police office, and I have great hopes of his being caught. Tell me how it was." And for the fifteenth time that night, Augustus related his story; each time he repeated it his assailant had grown more and more ferocious, and he now described him as a huge truculent looking ruffian, with a beard of a week's growth and a most repulsive countenance. When he mentioned the locality he was attacked in, Mr. Simpkinson stared; but when he introduced the names of Framwell and Redford, the old gentleman gave a start, and looked round with a puzzled countenance for these two. Dick, who had carefully watched all the proceedings, was close at his elbow, and so he listened to the remainder of the story with sundry nervous twitchings of his whole body, which bore witness to his fidgetty state of mind. When the recital, which had been most attentively listened to, was finished, Mr. Simpkinson, in as composed a manner as he could put on, asked Soppleton,

"You say this was in the St. John's Wood Road?"

"Ye-e-s."

"At what time?"

"About half-past eleven."

"Then—By George, Sir!—Will you swear that you were first aggressor? You have trumped up a cock-and-burr! Confound it, Sir, it was you who gave me this," and gentleman pointed to his darkened eye-lid.

"Mr. Framwell, will you explain this? Mr. f

you as having rescued him ; I know you took me away from the man I was struggling with."

By this time every one in the room was listening eagerly for what would follow, and Mrs. Simpkinson, hearing her husband's voice, hastened in to know what had happened, and innocently asked—

"Why, Mr. Simpkinson, what is the matter?"

"Matter, Ma'am," roared out her husband. "I've found out my garotter, that's all—your steady young friend here, Mr. Soppleton!"

"Mr. Soppleton?"

"Yes, Ma'am. Mr. Soppleton! I suppose he was drunk—of course he must have been."

"Now, Mr. Framwell, how is this?"

Dick, thus appealed to, hemmed and hawed, and muttered something about a supper party, and Soppleton having through nervousness made a mistake.

"There, there: that will do," burst in the angry Simpkinson; "Don't make matters worse by trumping up excuses. Now, Sir," turning to Soppleton, "My umbrella is a bludgeon, eh? and I am a truculent looking ruffian with a repulsive countenance, am I?"

No one could help it; a perfect roar of laughter went round the table; indeed Mr. Simpkinson's face, red with passion and disfigured by the black eye, did not present a very pleasing appearance. Soppleton, on the contrary, half risen from his seat, pale as death, and utterly at a loss what to say or do, seemed the very picture of misery.

"I'll tell you what, Sir," continued the old gentleman, "you have not only disgraced yourself by your conduct last night, but you have aggravated your folly by boasting of it, and telling a pack of lies. Yes, Sir—I repeat it—a pack of lies. You wished to make yourself out a very fine fellow indeed, and I congratulate you on the result. I will trouble you now to leave my house as soon as may suit your convenience, and never let me again see your face within my doors."

And poor Soppleton, his face now crimson with shame, with drooping head and downcast eyes elbowed his way out mechanically, and left the house, half-fancying he was under the influence of some horrible nightmare. As he drove home how he cursed Framwell and his party. He saw it all now; it *must* have been a preconcerted affair. What a fool he had been to fall into the trap so easily! What could he do? Nothing. Schemes of vengeance rose in his head, and then came the reflection that the story would be all over the town the next day, and that his mere appearance at the Club would cause a general titter. Augustus groaned at the bare idea. There was but one thing to do—get out of town as soon as possible, so he gave orders to his valet, much to that gentleman's disgust, to pack up his portmanteau immediately, and be ready to start for the Continent the next day.

Meanwhile, Mr. Simpkinson's wrath had partly cooled down, and during supper he informed his friends that, sick of the preparations for the ball, he had the previous evening gone to play a rubber of whist at the house of an old friend of his. On his way home he had observed a man in front of him walking rather unsteadily, but had paid no particular attention to him, till, when close by, he had been staggered by a blow in the face. Recovering from his first surprise, and perceiving he had only one assailant to deal with, he had dropped his umbrella and boldly

MRS. SIMPKINSON'S PARTY.

rushed in to close quarters. Of course every one present was shocked at Mr. Soppleton's behaviour ; but what shall we say of poor Mrs. Simpkinson's dreams ? Her immaculate pattern no longer existed. Her Soppleton she knew had vanished, and in his stead there rose before her the image of a brawling drunken scamp. To do her justice, the moment she heard it was he who had attacked her husband, she gave him up at once ; and as after supper she watched Fanny waltzing with Redford, she consoled herself with the reflection—"Well, it might have been worse." As a sequel to the above, I may mention that looking over a file of the *Times* a short time ago, I saw the following announcement in the first column :—

On the 14th February, at St. Mary's, Paddington, by the Rev. Tite Whitechoker, F. Redford, Esq., to Frances Antonia, youngest daughter of W. Simpkinson, Esq., Maida Hill.

W A R .

THREE drooping trees with blackened boughs,
That bend above an Ash-strewn stream.
A Cow, that solitary lows,
Where late were yoked the horned team.
A dozen Sheep with patient eye,
That watch the water silently.

A wide-gapped hedge, a gate unhinged
Against a broken post that lies.
A bed, with withered flowerets fringed,
A half-blown rose that droops and dies.
A vine that hangs scorched from the wall,
A gaunt-eyed cat with feeble call.

A blackened heap, a chimney tall,
A wounded dog that faintly cries
Beside a corpse ; and this all
Beneath the pitying evening skies,
That drop their dewy tears from far
Upon the saddest scenes of war.

MODERN POETS.

HON. MRS. NORTON.

THE subject of our notice, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, affords an illustration not only that talent but that misfortune runs in families. The granddaughter of Richard Sheridan, she has inherited his talents, and, without his faults, has formed almost as intimate an acquaintance with sorrow. To her, as to her grandfather, the world has been the bitterest foe. What Moore wrote of Sheridan, he might almost have repeated of Mrs. Norton :—

In the woods of the North, there are insects that prey
On the brain of the Elk till its very last sigh;
But Genius, thy patrons, more cruel than they,
First feed on thy brain, and then leave thee to die.

The world that hung upon the efforts of her magic pen would have left Mrs. Norton to die, but the weak woman was stronger than the strong man—she has lived down the tale of slander, and the world has tardily done her justice. Mrs. Norton has herself told her own wrongs in those lines, scarcely excelled in beauty by any in the English language, which she gratefully addressed to the Duchess of Sutherland. That “lovely daughter of a haughty race” had firmly espoused the cause of the gifted poetess, when those on whom she had the strongest claim “stood off in doubt, to see what turn the world would take.” The Duchess of Sutherland exerted her vast social power in favour of her friend, and nobly earned the lines which will carry her memory onwards to generations, which otherwise would find no record of the many virtues of the gifted peeress. We regret that our space will not warrant our presenting them complete; but we cannot refrain from quoting those in which the poetess passionately denounces the slanderous attacks to which she had been subjected :—

For easy are the alms the rich man spares
To sons of Genius, by misfortune bent;
But thou gavest me, what woman seldom dares,
Belief—in spite of many a cold dissent—
When, slandered and maligned, I stood apart
From those whose bounded power hath wrung, not crushed, my heart.

Thou, then, when cowards lied away my name,
And scoffed to see me feebly stem the tide;
When some were kind on whom I had no claim,
And some forsook on whom my love relied,
And some, who might have battled for my sake,
Stood off in doubt to see what turn the world would take—

Thou gav'st me that the poor do give the poor,
 Kind words and holy wishes, and true tears;
 The loved, the near of kin could do no more,
 Who changed not with the gloom of varying years,
 But clung the closer when I stood forlorn,
 And blunted Slanders dart with their indignant scorn.

For they who credit crime are they who feel
 Their own hearts weak to unresisted sin;
 Memory, not judgment, prompts the thoughts which steal
 O'er minds like these, an easy faith to win;
 And tales of broken truth are still believed
 Most readily by those who have themselves deceived.

—We would advise our readers to learn by heart the last verse; happy he who, in the course of his life, has had no occasion to quote them, in reply to unmerited slander.

Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Sheridan was, at the age of nineteen, united to the Hon. George Chapple Norton, brother to Lord Grantley, three years after she had first rejected him. Fortunate would it have been for her had she persisted in that rejection, for from the union has proceeded the troubles of her life. The lady is living, and, in delicacy, the biographer abstains from detailing the suspicions and persecutions to which she has been subjected. Suffice it that even he who instigated them has lived, it is said, to repent them; and the world, the harsh, censorious world, has owned its injustice.

Had Mrs. Norton not appeared as a poetess in early life, that charming line, which has been consecrated to all followers of the muse, might have been applied to her—

They learn in suffering what they teach in song.

—But, in truth, poetry seemed to be the necessity of her earliest being. As a child, despite the vigilance of her mother, who disapproved of such a pursuit, she indulged her love of versification, and, when pen, ink, and paper were denied to her, she scribbled with a pencil verses in her music book. When quite a child, her love of authorship was gratified by the publication of a little satire, "The Dandies' Rout," with illustrations, the designs for which she executed herself. In her seventeenth year, she composed the poem, the "Sorrows of Rosalie;" but it was not published until after her marriage. Some three years elapsed, when the world was fairly astonished by the publication of "The Undying One," a poem founded on that fertile subject to the *litterateur*, the legend of the Wandering Jew. The story, however, bore no resemblance to that startling production the "St. Leon" of Godwin, or to that wonderful complication "Le Juif Errant" of Eugene Sue. Equally powerfully written and conceived, the "Undying One" attained immense popularity, and Mrs. Norton was by common consent advanced to the front rank of living poets. In an elaborate criticism, the *Quarterly Review* said of her "This lady is the Byron of our modern poetesses. She has very much of that intense personal passion by which Byron's poetry is distinguished from the larger grasp and deeper communion with man and nature of Wordsworth. She has also Byron's beautiful intervals of *te strong, practical thought, and his forceful expression. artificial imitation, but a natural parallel.*"

If, in power, Mrs. Norton resembles the poet of Newstead Abbey, has not his mocking spirit; she ever seems to aspire after the good the beautiful. She has his freedom of expression, an approach to boldness and truthfulness of imagery, his strange power of control, and use of, the simplest words to convey the loftiest meaning, and something of his pathos. She is wanting in his dramatic spirit. She leans rather in the reflective than the descriptive. She has something of Mrs. Hemans' love of the beautiful, intense religious feeling, and delicate softness of tone; and something of the impassioned plaintiveness that most gifted of female poets, Elizabeth Letitia Landon.

We almost regret we have not joined these two ladies in our notice: there is something strangely similar, and yet widely different in their histories. Both subjected to unmerited slanders, both unhappy in the unions they formed, both sadly serious and impassioned in their writings, the very points at which the circles of their lives join, serve but to illustrate more forcibly the lines of divergence. What in Miss Landon is earnestness, in Mrs. Norton is sincerity. E. L. L., was naturally of a hot-hearted temperament, and those who knew her best wondered most at the deep melancholy that pervaded almost all her poems. Neither did she appear to be possessed of very deep feelings, but her writings are soundly impassioned. In pathos, *abandon*, facility of description and fecundity of imagery she excels Mrs. Norton, but the latter takes the palm for sincerity or truthfulness, in the depth of a calm, chastened, beautiful repose. The one appeals to the passions, the senses, the emotions, the ear to the reflective faculties. The harp of each is attuned to rare sweetness; but the chords of the one are wild, plaintive, or desolate; of the other, measured and subdued. Miss Landon herself told the impulses that guided her:

If that I know myself what keys
Yield to my hand their sympathies,
I should say 'tis those whose tone
Is woman's love and sorrow's own.

For Mrs. Norton's idea of woman's mission is the grand one "to suffer and be strong." She tells it sweetly when she compares woman's endurance with man's.

Warriors and statesmen have their meed of praise,
And what they do, or suffer, men record;
But the long sacrifice of *woman's* days
Passes without a thought, without a word;
And many a lofty struggle for the sake
Of duties sternly, faithfully fulfill'd—
For which the anxious mind must watch and wake,
And the strong feelings of the heart be still'd—
Goes by unheeded as the summer wind,
And leaves no memory and no trace behind!
Yet it may be, more lofty courage dwells
In one meek heart which braves an adverse fate,
Than his whose ardent soul indignant swells
Warm'd by the flight, or cheer'd through high debate:
The soldier dies surrounded: could he *live*
Alone to suffer, and *alone* to strive?

In 1840 Mrs. Norton published "The Dream, and other Poems," and

quite lately, her last work, "The Lady of La Garaye." She also wrote a novel, "Stuart of Dunleath," of which, as it comes without the range of the present paper, we will only say that, apart from the faults incidental to a first effort in this branch of literature, it possesses rare excellence. Quite lately she has published another novel, which we passingly reviewed in a late number. We have already quoted from one or two of her fragmentary poems, of which she has written in the periodicals, and as songs, a large number. Next to the lines to the Duchess of Sutherland, the well-known "Arab's address to his steed" is, perhaps, the best. From the "Undying One" we could extract a whole host of gems, but the poem is well-known, and we prefer to select for more particular notice her latest effort "The Lady of La Garaye," which probably is less familiar to our readers.

Somewhat irregularly written, the Lady of Garaye possesses passages of singular beauty, whilst the story itself is attractive from its plaintive simplicity. It is founded on truth, or perhaps we should more correctly say that it is a strictly accurate history of what really took place in real life. Claude Toussaint Count de la Garaye was a brilliantly handsome and accomplished young nobleman in the reign of Louis XV. He distinguished himself as a soldier and earned the favor of his Sovereign. He married Mademoiselle de la Motte Picquet, a young lady whose beauty has been handed down by an authentic picture preserved in one of the Religious Houses in Britain. An engraving of it appears as a frontispiece to the poem. No description could do justice to the sad yet intellectual type of beauty it depicts. The Lady of La Garaye retired with her husband to their Chateau in Brittany, where they passed a few months of unmingled happiness. But a change was at hand. One day when out hunting, the Lady was thrown from her horse, and was carried home in an apparently dying condition. She recovered, but was left an incurable cripple, and helpless invalid for life. Then came a period of misery, during which she doubted all the assurances of her Claude that her changed appearance had not changed his love. His deprecations of her doubts are among the finest passages of the poem. He tells her:—

Age would have wrought thy wondrous beauty's doom
A little sooner did that beauty go—
A little sooner, darling take it so.

* * * * *

"Sacred I'll hold the sacred name of wife,
And love thee to the sunset verge of life."

* * * * *

"Oh! dearer now than when thy girlish tongue
Falter'd consent to love while both were young,
Weep no more foolish tears, but lift thy head;
Those drops fall on my heart like molten lead.
Nor lightly did I love, nor lightly choose;
What'er thou lovest I will also lose;
If bride of Death—being first my chosen bride—
I will await death, lingering by thy side;
And God, He knows, who reads all human thought,
And by whose will this bitter hour was brought,
How eagerly, could human pain be shifted,
I would lie low, and thou once more be lifted
To walk in beauty as thou didst before,
And smile upon the welcome world once more.

Oh ! loved even to the brim of love's full fount,
 Wilt thou set nothing to firm faith's account !
 Choke back thy tears which are my bitter smart,
 Lean thy dear head upon my aching heart ;
 It may be God, who saw our careless life,
 Not sinful, yet not blameless, my sweet wife
 (Since all we thought of, in our youth's bright May,
 Was but the coming joy from day to day,)
 Hath blotted out all joy to bid us learn
 That this is not our home ; and make us turn
 From the enchanted earth, where much was given,
 To higher aims, and a forgotten heaven."

A holy man arrives at La Garaye, and gradually his exhortations bring the lady to a better frame of mind. The exercise of charity becomes the labour of love, in which her husband aids her. The Chateau is turned into an Hospital for Incurables, and together they tend the helpless inmates. He acquires some skill as a doctor, and leaves the whole of his fortune to maintain the institution he founded.

The tale, as we have said, is strictly true. The gay Count de la Garaye became an experienced physician, and received a reward from his Sovereign of 50,000 livres for new discoveries in the science of healing.

The whole nation honored him, and his death was felt as a public calamity. Such are the materials of the exquisite little poem Mrs. Norton has produced. We would gladly quote largely from it ; but the inexorable limits set by the publisher warn us against the attempt. We cannot resist giving one passage which describes the Lady of La Garaye's feelings when first the Doctor tells her she is hopelessly invalided for life.

Crooked and sick for ever she must be :
 Her life of wild activity and glee
 Was with the past, the future was a life
 Dismal and feeble ; full of suffering ; rife
 With chill denials of accustomed joy,
 Continual torment, and obscure annoy,
 Blighted in all her bloom,—her withered frame
 Must now inherit age ; young but in name.
 Never could she, at close of some long day
 Of pain that strove with hope, exulting lay
 A tiny new-born infant on her breast,
 And, in the soft lamp's glimmer, sink to rest,
 The strange corporeal weakness sweetly blent
 With a delicious dream of full content ;
 With pride of motherhood, and thankful prayers,
 And a confused glad sense of novel cares,
 And peeps into the future brightly given,
 As though her babe's blue eyes turned earth to heaven !
 Never !—our helpless changeable natures shrink
 Before that word as from the grave's cold brink !
 Set us a term whereto we must endure,
 And you shall find our crown of patience sure ;
 But the irrevocable smites us down ;
 Helpless we lie before the eternal frown ;
 Waters of Marah overwhelm the blinded soul,
 Stifle the heart, and drown our self-control.

So, when she heard the grave physician speak,
 Horror crept through her veins, who, faint and weak,
 And tortured by all motion, yet had lain
 With a meek cheerfulness that conquered pain,
 Hoping,—till that dark hour. Give back the hope,
 Though years rise sad with intervening scope!
 Scarce can those radiant eyes with sickly stare
 Yet comprehend that sentence of despair;
 Knell not above her bed this funeral chime;
 Bid her be prisoner for a certain time;
 Tell her blank years must waste in that changed home,
 But not for ever,—
 Let infinite torture
 But set a term beyond
 In vain! She sees
 Tears of compassion
 And in low pitying
 The doom that sou
 Long on his face her w
 Then dropped her head,
 Shivering through every
 Smote her with all the e

me;
 est,
 be rest.
 fountain rise,
 s eyes:
 tells
 aneral bells.
 he kept;
 moaned and wept;
 ghtning thought
 wrought.

We will conclude with another passage from the same poem, in which she again expresses her abhorrence of the slanderer. The one line—

“The myriad echoes lost among life's hills,”

is an exquisite gem suggestive of a whole volume of poetry.

What hath the Slandered done, who vainly strives
 To set his life among untarnished lives?
 Whose bitter cry for justice only fills
 The myriad echoes lost among life's hills;
 Who hears for evermore the self-same lie
 Clank clog-like at his heel when he would try
 To climb above the loathly creeping things
 Whose venom poisons, and whose fury stings.
 And so slides back; for ever doomed to hear
 The old witch, Malice, hiss with serpent leer
 The old hard falsehood to the old bad end,
 Helped, it may be, by some traducing friend,
 Or one rocked with him on one mother's breast,—
 Learned in the art of where to smite him best.

MERE-MERE.

[See Plate.]

It may be interesting if we give the public some detailed description of the situation of the great fortified position of Mere-Mere now held by the natives, in front of our advanced posts, towards the Upper Waikato. This very strong position was well known to Waikato tourists long before an invasion of the sacred river had entered the mind of the most far-seeing colonial politician. It was then the site of a small Maori village, where travellers were wont to get a hospitable reception and leave to rest, if the insect tribes did not conspire too strongly to prevent him from carrying his design into execution. Its great natural advantages of position as a fortress could scarcely be expected to escape the military eye of the natives when once reduced to casting about in their minds for the best means of repelling a European invasion. It was accordingly taken possession of by the natives in force, about the tenth of August, and they at once set to work with great energy to heighten all its natural advantages, and to, as far as possible, obviate its defects.

The position of Mere-Mere is formed by the extreme end of a ridge of hills that stretch in very irregular masses in a direction almost due north-east, and only prevented from being parallel with the Waikato by that river's taking a bend to the westward just above the village. On either side of this range the land is almost as low as the river bed level, and is consequently covered for a considerable distance with a dreary sea of rushes and swamp grasses, hiding an impassable morass, and only here and there varied, we can scarcely say relieved, by the existence of belts of kahikatie or white pine trees, which grow grey, tall, and desolate-looking, from the unstable soil along the river's bank. The hill of Mere-Mere itself may be said to be unwooded, and merely covered by scrub and fern, which afford but very slight and insufficient cover against an enemy. It however rises with considerable abruptness from the river's bank upon which it abuts for a short distance, and forms even a good, although a very limited, landing-place. Its slope, like that of all New Zealand hills, is not regular, but of that conformation which may almost be called terraced; and of this full advantage has been taken by the Native engineers. At first, there were but three lines of rifle-pits formed, although since then, and subsequent to the date of our picture's being drawn, great additions and improvements have been made in the plans of defence. The lines of rifle-pits may roughly be said to be three, although it can only be an approximation to the truth to speak of them as lines of pits at all, where every various slope of the ground is made use of to give another flanking angle. The first of these is on a level with the river, and would prove very troublesome, and even destructive, to any force attempting to land, unless covered by a heavy fire from vessels in the stream. The second and third lines are so arranged as to command the face of the hill, and sweep, if need be, any enemy who had

passed the first line, back again in confusion. Probably, however, the first line being stormed, the principal danger would be over, as, when our troops could once form, it would scarcely be Native musketry that would throw them into confusion, much less cause a retreat. The great strength of the place, however, lies in its inaccessibility from all but one direction. The belt of swampy land that intervenes between the base of the hill and the Whangamarino river, although not wide enough to prevent our throwing shells into the position, is quite wide enough to render a passage across it impossible. If, therefore, the Natives are to be prevented from escaping, the [redacted] to secure the path to Paparata, which goes along the ridge of [redacted] involves necessarily a long detour for our troops through a difficult and [redacted] country. That this will be made, and that the General will, when the fitting moment arrives, storm the position, is by no means matter of doubt; but, at present, it is, and the probability is that it will hereafter remain, the most interesting locality upon the Waikato, as being the most formidable position that presents itself for defence by the Natives, or for storm by Her Majesty's forces.

Our sketch, it will be observed, was taken from the river, on the second occasion on which the "Avon" gunboat made a reconnaissance of the position. The lines, as we have said, were at that time only in progress, and, to form a correct idea of the defensive works of Mere-Mere, the reader must so far task his imagination as to suppose the rifle-pits very considerably multiplied, especially upon the slope of the hill towards the left of the picture.

SONG OF TREE SPIRITS.

FROM THE 'DRAMA OF EXILE.'

HARK! the Eden trees are stirring,
Soft and solemn in your hearing!
Oak and Linden, palm and fir,
Tamarisk and juniper;
Each still throbbing in vibration,
Since that crowning of Creation,
When the God-breath spake abroad
"Let us make man like to God!"
And the pine stood quivering,
As the awful words went by,
Like a vibrant music-string
Stretched from mountain-peak to sky;
And the Platan did expand
Slow and gradual, branch and head;
And the Cedar's strong black shade
Fluttered brokenly and grand.
Grove and wood were swept aslant
In emotion jubilant.

A CONVERTED GUAGER.

A Tale of Ireland.

BY JACOB TERRY.

CHAPTER I.—INTRODUCTORY.

IF it has not fallen to the lot of mankind in general to be born and bred in Ireland, at least a large proportion of the human family has heard of that country, which in some degree compensates for their irreparable misfortune in not being Irishmen. Still better are those who, like myself, have spent many pleasant days in the Green Isle, and experienced the fresh and genial hospitality of its warm-hearted inhabitants. There are many benighted individuals, it is true, who have never set foot on Irish ground, nor heard even of its name; but these races live in such out-of-the-way countries, and are so far beyond the pale of civilization, and so ignorant of ancient and modern history, that it is questionable whether I should class them amongst the *genus homo* at all. It is very certain that it will be many centuries before they can be admitted into that great family of nations who regard the Irish nation as the most illustrious and interesting under the sun, and I may, therefore, safely ignore their existence when I say, as every Irishman does, that the whole world has heard of the Emerald Isle, loves its people, and sympathises with them in the patient and uncomplaining way they have borne their burden of oppression and wrong for seven long weary centuries. As one of the invading race, I confess my sympathy and admiration: I join the universal acclaim and sigh, and bow profoundly at the spectacle which the Irish nation presents.

Having paid this tribute to the Irish nation, and bespoke their good opinion, I will try to steady my hand, and call up some recollections of the kingdom of Ireland.

CHAPTER II.—ABOUT NOTHING IN PARTICULAR.

TIME is an enemy which most of us endeavour to kill. I have never known any who succeeded; but having joined in the chase myself, I can bear testimony to the pleasure derived from the sport. A run across country after a good pack in full cry, is not half so exhilarating as the pursuit of that sinewy old pedestrian Father Time. He is all bone and muscle, and you never can wind him. Faugh, he has knocked up many an old friend, many a boon companion, many a stout heart I loved in the old days; and I am fast getting winded myself in the race. I feel

that I am losing, for I must counterfeit youth now : I must hide the silver hairs which glisten amongst the dark locks that were the pride of my early life. Oh ! Time, I have failed to kill you, though I have pursued you through many a mazy dance, on the mountain side and by the winding river. You are my natural enemy ; yet I love you for the sport you have afforded, the joys the chace of your fleeting shadow have yielded ; and when the struggle at last becomes serious, and triumph you must, be thy hand light, good Father Time. Remember the sports of our youth when you fled and I pursued, turning and doubling, laughing in the stinging in the shade—when life seemed endless, and the sun ne not in my locks, and they lied that said you were bald and less. For the sake of the past, be gentle ; and as years roll on in quence, be our pace moderated to suit the stiffening limbs. A mortal conflict comes let it be in the soft twilight, as the ball of day descends beneath the horizon, reflecting from h ed a thousand tints upon the glowing vault : then Time y hand upon my heart, and my spirit shall start to join Spirits, lighted on its eternal journey by the last sunbeam, as it sh upwards through space to the fountain of light. So let me die, good Father Time, and although you triumph and slay me, yet will we part friends.

But what has all this philandering to do with Ireland and the Irish ; what above everything has it to do with the title of your story "A Converted Guager?"

My good reader, nothing in the world. *Peccavi* ; I promise not to offend again. Hereafter everything I write will smell fragrantly of Irish whiskey—the choicest *potheen*, with a bouquet of peat reek not to be surpassed out of dear Innishowen. I could not help a little philandering, as you say, my critical friend, when I thought of the happy days which I spent in green Ireland. The joys of my youth came back to my memory, and I was unable to avoid contrasting the past with the present. Then, I was young ; now, I am—no ; I'm not exactly old. I have arrived at that period in life when the passions are tempered by reason ; when a man's enjoyments are more rational, if less exhilarating, than in his salad days ; when a woman's society is a real and not a simulated pleasure, and a well served dinner the greatest of earthly comforts. But I won't philander again ; and now for my story.

CHAPTER III.—RECOLLECTIONS.

LET me see. Yes ; it was in the autumn of 1852 when I arrived in the triangular market-place of the little town of Donegal, after an exor into the remoter regions of the far North-West of Ireland. I a very agreeable time, and enjoyed a rough but hearty ho the Celtic peasantry, who soon became satisfied, from that I was neither a guager nor a police-officer in di of public servants towards whom there is a kind of those parts, which can scarcely be explained by a upon the community at large ; by the protectors

and the peace. So it is, however. Your true Irish Celt looks at a policeman and exciseman with nearly the same unreasoning fury that a bull regards a scarlet cloak; and their passion is greater, when crossed by either class of biped, than it is on any other kind of provocation except, perhaps, the early and unexpected appearance of a bailiff at their *shealing*, with a distress warrant for arrears of rent, and taxes. When my respectability was established by my companion, whom I shall call Mullan, and who enjoyed the decided advantage of being familiar with their mother tongue, I got along very well with the good people, and I suddenly discovered that most of those who had accosted me in Irish could speak English fluently. There was a decided brogue, no doubt; but a brogue improves an Irishman's English. We got along very well, therefore, and I learned a great many things before I left the North-West, the most important being to appreciate the superlative virtues of a well-brewed bumper of steaming whiskey punch. There is a secret in brewing whiskey punch, which I won't tell upon this occasion. I advise every novice, who would like to be wise in this particular, not to try any experiments, as he will unquestionably vitiate his taste, injure his health, and never come by the great secret—how to brew a bumper that mollifies the heart without muddling the brain.

I was in the Square of Donegal—(the natives call the triangle a square, but it comes nearly to the same thing, and a bull is natural to the Irish,)—in the autumn of 1852. Mullan and myself got off the miserable jaunting car, drawn by a more miserable pony, and driven by the most miserable-looking post boy I ever saw in all Ireland, after a jolt or succession of jolts for twelve miles from the fishing hamlet of Killybegs. We had enjoyed the drive however. The road lay close by the coast, and the hoarse boom of the waves was heard as they dashed against the rocky barriers. Sometimes clumps of stunted trees around the houses of the better class of farmers were passed, but there was nothing which could be supposed to be a wooded landscape until Mount-Charles demense came in view. This is a beautiful spot. From thence to Donegal the road is more interesting.

Our post-boy carried her Majesty's mail, and was proud of his position. He had a fund of anecdote, ever ready to amuse his "fares;" and knew the history of every family from Glencolumbkille to Ballyshannon. We parted with him with some regret, and made our way into the inn, where we breakfasted a second time. Here we were joined by an English tourist, who was "doing" Ireland in a fortnight. Our gossip furnished material for an hour's jottings in his note book, and there seemed to be nothing too absurd or improbable for this Anglo-Saxon's credulity. My friend Mullan was a wag. He loved old Ireland, laughed at her follies, and crammed our new companion.

Leaving him to fill up the measure of his iniquity, I took a stroll through the town, which appeared to me very prettily situated. The ruins of the O'Donnell's castle, where the princes of Tyrconnell held court and wassail, still stood, attesting its former strength, and a monument of the levelling force of Cromwell's army. The Esk flows past the keep; and down the bay the ruins of an ancient monastery are seen on a promontory, proving that the brotherhood of the Church had nestled under the protecting shade of the O'Donnell, before the evil days overtook that proud Milesian house, and a stranger race banished them from the halls of their fathers.

Our next stage was Stranorlar, and we had, amongst others, as a companion the English tourist already mentioned, who stuck close to Mullan as too valuable and inexpensive an acquisition to be lost sight of. The conveyance was one of Bianconni's long cars, which, although the ugliest and most uncomfortable of vehicles ever invented, made a fortune to the poor Italian whose name they bear, and opened the gates of the sacred college to his near relative. Truly these long cars, rattling over the rough and rut-worn roads of Ireland, accomplished marvels in their short day. They raised the poor homeless vendor of stucco images from the mire of the street to the mansion of the peer, and placed a Cardinal's hat on the head of his child.

Off we rattled at a good pace down a narrow street of low houses, and soon got into the open country, where the car was elevated to the box beside the driver, per special arrangement of a small gratuity in the shape of whip money. The country looked beautiful. Before us lay the mountains of the Donegal Highlands. On the right were cultivated farms and homesteads, and away on the left, Lough Esk sparkled in the sun, and caught the shadows from the wooded banks on one side, and on the other reflected the mountain outline which rose from its margin. A silver thread could be discerned in the distance, which nearer would be found to be a mountain torrent dashing over the rocks into the lake below. I enjoyed the drive, and the gossip of the driver. Our tourist friend seemed to derive infinite pleasure from the prattle of Mullan. He seldom smiled, but he looked his satisfaction and thanks, and in spite of the jolting managed to do a little in the way of taking notes.

By degrees we got into a wild country. There were no pleasant homesteads to be seen, but bare heath and the towering mountains on either hand, as the team drawing the long car dashed down a little hill into the mountain gorge of Barnesmore. Through the Gap of Barnes we posted, the driver flogging his sweating horses, and Mullan narrating to the attentive tourist, deeds of blood which that dark gorge had witnessed at a not very remote period. As a police barracks had been recently built close by the Gap, I suppose there was a good deal of truth in the narrative; and when we got well into the mountain pass, I noticed his companion looking most uncomfortable. As the tale increased in tragic interest the tourist looked unutterable wretchedness, and taking advantage of a break in the recital, pointed with his hand to an object on the cliff far above our heads, and inquired what it was. Whether he supposed he really saw a highwayman perched on a ledge of the cliff, as a look-out for his murderous associates, I cannot say; but he looked at the object with a gaze of all-absorbing interest.

Mullan looked long in the same direction, and at length replied, "Why yes; I see. That's an eagle, sir."

"An eagle! Bless me, let me have a better look driver. Stop the car; I say."

"I can't, your honor, till we get up a bit, an' then they"

In a few minutes we had topped an elevation steeper gradient, which is steep enough in all truth; and he allowed to rest, while the tourist made a note, and the eagle.

Mullan employed his time in decanting or

of the Irish eagle, and how in certain seasons dozens of them might be seen sitting on the ledges of the rocks in the Gap, picking their feathers like barn-door fowl.

"And you can see that ould cock do the same, this present minute, your honor," put in the driver, pointing with a chuckle to the object which the tourist was doing his best to anatomise.

"Yes, I think I do see it," said the tourist. "I never could have thought it. Eagles too; and so common and tame."

The object moved off leisurely, as the tourist spoke and put on his glasses for another inspection.

"I declare it prefers walking to flying. Well that is strange. Do Irish eagles generally prefer walking to flying?"

This to my friend Mullan.

"Yes, especially after a feed of grass; you see that one has been nibbling there for the last half-hour," and a knowing wink was exchanged between the driver and Mullan.

"Well, that is singular. Strange; very. Let me make a note of that fact before you move on driver," a loud crack of the long coach whip announcing the jarvy's intention of starting.

"Well, I'm blessed, if that dosn't beat Banagher hollow. He takes an ould goat for an eagle, and swallows the gammoning clean."

A roar of laughter from the "fares" rewarded the driver for this sally, which disconcerted our tourist greatly. He looked offended, pulled his travelling cap down on his brows, plucked up his cravat over his mouth, and tucked the ample folds of his knee rugs close around him, as much as to say he wished to keep as much to his respectable self as possible. My loquacious friend saw the driver had spoilt his sport, and he feared that the tourist would discredit all his romances on account of the eagle. They exchanged not a syllable for the remainder of the journey, which we broke at Stranorlar. No doubt the English tourist would proceed to Londonderry the same night, leave that city next morning without visiting its historic monuments, post to the Giant's Causeway from Portrush, and manage to be in Belfast in time for the Fleetwood steamer the same, or at most the following, night, after having accomplished the Irish tour in a fortnight.

I give my recollections of this journey, to illustrate what was so common then in Ireland. That country was inundated several seasons by English tourists, who went away under the impression that they had seen all that could be seen, and learnt all that could be learned of Ireland, after a flying journey from Cape Clear to the Giant's Causeway of ten days to a fortnight; and the eagle incident is only one of many instances in which I have seen the gaping credulity of these tourists turned to account for the amusement of a party of more intelligent and less gullible travellers.

But I have nearly done with my recollections.

CHAPTER IV.—PERSONS AND THINGS.

HAVE any of my readers spent a night in the Stranorlar inn? If they have, they must have been struck with the tidiness and comfort of the place. At the time I speak of, it was kept by a fine hearty old man, who loved his glass, his pipe, and his friend. He was a good specimen of the class of landlords who flourished in our fathers' days: always jolly and obliging, and particular above all things of the liquors he vended. He was nearly unrivalled in brewing whiskey punch, and taught me something of the art, but he was not quite so accomplished as some others of my masters. He was no mean hand, however, and I respect his memory. Poor ——; he is now dead and gone. Father Time was too many for him, and he laid down his hoary head in a peaceful grave, by the side of many a relative who stumbled and fell in the long race before him. Peace to thy memory, old friend!

The sheets, always well aired, were of "fine linen, white as snow," and lavender sprigs under the pillows sweetly scented the bedrooms. It was a perfect treat to spend a night in one of the small bed-rooms, so fresh and sweet-smelling, after an hour or two of agreeable converse with the host and his friends in the little parlour. And then the house-maid. I was younger in 1852 than I am now, and I may be pardoned if a feeling of softness steals over one at the recollection of the rosy cheeks, pouting lips, white teeth, and plump form of the house-maid Betty. Unromantic name, Betty; but there were a dozen romances looped up in the knots of pink ribbons in her neat house cap, and any number of chapters of incidents for the reading in the twinkle of her bright hazel eyes. Betty was a modest girl—a rustic Irish beauty. I wonder what became of her. She'll be faded now, however, and I have no doubt would be a very unromantic sort of female to look at. It is a pity that pretty women ever grow old, for "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever," but a faded beauty is quite the reverse.

Let us step into that little parlour and gather round the blazing peat fire, with mine host in the corner, facing a local celebrity, whose songs were familiar to the loyal men of the district, and who carried under an odd exterior a heart of sterling honesty and kindness, and a fund of humour and anecdote, which made him a welcome guest wherever he went. Mullan sat next mine host, and my lot was cast beside our loyal and poetic companion. Everything was warm and cosy, and the steam from the aromatic water which clarified the whiskey, filled the apartment with a grateful fragrance. Mine host was unusually entertaining; Mullan did his best to please; and as the night advanced the divine afflatus inspired the muse, and the impromptu character of the melodies gave point and pungency to the hobbling rhythm. The laugh and joke and song passed round. At length it was past the time for our bard to start upon his homeward journey, a cool ride of two being before him.

Lantern in hand we accompanied him to the stables; ready saddled, quiet and self-composed, as if conscious of his mission to walk, or stand, or sleep if it pleased, or throw its rider. There seemed to be a tacit under-

horse and its master, and it was well it was so, for the bard, although a great poet, was a very bad rider. Grasping the hand of each of us in turn, he essayed to mount. Vain effort. To climb into the saddle was impossible. The ostler gave "a leg;" but in vain. The beast was perversely tall, and though the poetic mind might vault lightly upon the back of the flying Pegasus, the poetic body was too heavy to back the demure cob, which took the labouring efforts as a matter of course and a thing to which it had become accustomed.

The attempt was about to be given up in despair, when a bright thought struck the sleepy ostler. Although the poet could not bestride his horse, he might just be able to walk up a set of steps, and topple into the saddle as he would on his bed. Once in the stirrups, the horse would do the rest. The steps were fetched, and placed against the horse's side; the bard ascended, and in time got settled in the saddle; the steps were removed, and with the "good night" of the rider the beast switched its tail, and walked leisurely out of the yard taking the road to Strabane. A fair ride to you, old man and poet. If thy songs were written in defiance of the rules of prosody, there was a simplicity and vigour in them that more than compensated for the want of artistic arrangement. Thine were rugged rhymes, not flowing numbers; but thy fame will out-live in the memory of thy readers the name of many an elegant versifier and aspirant after fame.

CHAPTER V.—MINE HOST'S STORY.

HAVING seen our friend well off, we returned from the chilly night air to the little parlour, which was temptingly cozy. None of us felt fatigue, and again the punch bowl went round; the fire was replenished, and Mullan volunteered to tell a story.

"Let it be a true one, Mullan," said mine host, "for your stories are generally pure inventions."

"I admit I have a fertile imagination at times; and then I like to take a wrinkle out of the English. Eh, Terry; gullible people your tourist countrymen?"

He smiled at me, and our host enjoyed the hit at the English, for the story of the eagle had been told early in the evening, and the poet had plucked a feather from the eagle's wing to write an impromptu.

I waived the point, and said I would be delighted to hear the story; and my friend, not wishing to push an unpleasant subject further, complied.

"If there is any pleasure in life in which my fellow-countrymen take a greater delight than another," said Mullan, "it is in the manufacture of the commodity called whiskey."

"Barring," said mine host sententiously, holding up his fresh brewed bumper, and looking admiringly at it between him and the light; "barring drinking it, Mullan, my boy. Here's to you;" and he swallowed part of its contents. "My brew never addles the brain, you see, and there's pleasure in the drinking."

"Well," replied Mullan, "you had best tell a story. Terry had pricked up his ears to listen to me, but as you dispute my premiss you may indulge in descriptive yourself."

"I'm not much of a story-teller," quoth the other; "but I am open to dispute the point betwixt distilling and drinking whiskey. I say an Irishman, next to the pleasure of drinking *potheen*, loves to manufacture it. If you grant that, proceed. If you don't we'll argue it, or leave it to the stranger."

"I declare I'm not a competent judge," said I, "but I should say that our host is in the right."

The host nodded approvingly.

"There," said Mullan, "I knew what it would come to with you. You take to the national beverage as if you were 'to the manor born.' But I don't assent, and the landlord must tell a story."

"If you insist on that," said the ruby old gentleman, straightening down his waistcoat; "if you insist on that, I move that the sitting be adjourned till to-morrow."

I rose to go. "Before you go," said he, "I want to tell you a joke that happened the other day hereabouts, nearly as good in its way as that about the eagle; and by the same token it happened with an Irish gentleman, who should have known better."

I resumed my seat, and mine host continued, taking breath for an occasional whiff of his pipe.

"Times have been bad enough here lately, and the poor people about have each had permission to graze one of their cows free, on a part of the land about the castle, near the bridge. The steward is a kindly man, and sometimes they stole a march on him, and kept two cows instead of one on the grass. In spite of repeated warnings, Paddy Kelly kept up the joke, off and on, till Parliament was over, and Sir —— and his lady, and the big people from London, came over to the Castle. The most of the people needed no warning to keep off their cows then; but Paddy was too greedy to take warning. His two cows went out as usual; and he was herding the best to get a soft pick on a little island in the Finn close by the demesne, the day after his honor returned, when who should come round but Sir —— and the steward.

"'What is this man's cow doing there?' was the first word Sir ——spoke.

"'I have told him not to trespass on it, sir, and he will persist in doing it; but as he's a very poor man I did not like to be harsh.'

"'Quite right, Nickle; quite right. My man, did I not give you all leave to graze one cow each in my own fields, and you are not content with that but come and break down fences and spoil the place? What's your name?'

"'Paddy Kelly, please your honor.'

"'Well, Paddy Kelly, and what have you got to say for yourself?'

"'Please your honor I'm a very poor man, and times are hard sure enough. I have only the one cow, poor thing, and she's a weakly beast.'

"'What's the matter with the cow? She looks fat eno

"'Aye, your honor, and so she does, beholding to the
at the roots of the trees; but if I didn't watch her;
n the other beasts, she'd never get a pick at all.'

“ ‘How’s that?’ inquired Sir——.”

“ ‘Shure your honor may see in a minute, replied Paddy, touching the faded brim of an old battered hat, and advancing towards the cow. ‘Cheh, Cheh, Rosy, woman,’ coming still nearer, and rubbing her back with the points of his fingers. The cow was used to Paddy tickling her back, and stood as quiet as could be. Paddy’s hand passed over her head, and laying hold of the cow by the nostrils, he pulled open her mouth. ‘She’s toothless, your honor; she’s ne’er tooth in her upper jaw, and if she can’t get a soft bite she must starve—aye an’ will starve too,’ cried Paddy in a whining tone.

“ ‘His honor looked at the cow’s mouth, all the while that his steward was nearly bursting to keep in the laughing. ‘Nickle,’ says Sir ——, ‘let this poor man’s cow graze inside the Park. The grass is soft there, and his time won’t be taken up watching her.’

“ ‘I’ll do so, Sir——.’

“ ‘Long life to your honor,’ said he, and thank ye too, exclaimed Pat. There its well seen your one of the ould stock and no upstart. Thank ye kindly;’ and he took off his apology for a hat, and made a low bow, as the pair moved off on their tour of inspection.

The host stopped, and finished his liquor, nodding a kind good-night; but Mullan detained him.

“ ‘I won’t tell a story I protest this night’ he exclaimed: “and besides its high bed-time.”

“ ‘You have told a story, and won’t be here to-morrow night, and you must listen to my story, and you must mix yourself another tumbler of punch to keep me in countenance. I declare Terry’s asleep.”

“ ‘I’m nothing of the kind,’ I replied drily. “ ‘I’m thinking of what you were laughing about. I dont think, Sir —— was so much done, after all. How many teeth has a cow got?’ ”

I was laughed at heartily by mine host and friend, and recommended to increase my store of knowledge when I returned to my own country. Meanwhile the fire was replenished, and the landlord consenting to listen to Mullan, limited his liquid supply to half the ordinary quantity.



SKETCHES FROM CANADA.

BY JOHN LAMBERT.

NEW ZEALAND is my adopted my pleasant sojourn in Canada sailed for that country. It is like every voyage it had its agreeable and disagreeable. We arrived at Montreal, the capital of Lower Canada, about the end of May. The heat was intense; the ice-bound St. Laurence was once more open, the warm coating of snow that had so long covered the country was disappearing, save in one or two places, where it lay very deep. The roads were knee-deep in slimy mud. I may grumble in New Zealand at the bad state of the streets in your Provincial Towns, but I can tell you they bear no comparison with the same in Canada, which for filth carries off the palm and defies competition. Dirty roads are not the only inconveniences the traveller has to submit to, for with the heat come myriads of flies of every description, the worst of which are I think mosquitoes and sand flies, which punish you severely. We will not tarry long in Montreal; the imperfect sketch that I could give of it, would never do justice to this noble city, with its glittering pinnacles and domes, and the kind reader will doubtless be acquainted with the merits of it from the pens of abler writers than myself. Before taking the cars for Upper Canada, I must first pay tribute to the excellent hotel accommodation. Unlike the generality of English hotels, their arrangements seem to be brought almost to perfection, everything being conducted in a methodical manner. There is but one charge made, which includes everything, civility into the bargain, which one does not meet with at every hotel at home, even although one pays dearly for it. As it is not my intention to confine my remarks to city life, I shall at once proceed to the object I have in view, namely, to set before the reader as lucid a description of country life, together with the sports and amusements of the same, as cannot fail to interest those who are bent upon hacking out for themselves a home in the land of their adoption—let that land be Canada or New Zealand.

Farming operations in Canada are totally different in almost every respect from what they are in New Zealand. Having myself taken an active part in the agricultural pursuits of that country, I can write from personal experience. First, my readers must know that all Canada is the primeval forest; in fact there is no such country, such as may be seen here. So the young settler must set himself vigorously to work to hew down the gigantic trees before he can commence even his rustic log cabin. The first step, for farming purposes, is what is termed hard-woo

land timbered for the most part with maple, beech, ash, elm and bass-wood. The roots of all these will entirely decay within three years from the time that they are first felled, whereas the white and red pine, hemlock, and oak will hardly disappear in a man's life time unless some mechanical agency be applied; so it is easy to see how important it is that one should be well acquainted with the nature of the forest trees before selecting your land. I may here add that it is rather considered a good sign to see a few large pines scattered over your land, as it indicates strong soil.

In most parts of the country there are white cedar swamps, and very valuable they are too, if you have not too much of them. The white cedar is of untold value for farm purposes; it grows to an enormous height, and has great girth; there is no timber that grows in the forest that will stand wet so well, and for that reason it is well adapted for posts for fencing, foundation for your house—indeed there is nothing better than this to build your log hut of, and to crown all, it is exceedingly light. Well, these swamps are composed almost entirely of white cedar, yet when the land around them has been brought into a state of cultivation, as a rule they partially dry up and are easily reclaimed.

The best time for selecting land is just before the winter commences, for you can then judge for yourself the description of timber which covers the soil, if any of it is fit for the saw-mill, or whether there is too much hemlock and pine, also if the land is very stony, a rather common fault in some parts of the country.

I am of opinion that it requires far less capital for one to engage in farming pursuits in Canada than in New Zealand, and the reader will doubtless arrive at the same conclusion; if he will bear in mind the difference in currency, the cheapness of all kinds of provisions, and the good-neighbourly feelings which exist in every part of the country, and which is brought about in a great measure by the system of bees which brings every one in a settlement into almost daily contact with his neighbour for their mutual benefit.

We will now picture to ourselves a young man about to make for himself a forest home in Canada. We will suppose our young man to be single, and that he has been at least one year in the country. The season of the year shall be October, when autumn has clothed the forest in a gorgeous raiment of every hue. Suppose one hundred acres is the extent of his farm; it is good hard-wood land, with from ten to fifteen acres of cedar swamp upon it. His first step will be to procure a suitable mate, for he cannot do without help. This done, they will at once mark out, say ten acres, after which the land must be *underbrushed*, that is, chop down with a strong short scythe all the small undergrowth, which is generally of considerable thickness, leaving nothing standing but the trees which are too heavy for that implement. They ought to finish this in about four or five weeks, after which they may take a spell and amuse themselves with their gun, or fishing-rod, until winter has fairly set in, and the ground is covered with snow.

In January, they commence once more in earnest, with comfortable blanket, coat, and shoe packs; with axe in hand, and stout hearts, away they slash at all before them. Care is taken to fell the trees all one way; and, when a tree of extra growth comes in the way, it is best for both hands to engage in the same work, each at different sides of the

tree. To those who are perfectly unacquainted with the science of felling trees, it may be interesting if I dwell for a minute on this subject. In felling a large tree the common practice is to make two deep incisions, one above the other, on the same side of the trunk, about a foot and a half apart, according to the size of the tree; by this means, you will be able to chip out the centre bit, which, when done, will leave a large gap. Having cut about three parts through, you do similarly on the opposite side, only nothing like so deep, and it must be above the first cut. You will very soon be rewarded by hearing a terrific crash, and seeing your gallant foe biting the dust. In clearing land, all trees are cut down breast high, and afterwards *topped*—that is, all the leafy top cut off, and piled in *wind-rows*. It is a common practice, and a very profitable one too, to cut up all your good hard wood into firewood as you proceed. Clearing the land of the standing timber is doubtless the hardest work, but I question if it is not, on the whole, the most agreeable: the weather is generally fine—lovely, bright mornings, with a keen, pleasant, sharp frost—the occupation is manly and healthy above all things. The work may be varied by looking after your maple sugar, and, perhaps, taking a shot now and then at partridges, wood pigeons, or hares. We will suppose the fallow to be chopped by the end of March, the next step is to *cross-cut* all the long logs into twelve-foot lengths. This will take some time, and I consider it the most laborious part of the whole work, as it has a nasty knack of making your back ache, unless you are accustomed to it. This done, you may dismiss your mate, and rest on your oars until the heat of summer sets in, which will be about the middle of June.

The climate of Canada goes to two extremes—extreme heat and extreme cold. The summer heat of Canada is almost tropical, so great, indeed, that the forest will burst into full leaf within the short space of a week, when, apparently, the buds bore no appearance of opening previously. So it is that when the trees are once cut down and brushed, when the summer heat comes, they will dry like a chip, and a single match will set it all in a blaze. A day is always chosen to fire the clearing, when there is a slight breeze stirring; but you must be careful that the wind is in the right direction, or else, maybe, you may do harm to your neighbour, by destroying his fences and injuring his crops, merely from not taking the proper precautions.

I shall conclude this chapter with the description of a logging bee, which is the last operation to be performed before the land is cleared. Our young backwoodsman, we will now suppose, has had a good burn; the devouring element has swept everything away, leaving nothing but the blackened trunks, which lie about the ground in every direction. To put these logs together, so that they will burn well, entails the necessity of calling a bee, for it would be almost impossible for one man to log his own fallow. A bee in Canada means a collection of men called together for some purpose—as, for instance, it may be a raising bee, a thrashing bee, ploughing bee, quilting bee; or, in fact, any job that requires the assistance of your neighbours is dubbed a bee. The rule is, if you call a bee for any purpose, you are expected to return the same labour to any of them whenever they may require it of you.

One very great advantage in bees is that everybody knows their own work, and they do it with a hearty goodwill. There is no such thing as *shirking*, and even the youngest of the party can make themselves useful.

Logging is very dirty work, and it is very necessary to put on the most worthless clothes that you may have by you, as the charcoal from the burnt logs will make you most charmingly black: a chimney-sweep is nothing to it. When a person intends calling a logging bee, he warns all his friends who are fortunate enough to own bullocks to attend on a given day. Previous to this, he will have supplied himself with a good stock of stout young ironwood saplings, from eight to ten feet long, and sharpened at one end, for handspikes. There are then different gangs formed, each gang being composed of a team of four bullocks. The owner of them is appointed "boss," and he has under him from four to six men, with handspikes. The "boss" starts the logs with his bullocks, and the gang keep them rolling, until they pile them up on the heap. The several gangs do the same, only in different parts of the field. By this means, ten acres can be easily logged up in the course of the day. The shouting and yelling that goes on all the time is astonishing: but yet it does not seem to exhaust their energies much.

At one o'clock they sit down to a substantial dinner, the like of which can only be seen in Canada, or in the United States. Dinner finished, they return to their work, and, at about four o'clock, buckets of tea, and cakes, and scones, are served round in the field. One hour more, and the work is finished; the bullocks are then driven down to water, the men wash themselves, and prepare for supper. Every one is in the best of humour, and jokes go round the table; the merits of the different teams are then descanted on, and the evening winds up with athletic sports, singing, and dancing.

We have now seen our young settler clear his land. The difficulties he has had to contend against are not very great, it is true; but I hold that it is men only of indomitable pluck and courage that do succeed. I have known many instances, and the same may be seen any day even in this country, where men, having come out to the colonies without a proper appreciation of the duties they are called upon to perform, rush into extravagance at the outset, employ labour when they should work themselves, and the capital that should have been employed in improving their farm, is frittered away at hotels, or in low company. Such men, if you do chance to meet them two or three years afterwards, you will find bullock-drivers, billiard-markers, or, perhaps, seedy loafers, bragging to everybody how well off they had been some time ago. Alas! how pitiable! They were wanting in that true nobility of soul which urges the brave man on to conquer; who, careless of the present struggle, looks forward only to a bright and happy future, be that future ever so distant, when he shall see his fields waving with the yellow corn, and his young herds of cattle lowing around him. When he can look upon this bright picture, and feel that it is his strong arm which has accomplished this wonderful change, carved, as it has been, from the primeval forest—such men, I say, are Nature's true nobility, and are the bone and sinew of any country. Time and space will not permit us to moralize long. Other important matters engage our attention, amongst which we may class the log hut. We have often heard of "Every man is the architect of his own fortune;" but here it is every man is the architect of his own house. The log hut is both simple and ornamental of its kind, and although the exterior may appear somewhat rough to refined eyes, still within it may contain all the essentials to comfort, if but properly built: for my part,

give me a well-built squared timber shanty, and you may take all your lath and plaster houses, which rock like a cradle when the wind blows.

There are two kinds of log houses used in the backwoods of Canada—one called a shanty on account of the roof, which has only one side; the other, a square house with the regular roof to it; the latter, of course, is far the best, if you can afford it, and the outlay is so trifling that I would advise every settler to give the preference to the square house. It is by no means an uncommon thing to see no less than three houses close together, within a short space of each other, which have been occupied by the same owner at different periods of his life, clearly marking the progress of his fortunes: first, you notice the little shanty now used perhaps for poultry; next, the square well-finished log hut, converted into stable or barn; and lastly, the mansion of wood or stone, which throws the former two quite into the shade.

Most of the log huts that I have seen have been chiefly built either of cedar, hemlock, or pine. It is important that the logs should be straight, and as near one size as can be procured. To make the hut look well, the timber should be squared, and the corners dove-tailed; but this is merely a matter of taste, and of the least importance. The crevices between the walls are carefully stuffed with chunks of wood and clay; after which, you may either give it a coat of whitewash, or, if that does not please you, canvas and paper it. Shingles are always used in Canada as they are here, and a handy backwoodsman will make his own, which, as a rule, are far superior to any made by machinery, and fetch a better price. A square four-roomed hut, with underground cellar, ought not to cost much more than from twenty to twenty-five pounds sterling. The only expenses are the flooring boards, windows, and doors—that is, supposing he has been wise enough to call a bee, and handy enough to finish it off himself. A well-built log hut will last upwards of twenty years, and even after that it will be found useful for several purposes. The reader will doubtless have observed that I have made no mention of either fire-place or chimney in the erection of my house. This is easily accounted for, as in most instances stoves are used. Some people prefer the stove to a fire-place; but give me the latter, as there is then a good ventilation to any room. These stoves, in the depth of winter, are often heated until they become red hot; the consequence is, the air becomes baked and rarified, which must be very injurious to the constitution, and perhaps accounts for the apparently premature aged appearance of ladies in America, who have arrived at the age of thirty and thirty-five; this, undoubtedly, should be the prime of their life. We know it is so, both in this country and in England; yet, in Canada and the States, ladies look positively old at that age. During the coldest nights in winter, when your very breath freezes, and settles like frost upon your beard and whiskers, persons will leave their heated rooms, which are like a hot-house, to go out into the open air. Under these circumstances, I think it is wonderful that it does not shorten their lives more than it apparently does.

Time will not permit us to linger longer on this subject; for our occupations once more engage our attention. The preparation for seed is simple in the extreme. Nature in her bound done so much for man that little remains for him to that useful implement for preparing ground in eve

entirely dispensed with here ; also this same forest, which, for all we know, has endured for ages, has every succeeding year enriched the soil with its foliage, until the ground has become a rich loam two feet deep ; so rich, indeed, that I have known three crops taken off the same land successively, without the least application of manure. This is indeed poor policy, and should be discouraged, as it must impoverish the land ever afterwards.

Sowing wheat in new bush land is conducted in the following manner :—You first provide yourself with a triangular harrow—a rough implement of its kind, constructed by yourself. With this harnessed to a pair of bullocks, you scratch in the seed, the same having been first sown broad-cast. Two harrowings is generally deemed sufficient. In early spring, you seed the same ground down with red clover and Timothy grass seeds, which is a famous plan, as the wheat shelters the young grass from cold winds ; and the following year you have a splendid crop of hay, and are enabled to turn your attention to the clearing of the next ten acres. Before the wheat is above ground, you have ample time to fence your land in ; and if you have been wise, you will have reserved from the burning all the straight pine or cedar logs, which may be suitable for splitting. The fences in Canada are the ugliest features in the country ; they are downright abominable, and completely mar the landscape. But to make amends for this great blemish, they are extremely serviceable, and can be put up in a remarkably short space of time—so short, indeed, that I have seen one side of a ten-acre paddock put up in a day. These fences go by the name of snake fences, probably on account of their zig-zag irregularity. Besides their awkward appearance, they occupy a great space of valuable ground ; and, what is far worse, the corners cannot be reached by the plough, so they become the nursery for thistles, docks, and other noxious weeds. The interval between burning and seed-time should be occupied in splitting rails. The quicker it is done the better ; because the sun has then time to dry up the sap, which makes them much lighter to handle, the benefit of which you will reap when you commence to shift them. There is much more that I could say respecting bush farms ; but were I to dwell upon this subject any longer, I fear I should only weary my reader, who must be anxious by this time to hear more about the scenery and general aspect of the country.

Nature seems to have formed everything in Canada on a gigantic scale. Her forests, lakes, and rivers all bear testimony to this. Here is ample scope for the pencil of the skilled limner ; his fancy may revel in every description of romantic scenery. We will first notice the lakes ; the largest of these, such as Eric, Huron, and Ontario, are, in fact, inland fresh-water seas. Ontario, the last in chain, and the most easterly of these American seas (which may well be considered the wonder and admiration of the world) is in form elliptical,* and measures 172 miles on a central line drawn from its south-west to its north-east extremity ; its greatest breadth is 59 miles, and about 467 miles in circumference. The water of Ontario, like that of the other lakes, and of the St. Laurence river, is limpid and pure, and fit to drink ; also for washing, though it is not so suitable for the solution of soap as rain water. During the height of summer, the shore water is too warm for pleasant drinking, unless kept some hours in a cool cellar. Gales of wind on this lake are frequent, and attended with an unpleasant "sea." The refractions which take

place on Ontario, in calm weather, are exceedingly beautiful ; islands and trees appear turned upside down ; the white surf of the beach is translated aloft, and seems like the smoke of artillery blazing away from a fort. It is not on these large lakes, however, that you must look for the finest scenery ; but rather on the back lakes and rivers, which have no place on the map, where only the clear ring of the woodman's axe, the crack of the sportsman's rifle, or the cheering cry of the deer-hound, as he hurries his quarry on to destruction. Where the wild duck rises from the Indian rice-bed, or the red-headed wood-pecker taps the hollow pine, garlanded with the crimson Virginian creeper falling in graceful festoons ; or the drumming of partridges, as they call to their mates—all is beautiful ; the hand of the destroyer—Man—has not yet been here. When, resting on our paddles in our Indian bark canoe, gazing on this lovely scene, the handywork of the Creator, we feel we have the book of Nature spread before us, which bears ample testimony to his omnipotence.

How wonderful, and how imperfectly understood, are many of the ordinary operations of Nature ! No sooner does the axe of the woodman, or the accidental burning of the forest, destroy one class of trees and brushwood, when another race, *perfectly distinct*, rises up, as though by magic, from the disturbed and discoloured soil, and covers it with beauty. Wonderful as this is, I believe it has never been properly accounted for yet ; some say, they suppose that it is the seeds of forest trees which have been deposited by some catastrophe, and are forgotten, pursuing, however, the vital principle for centuries, till accident brings them to light and life. We have much more to say respecting the woods of Canada, the different species of trees, the denizens of the forest, &c., but space and time will not permit us to intrench further upon these subjects, interesting as they undoubtedly are, and which we purpose to reserve for a future time. If, however, we have succeeded in piquing the curiosity of our readers regarding Canadian life, our feeble effort will be amply rewarded, and we trust, in the next chapter, to awaken renewed interest in the sports and pastimes of that country.

ON THE CULTIVATION OF BULBS.

As almost every vegetable production has an aspect of beauty, so no ornaments can exceed those which the generality of bulbous flowers present, whether we consider the splendour, variety, and delicacy of their colour, the symmetry and minute detail of their proportions, the gracefulness of simple form, or the gorgeous luxuriance of their grouped masses. If to this we add the delicious odour which they constantly and spontaneously diffuse, we need not wonder that these flowers should be universal favourites, and that we should find them ornamenting the humblest cottage, as well as the proudest palace.

HYACINTHS.—These most beautiful flowers are either adapted for cultivation in beds, pots, or glasses. Many persons have been deterred from the cultivation of these charming plants by an apprehension that their culture was very difficult; but it may be safely affirmed that a more erroneous opinion has never been entertained; especially as the greatest difficulty is the rearing and maturing of the young bulbs during their infancy. The hyacinth will grow and flower far better when confined to small beds raised six inches above the surrounding level of the ground. The soils best suited for the growth and development of the leaves and flowers are as follows:—

Any well drained soil is easily rendered suitable for the growth of the hyacinth. If the soil is of a strong adhesive nature, add two inches of sharp sand, two of decomposed turf, and two of well decayed manure, then incorporate the whole together, and after the bed has been dug over to the depth of one foot, and a few inches of the original soil taken away, then cover the surface of the bed to the depth of six inches with the prepared soil, and that is all that is necessary for their well being. When planting time arrives, which will be about the end of May or June, choose a dry day to plant the bulbs; place each bulb two and-a-half inches under the surface of the ground, plant the bulbs about nine inches asunder every way, press the mould firmly to the bulb with the thumb and finger, then with a rake smooth the surface of the bed; it will not require any artificial watering at any period of the year. Stir the surface of the bed, and keep it free from weeds. In the Spring, when the flower stems are advancing, place stakes to each to preserve them from being broken off by high winds and heavy rains. When the blossoms begin to expand, a slight awning should be placed over the bed to prevent heavy rains from tarnishing the flowers, as blues and whites are soon disfigured by much rain, and also strong sunshine. As soon as the plants are done blossoming, take away all the old flower stems, and this will assist the maturing and ripening of the bulbs; do not injure any of the leaves, but rather tie them up so that they may not be injured by the wind, as it is the leaves that convey to the bulb the requirements of the following years' growth, and mature the embryo of the next flower. When the leaves begin to assume a yellow withered appearance,

it is time to take them up. With a fork remove all the plants to the surface, and lay a little soil over the roots for a few days before finally storing the bulbs. December is the time to remove the roots, but before laying the bulbs away, each one must be rubbed and cleaned; they should be exposed to the air and sun to dry for about a week or ten days; then put them in a flower-pot, mixed with dry sand, and place them on a shelf in a dry situation till the planting season arrives. The small offsets must be taken care of and planted in a piece of rich ground apart from the large bulbs, and if they show signs of flower stems, remove the buds, or cut the stems out as soon as they appear, as they only weaken the bulb. About the second or third year they will make fine strong bulbs for flowering, if treated as above described. Hyacinths grown in pots or glasses require a year to recover before they flower, as the bulbs are very much exhausted, owing to having little nourishment to feed on. The only way to bring them into a flowering state is to plant them out in the ground and pick off any flower stems as they appear, and they will flower well the following season.

The Polyanthus Narcissus grows and flowers in almost any soil in New Zealand, but the bulbs should be taken up and dried like the hyacinths. Plant single bulbs in a bed one foot apart, and the flowers will grow one-third larger than when left in bunches; always select the largest and finest bulbs for planting, and destroy the smaller ones, if not required to increase the stock. A bed of them looks very well in the early spring, and gives the place a cheerful appearance. The bloom can be prolonged by planting in May, June, and July, and even later; they may be had in bloom five months out of the twelve.

Narcissus Odorus is a beautiful orange flower; the perfume is delicious; it requires the same treatment as the Polyanthus Narcissus.

The Jonquil also requires to be taken up, and the roots divided; bulbs dried, and allowed a period of rest. In June replant, and put three roots in together, or within a few inches of one another in borders, along the sides of walks and edges of beds.

THE AMARYLLIS.—These magnificent plants are not so extensively cultivated as they should be; the varieties are so numerous, and the colouring so beautiful, that a small collection may have more diversity of colour, style of growth, and various periods of flowering, than many suppose. They all require a period of rest except "*Aulica*" and "*Purpurea*"—as soon as the foliage begins to look yellow and dies at the tips; if they are grown in pots, withhold watering by degrees, and as soon as the foliage dies away the pots can be removed to some cool part in the house, or airy shelf, till the leaves begin to show themselves again, which will be in about three months; re-pot in larger pots if the pot is matted with roots. The soil best suited for this growth is a rather rich sandy loam, decomposed turf, sand, and rotten manure in about equal parts. In re-potting, press the mould firmly about the roots, and keep the top of the bulb level with the rim of the pot, then give a good watering, and place the pots near the glass in a warm part of the house. When the flower stems begin to rise, water about twice a week with manure water, as there will be a great demand on the roots then. In New Zealand almost all the varieties do remarkably well planted in a border or bed prepared, as above described for the Hyacinth, and when the leaves die away, take up the bulbs and plant in a box, till the return of spring.

The Belladonna Lily is a most lovely plant, and perfectly hardy ; it may remain for years in the same place, and will flower regularly every Autumn. The "Vallota Purpurea" never loses its foliage, and does not require to be removed, as it is hardy also. "Amaryllis Aulica" requires nearly the same treatment as "Vallota Purpurea;" it needs a period of rest, but the soil must never be rubbed off entirely from the roots. Encourage the foliage as much as possible after the plants are done flowering, for on this *depends* the flower for the following season. They can be had in flower at almost any season of the year, by starting a few at stated intervals throughout the season. They are increased from seeds and offsets from the roots ; but it requires two or three years before they can be had in flower from small bulbs, and four or five years from seed.

THE WRAITH OF ODIN.

THE guests were loud, the ale was strong,
 King Olaf feasted late and long ;
 The hoary Scalds together sang ;
 O'erhead the smoky rafters rang.
 Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

The door swung wide, with creak and din ;
 A blast of cold night-air came in,
 And on the threshold shivering stood
 An aged man, with cloak and hood.
 Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

The King exclaimed, "O greybeard pale,
 Come warm thee with this cup of ale."
 The foaming draught the old man quaffed,
 The noisy guests looked on and laughed.
 Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

Then spake the King : "Be not afraid ;
 Sit here by me." The guest obeyed,
 And, seated at the table, told
 Tales of the sea, and Sagas old.
 Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

And ever when the tale was o'er,
 The King demanded yet one more ;
 Till Sigurd the Bishop smiling said,
 "'Tis late, O King, and time for bed."
 Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

THE WRAITH OF ODIN.

The King retired ; the stranger guest
Followed and entered with the rest ;
The lights were out, the pages gone,
But still the garrulous guests spake on.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

As one who from a volume reads,
He spake of heroes and their deeds,
Of lands and cities he had seen,
And stormy gulfs that tossed between.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

Then from his lips in music rolled
The Havamal of Odin old,
With sounds mysterious as the roar
Of billows on a distant shore.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

"Do we not learn from runes and rhymes
Made by the Gods in earlier times,
And do not still the great Scalds teach
That silence better is than speech?"
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

Smiling at this, the King replied,
"Thy lore is by thy tongue belied ;
For never was I so enthralled
Either by Saga-man or Scald."
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

The Bishop said, "Late hours we keep !
Night wanes, O King ! 'tis time for sleep !"
Then slept the King and when he woke,
The guest was gone, the morning broke,
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

They found the doors securely barred.
They found the watch-dog in the yard,
There was no foot-print in the grass,
And none had seen the stranger pass.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

King Olaf crossed himself and said,
"I know that Odin the Great is dead ;
Such is the triumph of our Faith,
The white-haired stranger was his wraith."
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

MONTHLY LITERARY REVIEW.

"ROMOLA." by the Author of "Adam Bede," London : Smith Elder and Co., 1863.

THERE have not been many writers who have made themselves so great a name in literature in so short a time, or in the space of so few works as George Eliot. It seems only the other day that every one was reading, and still more, if possible, was talking about the virtues and the vices of that strange and powerful novel, "Adam Bede." And now the author or authoress—we don't care to enter upon vexed questions as to sex in these matters where really it makes but little difference—has achieved for him or herself a reputation second to but few male and to no female novelist in the language. Where a novelist of this kind and amount of reputation ventures upon an altogether new and untried field of labour, it is but natural that the success which attends the effort should be scanned and criticised with more than ordinary care and even severity. In "Romola" the public must feel, and we suppose the author must have been well aware, that a new field was being tried, and one which was in some respects a more ambitious one than any hitherto attempted by the author of "Adam Bede." Of all fiction, the public most delights in historical fiction if it be first rate, and for this reason nearly all very successful novelists have sooner or later tried this theme as one which may elevate their fame to a pinnacle which hitherto it has not reached, and on which, should it reach it, it may go down to a remote posterity. George Eliot was ambitious. To write an historical novel was not enough to satisfy that ambition apparently, so the subject which presented the greatest possible complication of difficulties was the one chosen on which to try the powers of the author of "Adam Bede." To say that the result has justified this magnificent audacity, would in our opinion be to say too much ; while to say that the attempt has been a failure, would on the other hand give a false impression to the reader's mind. The first thought of any one who intelligently reads "Romola," will probably upon laying down the last volume be, what a wonderfully clever person the author must be ; and if this were the object kept in view by the writer of the remarkable book before us, we think it must be fully attained. We do not think however that the book was written with this view, or that the writer will feel satisfied with this amount of success. The question then arises, does it deserve a greater praise than this ? In some respects we think it does, in others we think not. As a work of art it is a very perfect story ; few stories will more readily stand the ordeal of a critical examination as to perfection of plan or thoroughness of execution. As usual, it is in the delineation of character, in the moral and intellectual dissection of the purposes and feelings of the persons introduced, that George Eliot expends the greatest amount of labour, and achieves the most marked success. Tito Melema is a study by a

master hand from his first to his last step in the downward course of guilt and infamy. Nor is *Romola* less beautifully and minutely wrought out in the grand characteristics of her massive nature. In all these respects, and indeed in many more, the book's excellence is unquestionably of the very highest kind. Amongst other things we cannot avoid a mention of that very remarkable amount of reading, and that acquaintance with the classical and other studies, which has made so great an impression on the minds of many when the tale was being read in the pages of the "*Cornhill*." This shows in a remarkable way the vast amount of conscientious labour which must have been given to the preparation for this work by the author, and renders us somewhat chary of expressing our opinion that the impression of the grotesque so forcibly conveyed to our mind by the descriptions of life in Florence is somewhat overdone. To us this seems so far to be the case, that were it not for the wonderfully living reality of some of the characters, we should feel as if the whole thing had an unreal nightmare sort of effect upon our mind, which is curiously illustrated by the grotesque character of very many of the pictures which have graced its pages while publishing in the "*Cornhill Magazine*." It is however, after all, as an historical novel that *Romola* ought to be tried and criticized if we are right in divining the views of its author. The peculiar requirements of this kind of novel remove it in some degree from the ordinary canons of criticism for the every day novel. In art it ought, it is true, not to fall short of the other, but if truth demands it, it ought not to be less grotesque or *outré* in its form than the period it represents. Above all, however, an historical novel must throw some light upon some great historical character as a central figure for the picture. Here, we think, the author of "*Romola*" has failed. Perhaps the tendency of mind which he always exhibits towards metaphysical speculation on men's motives and purposes may explain the failure. Savonarola, it must be admitted, was a man most difficult to portray, but we cannot but fancy he would have been much more fairly placed before us by a writer who could have been content with the most simple, instead of the most painfully elaborate dissection of motives and wishes. Here we think the author has overdrawn his character, and has rendered the popular idea of this wonderful man more indistinct, rather than less so. In spite however of this, which seems to us to mar the book as that which it was meant to be, we cannot withhold from it our most hearty admiration as a noble work of art. It has, too, much value of its own, independent of its just treatment of its great historical character. It gives many most valuable ideas as to the state of society in the republics of Italy in the middle ages not easily met with elsewhere; it affords some of the most perfect delineations of character in the language, and it certainly will in no way impair the very high reputation of its remarkable author.

With all these advantages—and they are neither few nor of trifling moment—we think it will be found that "*Romola*" wants something possesses something which must militate against its great ~~success~~ popular novel. One grand secret of this may, we think, be fact that it is a book addressed rather to the learned ~~and~~ unlearned many. Even unlearned people do not ~~possess~~ erudition in a novel, as is evident from the vast ~~number~~ attended the novels of Bulwer Lytton amongst

also true that they cannot stand too much of it. Now the whole of "Romola" has an atmosphere of learning, of antiquarian research, and of mediæval classicity about it which must, we think, prove too much for its popularity with the classes who can stand a flavouring of these things, but must have the substantial substratum of the feast of a different material.

It is undeniably true, also, that there is a great deal of human interest in the tale; and yet we suspect that it will be popular with many on the ground that it wants this. The human interest is, in fact, almost too elaborately wrought out to be very generally appreciated by the masses of novel readers, who will pass over the subtle elaborations of metaphysical analysis of character and cling to the broad lines by which an infinitely inferior artist would give them an idea of the workings of his hero's mind, without troubling them to give it much careful thought. There is no mystery either in "Romola;" and such seems to be the taste of the day, that without something mysterious, it is difficult to arouse fully the interest of novel readers, spoiled, in a manner, by the elaborate artistic plots of Wilkie Collins, or by the thrilling improbabilities of the "Strange Story." The mystery about old Baldassarre is the only one in the book, and that is not one worth mentioning, as it is at once removed. Some of the scenes too, are thrilling in the intensity of passion thrown into them, such as the last of the life of the hero, when a vengeance truly poetical in its justice overtakes him at the hands of the poor old dying madman, who, when he attempted it, could see no hope of that vengeance which is at last thrown absolutely in his way, so that he can scarcely avoid seizing the long-desired and now despaired-of opportunity. There are other scenes, too, of a sufficiently sensational character in the novel, as the "Trial by Fire," the death of the conspirators, and the last scene in the life of Savonarola; but despite all these, we are afraid that the public will demand something more, and something which it will not find, in the way of sensationalism to make "Romola" a special favourite, as for very many reasons it deserves to be. On the whole we think that in some sense "Romola" will, as a book, fall a little flat—will in some sense prove a failure, but at all events the failure will have been a magnificent one in many respects. The object aimed at was of the very highest, and consequently, even if not altogether attained, so near an approach to its attainment may be regarded in the light of a triumph for the author.

With the exception of the reprint of "Romola" from the "Cornhill Magazine," the month has not been one of any marked activity in the literary world so far as new publications are concerned. There are perhaps three or four of the minor novels of the month worthy of notice for various reasons. Of these the first and best seems to be "Twice Lost," by the author of *Nina*, which some of our readers may recollect as a very charming little story which appeared some years ago. "Twice Lost" is a considerable advance upon that book, not having lost any of its charm of simplicity and truthfulness of description, but having gained very much

in insight into human nature and in the power of tersely expressing the idea once conceived. The idea of the novel is not a very promising one it must be allowed, and its success is the more surprising when its disadvantages are considered. The plot is a clumsy one. The heroine is one of the grand untrained class of young ladies who are surely becoming very common in this conventional nineteenth century of ours, they are so frequently to be met with in our novels. Maude is the same character as that which Willie Collins has made such capital out of, under different circumstances in his "No Name," as Magdalen Vanstone. The only difference is owing entirely to change of circumstances. Her step-father, Mr. Langley, the heavy villain of the piece, is a merchant at Montevideo, who treats his wife so badly that she leaves him, taking with her two children, Maude and Mr. Langley's own daughter Lilia. When the mother dies she leaves the children to the care of their uncle Rosetti, who is one of the Italian liberators, and a very fine character indeed. Maude is unfortunately heir to a large fortune, which induces her step-father to carry her off to England with a view to making her marry his own partner. She loves her cousin, uncle Rosetti's son, and the title of the book is doubtless derived from his twice losing sight of his promised bride, who is subjected to a persecution by her cruel step-father. Of course she does not marry the partner; and equally of course she does marry the cousin, but the working out of the characters is the charm of the book, which would be of little worth did it depend only upon its plot for interest.

The "Schoolmaster of Alton," by Kenner Deene, is a book by a new author, and although possessed of many faults it has virtues enough to make us very sanguine as to the writer's ultimate success as a novelist. Although not a remarkable book, it has some remarkable features about it, not the least of which is the ease of its conversational parts. Here, where most young writers fail signally, the author is singularly successful, and although sometimes there is too much attempt to shew off this power, on the whole it does much to render the book as readable as it is. In conception, if less complicated than "Twice Lost," it is more thoroughly grasped as a whole, and wrought into a more consistent work of art. The hero is the Schoolmaster of Alton, of course, and is a well managed, if not a usually-to-be-met-with character. He falls in love with a girl who is beautiful, rich, saucy, and fast; but really, perhaps, the least unpleasant and the most amusing of all the specimens of the fast young lady to which modern fiction has yet introduced us. What the end of the tale is it is unnecessary for us to inform the experienced novel reader of the day, but the management of the details is not commonplace and is often unusually clever. On the whole as a fast novel it is good, and promises if the author is careful to lead to something much better still.

Of "The Ring of Amasis" we should have been inclined to say nothing but for two reasons, the first, that it bears on its title a now well-known and highly appreciated name of Owen Meredith; the second that it is written in language whose beauty almost forget that it is expended on what is, at least, worthless; often. The work is professedly that of a German professor Owen Meredith, and for the credit of the great it belongs to that author, and even for that lesser one

his own, we hope that his connexion with the book is limited to its translation. It might not be any disgrace to a mystical old German Professor to have indulged in such an amount of tiresome jargon as we here meet with: but we cannot say we at all relish the idea of one bearing the name of Lytton, and yet more of one who could write "*Lucile*" descending so far as to write anything of the sort. The language in which the book is written is very fine, or perhaps we should rather say is remarkable for its simple sweetness, and we regret exceedingly that it should have been wasted on anything so unworthy of it as "*The Ring of Amasis*."

"*Denise*," by the author of "*Mademoiselle Mori*," is a work which had almost stepped out of our month's catalogue—an accident which would have deprived us of the pleasure of speaking in high praise of the new work of an old favourite. Those who have read the former novel, to which we refer, and by which the author seems willing meanwhile to be known, will hail with pleasure the appearance of another novel from the same peaceful and pleasing pen. In "*Denise*" they will not, we venture to say, be disappointed. It has all the claims, and fewer faults, than its predecessor; and is, in fact, just such a well-toned healthy novel as we could wish to see in the hands of the young of either sex, but especially of young ladies.

There are, of course, a host of minor novels, some of which are weak, some injurious, and not a few twaddle, with these it is unnecessary for us to load our pages, although the publishers have ventured upon loading their shelves with them.

The third part of Bishop Colenzo's *Critical Examination of the "Pentateuch and Book of Joshua"* is now before the public. With the preface, which has been widely reprinted, many of our readers are most likely already familiar, and the impression left upon their minds will probably have been in a greater or less degree favourable to the Bishop's cause. Virulence and heat in controversy is of all ways the most effectual in removing sympathy from ours and carrying it to the other side, and this Bishop Colenzo fully appreciates, while it is to be regretted that the same has not been done by his opponents. In this way we think it more than probable that the third part of the "*Critical Examination*" will receive a degree of popularity which it does not intrinsically merit. It relates wholly to the book of Deuteronomy, which the Bishop endeavours to prove not only to be historically inaccurate, but to be in fact neither more nor less than a pious fraud palmed off upon King Josiah by Jeremiah the prophet, who he supposes to have written it, and Hilkiah the high priest who introduced it to the young king as one of the books of the great Jewish lawgiver. The Bishop's arguments are clearly stated, and therefore easily understood, but we cannot say that they seem by any means sufficiently strong for his purpose. We do not agree with those who would pooh, pooh, all arguments that appear small, as it is in small matters that criticism of the most erudite character has generally shewn itself; but we do think some of Dr. Colenzo's arguments not only to rest on small matters, but to be in themselves absolutely puerile. As for instance his objection to the text (chap. i. verse 1) where the words occur—"These be the words which Moses spake unto *all* Israel," that the voice of Moses could not possibly have been heard by *all* Israel at the same time. Or again, to the 6th verse of the same

chapter—"Jehovah, our God, spake unto *us* in Horeb," when, as Dr Colenzo objects, the whole generation was dead to whom the law was actually delivered. Such objections as these, are we think greatly calculated to injure the authority of any book professing to be a calm and fair critical enquiry, and we do not think it says much for the Bishop's judgment that he should have put such forward. All of criticism that is of any real value in the part now published is what writers such as DeWette and Ewald have written, put into a popular form; for really all that Colenzo himself has added would, it seems to us, have borne leaving out without any injury to the book in any sense whatever.

"Lives of the Archbishops of York," by the Rev. W. H. Dixon will form a good companion to Dr. Hook's "Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury." There is no great similarity of treatment observable in the books, but as both the reverend authors undertake their task with somewhat similar ideas as to its demands and uses, there is marked similarity in the general scope of their plan. "The Archbishops of Canterbury" is, as many of our readers may be aware, a very delightful book, and the record of the sister Province's Archbishops seems to be scarcely less interesting. When these two are completed, a very valuable assistance will have been supplied to the student of English history, and one whose want must have been much felt.

"The first year of the American War," by E. A. Pollard, is by no means a pleasant book. Its author is the Editor of the "Richmond Examiner," and has, therefore, the advantage of knowing a great deal that is worth telling; but unfortunately he seems to be a very unpleasant man, and to have imbibed more than an ordinary amount of that virulent hatred, which it is not perhaps wonderful that the Confederates have conceived for their late brethren of the Glorious Union. The book, too, is written for Americans rather than for Englishmen, hence it contains much both in language and in matter which is either uninteresting or positively provoking to Englishmen. To the student of the great convulsion not yet at an end in America, the book will undoubtedly be of deep interest and of great use, and we cannot help hoping that some Englishman may be led to take up the subject, as we shall then probably get a history which it may not be so unpleasant for us to read as this of Mr. Pollard's.

"War Pictures from the South," by Colonel Estvan, who has served in the Southern Armies for some time, and taken part in much that he relates, might naturally be expected to furnish something much pleasanter than the work of the Richmond journalist, of whose work we have just spoken. In some few respects, too, this is the case. Some of the "War Pictures" are real pictures of actual fighting, and have, as it were, the stirring feeling of the battle-field still hanging about them as you read. These form, however, only one part of the book; and so it is by far the best and pleasantest part. We could heartily wish he had extended it so as to fill up the space he has devoted to such questions as the origin of the war, the inauguration of President Lincoln—for whom, by the way, he seems to have an unusually great respect—and other like topics on which he is not at home, and which can only, by a stretch of courtesy, come under the denomination of "War Pictures from the South." *these matters, too, it is evident that he writes for that purpose is* may be easily discovered by a *few*

lard, which, if compared with Colonel Estvan's, shows an amusing
of likeness and difference. The fact is, that the two Southern
hold diametrically opposite views on nearly every subject under
; and Colonel Estvan, as having the advantage of coming second
t of time, has evidently kept the civilians' work before him as
ng to be shown up in season and out of season. The evidence of
often amusing, but its constant repetition makes it rather tire-

Poetry, there are this month three aspirants after fame and
ity, but no one of them seems to us likely to attain to any very
gree of either. "Behind the Veil," by the Hon. Roden Noel, is
ambitious attempt to demonstrate the Divine Order of the
e. Instead of doing so, however, we fear that all he does effect
at deal of very unpleasant mystification in the minds of his
who will generally, we should say, find themselves completely
red before they have got through five out of his hundred and
pages of octo syllabic verse.

ms, by Jean Ingelow, are pretty, and the verse is harmonious, but
for force or originality call for much remark; while "Songs of
g," by C. E. Meetkerke, are like the last, only less pretty, and, at
ess harmonious in versification.

re is one book, to whose publication in England and its reception
e cannot help alluding, although a review, and full discussion of
ts have long ago appeared in our pages—we refer to "Old New
." It is pleasant to find that our ideas as to its probable success
ely to be fully borne out by the facts of the case. So far, as the
ten by all the leading reviews in the matter may be taken as
a the matter, the work is likely to prove a great success in
. It is not merely a pleasant thing to find that a colonial
of our own market is so highly valued in England, but it is also
of congratulation that such a book as "Old New Zealand" should
attention to us at this time, and give some idea of the people with
ve are now contending.

THE TWINS.

Grand rough old Martin Luther,
Bloomed fables—flowers on furze,
The better, the uneonther;
Do roses cling like burrs?

A beggar asked an alms
One day, at an Abbey door,
Said Luther; but, seized with qualms,
The Abbot replied, "We're poor."

A DIRGE.

"Poor, who had plenty once,
When gifts fell thick as rain;
But they give us nought for the nonce,
And why should we give again?"

Then the beggar, "See your sins!"

"Of old, unless I err,

"Ye had brothers for inmates, twins,

"Date, and Dabitur."

"While Date was in good case,

"Dabitur flourished too;

"For Dabitur's senten face,

"No wonder if Date rue."

"Would ye retrieve the one?"

"Try and make plump the other!"

"When Date's penance is done,

"Dabitur helps his brother."

"Only beware relapse!"

The Abbot hung his head;

This beggar might be, perhaps,

An angel, Luther said.

R. BROWNING.

A DIRGE.

Lie thee still!

Lie thee still!

While the little tinkling rill

Sings a low sad song

Around thy grave.

Voices now of hurt or wrong

Cease to rave.

Breezes whisper from the hill

Rest and slumber!

Lie thee still!

Lowly lie!

Lowly lie!

Where the mountain breezes die,

And the old yew tree

Shadeth thy head.

Storms of sorrow hurt not thee

In thy bed.

Tears bedew thee from the sky,

In sweet slumbers

Lowly lie!

Softly rest!

Softly rest!

With thy hands crossed on thy breast,

And thy coverlet

Stretched on thy grave;

With snowdrops like jewels set,

And lilies wave

On the sods above the press'd:

Whispering in the bry

Softly rest!





THE
SOUTHERN MONTHLY
MAGAZINE.

"QUE POSSINT OCULOS AURESQUE MORARI."—*Horace.*

NOVEMBER, 1863.

ÆGLE:

A Tale.—By Gilpie Mosshawke.



CHAPTER IX.

So they alternate sang, and so the day
Passed down the west on silver axled wheels.

ISIDORE CHUDLEIGH.

THE feelings with which Philokalos re-entered his father's house were very different from those with which he had quitted it. The last time he had crossed the threshold, he had been elate with the dreams of youthful ambition and enterprise; a new world was then opening upon his path, a world of adventure to be encountered, and of glory to be won. The honours of his ancestral line seemed to be gathering around his head, and the future to be promising an additional lustre to arise from his own deeds. Then his mind was so possessed by a lofty enthusiasm that he scarcely discerned the objects around him, or if he did perceive the things which external nature presented to his eyes, the trees appeared to him to have a richer foliage, the falling water a more animating music, the sky and air a more dazzling brilliance, and all things were tinged with the hues imparted by his own uncontrolled imagination. And this was but yesterday. Little more than a complete day had elapsed since he had left his home with such feelings and such anticipations. And now, as he again entered it, what were the thoughts and emotions which conflicted in his breast. The air and sky were as radiant as ever, the water as musical, the foliage of the woods as rich and verdant, but their aspect seemed to him different

from that which they wore on the preceding day. His mind seemed to be no longer in harmony with the beauty of external nature, or attuned to her music. The calming influence of her loveliness had no place in a mind overborne and intoxicated by a vision of such wild and unearthly beauty as now exercised its sway over all the powers and faculties of Philokalos. He was as one who has left the spring of pure water for the delirious excitement of the wine cup, and disdains the wholesome beverage which was wont to satisfy and refresh him. He approached his home in a mechanical sort of way, conscious of the familiar objects about him, and of the sensations and feelings connected with them which still remained in his memory, but yet scarcely able to identify himself with the self of yesterday, so great was the change which the lapse of a few hours had wrought in his temper and disposition.

Hitherto the current of his feelings and the tendency of his life had been uniform and consistent. To pursue the career of a hero, to win honour on the tented field, and to add his own name to those which adorned the honourable records of his house, seemed to be alike the career which destiny had assigned to him, and which his own ambition had chosen. In this channel his thoughts and desires had hitherto flowed uniformly and without obstruction, and now a new and malign influence had hurried him from his destined course with an irresistible power; as a vessel which sails upon smooth water with a favourable breeze, holds her course calmly and prosperously, until a sudden and unexpected eddy whirls her away before she has time to trim her sails or adjust her rudder, and the eye which had followed her smooth and steady movements with pleasure, sees with dismay the impetuous velocity by which she is carried headlong in a totally different direction.

In spite, however, of the distinct consciousness which Philokalos felt that the career which he now felt desirous to renounce was the one which duty and honour alike called upon him to adopt, he felt nothing like repentance or a wish to return to his former frame of mind. He knew that he was enchanted, and he did not wish the spell to be removed; he felt that he was intoxicated and delirious, and he did not desire to be sane or sober; he was conscious that he was a slave, and he would rather have died than be released from his chains. The resplendent beauty of Ægle was ever before his mind, and in the presence of that vision all other considerations were forgotten.

The absence of her brother for a night was of sufficiently common occurrence to prevent Iothales from feeling apprehension or alarm on that account. She knew that sometimes a hunting excursion or even a mere ramble would sometimes lead him so far from home that he would be fain to make his bed upon the soft herbage, and sheltered by the shade of thick trees; yet, knowing the plans which had been uppermost in his mind at the time of his leaving home on the present occasion, she was somewhat surprised at his prolonged absence, and looked with some anxiety for his return. The hours which in their rapid flight had swept away and erased from the mind of her brother all vestiges of his former desires and of his settled plans, had been to her a period of some suffering, and of quiet yet heroic effort. When the momentary stimulus which had enabled her to enter into her brother's views and to confirm his conclusions was passed, and when she no longer saw the light of his eye, and heard the animating tones in which he spoke of the splendid destinies that awaited him, her

own enthusiasm began to cool, and she began to experience a feeling of dismay at the prospect of breaking up the happy and peaceful home where her quiet days had hitherto passed so securely, and of living at the house of a stranger while her brother was exposed to all the dangers of the most sanguinary war which had been waged within the memory of the living ; and when she watched from the window his figure retiring amongst the distant trees, the desolation of loneliness began already to exert its chill influence upon her heart. In spite of the just and candid resolution by which she had before forced herself to acquiesce in what was so repugnant to her own inclinations, now that she was left alone, and her imagination began to realize the separation which seemed to be approaching, she could not help feeling a secret wish that something might yet occur to defeat or delay the execution of the scheme, and imagining to herself plausible reasons for desiring such an event. But her clear judgment and sense of right again triumphed. Amidst all the feelings of loneliness and through all the depression of spirits which weighed upon her, she still struggled successfully to maintain the same just conclusion at which she had before arrived. She decided that the time had come when her brother was to give up the quiet happiness of the home of his youth, and to make himself a name among men, and that it was her part to cherish his honourable ambition with her sympathy, and to animate him in his career by an enthusiasm which should mate and rival his own. The effort required a sacrifice and a suppression of feeling ; but Iothales determined that it should be made. How would the embarrassment of Philokalos at the prospect of meeting his sister have been increased, could he have become acquainted with all that had passed through her mind during his absence, and could he have known the difficulty of the effort by which she had resolved to cheer and animate him in that course from which he had been so easily turned by the first dazzling temptation which had come in his way.

The arrival of the stranger had, as Philokalos had hoped, the effect of creating a diversion which deferred the necessity of confessing to his sister the great change which had taken place in his desires and inclinations. Iothales also found in so unaccustomed an event as the presence of this guest, some relief to the tension of mind which was the result of her constant efforts to look unflinchingly at the doubtful prospect which lay before her. To these motives for the feelings of satisfaction with which both brother and sister regarded the arrival of Iphitus, was added the no less powerful one which consisted in his own temper and disposition. His temperament was of that gay and elastic character which permits not gloom or melancholy to live in its presence, and which imparts something of its own energetic life to all around. Under its influence Iothales often forgot her sorrows, and though the enchantment under which Philokalos lay was not to be broken so easily, yet even he could not always resist the contagion of the stranger's genial cheerfulness, and forgetting his imaginative dream, he would sometimes join with apparent relish in the athletic game, the banquet, and the jest. But that which gave the most complete satisfaction to Philokalos, and to his sister a pleasure not less real although less distinctly recognised by herself, was the circumstance that Iphitus appeared to be in no great haste to accelerate their departure on the projected expedition. His disposition presented a striking contrast to that of Philokalos. He was gay, thoughtless, and impetuous. He indulged in no lofty dreams or poetical enthusiasm, but he had a physical energy and

robustness which caused him to delight in constant action, and fitted him to shine in any scenes calculated to call forth the powers and energies of a man. He was always ready to embrace any scheme of daring adventure, and had eagerly engaged in the project of going to the Trojan war, but his fondness for present excitement and pleasure caused him to be easily led astray for a time from his main design, and he seemed to be in no haste to quit the island where he was now entertained as a guest so long as there were fresh regions of forest to be searched for game, fresh hills to climb, and fresh creeks and valleys to explore.

A further inducement to Iphitus to remain well-contented where he was, might perhaps have been found in the engaging and amiable demeanour of the fair Iothales. Hers were the charms which were calculated to fascinate such a one as Iphitus. The delicate and pensive style of beauty, and the refined softness of mind and person seemed to mark the disposition which required a generous heart and a strong arm for its support and protection, and these qualities appealed not in vain to the open and candid temper of Iphitus. Nor were his pleasing and genial qualities without their effect upon the unsophisticated and susceptible mind of the young maiden. Brought up in the constant society of her brother, and accustomed to see no other type of manly excellence than that which was presented to her by his poetical temperament, and visionary although noble enthusiasm, she could not fail to be charmed with the free and hilarious disposition of Iphitus, and although she tenderly loved her brother, and admired the lofty qualities which he possessed, she could not refrain from contrasting the comparatively frail and almost feminine delicacy of his character with the conscious strength, the self-reliance, and the unembarrassed vigour which predominated in every action of the stranger, whose temperament seemed to combine the qualities of noble generosity and manly strength, in a way which is seldom without its influence on the heart of woman.

With a quick and ready perception, Iothales saw that many of the qualities which their guest possessed were just those in which her brother was deficient, and she soon came to look upon him as one likely to be a valuable companion to her brother, by leading him into a life of action with less violence to his contemplative and sensitive character, than would otherwise have been the case. She could not help also reflecting with a feeling of pleasure that such a companion in arms would be no small security to her brother's life in the strife in which they were going to engage, and when she looked at the broad chest and shoulders of Iphitus, heard his deep-toned voice, and hearty laugh, and noticed the evidences of great strength which were displayed in his every movement and action, she thought with exultation that if he were at the side of Philokalos in the height of combat, the enemy who should attempt to injure her brother would need to be confident in his resources and master of his weapons. The feeling of reliance upon the strength, energy, and determination of another, commonly in the heart of a woman, develops shortly into love; and if Iothales was not conscious to herself of having arrived at this latter state, it was perhaps merely because her progress had been so gradual. At all events she had got to feel such a trust in their guest's unhesitating decision in all emergencies, and such a pleasure in his social joviality of disposition, that she found herself seeking and making opportunities of being in his society, to an extent of which she would never before have imagined herself capable.

The manners and customs of the times of which our tale treats, were

not marked by that strictness in the social relations of the sexes which had place at a later period. In the heroic ages of Greece, women were not kept in such strict seclusion, nor was their restriction to their own part of the house so rigidly enforced as afterwards. From the circumstances under which Iothales and her brother had been brought up, such conventional limitations as characterised the times were likely to be interpreted with the utmost laxity that was consistent with propriety, and Philokalos who had been accustomed to the almost uninterrupted society of his sister, saw no reason why she should now be deprived of it, or why she should be condemned to solitude, because of the presence of a guest who was likely to be his friend and companion in arms. Iothales, therefore, was much in the society of her brother and his friend; she accompanied them in such rambles as were within the limits of her powers, and together with them she would share the pleasures of conversation, of music, and of song.

The manner and demeanour of Philokalos could not escape the observant eye of his sister, although she was totally unable to fathom the cause. She could neither fail to notice the general depression and melancholy which seemed to have fastened upon him, nor yet the occasional outbursts of merriment which seemed too forced and too different from his usual manner, to be the genuine products of lightness and gaiety of heart. She remarked in particular that he never now broke out into any enthusiastic expressions concerning the anticipated glories and achievements of the Trojan war, and she feared that he had some secret cause of sorrow or anxiety on his mind which he would not impart to her. In conversation Philokalos, while he still seemed fond of relating or listening to tales of heroic achievement, yet did so without his former animation and enthusiasm, and if ever he accompanied the lyre in song, his strain was of a pensive and tender character, which seemed rather to befit one to whom the strife and glories of battle fields had ceased to present any personal interest, than a young chief burning to signalise his first essay in arms. The character of Philokalos seemed quite incomprehensible to Iphitus. The pensive dreaminess and the uncertainty of purpose, which were so conspicuous in his young host, were things which he could not account for, and he would not always have been able to repress a feeling of contempt at what seemed to him mere weakness, but for the proofs which Philokalos gave him on their hunting excursions, that he was by no means deficient in courage and physical energy, and in their conversations, that he possessed a considerable share of ready wit and acuteness, when the occasion was such as to stimulate him to their exercise. The growing feeling too of desire for the society of Iothales, induced Iphitus to think as favourably as possible of the failings, as he deemed them, of her brother; and so it happened that the three went on enjoying each other's society, and apparently so well pleased with their present condition, that none of them seemed in haste to change it, although the Trojan expedition was still assumed in all their conversations as a definite and understood arrangement.

But it was clear that of the three, Iphitus was the one who was likely to tire the soonest of their present mode of life, and to long for some fresh excitement and adventure. It seemed probable that when he had exhausted the sports and recreations of the island, he would run to the Trojan war as an outlet for his restless energy, and sometimes he already began to give utterance to remarks purporting that, in his opinion, they had already deferred their expedition sufficiently long.

"I think, Philokalos, that there must be something in the air of this island of yours that disposes a man to laziness. I have been already here more than twice the time I intended, and those knaves of mine seem scarcely to do a day's work in a week, so slowly do they get on with the repairs of the ship. You, yourself, who have imbibed your native breezes all your life, are as prone to gazing on the sea and the stars as if all the Trojans were already knocked on the head. I tell you that after this hunt is over, we must begin to think of our voyage, or the city will be taken before we get there."

This remark was made by Iphitus after a pause which ensued upon a discussion which had taken place between them, concerning a boar hunt, which had been arranged to take place on the following day. The young men were sitting, or rather reclining on a seat in the inner court of the house, where they could enjoy the luxury of the balmy summer evening's air, rendered cool and refreshing by the fountain which played in the centre of the court, and filled with the pleasant sound of its music.

Philokalos paused before replying, and Iphitus continued :

"For one who can sing and converse so well of wars and warlike actions, I cannot help thinking you strangely apathetic about our expedition. By Hercules ! When I think of the grand combat that is taking place, I long to be trying the temper of my steel on Trojan casques, instead of wasting my time here in shooting arrows at sea fowl."

"Our sport to-morrow will not be of quite so tame a character," replied Philokalos, evading the point in question.

"No," said Iphitus, "a boar of the right sort may give tolerable amusement in the absence of anything better, but Hector or Æneas would be better game."

"After all," replied Philokalos, "it may be doubtful whether the best part of this war, which gives employment to so many bards and poets, does not lie in the songs which celebrate it. The poet gives what colouring he pleases to his theme, but in reality, Hector thinks himself fighting for the right as much as Menelaus, and when one brave warrior falls by the hand of another, the victor may well feel more compunction at his deed than when he has transfixed a wild animal with his spear."

"Nay," rejoined Iphitus, "if you are going to philosophise in that strain, I have done. It is enough for me that the pleasure of killing the fiercest boar in your island could never compare, in my opinion, with a good hand-to-hand combat with some warrior like Hector or Sarpedon. But it seems to me that your distaste for the war does not arise from your fondness for hunting, which indeed would rather lead you to a desire for the reality of which it is only an imitation, but rather from a love of the beauties of nature, and I sometimes doubt whether you were not made for a poet rather than a warrior, which I say without fearing to give any offence, for the office of the bard has ever been held in high veneration, and the influence of song has often increased my ardour for warlike fame."

"Nay," replied Philokalos, "I do not know that you have reason for thinking me apathetic about the war ; but to come to the point raised, which, think you, is the highest pleasure—to gain men the glory which nature in her munificence presents overliness with blood and carnage !"

"I know which is most to my taste," replied Iphitus, "but I am not going to argue the point with you. Give me a brush with the Trojans, and you may look at the sea until I come back. Here comes your sister, and I will appeal to her as to which of us will be better employed."

As he spoke, Iothales entered with that freedom from embarrassment which their familiar intercourse had by this time produced, and quietly took her seat by the side of her brother.

"Iphitus thinks, Iothales," said Philokalos to his sister, "that the love of fighting is much nobler than the love of beauty; what say you?"

"I will not attempt," said she, "to decide a question of that sort among warriors; but I suppose no one will defend the love of fighting for its own sake."

"An ambiguous answer, fair Iothales," said Iphitus, "and one which I will venture to wrest to my own side. Of course when I cross swords with Hector, I shall think solely of the wrong done by Paris, and the injury sustained by Menelaus. But come Philokalos, to avoid philosophy, which I do not much care for, will not you or your sister take the lyre and express your opinions, if it so please you, in song, so that we may substitute music for controversy."

"I shall think you more than half a convert to the opinion of my brother," said Iothales, "since you prefer the beauty of music to a war of words. But cannot you throw some of your martial ardour into a song, which may have more weight with us than your arguments?"

"I will do my best," replied he, "but I will not begin. Let Philokalos sing first, and then I will take my turn; and after that your song shall reward us both."

After a little persuasion Philokalos took the lyre, and began slowly and negligently to touch its strings, while he appeared to be engaged in a somewhat melancholy train of thought. At length, after eliciting some sorrowful sounding preliminary notes, he commenced singing—

Why, Beauty, lay thy golden spell on me?

Have I not set before my earnest eyes,
From earliest youth, all that is grand and free.
The battle's tumult and the hero's prize?

And thou hast swept in all thy summer pride,
Throughout the armed chambers of my soul,
And sapped their fabric with a gentle tide
Of music-making waves that softly roll.

And now no more my soul shall seek the fight,
All warlike hopes are sunk in glory's grave;
No more my eye shall beam with battle's light,
Destined henceforth thy worshipper and slave.

I see thee, throned on an imperial brow,
Poured from dark eyes, and glossed on braided hair;
And prostrate at thy queenly feet I bow,
Content to die, so I may worship there.

And let me die! for nought but death can save
From shame the soul that sinks beneath thy spell;
And let a dark and unremembered grave
Hide him of whom fame had no tale to tell.

He ceased, and so melancholy was the strain, that the ensuing silence was unbroken for some moments. Iothales had been conscious for some time that her brother's mind was disturbed by some secret cause which she was not allowed to know, and his present melancholy frame of mind and the sorrowful character of his song had such an effect upon her, that she had to turn aside to hide a tear. Iphitus himself looked grave, but feeling as if it was incumbent on him to break the spell of sadness which the song of Philokalos had produced, he was the first to shake it off, and said—

“I fear the genius of despondency has got possession of your muse this evening; but before you condemn yourself to the inglorious grave you talk of, let me see if I cannot rouse you by a strain of war, even though it savours of what your sister calls a love of fighting for its own sake.”

Then seizing the harp, he began to sing without further preliminary—

Awake, Oh, bard! and let th trembling string
Produce a longer and a ^ler strain;
Hath not Bellona stretched ^{er} crimson wing,
And marked exultingly ^{and} destined plain?
Let the loud trumpet and the minstrels' breath
Call all the brave to victory or death.

Oh! who can utter half the fierce delight,
That shoots like liquid fire through every vein,
When mighty hosts are gathering for the fight,
And battle's tumult rages on the plain?
Now for a well-forged blade, a spear, a shield,
And a proud horse to bear me o'er the field!

And then the whirling charge, the madd'ning shock,
The passage, left amidst the reeling crowd,
The rally where, like waves from firm-set rock,
The war recoils around some champion proud;
The close-set teeth, sloped shield, and swinging blow,
The crush, the groan, that speaks a conquered foe.

These are the joys that light a warrior's face;
To him, like festal song, is each alarm;
Oh! never let old age with stealthy pace
Invade my sinews, and unstring my arm.
But ere my hand forgets the brand to wield,
Low let me lie on some victorious field.

To me, 'twere sweet in glory's arms to die,
Beneath the stroke of some heroic hand;
War's glorious image in my fading eye,
My failing fingers on the broken brand;
Whilst my last pulses, as they come and go,
Surge through my brain like battle's ebb and flow.

ENGLISH NAVAL POWER AND ENGLISH COLONIES.

WHAT are the considerations which properly enter into any just estimate of a people's naval power?

In the first place, this certainly is a vital question: Are the people themselves in any true sense naval in their tastes, habits, and training?

Do they love the sea? Is it a home to them? Have they that fertility of resources and expedients which the emergencies of sea-life make so essential, and which can come only from a long and fearless familiarity with the old Ocean in all his aspects of beauty and all his aspects of terror? Are they essentially landmen,—landmen just as much on the deck of a frigate as when marshalled on a battle-field? This is a test question. If a nation has not sailors, men who smack of the salt sea, then vain are its proud fleets and strong armaments.

I am satisfied that the ordinary explanation of that naval superiority which England has generally maintained over France is the true explanation. Certainly never were there stouter ships than those which France set forth to fight her battles at the Nile and Trafalgar. Never braver men trod the deck than there laid down their lives rather than abase their country's flag. Yet they were beaten. The very nation which, on the Nile, fighting against banded Europe, kept the balance for more than a generation at equipoise, on the water was beaten by the ships of one little isle of the sea. In the statement itself you have the explanation. The ships were from an isle of the sea. The men who manned them were born within sight of the ocean. In their childhood they sported with its waves. At twelve, they were cabin boys. At twenty, thorough seamen. Against the skill born of such an experience, of what avail are mere courage, however fiery?

There is a second question, equally important. What is a nation's capacity for naval production? What ship-yards has it? What docks? What machine-shops? What stores of timber, iron, and hemp? And what skilled workmen to make these resources available? A nation is not strong simply because it has a hundred ships complete and armed floating on its waters. "Iron and steel will bend and break," runs the nursery tale. And practice shows that iron and steel wrought into ships have no better fortune, and that the stoutest barks will strand and founder, or else decay, and, amid the sharp exigencies of war, with wonderful rapidity. Not what a nation has, then, but how soon it can fill up these gaps of war, how great is its capacity to produce and produce, tells the story of its naval power.

When Louis Napoleon completed that triumph of skill and labour, the port of Cherbourg, England trembled more than if he had launched a fleet of frigates. And well she might. For what is Cherbourg? Nothing more than an immense permanent addition to the French power of naval production. Here, protected from the sea by a breakwater miles in extent, and which might have been the work of the Titans, and girdled by almost impregnable fortifications, is more than a safe harbour for all

the fleets of the world. For here are docks for the repairs I dare not say of how many vessels, and ship-houses for the construction of one knows not how many more, and work-shops and arsenals and stores of timber and iron well-nigh inexhaustible. This is to have more than a hundred ships. This is to create productive capacity out of which may come many hundred ships, when they are wanted. The faith men have in the maritime greatness of England rests not simply on the fact that she has afloat a few hundred frail ships, but rather on this more pregnant fact, that England, from Pentland Frith to Land's End, is one gigantic work-shop,—and that, whether she turn her attention to the clothing of the world or the building of navies, there is no outmeasuring her mechanical activity.

But passing from these questions, which relate to what may be called a nation's innate character and capacity, we come to a third consideration, of perhaps more immediate interest. One of the elements which help to make a nation's power is certainly its available strength. An important question, then, is, not only—How many ships can a nation produce? but—How many has it complete and ready for use? In an emergency, what force could it send at a moment's notice to the point of danger? In 1857 England had 300 steam ships-of-war, carrying some 7,000 guns, nearly as many more sailing ships, carrying 9,000 guns, an equal number of gun-boats and smaller craft, besides a respectable navy connected with her East Indian colonies: a grand sum-total of more than 900 vessels, and not less than 20,000 guns. And behind this array there is a community essentially mercantile, unsurpassed in mechanic skill and productiveness, and full of sailors of the best stamp. What tremendous elements of naval power are these! One does not wonder that the remark often made is so nearly true,—that, if there is any trouble in the farthest port on the globe, in a few hours you will see a British bull-dog quietly steaming up the harbour, to ask what it is all about.

There is another consideration which perhaps many would put foremost. Has the nation kept pace with the progress of science and mechanic arts? Once, her superior seamanship almost alone enabled England to keep the sea against all comers. But it is not quite so now. Naval warfare has undergone a complete revolution. The increasing weight of artillery, and the precision with which it can be used, make it imperative that the means of defence should approximate at least in effectiveness to the means of offence. The question now is not, How many ships has England? but, How many mail-clad ships?—how many that would be likely to resist a hundred-pound ball hurled from an Armstrong gun? And if it should turn out that in this race France had outrun England, and had twenty or thirty of these gladiators of the sea, most would begin to doubt whether the old dynasty could maintain its power.

The considerations to which we have alluded have already received a large share of the public attention. They have been examined and discussed from almost every point of view. Probably every one's ideas, more or less correct, concerning them. But there is still one which is equally important, which has received very little notice, which indeed seems to have been entirely overlooked—the degree to which naval efficiency is dependent upon the system.

If the only work of a fleet were to defend one's own harbours, then colonies, whatever might be their commercial importance, as an arm of naval strength, would be of but little value. If all the use England had for her navy were to defend London and Liverpool, she would do well to abandon many of her distant strongholds, which have been won at such cost, and which are kept with such care. But the protection of our own ports is not by any means the chief work of fleets. The protection of commerce is as vital a duty. Commerce is the life-blood of a nation. Destroy that, and you destroy what makes and mans your fleets. Destroy that, and you destroy what supports the people, and the Government which is over the people. But if commerce is to be protected, war-ships must not hug timidly the shore. They must put boldly out to sea, and be wherever commerce is. They must range the stormy Atlantic. They must ply to and fro over that primitive home of commerce, the Mediterranean. Doubling the Cape, they must visit every part of the affluent East and of the broad Pacific. With restless energy they must plough every sea and explore every water where the hope of honest gain may entice the busy merchantman.

See what new and trying conditions are imposed upon naval power. A ship, however staunch, has her points of positive weakness. She can carry only a limited supply either of stores or of ammunition. She is liable, like everything else of human construction, to accidents of too serious a nature to be repaired on ship-board. If, now, from any reason, from disasters of storm or sea, or from deficient provisions, she is disabled, and no friendly port be near,—and in time of war no ports but our own are sure to be friendly,—then her efficiency is gone. And this difficulty increases almost in the ratio that modern science adds to her might. The old galley, which three thousand years ago, propelled by a hundred strong oarsmen, swept the waters of the Great Sea, was a poor thing indeed compared with a modern war-ship, in whose bosom beats a power as resistless as the elements. But its efficiency, such as it was, was not likely to be impaired. It had no furnace to feed, no machinery to watch, only the rude wants of rude men to supply, and rough oars to replace. A sailing ship, dependent upon the uncertain breeze, liable to be driven from her course by storms or to be detained by calms, gives no such impression of power as a steamship, mistress of her own movements, scorning the control of the elements, and keeping straight on to her destination in storm and calm alike. But in some respects the weak is strong. The ship is equal to most of the chances of a sea-experience. If the spar break, it can be replaced. If the storm rend the sails to ribbons, there are skilful hands which can find or make new ones. But the steamer has inexorable limitations. Break her machinery, and, if there be no friendly dock open to receive her, she is reduced at once to a sailing ship, and generally a poor one, too. Nor need you suppose accidents to cause this loss of efficiency. The mode of propulsion implies brevity of power. The galley depended upon the stalwart arms of its crew, and they were as likely to be strong to-morrow as to-day, and next month as to-morrow. The ship puts her trust in her white sails and in the free winds of heaven, which, however fickle they may be, never absolutely fail. But the steamer must carry in her own hold that upon which she feeds. You can reckon in weeks, yes, in days, the time when, unless her stock be renewed, her peculiar power will be lost.

What a tremendous limitation this is! A passenger-boat, whose engines move with the utmost possible economy, having no cargo but the food of her inmates, will carry only coal enough for thirty-three or thirty-four days' consumption. This is the maximum. The majority cannot carry twenty-five days' supply. And when we add the armament and ammunition, and all that goes to make up a well furnished ship, you cannot depend upon carrying twenty days' supply. Put now, in time of war with a great maritime power, your ship where she would be most wanted, in the East Indies, and close against her the ports of the civilised world, and the sooner she takes out her propeller, and sends up her masts higher, and spreads her wings wider, the better for her. That is, under such circumstances, modern improvements would be worse than useless; a sailing ship would be the best possible ship. Or come nearer home. There is the Alabama, swift as the wind, the dread of every American merchantman. How long would she remain a thing of terror if she were shut out from all ports but her own, or if Northern ships were permitted to frequent British and French ports for her destruction? Or consider another case equally pertinent. We are told, and no doubt truly, that the loss of Norfolk, at the commencement of the war, was an incalculable injury to Northern America. That is to say, the removal of a place of naval supply and repair only the few hundred miles which divide the Chesapeake from the Hudson was an untold loss. Suppose it were removed as many thousand miles, what then? One single fact, showing what, under the best of circumstances, is the difficulty and expense of modern warfare, is worth a thousand theories. In 1857, then, it took two hundred thousand tons of coal to supply that part of the English fleet which was in the East,—two hundred thousand tons to be brought from somewhere in sailing ships. If ever a contest shall arise among great commercial powers, it will be seen that modern science has made new conditions, and that the first inexorable demand of modern warfare is coal depôts, and docks and machine shops, established in ports easy of access, and protected by natural and artificial strength, and scattered at easy distances all over the commercial world. In short, men will appreciate better than they do now, that the right arm of naval warfare is not mail-clad steamers, but well-chosen colonies.

The sagacity of England was never more clearly shown than in the foresight with which she has provided against such an emergency. Let war come when it may, it will not find England in this respect unprepared. So thickly are her colonies scattered over the face of the earth, that her war-ships can go to every commercial centre on the globe without spreading so much as a foot of canvas to the breeze.

There is the Mediterranean Sea. A great centre of commerce. It was a great centre as long ago as when the Phœnician traversed it, and, passing through the Straits of Hercules, sped on his way to distant and then savage Britain. It was a great centre when Rome and Carthage wrestled in a death-grapple for its possession. But England is as much at home in the Mediterranean as if it were one of her lakes. At Gibraltar, at its entrance, she has a magnificent harbour, more than five miles in diameter, deep, safe from storms, protected by its more than adamant rock. In the centre has a harbour, land-locked, curiously indented, sleeping the frowning guns of Valetta. But from Southampton for a steamship an easy six days' sail; from Gibraltar

than five days ; and from Malta to the extreme eastern coast of the sea and back again hardly ten days' sail.

Take the grand highway of nations to India. England has her places of refreshment scattered all along it with almost as much regularity as depôts on a railroad. From England to Gibraltar is six days' sail ; thence to Sierra Leone twelve days ; to Ascension six days ; to St. Helena three days ; to Cape Colony eight days ; to Mauritius not more ; to Ceylon about the same ; and thence to Calcutta three or four days. Going farther east, a few days' sail will bring you to Singapore, and a few more to Hong Kong, and then you are at the gates of Canton. Mark now that in this immense girdle of some twelve or fifteen thousand miles there is no distance which a well-appointed steamer may not easily accomplish with such store of coal as she can carry. She may not, indeed, stop at all these ports. It may be more convenient and economical to use sails a part of the distance, rather than steam. But, if an exigency required it, she could stop and find everywhere a safe harbour.

What is true of the East Indies is true of the West Indies. England has as much power as America to control the waters of the Western Atlantic and of the Gulf of Mexico. If America has Boston and New York and Pensacola and New Orleans and Key West, England has Halifax and the Bermudas and Balize and Jamaica and Nassau, and a score more of island-harbours stretching in an unbroken line from the Florida Reefs to the mouth of the Orinoco.

But it is not simply the number of the British colonies, or the evenness with which they are distributed, that challenges our highest admiration. The positions which these colonies occupy, and their natural military strength, are quite as important facts. There is not a sea or a gulf in the world, which has any real commercial importance, that England has not a stronghold in the throat of it. And wherever the continents trending southward come to points around which the commerce of nations must sweep, there, upon every one of them, is a British settlement, and the cross of St. George salutes you as you are wafted by. There is hardly a little desolate, rocky island or peninsula, formed apparently by Nature for a fortress, and formed for nothing else, but the British lion has it secure beneath his paw.

This is a literal fact. Take, for example, the great overland route from Europe to Asia. Despite its name, its real highway is on the waters of the Mediterranean and Red Seas. It has three gates,—three alone. They are, the narrow strait of Gibraltar, fifteen miles wide ; that place where the Mediterranean narrows between Sicily and Africa to less than a hundred miles wide, and the strait of Bab-el-mandeb, seventeen miles wide. England holds the key to every one of these gates—Gibraltar, Malta, and at the mouth of the Red Sea, not one but many keys. There, midway in the narrow strait, is the black, bare rock of Perim, sterile, precipitous, a perfect counterpart of Gibraltar ; and on either side, between it and the main-land, are the ship-channels which connect the Red Sea with the great Indian Ocean. This England seized in 1857. A little farther out is the peninsula of Aden, another Gibraltar, as rocky, as sterile, as precipitous, connected with the main land by a narrow strait, and having at its base a populous little town, a harbour safe in all winds, and a central coal depôt. This England bought in 1839. And to complete her security, she has purchased of some petty Sultan the neighbouring islands of Socotra and Kouri,

giving, as it were, a retaining-fee, that though she does not need them herself, no rival shall possess them.

As we sail a little farther on, we come to the Chinese Sea. What a beaten track of commerce is this! What wealth of comfort and luxury is wafted over it by every breeze! The teas of China! The silks of farther India! The spices of the East! What ships of every clime and nation swarm on its waters! The stately barks of England, France, America, and Holland! And mingled with them in picturesque confusion, the clumsy junk of the Chinaman, the Malay prahu, and the slender darting bangkong of the Sea Dyak! Has England neglected to secure on a permanent basis her mercantile interest in the Chinese Sea? At the lower end of that sea, where it is narrow and bends into Malacca Strait, she holds Singapore, a little island mostly covered with jungle and infested by tigers, which to this day destroy annually from two to three hundred lives,—a spot of no use to her whatever, except as a commercial depôt, but of inestimable value for that, and which under her fostering care, is growing up to take its place among the great emporiums of the world. Half-way up this sea is the island of Labuan, whose chief worth is this, that beneath its surface and that of the neighbouring mainland are hidden inexhaustible treasures of coal, which are likely soon to be developed, and to yield wealth and power to the hand that controls them. At the upper end of the sea is Hong Kong, a hot, unhealthy, and disagreeable island, but which gives her what she wants, a depôt and a base from which to control the neighbouring waters. Clearly the Chinese Sea, the artery of Oriental commerce, belongs far more to England than to the races which border it.

Even in the broad and as yet comparatively untracked Pacific she is making silent advances toward dominion. The continent of Australia, which she has monopolised, forms its south-western boundary. And pushed out from this, six hundred miles eastward, like a strong outpost, is our own New Zealand; itself larger than Great Britain; its shores so scooped and torn that it is a very paradise of commodious bays and safe havens for the mariner; and lifted up, as if to relieve it from its island tameness, are great mountains and dumb volcanoes, worthy of a continent, and which hide in their bosoms deep, broad lakes. Yet the soil of the lowlands is of extraordinary fertility, and the climate, though humid, deals kindly with the Anglo-Saxon constitution. Nor is this all; for, advanced from it north and south, like picket-stations, are Norfolk isle and the Auckland group, which, if they had no other attractions, certainly have this great one, good harbours. And it requires no prophet's eye to see, that, when England needs posts farther eastward, she will find them among the innumerable green coral islets which stud the Pacific.

Turn now homeward, and pause a moment at the Bermudas, "the still vexed Bermoothes." Beautiful isles, with their fresh verdure, green gems in the ocean, with airs soft and balmy as Eden's were! They have their homely uses too. They furnish arrowroot for the sick, and ample supplies of vegetables earlier than sterner climates will grant. Is this all that can be said? Reflect a little more deeply. Here is a military and naval depôt, and here a splendid harbour, land-locked, amply fortified, difficulty of access to strangers,—and all this within three or four days' sail of any one of the Atlantic ports north or south. *England keeps this*, as a sort of half-way house on the road to her West

Indian possessions ; but should America go to war with her, she would use it none the less as a base of offensive operations, where she might gather and hurl upon any unprotected port all her gigantic naval power.

We have asserted that England holds all the Southern points in which the continents of the world terminate. Examine this statement, and see how much it means. Take your map of the world, and you will find that the land-surface of the globe culminates at the south in five points, no more,—America, at Cape Horn,* Africa, at the Cape of Good Hope, Asia, in Ceylon and the Malayan peninsula, and Australia in the island of Tasmania. Is it not surprising that these wedges which cut into the steady flowing stream of commerce, these choice points of mercantile and naval advantage, are all in the hands of one single power? Can this be of chance? Or rather, is it not the result of a well ordered purpose, which, waiting its time, seizing every favourable opportunity, has finally achieved success.

The topic is not exhausted, but the facts already adduced prove clearly enough that somewhere in the English government there has been sagacity to plant colonies, not only at convenient distances, but also in such commanding positions that they do their part to confirm and perpetuate her maritime supremacy. Can any one fail to see how immeasurably this system increases naval force? Of course such strongholds, wherever placed, would be of no use to a power which had not ships. They could not be held by such a power. But, given a fleet as powerful as ever rode the waves, given seamen gallant and skilful as ever furled a sail or guided the helm, and these depôts and havens, scattered, but not blindly, over the earth, quadruple the efficiency of the power which they could not create.

The number of the English colonies, their happy distribution, and, above all, their commanding position, furnish subjects of exceeding interest. But the patience with which England has waited, the skill with which she has seized the proper moment for success, and especially the fixed determination with which she has held her prizes, are topics of equal or greater interest.

The history of the rock of Gibraltar, one of the earliest of these prizes, supplies a good illustration. This had many owners before it came under British rule. But none of them seemed to know its true value. All held it with a loose grasp. Its surprise and capture by the sailors from Admiral Rooke's fleet, creditable as it was to its captors, who swarmed up the steep cliffs, as they would have swarmed up the shrouds and yards of their own frigates, leaping from rock to rock with fearless activity, was equally discreditable to its defenders, who either did not appreciate the worth of their charge, or else had not courage to hold it. But when England closed her strong hand upon it, nothing could open it again, neither motives of profit nor motives of fear. In 1729 Spain offered no less than ten million dollars for its return. A great sum in those times, and offered to a people who had been im-

* It is not absolutely true that England holds Cape Horn ; for the region is unfit for the residence of civilized man. And were it not so, the perpetual storms leave no secure anchorage. But Great Britain does hold the nearest habitable land, the Falkland Islands,— and notwithstanding the rudeness of the climate, Stanley, the principle settlement, does a considerable business in refitting and repairing ships bound round the Cape.

verished by long wars! But the descendants of those sea-kings, Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher, who had carried England's flag and England's renown into every sea, would not part with the brightest jewel in her crown, and for a price. Three times, too, the besieger has appeared before Gibraltar, and vainly. From 1779 to 1782 France and Spain exhausted all their resources in a three-years' seige, which is one of the most remarkable episodes in military history. By sea and by land, by blockade, by bombardment, by assault, was it pressed. But the tenacity of England was more than a match for the fire and pride of France and Spain, and it was ended in signal and disastrous failure.

Glance for a moment at the history of the seizure of Malta. For generations the value of this citadel had been known. All the strong nations of Europe had looked with covetous eyes upon it. But it was a difficult thing to find any pretext of its capture. It was held by the Knights of St. John, the decrepit remnant of an order whose heroism had many times been the shield of Christendom against the Turk, and whose praise had once filled the whole earth. They were now as inoffensive as they were incapable. Their helplessness was their true defence,—and their good deeds. At last, in 1798, Napoleon on his way to Egypt, partly by force and partly by treaty, obtained possession of it. So strong were its fortresses, that he himself acknowledged that the knights needed only to have shut their gates against him to have baffled him. Two years after, the English, watching their time, by blockade starved out the French garrison. Its new owners held it with their usual determination. Rather than surrender it, they deliberately entered upon a ten-years war with France. The indignation which Napoleon felt, and the language which he used, show that he knew the value of the prize for which he was struggling. "I would rather," said he, "see you in possession of Montmartre than in possession of Malta." "Malta gives the dominion of the Mediterranean; I thus lose the most important sea in the world, and the respect of Europe. Let the English obtain a port to put into; to that I have no objection; but I am determined that they shall not have two Gibaltars in one sea,—one at the entrance, and one in the middle." Nevertheless he was forced to yield to destiny stronger than his own iron will. Eleven years more found him in sad exile, and the British flag still waving over Valetta.

Hong Kong furnishes another illustration. Most, no doubt, are familiar with the general outline of the first Chinese War: how England stormed, one after the other, the ill-constructed and worse defended Chinese forts, until the courage and insolence of the Lord of the Central Flowery Kingdom alike failed. Why, now, did not England retain military possession of Canton, or some other important commercial town? That would have given her much trouble and little advantage. She chose rather to retain only one sterile island of a few miles in diameter, whose possession would awaken nobody's jealousy, but which would furnish a sufficient base for operations in any future wars.

One more example. Until about the beginning of the present century, Ceylon and Cape Colony were Dutch possessions. This is the history of their loss. Soon after the French Revolution broke out, Holland, with the consent of a portion of her people, was incorporated, if not in name, yet in reality, into the French Empire. During the long wars of Napoleon, she shared the fortunes of her master, and when continual defeats broke the power of both on the sea, her colonies were left

defenceless. Ceylon and Cape Colony fell into the hands of the English; but so, too, did Java, Sumatra, Borneo, Essequibo, Berbice, and indeed with but little exception, all her colonial possessions, East and West. At the peace of 1814, England restored to Holland the larger portion of this territory, though not without many remonstrances from her own merchants and statesmen. But Ceylon and Cape Colony she did not restore. These were more to her than rich islands. They were links to a grand chain of commercial connection. As Aden is the half-way station on the overland route, so Cape Colony is the half-way station on the ocean route; and Ceylon, while it rounds and completes the great peninsula of which it may be considered to be a part, furnished in Point de Galle, at the south, a most needed port of refuge, and on the east at Trincomalee, one of the finest of naval harbours, with dock-yards, machine shops, and arsenal complete. England could be generous to a fallen foe, whose enmity had been quite as much a matter of necessity as inclination. But by no mistimed clemency could she sacrifice such solid advantages as these.

This steady march towards the control of the commercial waters of the earth, some of whose footsteps we have now traced, reveals the existence of a steady purpose. This colonial empire, so wide, so consistent, and so well compacted, is not the work of dull men, or the result of a series of fortunate blunders. Behind its history, and creating its history, there must have been a clear, calm, persistent policy,—a policy which has always regarded appearances, but which has also managed to accomplish its purposes. And the end towards which this policy tends is always one and the same: to enlarge England's commercial resources, and to build up side by side with this peaceful strength a naval power which shall keep untarnished her proudest title,—“Mistress and sovereign of the seas.”

With justice England is called the mightiest naval power in the world. And well she may be. The waves which beat upon all her coasts train up a race of seamen as hardy, as skilful, as courageous as ever sailed the sea. In her bosom are hidden inexhaustable stores of iron, copper, and coal. Her Highland hills are covered with forests of oak and larch, growing while men sleep. Her borders are crowded with workshops, and her skies are dark with the smoke of their chimneys, and the air rings with the sound of their hammers. Her docks are filled with ships, and her watchful guardians are on every sea. Her eyes are open to profit by every invention. And her strong colonies, overlooking all waters, give new vigour and a better distribution to her naval resources. A mighty naval power she is, and for good or evil, a mighty naval power she is likely to continue. The great revolutions in warfare, which in our day are proceeding with such wonderful rapidity, may for a time disturb this supremacy; but in the end, the genius of England, essentially maritime, and as clear and strong on the sea as it is apt to be weak and confused upon the land, will enable her to stand on her own element, as she has stood for centuries, with no superior, and with scarcely a rival.

A CONVERTED GUAGER.

A Tale of Ireland.

BY JACOB TERRY.

CHAPTER VI.—MULLAN'S STORY.

"If there is one pleasure in life in which my fellow-countrymen take a greater delight than another," resumed Mullan, "it is in the manufacture of the commodity called whiskey."

"I dissent: I protest again," quoth our host.

"Except," added Mullan slyly, "it is the drinking of it." The host's face beamed with pleasure: and Mullan, drawing his chair nearer the fire continued: "Our mutual friend Terry, here, has evinced a becoming appreciation of our national beverage, and he has likewise seen something of its manufacture, but he has no idea of the risk the poor fellows run who try to keep up the national spirits at the expense of the revenue. I'll tell you a story of what happened in the other side of the county, and it would have been finished now but for your interruptions.

"Two or three years ago, it doesn't matter for a season or two, there was a change of supervisors in the Dunfanaghy and Milford district; and as new brooms sweep clean, sure enough the new supervisor meant sweeping all before him. There was nothing but still hunts and seizures, and at last two decent boys were arrested and committed to take their trial at the Lifford assizes. Transportation was their due, because they ventured to distil their own barley, instead of paying twelve shillings a-gallon to the English exchequer for leave to drink another man's whiskey, besides paying a profit all round on it.

"The whole country was up in arms against the supervisor, and even the revenue policemen would not have been sorry if he had come to grief some fine morning, as they had neither rest nor peace for a day with him. What was to be done to get off the boys, was the question. Many a plan was hit on, but none of them would do. Mr. O'Spry was not to be easily caught, and it was generally felt that so soon as he 'switched the primer' in the witness box it was all up with the smugglers.

"At last one morning about eight days before the Assizes were to come off, Pat Carey, a noted smuggler, made his way into O'Spry's house by the back door, as if he was terribly afraid of being seen, and touching his hat to the supervisor in a mannerly way, says he, 'I'd like to have a private word wi' your honor.'

"What do you want with me, Mr. Pat?" says he, sniffing with his nose as if he thought Pat had a keg of "wee still" with him. "What do you want with me?" says he,

"Your honor's a good judge of the stuff they say," edged in Pat, looking across his nose at his man.

"And they say right," said the other. "But who says it? and what do you mean?"

"Oh to be shure every one says it; and what an illegant gentleman your honor is. An'—an'," and here Pat fumbled in his corduroys, pushing his hand well down the thigh to get to the bottom of a pocket that seemed bottomless.

"And what? What is it you want?" said Mr. O'Spry never catching what Mr. Carey would be at, but a little impatient at the delay. He was dreaming of a seizure, and thought Pat might be turning informer.

"By your lave, sir; but my pocket's bad intirely. I ax pardon, but I want your honor's judgment on that," producing a ginger beer bottle which had reposed unobserved in the loose wrinkles of Pat's corduroys.

The supervisor tasted the stuff; and smacked his lips approvingly. He replaced the cork in the neck, and handed it to Pat, who motioned it away, saying, "I'm shure what every one says is true. Your honor's an illegant judge of the stuff, and may be you'll say its better if you try it again. You've not had the taste of your mouth."

Again Mr. O'Spry applied the neck of the ginger beer bottle to his mouth; again there was a gurgling sound, a long drawn breath, and an appreciating smack of the lips, and the bottle was handed back to Pat, whose eyes twinkled. There was a sensible diminution in its contents. After a pause the supervisor looked hard at Pat, and says he, as if wishing to make an impression; says he, "Mr. Carey, that's whiskey."

"I know that your honor; and real honest stuff it is too."

"Pat," says he, "I have half a mind to lay in a stock myself. Do you think we could trade for a lot?"

"Its joking ye are. You never mean it, bekase ye see it has never been christened by the gauger." The supervisor laughed: his face was flushed, but although Pat thought he was tipsy, the whiskey had only brightened his wits. "But if I thought you were in earnest, I could road you to a lot," resumed Pat.

"That's the very thing I want. And now about the price. Suppose we take it as a job lot, and not by the gallon. It will save a deal of trouble to both of us."

"Your honor's in the right; but I'm thinking of the quantity. There's three ten gallon stills at work, and there's three potale barrels full, and—"

"Well, say no more about it; I'll trade. Will a fiver do you?"

Pat Carey shook his head. "A fiver for all that stuff; and then the risk! Your honor might turn informer;" and Pat laughed at his own joke. "Make it an even ten pounds, and have it carried away at night, and I'll let you have it."

"I'll do nothing of the kind," said Mr. O'Spry. "I like the stuff, and I'll deal if you're reasonable; but having made up my mind, I'll have it without pay, if you don't take a liberal offer. Here's five sovereigns at your service (laying them on the table); take them or leave them, all the same to me. I have made up my mind to have the stuff, and you can't cheat me once the scent's up."

Pat looked first at the money, then at the gauger; again at the money and again at the gauger. He saw appeal was hopeless, and he

stretched out his hand and took the gold. The pieces disappeared in the same mysterious way the ginger-beer bottle had slipped out of sight, and Pat said slowly, "I'm at your honor's service, but if we do the job clean I'll expect the balance."

"Agreed," said Mr. O'Spry; "and now Pat," says he, very graciously, "you'll drink a drop with me on the head of the bargain."

The spirits were produced and consumed; and Pat took his leave, after arranging that they should start at ten o'clock that night, unknown to any one, and unaccompanied by the revenue police, for fear of raising a suspicion in the minds of the people of the district that all was not right, and so giving warning to the distillers.

The supervisor was in high glee; he knew that Pat Carey had the reputation of being the most expert evader of the revenue laws in the district, and was delighted with himself at buying him so cheap. "So, master Pat," thought he; "I have my claw on you at last; and the devil take me if I don't get my own out of you again, after bagging your friends. I'll have a rare haul for Lifford." Pat's soliloquy was equally self-laudatory. "Bad luck to your ugly sowl, ye vagabond guager," he muttered; "if I don't have ye neck and crop afore morning, may I never see light. To think I'd turn informer for your dirty five pounds: bad luck to the penny, of it will I keep," and he dived into the miraculous pocket. Chinking the coin, but thinking better of it, he said to himself—"After all's said an' done, mayn't I turn it to an honest use, more betoken as I don't intend informing. My intuition's good, an' intintion, the clargey says, is everything." With that he withdrew his hand from his pocket, and continued his journey homewards.

"True to his time, Mr. O'Spry arrived at Pat Carey's humble cabin, and in the dark they set out on their expedition. I need not weary you with details of the journey. They floundered through the mire and bogs, sometimes up to the knees, sometimes to the waist, for you may be sure that Pat did not take him the best road. At last they came to near the end of their tether. They were at the edge of a lake, nearly concealed by the mountains. It cannot be seen at any distance but from one point, until one is brought up by the precipitous banks, which are everywhere else very high and steep. At the point where Carey and O'Spry made the lake, there was a piece of low lying-ground and rush swamp, and in the grey dawn of the morning he could discover a low island, from which smoke ascended as if from several smouldering fires. Objects could not be made out distinctly, but no time was to be lost if they were to steal a march on the occupants of the island. Pat assured the supervisor that nothing was to be feared; that he could make the seizure easy enough, as there were two or three boys in the secret, who would assist his honor if any resistance was offered, and besides weren't they both well armed with horse pistols. "Devil a fear of them, the cowardly curs; they'll be afeard to meddle when they see the broad arr." So saying, he launched a small curragh that was concealed in the rushes, and they both pulled off to the island.

There was no sign of life on the little island except the fires, and the supervisor stepped ashore. They walked quietly mossy margin, and stole upon the party as they lay asleep close by the distillery.

"Now do the job quick an' easy," says Pat. "Pu afore they waken." But the Fates were against the

party, Mike McSwine by name, hearing voices through his sleep, leapt to his feet, and shouted "Boys we're all sould. By jabers, here's the guager."

They were to their feet like a shot—twelve of them, and made at first as if they would eat poor Mr. O'Spry; but Pat Carey interposed, and said as how the gentleman wanted to trade, and being a good judge of spirits, had come all the way from Dunfanaghy to taste it at the fountain head. This mollified the men a little, and Pat winked at the guager, as much as to say "I'll manage it all right in a trivet." The leader of the boys produced a black bottle, and Mr. O'Spry, as a matter of policy as well as politeness, was bound to taste. It was a raw morning, and he was fasting, and even our host will admit that it would be very indiscreet in any of us to do as Mr. O'Spry did. But there was no help for it. Having tasted of the produce of one still, he must sample the remainder: and accordingly he had three separate pulls from three black bottles.

"May be," says Mike, "your honor would like it pure from the still eye, I'll draw off a dhrop if you promise not to turn informer; anyhow, as you've come so far to see us, I may as well let you see how we run off the liquor."

"Yes, yes; by all means. I should like to see that above anything. Do you know, long as I've been in the service, I've never seen a still run off."

"That," says Mike, "comes of hunting us poor devils so. You've seen many stillers, I'll be bound, running off. If you'd only take tithes for your own share, an' a worn-out still or two by arrangement with the boys, just to show your activity in the sarvice, it would be mighty comfortable and profitable to both of us. That's the way the ould supervisor did, God be good to him."

"It is an excellent arrangement, and I don't know but I may come to try it in a bit. But you promised to run off a still—just to show me how its done."

"Shure enough I did. Boys is there any fear? Do you think he'll turn informer on us? If I did—" he gathered his brows, and looked things unutterable at the supervisor, who felt his "doctors" were beginning to take effect, and began to have some misgivings as to his safety. He protested that he had no intention of turning informer, and appealed to Pat Carey whether he had not come in the way of honest trade, guager though he was.

"He looked round for Pat Carey, but no Pat was to be seen. The sun was now shining bright and clear on him, revealing to the half intoxicated guager the true nature of the case. While he was engaged humbugging the smugglers, Carey had quietly withdrawn to the boat, and had pulled himself across the deep and treacherous water, leaving no way of escape for the ill-starred supervisor. The instinct of self-preservation aroused him, and hoarse with passion and drink, he shouted on his deceiver to bring back the boat; but a mocking shout from the distillers was his only answer. Furious at being the victim of a well-contrived plan and having a dim perception that his character and prospects in life were at stake, he threatened with transportation and pains and penalties all the jolly crew on the island. But they paid no attention to his mouthing, and let him cool as he sobered. He was a married man too; and that was the worst of it.

"Well, time wore on from days to weeks, and the supervisor, who secretly left his house on the night he was missed, did not return. He was searched for high and low, but neither 'helt nor hair' of him could be found. The Lifford Assizes came on and ended, and the boys who were in for illicit distillation were discharged, to the delight of their friends, owing to the absence of the principal witness. The Grand Jury ignored the bills, and they never saw the inside of the dock.

"All this time Mr. O'Spry was engaged at the profitable and patriotic task of cheating the revenue. He had to work for his living, and hard and wholesome it was. Potatoes from the pits, and fish from the loch, seasoned with salt, and washed down with whiskey. It was a fine summer, and they worked till well on in the season, and never thought of moving themselves till the whole of the whiskey and utensils had been taken away in currachs which the faithful Carey brought. Then the boys thought it best to take steps to close Master O'Spry's tongue; and he had the choice between a swim in the lake and silence. O'Spry readily took the oath, but said that he would be sorry to injure a hair of their heads, as they had treated him kindly when they got him in their power. The truth was, he took to the trade kindly, and thrived amazingly on the plain diet and open-air life of it; and he made up his mind to turn his hand to an honest employment instead of continuing a guager. And besides, as six months had passed since he took French leave of the office, it stood to reason that he should find a successor there on his return.

To make a long story short, Mr. O'Spry turned up one fine day at the excise office, brown as a berry, wearing a sleeved waistcoat lent him by Mike, and a pair of the same gentleman's brogues, his own having been worn out in the service of his country long before. His trousers were patched and ragged. His identity was disputed. He did not look like the lost man, but and if he were the real Simon Pure he was no longer on the books, and another had stepped into his shoes. From the office he turned for consolation to his family, but he had grown so fat and was so much altered in other respects, that his wife gave him the cold shoulder too. Her dear sainted husband Mr. O'Spry, had died mysteriously she said. She should never see him again. If she only knew the manner of his death, and the place of his burial, she would be content: she would go and weep there, and come back resigned to her fate. O'Spry looked at his spouse. She actually wore the weeds, and looked remarkably well on it. It was plain she was open to consolation; and indeed she had found a consoler in a thriving dealer who lived close by, and to whom she had unbosomed her sorrow. This reception was too much for the good-tempered O'Spry. He soon adopted means for convincing Mrs. O'Spry of his identity, and the prospective husband dropping in at the time, got a quaker's hint to the door.

"And what might that be?" asked our host, whose eyes were gradually closing, as the story lengthened and the night advanced.

"Kicked out, my friend," said Mullan drily. "Did you never hear what gave rise to that expression of the 'quaker's hint?'"

"No," said our host, and we'll dispense with the story to-night. Some other time we'll be all attention, but to-night I think we'll put on the night-cap, and steal off to bed without rousing the house."

"Well, now, when I'm in a talking humour" rejoined Mullan, "you *might* just let me have my way. I usually don't say a word."

Ha, ha, ha," roared the jolly host. "That's the best thing ever you

Why I never saw your mouth closed two minutes in my life. Have the night-cap, but not the story."

But what became of the supervisor?" I inquired. "How was he treated?"

I should say he was converted from a full-blown guager to an industrious distiller—from a protector to a cheater of the revenue. And I think his last character was the best. He was an altered man, and much respected by the boys whose secret he kept, and gave up all idea of serving the Queen in the respectable capacity of spy and informer. His morals and his manners were improved by his conversion, which is more than can be said of some of the converts up yonder in Dingle. As to what became of him, I can't well say, but I've been told that he has a flourishing distillery in the county Roscommon. And now for the night-cap!"

We mixed the sleeping cup, drained its contents, and buried ourselves in the snowy sheets, pillowing our heads on lavender-scented pillows. The sun was well up when I awoke and breakfasted, and owing to the drink and our host's skill in mixing, no headache marred my pleasant recollections of the past night.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

FROM Heaven what fancy stole
The dream of some good Spirit, aye at hand,
The Seraph, whispering to the exile Soul
Tales of its Native Land?

Who to the cradle gave
The unseen watcher by the Mother's side,
Born with the birth, companion to the grave,
The holy Angel guide?

Is it a fable?—"No"
I hear Love answer from the sunlit air,
"Still where *my* presence gilds the darkness—know
Life's Angel guide is there!"

Is it a fable?—Hark,
Faith hymns from deeps beyond the palest star,
"I am the pilot to thy wandering bark,
Thy guide to shores afar."

Is it a fable?—Sweet
From Wave, from Air, from every forest tree,
The murmur spoke, "Each thing thine eyes can greet
An Angel-guide can be."

From myriads take thy choice
In all that lives a guide to God is given;
Ever thou hear'st some Angel guardians' voice
When Nature speaks of Heaven!"

THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.*

THERE is perhaps no part of the world which has at different times excited a greater amount of interest than the vast numbers of islands that are scattered, as it were broadcast, over the entire surface of the South Pacific Ocean within the line of the tropics. The hundred attempts that were made to reach and to possess the famous spice islands, would afford more food for romance than probably any single page in the history—all whose pages are full of interest—of human adventure in search of the grand objects of human desire. Nor can it be wondered at that the multitude of islands that stud the tropical ocean of the Pacific, have at all times exercised this fascination upon those whose temperaments led them to explore these wondrous secrets, whether of beauty or of terror. In no part of the world will the adventurer find such a vast amount of that novelty which, in combination with the dubious sense of insecurity and self-reliance, makes up the delight of the true adventurer. In these wondrous lands, nature would seem to have heaped together all that goes to impress us with a sense of beauty, whether in its milder, or in its more grand and terrible forms. The eye is fascinated by a profusion of form and colours so vast and so new to Europeans as to give an ever increasing sensation of mingled astonishment and delight. Every conceivable scenery may be met with among these groups, from the low white coral island sparkling in the sunlight like a huge diamond, and wreathed around with all shades of the richest green creepers, up to the most majestic mountain scenery rising crag over crag, and peak towering above peak, till the hills whose bases are robed in all the glorious hues of the tropic's eternal summer, bear on their soaring summits the snows of an equally endless winter. Nor is the terrible wanting to give its full completeness to this wonderful range of beauty. In no part of the world is there so great an accumulation of terrors. Whether it be mountains in all the grand fury of active volcanic action; in the forms of nature possessing deadly powers; or in the fierce and savage character of the human inhabitants, these islands far surpass any other portion of the globe in the element of terror.

It is then, we say, by no means a matter to call for astonishment from us that these islands have been the *ne plus ultra* of a field for wild and daring adventure. It may perhaps be more naturally wondered at that after so long a time of discovery, the groups of the South Pacific remain to the world at large a mere *terra incognita*, whose positions children may learn with an indifferent degree of correctness upon the map, whose wonders and terrors, whose vast resources and greater are left utterly unknown and disregarded by the great mass of mankind, who might now, and who must eventually, rescue them from the

* "The last cruise of the 'Wanderer.'" By John Web
Sydney.

dition. The adventurer must always precede the improver and the civilizer, in such cases as that of the South Sea islands, and it is therefore with great pleasure that we have read the book to which we refer in the beginning of this article. That book would doubtless have been better fitted to arouse the spirit of adventure than it is, could its author have given us an account of further wanderings through yet more wonderful regions than those which he describes in such vivid, and, as we can ourselves testify, in such truthful language. Could he have written of a visit to Malanta, Ysabel, Florida, New Britain, and finally Papua, his book would unquestionably have had a far greater effect than it now can have in hastening on that social improvement, the taking steps to secure which was, it appears, the noble view of the late Mr. Boyd, the leader of the party of "Wanderers." Still, what he has done may have a good effect in this direction. It is necessarily by arousing a strong spirit of adventure that any beginning can be made in the great work of colonizing and utilizing the great and fertile regions of which we speak. It is to those alone who can feel the full force of delight and awe contained in the words of the poet—

"We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea."

that we must look as the forerunners of that civilization which ought to render these splendid islands in reality what they now seem to be—an earthly paradise. The prospect of a mere money advantage will not effect this; nothing can exemplify this so strongly as the general character and conduct of the traders who have already penetrated to these regions, and, in too many cases, have made the very sight and name of the white man to be justly feared and abhorred amongst the savage inhabitants of islands where their cruel and lawless passions have done an amount of evil which often forms the greatest barrier to any change for the better in the state of the people. As a rule, the mere trader is the very opposite of a benefit to these islands, and certainly is in no sense but an evil one the pioneer of civilization amongst them. To exemplify the vast attractions which these islands hold out to enterprising adventurers and the lovers of the marvellous and terrible for their own sakes, we need only present the account given by Mr. Webster of his adventurous descent into the crater of Kilanea in the Sandwich group.

▶ "The great crater of Kilanea is not the interior of a cone on the top of a mountain, but is a portion of the flank of Manna Roa, which has been engulfed by an under current of lava. It presents the appearance of a vast pit surrounded by a perpendicular rampart of rock a thousand feet in depth; its extreme circumference cannot be less than fifteen miles. The bottom of the abyss appears as a sea of black lava, whose agitated billows seem to have been arrested as if by enchantment. Innumerable cones like islands stud this black sea. From these, clouds of vapour and smoke ascended, while deep rumblings shook the ground on which we stood. The surrounding country is rent with innumerable yawning chasms and fissures of unfathomable depth, vomiting forth steam and sulphurous vapours. These safety valves of the volcano belch forth pestiferous gases, which impregnate the whole neighbourhood with their noxious and stifling breath. At a short distance from the mouth of the

crater was a rude hut, of which we took possession for [the purpose of making ourselves comfortable for the night. We here partook of some refreshment with which we had provided ourselves, and afterwards we prepared for a descent into the abyss of the crater, which, according to the natives, is the abode of the Goddess Péle. Our guide informed us it was necessary to present a propitiatory offering to the goddess, lest we should be destroyed by her subterranean fires, and proposed that we should throw into one of the chasms a wild duck, which I had shot on one of the numerous small water-holes we had passed on the road, in order to pacify the deity. We laughed at his fears, and, without sacrificing the duck, prevailed upon him to accompany us, which he did with considerable reluctance.

"On the north-west side of the crater, one of the extraordinary convulsions to which this region is subject had rent and thrown down into the abyss below enormous masses from its brink, forming ledges at various depths. Availing ourselves of these ledges, we commenced our descent down the mighty natural steps leading to the interior of the volcano. Our progress was not unattended with danger. Occasionally we toiled over rugged pinnacles of rock, having on either side a precipice several hundred feet in depth, encompassed by suffocating exhalations issuing from rents and fissures in every direction. At last we reached the bottom, and stood on the shores of that awful sea of lava, across which we now commenced our perilous march : we had provided ourselves with long poles, in order to assist us over the vitrified waves. The surface had a frothy cellular look, and crunched beneath our feet like snow during frost. At the depth of a few inches was the hard rock. We directed our course towards the south end of the crater, where numerous cones were in action, but rendered entirely invisible at our then distance, by clouds of silvery vapour. Running half way across the crater from east to west, was a ridge of ancient lava similar to the rock forming the high cliffs. We easily gained this ridge, which on a nearer view presented a mass of tottering ruins gradually sinking into the crater. Our progress now became more and more dangerous. Our two Islanders who had accompanied us thus far, refused, positively, to proceed any further, and returned in terror to the bank. Sam also wished to return, as Péle was angry, and truly the fearful roarings appeared to warn us of her wrath. We were however determined to proceed. It now became necessary for us to use the greatest caution to avoid slipping into the numerous fissures which everywhere abound on the treacherous crust, using our poles to sound the solidity of the surface, which, in many places, we broke through, discovering the lava—glowing with a red heat—only a few inches beneath. It was evident we were standing upon a crust, the thickness of which was but a few feet dividing us from the molten lava. Frequently a loud explosion would occur, and extensive rents would be made in the crust, from which would issue a vapour with a rushing noise, which by no means tended to increase our confidence in the mysterious region, particularly as we perceived several fresh cracks opening in it. Passing an extensive sulphur bank we gradually approached the active cone. Here the surface crust became more dense. We found ourselves in close proximity to the chief seat of the lava, which was thickly strewed with stones and ashes, and rejected in violent activity. We took up a position a few hundred

had a good view of the spectacle. The cone was magnificent beyond description. Its western side presented the appearance of a palace of glass, resplendent with prismatic colours. A thousand grotesque forms like towers and minarets, adorned its summit. A beautiful grotto appeared in its side, out of which seemed to flow a radiant stream of glass. From rents near its base issued lava, forming, as it cooled, into coils resembling huge serpents. The eastern side, shrouded in vapour, appeared composed of loose stones, ashes, and sulphur. Mr. Boyd and myself cautiously advanced to get a nearer view of Pélé's terrors. We ascended on the western side, which, from its beauty, we called Pélé's crystal throne. The surface was so hot that we could scarcely bear to touch it with our hands. We climbed sufficiently high to be able to catch a glimpse of the roaring furnace. We were not above thirty yards from its brink, but on the windward side of it the smoke and vapour were blown aside occasionally, revealing the sides of the interior, glowing with the most dazzling splendour. We had not occupied our position more than three minutes, when a rattling noise, apparently from the depths of the crater, warned us to retreat. Then a dense cloud of vapour and fine ashes issued with a dull sullen roaring. As we descended, the whole cone shook and trembled to its foundations, and several fissures opened in its sides, from which flowed liquid lava. Over one of these we had to leap. I got over first, and perceiving Mr. Boyd hesitating, I cried, "Leap for your life!" A piece of advice he immediately followed, when we together beat a retreat under a shower of stones and ashes. Happily we escaped unhurt, although several enormous masses were thrown far beyond us. After Pélé's wrath had subsided, we were able to examine more at leisure the substances which had been thrown out during the explosion. Their forms bore considerable resemblance to those of organic bodies. It was, indeed, difficult at first sight to persuade ourselves that they were not actually petrified forms, they so strongly resembled zoöphites and other marine animals. Allowing them time to cool, we selected a few of the most singularly shaped to take with us. After examining these singular productions of the crater, we endeavoured to approach another part, where a dense smoke and gleams of flame indicated its state. But our purpose was frustrated by the dangerous nature of the surface lava, and Sam's solemn protestations that if we ventured farther, we should never return from the dominions of Pélé.

"The southern portion of the great crater appeared from where we stood, a vast lake of lava in a state of fusion, not less than a mile in extent, and it would have been madness to have attempted a nearer approach. The precipices bounding the south end of the great abyss, seen dimly through the sulphurous masses of vapour which for ever cling about those regions of fire, appear stupendous from their obscurity."

Such is a really admirable picture of the terrible aspect of nature in the South Sea Islands. To the lovers of a softer beauty, and less terrible scenes, these wonderful islands hold out yet stronger inducements to tempt their enterprise. Every thing that can delight the eye or charm the ear seems heaped together with a profusion as wonderful as it is rare and enchanting. The dazzling, lucid sea, that sparkles upon the crisp white coral beach; the waving fringe of dark-topped cocoanut palm trees, that look like the emerald setting of a diamond centre; the swelling heights of all hues of richest colour, that roll, swell beyond swell, tint

blending with tint to a height often really great, but nearly always clad in the eternal colours of a tropical vegetation; the deep hollows that recede among the hills, giving an indefinable feeling of ineffable solitude and repose amongst the leafy shades of unbroken forest, or by the murmuring course of a hidden river, are all characteristics of a world of beauty, whose splendours seem more the offspring of a poet's dream than the realities of nature's handy-work.

Such are some of the motives which should attract the adventurer, the poet, and the artist to explore those regions of wonder and beauty, but to our mind they do not embrace by any means the first view which we would fain take of these wonderful "Gems of Ocean." It is to the future of these islands, now teeming with life it is true, both animal and vegetable—but with savage life, that we would look. This we cannot dream of as the destiny of these islands; this we cannot patiently contemplate as the ultimate condition of their inhabitants. Of these inhabitants we would first speak, and we do so from a personal acquaintance with them, and from having seen their manner of life in their own homes. Most of them may be described as of the Papuan-Malay race, but mixed in so many various degrees, that the original race is not easily made out by either features or language. Physically they are not of a hardy or enduring constitution, although their manner of life may not improbably account in a great degree for this. When the Polynesian element enters largely into the composition of the race, as it does chiefly in the eastward groups, which are the smallest and least populous, there may exist a hope of rapidly raising them in the social scale to a certain height, as has been done in the Hawaiian group, and in this country with the Maoris. With the Papuan-Malay races of the western islands, the Banks' islands, the Solomon group, and New-Guinea, the conditions of their elevation, even to a partial civilization, must, we fear, prove a yet more difficult thing than it has with the Polynesian islanders. Want of energy, an almost entire absence of ambition to rise in the scale of social life, will probably there be found to be the grand obstacles to be met and overcome. Still, like all such difficulties, they can no doubt be successfully met, and are not impossible to overcome. They will not, we feel sure, raise themselves however. They want the elements in their nature which tends to effect this. They are idle, soft, sensuous in their nature and habits; not even, as a rule, energetic in war, and utterly self-indulgent and lazy in peace. Such a people, to rise at all, must be raised. Others must do for them that which by themselves they would not have even a wish to attempt. And if others must civilize these islands, with their teeming myriads of inhabitants, there can be little doubt what nation is appointed to the task. France, we know, covets colonies, and has a burning desire for dependencies, but she cannot show, and never has shown any talent, or indeed any great desire for the civilization of any people whom she has taken under her care. Peace she can produce, but it is a peace like that of the old Romans, which was so dreadfully akin to ^ation. She might govern the islands of the South Seas, but she never elevate their inhabitants.

If the task is to be performed, it must be by men
And a more glorious task for men to set before them
They would, too, derive great assistance from various

mentioned the physical and moral nature of the inhabitants, we would now speak of the natural advantages of the islands themselves. At present, all is beauty or terror in nature's aspects there, but this does not represent at all adequately what their future may become. A wonderful climate, and a soil the richest conceivable, is sufficient guarantee for the powers of these islands to produce in rare perfection any thing of tropical growth. Cotton and arrow-root, as our own observation enables us to testify, are grown to wonderful perfection wherever they have been introduced. Spices of every description would unquestionably flourish to a wonderful extent; and in a word, all that is wanting to render these islands the wonder of the world for their wealth, as well as for their beauty is, that the inhabitants should rise from the worst of savages to the level of even a moderate civilization. This, again, we contend, can be effected by Englishmen; perhaps by them alone; and we believe, nay we feel sure, it will ere long be so effected.

To us, in New Zealand, we hold that this is a question of no common degree of interest. If we look around us we may see how we are pointed out as the people placed, as it were, in front of this task. Our Australian brethren have a continent before them, and the task of replenishing it may well occupy all their energies for many a long year. Such is not our case. New Zealand is limited in extent. Its adventurous sons will soon find that its limits seem to their aspirations something far too narrow. And it may therefore look forward at no distant day to pushing forward its arms and embracing many, if not all these groups of wonderful islands under its own Government. The idea may appear dream-like now, but we look confidently forward over a few years, and see the whole position of New Zealand changed. Already the most wonderfully progressing of all the colonies of Great Britain, she is destined we well believe to progress yet more marvellously when the shadow of her present troubles pass away, as they soon must, and leave her to pursue her course under the full blaze of prosperity's sunshine. When that time comes we have no doubt this idea of ours, with many another which is now held wholly chimerical, will be viewed as sober earnest, and will, moreover, be put into practice.

Such prospects we cannot but think it well to keep before our eyes, even though they may seem both dim and distant at present. It is well to train our minds to look to no narrow or inexpansive future for our adopted country; because everything that enlarges the mind to look to a great future, reflects a light upon the comparatively small things of the present. We shall not, as a nation, we believe, be the less likely to act wisely and generously in the treatment of our own aboriginal natives in New Zealand, if we look forward as to our special mission, to the elevating and governing of the teeming populations of the South Sea Islands.

SKETCHES FROM CANADA.

BY JOHN LAMBERT.

CHAPTER II.

IN my last chapter I promised to give some account of the sports and amusements of Canada. In fulfilling that promise, I must first impress upon my readers the fact that it is only those sports in which I have taken an active part myself, in the district termed Upper Canada, that I can lay any pretensions to relate, as there is a wide difference in the sports of Upper and Lower Canada, the latter of which I am a perfect stranger to.

In any country where there is nearly six months of severe winter, and where the ordinary farm labour is obliged to be suspended, it is no wonder that the young settler should attach some importance to the amusements of the chase, which bring him health and replenish his larder; they also draw closer the ties of friendship, and in the genial society of each other settlers are enabled to beguile many a long winter evening with the racy descriptions of their different hunting adventures. The month of September is undoubtedly the best time of year for pleasuring up the Lakes. Venison is now in season, likewise fish and game of every description; the weather is glorious, not too hot, but with gentle frosts at night, which makes the air pleasantly sharp, and gives one an appetite for his breakfast, although there are few I think who require this tonic to digest their morning meal. The russet tints of Autumn have clothed the forest in raiment of every hue, and this season of the year seems intended alone for enjoyment. How joyous! how our hearts bound again as we make ready for our trip up the lakes. Has it not been planned weeks ago? How carefully we have tended and watched the young hounds, and how anxious we are to test their several merits. Vanity, Harmony, Melody, and Modesty, jump around us with frantic joy, and as they watch our preparations for the start, their eager looks seem to speak volumes.

We hasten down to the lake, here we have collected every thing that we are likely to require for a two months' campaign: amongst the heterogeneous collection of articles we see scattered around us, we notice fowling pieces, rifles, shot-belts, powder-flasks, harpoon for spearing fish, flour, tea, sugar, bacon, whiskey, tin plates, panakins, a frying pan, blankets, buffalo robes, tent, &c. All these things must be carefully stowed in the canoe, and unless done in a true sportsmanlike manner, you are neither safe nor comfortable. As the canoe is rather an important feature in our outfit, before stepping into it we will first take a glance at the fragile but graceful craft that is to carry Cæsar and all his fortunes.

The bark canoe is among the most ingenious and most useful of

the Indian manufactures; and nothing that European ingenuity has devised, is so well adapted to their habits, and the necessities of their mode of life; they are made of the bark of the birch tree—and of all the various contrivances for transporting burthens by water, these vessels are the most extraordinary. From the lightness of their construction, they would appear to be totally inadequate to contend against the rapids they are continually exposed to; they are of various lengths, from twelve to thirty feet, their breadth from four to six feet, diminishing to a point at each end without distinction. The exterior is the bark of the birch tree; scarcely the eighth part of an inch in thickness; it is kept distended by thin hoops of white cedar, or other light elastic wood, and very thin shingles, as an inside lining, are placed between the hoops and the bark; the gunwale is a narrow lathe, to which the hoop and the bark are sewed with narrow strips of the root of the white cedar tree; and the joinings in the bark are rendered water-proof by a species of gum which the Indians informed me they procured from the wild cherry tree, which soon becomes perfectly hard. No ironwork or nails are used in their construction, and they are so very light, that the common sized ones are easily carried for several miles by a man of moderate strength; they are propelled by paddles, and the dexterity of the Indians in using them is surprising: they of course push them forward and not backwards, as in the operation of rowing. The common hunting canoe is constructed to hold two persons, but as a rule each man prefers to have his canoe to himself: the paddles are generally made of well seasoned white ash, or rock elm, which is still better wood, and very pliable; it takes a person some time to learn the art of paddling, but, like everything else, when once learnt it is exceedingly easy. The paddle has but one blade, not two like those I have often seen used at home, and it is used only on one side of the canoe; in making a stroke the canoe darts gracefully forward slightly swerving to the side opposite that you are paddling on and rising at the bows—with a twist of the wrist you bring the canoe back to its former position and take another stroke. It is a beautiful sight to see a canoe going at full speed; it rises on the top of the tiny billows, and like a bird seems to skim the surface. We must return to our party whom we left on the shores freighting their vessels. Each one having taken his fair portion of *swag*, together with one or two hounds, they are ready to start. Off they go, those they leave behind waving their adieus and wishing them luck. All goes merry as a marriage bell, and no one cries halt until they have accomplished five or six miles towards their destination. Now they reach some verdant islet, perhaps some favourite resting place, which invites them to disembark; this they at once proceed to do, and as they near the shore, they look carefully around for some sandy nook, that they may not graze the bottoms of their canoes. Oh! what bliss divine, to stretch once more our cramped limbs, how we enjoy our sprawl upon the soft turf, how consoling is the pipe of sweet meditation, and as we watch the spiral column of white smoke ascending, what visions we see of game and sport conjured up by our deluded brain—but stay; what is that little craving spirit we feel within? Ah! is it hunger—methinks it is—halloa! there you Brown! Jones! Robinson—put the billy on; get ready the frying pan; cut up the bacon. Lunch over, five minutes allowed for a smoke. Time's up my lads, we must make the love-sick rapids to-night, or we shall not reach Deer Bay

to-morrow. Look well to your guns; we must kill some ducks, or you'll have only a second edition of bacon for supper. Get ready your trolling lines, here is good trolling ground for salmon, and if we hook one, we will have some cutlets. Brown knows how to cook them to a turn. Out goes thirty feet of trolling line, the bright American spoon bait spins brilliantly under water; we paddle on. I've got him! No! he's off. Yes; I've got him. Haul him in fast Smith. What a noble fellow! hurrah for the salmon cutlets. Look sharp old fellow, or else Jones will reach Duck Creek first. Halloo! what is Jones about? Don't you see him going into that little bay—bang! bang! there go the ducks. I wonder if he has potted any? Let us paddle on and catch him up. Well, Jones, have you bagged anything? (Jones looking very modest) only a brace of black duck; they are very wild. The evening shades gather around us, the fire flies sparkle in the bush by the shore side; the moon rises in majestic grandeur; the hoarse croak of the bull frog (Canadian nightingale) break the still silence, and the sweet note of the dear little "Whip-poor-Will, (so called from its cry) is still heard; to those long accustomed to the plaintive note of this little bird, there is, I think, something very touching in it. The scene shifts—look at those jolly fellows sitting in their tent, before that blazing log fire. What a ruddy glow it casts upon their merry faces. Look at that beggar Smith walking into the roast duck; and mark yonder hounds, chained to the trees near the fire, how they watch their masters, and look askance at Smith's duck bones. We will not be so inquisitive as to enquire how Smith, Jones, and Robinson enjoyed their supper, knowing them all to be good-natured, jolly fellows. We will imagine, for brevity's sake, that it did not disagree with them. Neither will we enquire how many glasses of hot toddy they indulged in that night; if they did take one glass extra all round, what business is that of ours. They turn in, the fire burns low, the leaves crackle in the frosty air. I see a squirrel peeping out from a hollow tree; I hear an owl hooting in the distance: it is midnight. To enjoy good hunting, it is necessary to go some distance from the settlements. Cultivation and civilization have advanced hand in hand, converting the sylvan woods into cities and villages: and where once might be seen the track of the deer, the slide of the otter, or the dam of the beaver, we see now streets and houses. The timid deer has gone elsewhere, gone where the crystal spring wells up in the shady dells, and where the light elastic moss presses its slender limbs. Thither also must the hunter follow, if his object is sport.

Perhaps to those accustomed to hear only of a fine stag and a pack of hounds, it may seem somewhat tame, when I inform my readers that deer killed on the Lakes in Canada are mostly shot in the water. I will endeavour to describe the ordinary way of killing deer, of which I have been an eye-witness. First, having selected a suitable camping ground, where there is a good supply of hardwood for your fire, and having made yourself snug, you rise the next morning before dawn and start for the hunting ground, which is usually some li off. Supposing the party to consist of four, the one acquainted with the country takes charge of the dogs, they are carefully placed in his canoe, after which, he starts the hunting grounds; having reached which, he goes together, and makes his way through the woods, until

deer track. The dogs take up the scent instantly, and break away in full cry. It now only remains for him to regain his canoe as quickly as he can, otherwise he will lose the best of the day's sport. (It will be necessary to inform my readers that there are numerous deer-tracks through the woods, called "run-ways;" these all terminate at the edge of the Lake, and the deer, when pressed by the hounds, as a last resource, takes to the water.) The swimming capabilities of the deer are truly wonderful. They have been known to swim more than a mile. The huntsman can make a pretty shrewd guess as to where the deer is likely to come out. A person is, therefore, stationed at each of these points to look out for it. The excitement grows intense as the deer nears the water. The tongue of the different dogs is distinctly discernible. Now! we gently steal into our canoe, and, with nervous hand, grasp the paddle. A thrill of intense delight pervades us; we strain our eyes until they ache again upon the spot where we suppose the deer will spring from, and, when we have rivetted our attention for the last hour and a half, we give a hasty glance at our trusty rifle, to see that is all right. The voices of the hounds draw still nearer; we hold our breath. Now! the deer is in the water; it is a noble buck, with proud antlers, which he shakes, as if with scorn, at his foes, the dogs, who stand yelling on the brink. We do not stir in our canoes, but sit, almost glued to the thwarts, with our eyes fixed on the deer, as he gallantly fights his way through the water. The moment has arrived for us to put after him. With a cheer, we give chase, and the canoe literally flies through the water. The deer sees us; he turns round, and, foaming at the mouth, he raises himself in the water, and strikes it madly with his hoof, as if to defy us. Again he swims on, and, unconscious of the doom that awaits him, the fatal rifle is lifted to the shoulder of his destroyer, who takes steady aim at the back of the ear, and the fatal bullet terminated his struggles.

We have now seen our deer killed. Of course, the next operation is to land it, and, after that, skin it. The former is easily accomplished by attaching your trolling-line to its horns, and towing it ashore. One very curious feature connected with this is that, if the deer happens not to be in season, it instantly sinks; but, if the contrary, it will float on the surface of the water for a considerable time. Deer are so very plentiful in some parts of Canada, that it is no uncommon thing to kill as many as five in a day; and, what is more, you sometimes get two in the water at the same time. When this is the case, it is necessary to be very quick in catching them before they reach the opposite shore. They are often lost in this way, much to the chagrin of the hunter. It is not to be supposed that deer hunting is the only amusement enjoyed up the Lakes: far otherwise. Duck shooting next occupies our attention. These are so plentiful that the reader may well consider it incredible when I inform him that they may be seen at certain seasons of the year covering the water to the extent of several acres. The most beautiful of them are called the Wood Duck; but they are only seen in spring. The Black and Grey Duck are very plentiful. Teal also abound; there is scarcely a creek or bay which does not swarm with these birds, affording excellent sport. The best time in the day for duck shooting is early in the morning, or at sundown, when they are feeding, at which time you may steal up to them without being seen.

There are several ways of enjoying good duck shooting, as for instance some prefer in their spare time diligently to search every creek and bay, which must be done silently, for the slightest noise will disturb them; others again will station themselves at the junction of two lakes or passes, as they are more properly termed, early in the morning or at sunset, and as the ducks pass backwards and forwards, take them on the wing. This is fine sport, but it requires a person to be an experienced shot. The third and last method is decoy shooting; this is great fun, and as the worst shots stand almost as good a chance as the best, it can be enjoyed by all. Decoy shooting commences before the lakes become completely frozen over, and while the little bays are still open. The decoy duck (as doubtless most people are aware) is made of wood in the form of a duck, and painted as such; they are hollow inside, and when floating on the water are so lifelike that often when the live ducks are swimming around them, the sportsmen, in the hurry of taking aim, give the decoy a good peppering in place of the live ones, this, of course, occasions great merriment.

I will now briefly describe the method of decoy shooting. As ducks have favourite places of resort, you choose some well-known locality, perhaps on some woody island or up a creek, and having first anchored your decoy ducks with a stone among some weeds or rushes, you draw your canoe up on the land, and screen it with boughs, under which you esconce yourself, and await the arrival of the feathered tribe. Not many minutes will probably elapse before the decoys are noticed by some passing ducks. These will instantly stop in their flight, and settle down by the side of the decoys; it is laughable to witness how the real ducks are gulled by the sham ones; they will swim round and round to the intense amusement of the lookers on, who will wait until they think a sufficient number have alighted, and then blaze away at them. In this manner I have seen ten brace killed at a time; the ducks seem but little disconcerted at the slaughter going on amongst them! True, most of them rise at the first shot, but only to settle down again when they perceive the decoys (which they imagine to be live ducks) still swimming: this seems to give them confidence, for they continue to swim around their unfortunate mates, who float dead upon the surface, until the laughter and firing fairly startles them. I can assure the reader that my sides have fairly ached with laughter, at the absurdity of the whole thing, so that I could not take aim at them. Talking of duck shooting reminds me that it is about winter time that this sport comes into season, and as I wish to make a few remarks upon sleighing (which is another winter's amusement) before concluding this chapter, I will give my readers a brief description of it. Winter, in Canada, is the season of joy and pleasure; the cares of business are laid aside, and all classes and ranks indulge in a general carnival, as some amends for the toil undergone during the summer months. The sleigh or cariole of the humble backwoodsman, or proud citizen, is got ready throughout the country; riding abroad on business or pleasure commences; visiting is renewed between friends, neighbours, and relatives; regular city and town balls, and irregular pic-nic country parties, where each guest brings his dish, are quite the rage; and after dining, dancing, and supping, and dancing again, until the wintry dawn is ushered in. The sleigh varies in shape according to the fancy of the owner; sometimes it is like that of a family coach, or gig, or phaeton;

the body is placed on what are called runners, which resemble in form the irons of a pair of skates, rising up in the same manner, and for the same purpose. The high runners are about eighteen inches long; but generally the sleigh is about twelve inches above the snow over which it glides with great ease on a level surface, without sinking deep; but when cabots (a Lower Canadian term), which means narrow ridges with deep furrows, are formed in the snow; it causes a motion like mowing. The sleigh is generally silver mounted, and ornamented with expensive furs. The dress of the Canadian now undergoes a complete change. The hat is thrown aside, and fur caps, fur mittens, and blanket coats, come into requisition. Those who take exercise on foot use mocassins; these are far more comfortable than leather boots, which cramp the feet. The mocassin is made of prepared deer-skin, and are generally purchased from the Indians; some of them are exquisitely worked with coloured beads or moose hair, according to fancy; and I can assure the reader that the Canadian dandy takes no little pride in them. Every country, as a rule, has a particular costume adapted to its climate. Few costumes, in my opinion, are more picturesque than the Canadian; both ladies and gentlemen display great taste. The bloomer costume, which is often assumed by ladies when out snow-shoe walking, is very becoming; they also wear jaunty little caps, made from valuable fur such as silver-fox or martin, with a little tuft hanging over the side which makes them look positively bewitching, and the healthy glow of their blooming faces caused by robust exercise, adds still more to their many charms, and creates havoc in many poor unfortunate swains' heart, who live upon their smiles. The male costume is both cheap and simple. The blanket coat, with capote or hood lined with scarlet, is very becoming, and looks manly; it is made, I think, from blankets manufactured expressly for that purpose. They reach nearly down to the knees, and are sometimes frogged in front a la militaire. The black border is left on the blanket when made up, which helps to set it off. Round the waist is wound a crimson sash, made either from silk or thread, to which is attached the long hunting knife, encased in sheath. The mocassins complete the dress; and our backwoodsman is prepared either to rough it or escort the fair sex in their sleigh drives, or even skating expeditions, in which the Canadian lady is a great adept. Now my memory leads me back to the time when I myself formed one of a happy sleighing party; how clear is the picture in my mind's eye. I see the well matched dappled greys harnessed to the box sleigh, the bells merrily tinkle as the horses shake themselves in the frosty air, the road, covered with close-packed snow, glitters in the moonlight, and the ladies with their happy faces peeping out from their crimson hoods with eyes which challenge the brightness of the glittering snow, from the back ground; now we find our places in the sleigh, how each one seems to know his own. Ichen cracks his whip, we are off, we draw the warm fur robes closer round us, and as the merry sleigh glides along in the dazzling moonlight, the tramp of the horses keep time to the silvery music of the bells, as we fly along the banks of the Katchavonaka, the swift torrent of which we soon rush by. Now commences the merry chorus "Row, Brothers, Row" followed by the "Old Kentucky Home," and so on. Such is often the way Canadian winters are enjoyed; old and young mingle together, the former keeping in proper check the boisterous freedom of the latter. Winter picnic—how curious these words

must sound to those who are accustomed to connect them only with summer amusements, yet so it is. Winter picnics great are fun in Canada; it is the pleasant duty of the young bachelors of the settlement to make all the necessary arrangements for carrying out the picnic in proper style, such as having an empty house some eight or nine miles distant and providing a band of musicians. The fair sex then receive invitations, and are supposed to bring the more substantial part of the entertainment (the *Kaikai*). When all has been arranged, it is the pleasant duty of the gentlemen to drive their fair companions to the spot selected. On arrival you will probably enter some spacious apartment tastefully decorated with flags and evergreens, this is the *salle de danse*. That mock bashfulness which may be so often seen in the drawing rooms at home, is seldom seen here, all the ladies seem intimately acquainted with each other—they stand in groups which are wistfully eyed by the single young men. Now! a waltz or quadrille strikes up, away they go in the merry dance, much to the admiration of the mater and pater familias, recalling as it does the memory of their own juvenile days. Dancing is kept up until a late hour with unflagging spirit, until the tinkle of the sleigh bells, warns the revellers that it is time to depart; one dance more is eagerly demanded, in which all must join; and, finally, the party breaks up to meet again at no distant date.

I cannot bring these sketches to a more fitting conclusion than by giving the reader the benefit of a few simple lines composed by Mrs. Moody, the sister of the celebrated authoress Agnes Strickland; and also sister to Major Strickland, who has founded a happy home for his family in Canada, where, after thirty years of toil, he has earned that independence which none can expect to enjoy unless they are prepared to contend boldly against the hardships and struggles of colonial life which beset the young colonist—lightened as these struggles undoubtedly may be by the happy possessions of kindly feelings constantly displayed in our social intercourse. In paying tribute to the memory of Major Strickland, I would mark my respect for one who was ever ready to assist those who needed his practical experience, and whose home was never closed to those who claimed his hospitality.

'Tis merry to hear at evening time
By the blazing hearth, the sleigh-bell's chime
And to know each bound of the steed brings nigher
The friend for whom we have heaped the fire,
Light leap our hearts, while list'ning hound
Springs forth to hail him with bark and bound.

'Tis he! and blithely the gay bells sound
As his sleigh glides over the frozen ground
Hark! he has passed the dark pine-wood
And skims like a bird o'er the ice-bound flood;
Now he catches the gleam from the cabin door
Which tells that his toilsome journey's o'er.

Our cabin is small, and coarse our cheer,
But love has spread the banquet here;
And childhood springs to be caress'd
By our well-beloved and welcome guest
With a smiling brow his tale he tells
While the urchins ring the merry sleigh-bells.

ON THE CULTIVATION OF BULBS.

AGAPANTHUS.

THE most beautiful variety of this African lily is *Agapanthus Umbellatus*. It has leaves similar to the Amaryllis, and throws up a stem from one to two feet, on the top of which is an umbel of long tube-shaped blue flowers ; it has a bulbous root like a coarse leek. They are hardy in the North Island of New Zealand, and may be planted in the borders and beds amongst a mixture of loam and decayed manure. Remove all offsets from the main stem, and this will induce the plant to throw much finer and larger flowers than if a number of suckers were left around the plant. The offsets may be planted in a rather shady place ; they will make fine plants for flowering about the second or third year. This plant will flower if immersed six inches under water. It has a fine effect planted alongside the margins of ponds, or planted in pots or boxes, and placed alongside terraces. There are two other varieties—one with white flowers, the other with striped leaves. I believe that few who know the value of this plant, as a noble ornament when in flower, will be long without it, for it is a plant of easy culture, and will grow in any common garden soil ; it will require to be removed every two years, and the soil renewed about the roots.

DOUBLE ANEMONES.

These hardy spring flowers are most beautiful when in flower, and deserve a place in every garden. They are of easy culture, and within the reach of every one who has a few yards of ground, as a great many varieties may be grown in a square yard of ground, or planted as edgings for beds ; they can be flowered in pots for window decoration. Soils for pot culture. Use a compost of good loam, well rotted cow manure, and sea or drift sand, which should be well incorporated and examined before using, so as to destroy any insects that may be in the compost ; for border culture, any good garden soil will suffice, provided it be well drained and moderately light.

CULTURE IN POTS.—Use the compost above alluded to, and plunge the pots amongst some light soil in the open air, burying the pot about one half inch under the soil ; give no water, and about six weeks from the time of planting the leaves will be making their appearance. When the flower stems are a few inches above the ground, remove the pots, and wash the outside of them ; then place them in a cool shade or out-house for a few days, preparatory to their removal to the place where they are to flower, either to the window or greenhouse. Water frequently ; never allow the soil to become dry, or the leaves to drop. The Anemone

will not bear a very high temperature, which will cause it to mildew ; a good preventative is to mix *sea sand* with the compost, or a little salt. After the flowers are faded, turn the plants out of the pots (ball entire) in a shady place in the open ground to mature their bulbs ; when the foliage dies off, take up the roots, and let them remain on the surface of the ground till dry ; afterwards pack them in boxes or pots mixed with dry sand, and put in a dry place, of medium temperature, till such time as they may be required for re-planting.

CULTURE IN THE OPEN AIR.—If the soil is heavy and wet, plant on raised beds six inches above the level of the surrounding ground, and incorporate along with the original soil, sand and wood ash, so as to make it light and porous. Plant the roots about two inches deep, and six inches asunder every way ; take the roots up when the foliage dies off, as above alluded to in the pot culture.

TO RAISE FROM SEED.—The seed may be gathered as soon as ripe ; this will require to be watched, and gathered as soon as the pod bursts open, or the wind will carry it away without being observed. Soon after the seed is gathered, it may be sown in boxes filled with light rich soil. Previous to sowing the seed, first rub it well through the palm of the hands, along with some dry sand, to disengage the seeds one from the other ; then merely cover the seed with the mould one-eighth of an inch, and give the box a slight watering with a fine rose ; afterwards plunge the box in a shady situation up to the top ; water occasionally in dry weather : the plants will soon make their appearance, and by the second year will be large enough to plant out.

Single Anemones do not present so fine an appearance as the Double, but in masses they make a magnificent show, especially the scarlet sorts. The Double Scarlet Turban Anemone is fine for massing, as a bed of it has a most brilliant appearance when the sun is on it.

DOUBLE PERSIAN RANUNCULUS.

The Ranunculu had long been held in repute, and for beauty of form and brilliancy of colour is scarcely to be surpassed, as it is more capable of growing in humid soils than the most of spring flowering bulbs, and affords a means of filling up beds and borders, which, from their situation, are likely to be less adopted for such as require a drier position.

SOILS.—The compost for the finer sorts of both Persian and Scotch Ranunculus is a retentive loam, with the addition of some well-rotted cow dung, and a good sprinkling of sharp sand ; let them be well incorporated, and mixed a few weeks before planting. To have them bloom to perfection, it is advisable to cast about six inches of the original soil out of the bed where they are to be planted, and lay about two inches of rotten manure evenly along the bottom, with a little of the same throughout mixed with it ; this keeps the ground damp about the roots ; then fill up the bed with the prepared com

commended, to the depth of four or five inches, and with a rake smoot the surface, and it will be ready for the reception of the roots.

TIME OF PLANTING.—Perhaps the best time to put in the first batch will be about the first week in June; plant one-and-a-half inches deep, and about six inches from plant to plant; firm the roots well in the ground; put a little sand in with every root, as this will preserve them from decay; they must be covered in very bad weather. When in flower, a few roots may be planted every month up to October, and this will give a succession of bloom during a period of several months.

The *Ranunculus* may be propagated either by division of the roots, or by seed, similarly to that recommended for the *Anemone*; take up the roots as the foliage dies off, and mix with dry sand, and put them away in a dry airy place till required for planting.

LILIES.

Lilies have long been celebrated for their beauty, and are well deserving of a place in every garden. The Japan in particular cannot be too highly recommended, either for cultivating in pots or boxes, or in the open ground (as they are perfectly hardy here). They make handsome specimens for the window or greenhouse grown in large pots.

CULTURE IN POTS.—Select a pot about nine inches in diameter at the rim, and as much in depth; put a few broken potsherds in the bottom to serve as drainage, and some fibrous turf over the drainage; then fill the pot to within three inches of the rim, with the following compost—namely, one part decayed stable manure, one white sand, one black scoria soil, and two of decayed turfy loam; incorporate these together, and fill in the pots. Select good bulbs that are likely to flower, and press them firm in the soil with the finger and thumb; allow the crown of the bulb to be about an inch under ground; then remove the pot, and sink it in a rather dry place in the garden, where it will have the morning sun, and a free circulation of air. When the stem begins to rise above the pot, the pot can be filled up to the top with part of the same compost, as it was planted in. It will require frequent waterings throughout the early part of the season; and when the flowerbuds begin to form, give liquid manure water about once a week (not too strong) till such time as the flowers are near expanding, then remove the pots to the greenhouse or conservatory till such time as they are done flowering. Shade when in flower, and that will prolong the bloom, and keep the plants as cool as possible; never water overhead when the flowers are expanded, as it will tarnish the flowers, and hasten their decay. When they are past flowering, remove the pots to a shady place in the open air till the bulb is matured; and when the foliage turns yellow, the pots may be laid on their sides to protect the bulb from pushing a second time. About the beginning of May the bulbs can be taken out of the pots, and placed in a box with some of the ball of mould adhering to the roots, and put away for the winter in any spare place in the house, but so as not to exclude the air and light entirely from them, nor allow the bulbs to become quite dry, or they will shrivel up. They may remain in this state till about

the first week in September, but a few may be put in earlier and later, and that will prolong the blooming season.

OUT-DOOR CULTURE.—They may be planted out of doors, in the borders and beds, at any time during the spring months, in any well drained light rich soil ; plant in warm situations where they are not exposed to high winds and water in the growing season, and stir the soil frequently about the roots. Take up the bulbs, as above directed, for pot culture. They can be increased either from seed, or small bulbs from the crown and round the stem of the original bulb ; but it takes two or three years to bring them into a flowering state, and four years from seed.

There is also a beautiful striped one called *Giganteum* ; height, four feet ; hardier than some of the others, and which does not require to be dried off in winter.

D. HAY.

HORACE.—BOOK V., ODE 2.

"Beatus ille qui procul negotiis."

HAPPY the man, who, far from smoky town,
Can call the soil his fathers tilled his own ;
Like the primæval race of men is he
From debt, and all its cares and sorrows free !
He is not wakened by the trumpet's blast,
He need not mount upon the rocking mast,
He shuns the frowns, avoids the storms of state,
Nor cares to cross the threshold of the great ;
But still delights at leisure hour to twine
In the tall poplar boughs the mantling vine,
To see, in sheltered valley far below,
His cattle graze secure, and hear them low,
With his own hand the useless branches lop,
And graft the promise of a fairer crop,
In earthen jar the golden honey heap,
Or clip, with tender hand, the ailing sheep.

When glowing Autumn lifts his jovial head,
With mellow fruits about his pathway shed,
What joy to pluck his own engrafted pear,
His grapes with royal purple to compare,
And pile them up, before Priapus' shrine,
Or Sylvan's,—guardian of the fence's line ;—
Or, resting now, 'neath aged oak to lie
Upon the matted grass, with water nigh,
To hear the stream down its deep channel glide,
And the birds carol in the wood beside ;
The birds' sweet tones, the streamlets ceaseless hum
Shall sleep invite,—and gentle sleep shall come

Or when the roaring wind, in wintry sky,
 Drives the light shower, or fitful snow-storm by,
 He cheers the thronging hounds upon the boar,
 And spreads the toils his furious path before;
 On the smooth pole hangs forth the subtle net,
 And see's the gin for dainty thrushes set;
 Or watches for his game by covert snare,
 Laid for the stranger crane, or timid hare:
 Who, 'mid such pleasures, but must needs unbend,
 If free from love, and cares that love attend!

Or, if a true and tender wife the while
 Blesses his home with childhood's happy smile
 (As in Apulian hills ye still may find
 A sun-browed mate of sturdy Sabine hind),
 She piles the altar-hearth with faggot stored,
 Against the coming of her wearied lord;
 She pens the flock, that love her gentle sway,
 Drains the full udder at the closing day,
 Draws the new wine from duly seasoned cask,
 And spreads the unpurchased feast—her grateful task.

Give me no oysters from the Lucine bay,
 No costly turbot, brought from far away,
 No scaur, of price untold, by stormy blast
 From Pontic seas to Latin waters cast;
 Give me no wild-fowl fetched with toil and pains,
 From Asian shore, and Afric's burning plains;
 The rarest banquet were less grateful now
 Than the ripe olives from the laden bough,
 The meadow sorrel that my own fields bore,
 The mallow springing by my own low door,
 And kid or lamb, or slain on festal day,
 Or timely rescued from the beast of pray.

Such simple banquet closed, how sweet to see
 The sheep come trooping homeward o'er the lea;
 To see the patient oxen slowly bear
 Homeward, with sturdy neck the gleaming share;
 And thronging slaves, their master's pride, the while
 Press round his hearth to greet him with a smile.

Thus Alphius spoke, on the thirteenth of June;
 The usurer swore he'd be a farmer soon;
 Called in his cash, and reckoned up his gain,
 And, on the thirtieth—*lent it out again.*

E. B. D.

THE MUSICIAN.

HE did not move the hills and the rocks with his music, because those days are passed away,—the days when Orpheus had all nature for his audience, when the audience would not keep its seat. In those days trees and rocks may have held less firm root in the soil: it was nearer the old Chaos-times, and they had not lost the habit of the whirling dance. The trees had not found their “continental” home, and the rocks were not yet wedded to their places; so they could each enjoy one more bachelor-dance before settling into their staid vegetable and mineral domestic happiness.

Our musician had no power, then, to move them from their place of ages; he did not stir them as much as the morning and evening breezes among the leaves, or the streams trickling down among the great rocks and wearing their way over precipices. But he moved men and women of all natures and feelings. He could translate Bach and Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Mozart,—all the great poet-musicians that are silent now, and must be listened to through an interpreter. All the great people and all the little people came to hear him. A princess fell in love with him. She would have married him. She did everything but ask him to marry her. Indeed, some of his friends declared she did this; but that cannot be believed.

“You ought to be satisfied,” said one of his friends to the musician one day; “all the world admire you; money drops from the keys of your piano-forte; and a princess is in love with you.”

“With me?” answered the musician; “with my music, perhaps. You talk nonsense when you talk of her falling in love with me, of her marrying a poor musician. What then? To have one instrument more in her palace! Let her marry her piano-forte,—or her violin, if she objects to a quadruped!”

“You are as blind as Homer,” said his friend. “Can’t you see that her love is purely personal? Would she care to give a title to a pianist, if he were any other than Arnold Wulf? If you had other eyes in your head, or if there were another man inside even that same face of yours, the strains might flow out under your fingers like streams from Paradise, in vain, so far as her heart was concerned. Your voice is quite as persuasive as your music with her.”

“If so, why must she put a title in front of my name, before I am worthy of her?” asked Arnold. “She offers me some square miles of uninhabitable forest, because, as owner of them, I can wear a Von before my name. I can put it on as an actor on the stage wears a chapeau of the Quarzorze time. It is one of the properties of establishment. You may call it a lively of the palace, if you like. I may make love to her on the stage as ‘My Lord.’ I little meagre part of Arnold,—thank you, I prefer it, princess.”

“And yet, if you have the palace, a princess is

your love of harmony, you yourself would not be pleased to see a cotton dress hanging across a damask couch, or rude manners interrupt a stately dinner. The sound of the title clangs well as you are ushered up through the redoubled apartments. If the play is in the Quatorze time, let it be played out. A princess deserves at least a lord for a husband.

"Very well, if the question is of marriage," answered Arnold; "but in love, a woman loves a man, not a title; and if a woman marries as she loves, she marries the man, not the lordship."

"But this is a true princess," said his friend Carl.

"And a true princess," answered Arnold, "feels the peas under ever so many mattresses. She would not fall in love with a false lord, or degrade herself by marrying her scullion. But if she is a true princess, she sees what is lordly in her subject. If she loves him, already he is above her in station,—she looks up to him as her ideal. Whatever we love is above self. We pay unconscious homage to the object of our love. Already it becomes our lord or princess."

"I don't see, then," said Carl, "but that you are putting unnecessary peas in your shoes. It is the princeliness that your princess has discovered in you; and the titles she would give you are the signs of it, that she wishes you to wear before the world."

"And they will never make me lord or prince, since I am not born such," answered Arnold. "If I were born such, I would make the title grand and holy, so that men should see I was indeed prince and lord as well as man. As it is, I feel myself greater than either, and born to rule higher things. It would cramp me to put on a dignity for which I was not created. Already I am cramped by the circumstances out of which I was born. I cannot express strains of music that I hear in my highest dreams, because my powers are weak, and fail me as often as the strings of my instrument fail my fingers. To put on any of the conventionalities of life, any of its honours, even the loves of life, would be to put on so many constraints the more."

"That is because you have never loved," said Carl.

"That may be," said Arnold,—"because I have never loved anything but music. Still that does not satisfy me,—it scarcely gives me joy; it gives me only longing, and oftener despair. I listen to it alone, in secret, until I am driven by a strange desire to express it to a great world. Then, for a few moments, the praise and flattery of crowds delight and exalt me,—but only to let me fall back into greater despair, into remorse that I have allowed the glorious art of music to serve me as a cup of self-exaltation."

"You, Arnold, so unmoved by applause?" said Carl.

"It is only an outside coldness," answered Arnold; "the applause heats me, excites me, till a moment when I grow to hate it. The flatteries of a princess and her imitating train turn my head, till an old choral strain, or a clutch that my good angel gives me, a welling-up of my own genius in my heart, comes to draw me back, to cool me, to taunt me as traitor, to rend me with the thought that in self I have utterly forgotten myself, my highest self."

"These are the frenzies with which one has to pay for the gift of genius," said Carl. "A cool temperament balances all that. If one enjoys coolly, one suffers as coolly. Take these fits of despair as the reverse side of your fate. She offers you by way of balance cups of joy

and pleasure and success, of which we commonplace mortals scarcely taste a drop. When my peasant-maiden Rosa gives me a smile, I am at the summit of bliss; but my bliss-mountain is not so high that I fear a fall from it. If it were the princess that gladdened me so, I should expect a tumble into the ravine now and then, and would not mind the hard scramble up again, to reach the reward at the top."

"It would not be worth the pains," said Arnold; "a princess's smiles are not worth more than a peasant-girl's. I am tired of it all. I am going to find another world. I am going to England."

"You are foolish," answered Carl. "The world is no different there; there is as little heart in England as in Germany,—no more or less. You are just touching success here; do give it a good grasp."

"I am cloyed with it already," said Arnold.

"It is not that," said Carl. "You are a child crying for the moon. You would have your cake and eat it too. You want some one who shall love you, you alone,—who shall have no other thought but yours, no other dream than of you. Yet you are jealous for your music. If that is not loved as warmly, you begin to suspect your lover. It is the old proverb, 'Love me, love my dog.' But if your dog is petted too much, if we dream in last night's strains of music, forget you a moment in the world you have lifted us into,—why, then your back is turned directly; you upbraid us with following you for the sake of the music,—we have no personal love of you,—you are the violin or the fiddlestick!"

"You are right, old Carl," said Arnold. "I am all out of tune myself. I have not set my inward life into harmony with the world outside. It is true, at times I impress a great audience, make its feelings sway with mine; but, alas! it does not impress me in return. There is a little foolish joy at what you call success; but it lasts such a few minutes! I want to have the world move me; I do not care to move the world!"

"And will England move you more than Germany?" asked Carl; "will the hearts of a new place touch you more than those of home? The closer you draw to a man, the better you can read his heart, and learn that he has a heart. It is not the number of friends that gives us pleasure, but the warmth of the few."

"In music I find my real life," Arnold went on, "because in music I forget myself. Is music, then, an unreal life? In real life must self always be uppermost? It is so with me. In the world, with people, I am self-conscious. It is only in music that I am lifted above myself. When I am not living in that, I need activity, restlessness, change. This is why I must go away. Here I can easily be persuaded to become a conceited fool, a flattered hanger-on of a court."

We need scarcely tell of the musician's career in England. We are already familiar with London fashionable life. We have had life-histories, three volumes at a time, that have taken us into the very houses, told us of all the domestic quarrels, some already healed, some pending. It is easy to imagine of whom the world was crowded the concerts of the celebrated musician. There were there, and the Newcomes, Jane Rochester with her young Lord St. Orville with one of the Great-Grand-Abbey, Mr. Thornton and Margaret Thornton, — attached couples, Lady Lufton and her son, the E

the Osbornes, from France, Miss Dudleigh and Sarona, Alton Locke, on a visit home, Signor and Signora Mancini, sad-eyed Rachel Leslies with her younger brother, a stately descendant of Sir Charles Grandison, the Royal Family, and all the nobility. When everybody went,—every one fortunate enough to get a ticket and a seat in the crowded hall,—it would be invidious to mention names. It was the fashion to go; and so everybody went who was in the fashion. Then, of course, the unfashionables went, that it might not be supposed they were of that class; and with these, all those who truly loved music were obliged to contend for a place. Fashion was on the side of music, till it got the audience fairly into the hall and in their seats; and then music had to struggle with fashion. It had to fix and melt the wandering eyes, to tug at the worldly and the stony heart. And here it was that Arnold's music won the victory. The ravishing bonnet of Madam This or That no longer distracted the attention of its envying admirers, or of its owner; the numerous flirtations that had been thought quite worth the price of the ticket, and of the crushed flounces, died away for a few moments; the dissatisfaction of the many who discovered themselves too late in inconspicuous seats was drowned in the deeper and sadder unrest that the music awakened. For the music spoke separately to each heart, roused up the secrets hidden there, fanned dying hopes or silent longings. It made the light-hearted lighter in heart, the light-minded heavy in soul. When there was a glimpse of heaven, it opened the heavens wider; where there was already hell, it made the abysses gape deeper. For those few moments each soul communed with itself, and met with a shuddering, there, or an exaltation, as the case might be.

After those few moments, outside life resumed its sway. Buzzing talk swept out the memory of music. One song from an opera brought thought back to its usual level. Men and women looked at each other through their opera-glasses, and, bringing distant outside life close to them, fancied themselves in near communion with it. The intimacy of the opera-glass was warm enough to suit them,—so very near at one moment, comfortably distant at the next. It was an intimacy that could have no return, nor demanded it. One could study the smile on the lip of one of these neighbors, even the tear in her eye, with one's own face unmoved, an answer of sympathy impossible, not required. Nevertheless, the music had stirred, had excited; and the warmth it had awakened was often transferred to the man who had kindled it. The true lovers of music could not express their joy and were silent, while these others surrounded Arnold with their flatteries and adoration.

He was soon wearied of this.

"I am going to America, to a new world," he said to his friend; "there must be some variety there."

"Perhaps so," said Carl,—*"something new, something that is neither man nor woman, since they cannot satisfy you. Still I fancy you will find nothing higher than men and women."*

"A new land must develope men and women in a new way," answered Arnold.

"If you would look at things, in my microscopic way," said Carl, "and examine into one man or one woman, you would not need all this travelling. But I will go as far as New York with you."

At New York the name of the musician had already awakened the same excitement as in other places; the concert-room was crowded;

there was the same rush for places; the prices paid for the tickets seemed here even more fabulous. Arnold was more of a lion than ever. His life was filled with receptions, dinners, and evening parties, or with parlor and evening concerts. His dreamy, poetic face, his distant, abstracted manner, proved as fascinating as his music.

Carl tired of the whirl, and the adoration, of which he had his share.

"I shall go back to Germany," he said. "I shall go to my Ross, and leave you your world."

"I am tired of my world. I shall go to the Far West," said Arnold, when Carl left him.

One day he went to a *matinée* at one of the finest and most fashionable houses in the place. There were beautiful women elegantly dressed, very exquisite men walking up and down the magnificently furnished drawing-rooms. The air was subdued, the voices were low, the wit was quiet, the motion was full of repose, the repose breathed grace. Arnold seated himself at the Steinway, at the half-expressed request of the hostess, and partly from the suggestions of his own mood. He began with dreamy music; it was heavy with odours, at first, drugged with sense, then spiritualizing into strange, delicate fancies. Then came strength with a sonata of Beethoven's; then the strains died back again into a song singing without words.

"You would like some dance-music now," said Arnold to the beautiful Caroline, who stood by his side. "Shall I play some music that will make everybody dance?"

"Like the music in the fairy-tale," said Caroline; "oh, I should like that! I often hear such dance-music, that sets me stirring; it seems as if it ought to move old and young."

"There are no old people here," said Arnold. "I have not seen any."

"It seems to me there are no young," answered Caroline.

"There are neither young nor old," said Arnold; "that is the trouble."

But he began to play a soft, dreamy waltz. It was full of bewitching invitation. No one could resist it. It passed into a wild, stirring polka, into a maddening galop, back again to a dreamy waltz. Now it was dizzying, whirling; now it was languishing, full of repose. Now it was the burst and clangor of a full orchestra; now it was the bewitching appeal of a single voice that invited to dance. Up and down the long room, across the broad room, the dancers moved. The room, that had been so full of quiet, was swaying with motion.

Caroline seized hold of the back of a chair to stay herself.

"It whirls me on; how dizzying it is! And you, would you not like to join in the dance? I would be your partner."

"The piano is my partner," answered Arnold. "Do you not see how it whirls with me?"

"Yes, everything moves," said Caroline. "Are Cupid and Psyche coming to join us? Will my great-grand-aunt come down to this in her brocade? My sober cousin, and Marie, who gave up dancing ago,—they are all carried away. It seems to me like the night of a Walpurgis night,—as though I saw ghosts, and whirling over the Brocken, across wild forests. It is a gilded drawing-room, with its tapestries, its bijouterie

light both muffled: we are out in the wild tempest; there are sighing pines, dashing waterfalls. Do you know that is where your music carries me always? Whether it is grave or gay, it takes me out into whirling winds, and tosses me in tempests. They call society gay here, and dizzying,—dance and music, show, excess, following each other; but it is all sleep, Lethe, in comparison with the mad world into which your music whirls me. Oh, stop a moment, Arnold! will you not stop? It is too wild and maddening!"

The strains crashed into discord, crashed into harmony, and then there was a wonderful silence. The dancers were suddenly stilled,—looked at each other with flushed cheek,—would have greeted each other, as if they had just met in a foreign land; but they recovered themselves in time. Nothing unconventional was said or done.

"Did I dance?" Marie asked herself—"or was I only looking on?"

One of the dancers scarcely dared to look round, lest it should prove to be the gréat-grand-aunt's brocade that she heard rustle behind her; while another thanked her partner for a chair, with eyes cast down, lest it might be Cupid that offered it. But the room was the same; there was an elegant calm over everything. Tea-poy, light chairs, fragile vases have been undisturbed by crinoline even.

"Are you quite sure this Chinese joss was on this table, when the music began?" asked Marie's companion of her, whisperingly.

"Oh, hush, you don't think *that* danced, do you?" said Marie, with a shudder.

"I hardly know. I think the musician was on this side of the room a little while ago, piano and all."

"Don't talk so," replied Marie. "They are all going now. I am glad of it. You will be at the opera to-night? I must say I like opera-music better than this wild German stuff that sets one's brain whirling!"

"Heels, too, I should say," said her companion; and they took their leave with the rest.

The next afternoon Arnold was sitting in his room with the windows open. It was an early spring day, when the outer air was breathing of summer. He was thinking of how the beautiful, cold Caroline had spoken to him the day before,—of that wild, appealing tone with which she had called him Arnold. Before, always, she had given him no more than the greeting of an acquaintance. Now, the tone in which she had spoken took a significance. As he was questioning it, recalling it, he suddenly heard his own name called most earnestly and appealingly. There was a softness, and an agony too, in its piercing tone, as if it came straight from the heart. "Arnold! come, come back!" He hurried to the window, wondering if he were under the influence of some dream. He looked down, and found himself a witness to a scene that he could not interrupt, because he could not help, and a sudden word might create danger. It passed very quickly, though it would take many words to describe it. A piazza led across the windows of the story below, to a projecting part of the building, the sloping roof of which it touched. At the other end of the sloping roof, where it met an alley-way that opened upon a street beyond, there was a little child leaning over to look at some soldiers that were passing through the street across the alley. He was supporting himself, by an iron wire that served as a lightning-rod. Already it was bending beneath his

weight ; and in his eagerness he was forgetting his slippery footing, and the dizzy height of thirty feet, over which he was hanging. He was a little three year-old fellow, too, and probably never knew anything about danger. His mother had always screamed as loudly when he fell from a footstool as when she had seen him leaning from a three-story window.

The voice came from a girl, who, at the moment Arnold came to the window, was crossing the iron palisade of the piazza. She was at the slippery, sloping leads as she repeated the cry, in a tone earnest and thrilling—"Dear Arnold, come in, only come, and George shall take you to the soldiers."

The boy only gave another start of assurance, that seemed to loosen still more his support, crying out, "The drummer! Cousin Laura, come, see the drummer!"

But Laura kept her way along the edge of the roof, reached the child, seized him, and walked back across the perilous slope with the struggling boy in her arms. Arnold the musician had noticed, even in her hurrying, dangerous passage towards the child, the rich sunny folds of her hair, golden like a German girl's. Now, as she returned, he saw the soft lines of her terror-moved face, and the deep blue of her wide-opened eyes. Her voice changed as she reached the piazza, and set the child down in safety.

"Oh, Arnold, darling, how could you, how could you frighten me so?"

The child began to cry, because it was reproved, because its pleasure was stopped, and because Cousin Laura, pale and white, held to the railing of the piazza for support. But the mamma came out, Laura was lifted in, the boy was scolded, the windows were shut, and there was the end.

Arnold sat by the window, thinking. The thrilling tones of the voice still rang in his ear, as though they were calling upon him, "Arnold, come, come back!"

"If any voice would speak to me in that tone!" he thought; "If such a voice would call upon my name with all that heart in its depths!"

And he compared it with the tone in which Caroline had appealed to him the day before. Sometimes her voice assumed the same earnestness, and he felt as if she were showing him in the words all her own heart, betraying love, warmth, ardour. Sometimes, in comparison with that cry, her tones seemed cold and metallic, a selfish appeal of danger, not a cry of love. He found himself examining her more nearly than he had ever done before.

"Was she more than outwardly beautiful? Was there any warmth beneath that cold manner? Could she warm as well shine?"

He remembered that she had often complained to him of her longing for sympathy; she had spoken to him of the coldness of the world, of the heartlessness of society. She had envied him his genius,—the musical talent that made him independent of the world, of the men and women. He could never appreciate what it was to be the world, to find one's higher feelings misunderstood, to be passed from one gate to another, to be dissatisfied with the world of life, and yet to find no relief;—all this she had said

But why was it so with her? She had a very sweet mother, who seemed to devote themselves to her with

brothers,—he had seen them pushed from the drawing-room the day of the *Matinée*,—a sister near her age, not yet out. Caroline had apologised for her sister's crying while listening to his music. "She was unsophisticated still, and had not forgotten her boarding-school nonsense." Then, if Caroline did not enjoy city-life, there was a house in the country to which she might have gone early in the spring. She had, too, her friend Marie. She imparted to him some of Marie's confidences, her sad history; Marie must be enough of a friend to be trusted in return. In short, Caroline's manner had always been so conventional and unimpulsive, that these complaints of life had seemed to him a part of her society-tone, as easily taken on and off as her bonnet or her paletot. They suited the enthusiasm that was necessary with music, and would be forgotten in her talk with Mr. Gresham, the banker.

But she had called him by his own name: that had moved him. And now that another voice had given the words a tone he had not before detected in them, he began to question their meaning. Could Caroline put as much heart into her voice as this golden-haired Laura had shown? Could Caroline have exposed herself to danger as that girl had done? Perhaps any woman would have done it. Perhaps the princess would have ventured so, to save a child's life. Would he have ventured to do it himself? It could not have been a pleasant thing to walk on a pointed roof, with some half-broken spikes to catch one, in case of missing one's footing, or escaping the fall of thirty feet below. And that little frightened-looking timid Laura, if he could only see her again!

He questioned whether this were not a possible thing. He had formed a slight acquaintance with Mrs. Ashton, who was occupying the rooms below; he had met her on the stairs, had exchanged some words with her. It struck him it would be a proper thing to offer her some tickets to his next concert. At this moment he was interrupted, was summoned away, and he deferred his intention until the next day.

The next day he presented himself at the door of Mrs. Ashton's parlour. She invited him in, cordially, and he was presented to her niece, who sat in the window with her work. Laura scarcely looked up as he entered, and went on with her crochet.

Presently Arnold opened his business.

"Would Mrs. Ashton accept some tickets for his concert that evening?"

Mrs. Ashton looked pleased, thought him very kind.

Arnold took out the tickets for herself, for Mr. Ashton. He offered another.

"Would her niece be pleased to go? would Miss"—

Laura looked up from her work and hesitated.

"She was much obliged, she didn't know, but she had promised her cousin to go to the theatre with him."

Mrs. Ashton thinking the musician looked displeased, attempted to explain.

"Laura was not very fond of music. She did not like concerts very well. She seldom came to New York, and the theatre was a new thing to her.

"I do not wonder," said Arnold, withdrawing his ticket, "I sympathise with Mademoiselle in her love for the theatre; and concert

music is but poor stuff. If one finds a glimpse there of a higher style, a higher art, it is driven away directly by the occurrence of something trifling and frivolous."

Mrs. Ashton did not agree with the musician. She could not understand why Laura did not like concerts. For herself, she liked the variety: the singing helped the piano, and one thing helped another.

Arnold looked towards Laura for a contradiction; he wanted to hear her defence of her philosophy, for he was convinced she had some in not liking music. To him every one had expressed a fondness for music; and it was a rarity, an originality, to find some one who confessed she did not like it.

But Laura did not seem inclined to reply; she was counting the stitches in her crochet. In the silence, Arnold took his leave.

He had no sooner reached his own room than he reproached himself for his sudden retreat. Why had he not stayed, and tried to persuade the young lady to change her mind? An engagement for the theatre with a cousin might have been easily postponed. And he would like to have made her listen to some of his music. He would have compelled her to listen. He would have played something that would have stirred all the audience; but for her, it would have been like taking her back to her peril of the day before,—she should have lived over again all its self-exaltation, all its triumph.

Laura meanwhile had laid down her work.

"I was stupid," she said, "not to take that ticket."

"I think you were," said her aunt, "when we know so many people would give their skins for a ticket."

"It is not that," said Laura, "but I didn't want to go, till I saw the ticket going out of my grasp. I have always had such dreary associations with concerts, since those I went to with Janet, last spring,—long dreary pieces that I couldn't understand, interrupted by Italian songs that had more scream in them than music, and Janet flirting with her friends all the time."

"I knew you didn't like music," said her aunt, "that was the only way I could get you out of the scrape, for it did seem impolite to refuse the ticket. Of course an engagement to the theatre appeared a mere excuse, as long as Laura Keene plays every night now."

"It was not a mere excuse with me," said Laura, "I did not fancy the exchange. But now I think I should like to know what his music is. I wonder if it is at all like mine."

"The music you make on the little old piano at home?" asked Mrs. Ashton; "that is sweet enough in that room, but I fancy it is different from his music."

"Oh, I don't mean that," said Laura; "it is because the piano seems to say so little that I care so little for it. The music I mean is what I hear when, in a summer's afternoon, I carry my book out into the barn to read as I lie on a bed of hay. I don't read, but I ~~listen~~. The cooing of the doves, the clatter even of the fowls in the barn, the quiet noises, with the whisperings of the great elm, and the of the brook in the field beyond,—all this is the music I ~~like~~. It puts me into delicious dreams, and stirs me, too, longing."

"Well, I doubt if our great musician can do all won't bring in the hens and chickens," laughed M.

"But I should like to hear him, if he could show me what real music is," said Laura, dreamily, as her hands fell on her work.

"Well, I am sorry," said Mrs. Ashton, "and you might take my ticket: you can, if you wish. Only one concert is like another, and I dare say you would be disappointed after all. I told Mrs. Campbell I should certainly go to one of his concerts, and I suppose Mr. Ashton will hardly care for the expense of tickets, now we have had them presented to us. And as I know that Mrs. Campbell is going to-night, she will see that I am there, so I should much prefer going to-night. But then Laura, if you do care so much about it"—

Oh no,—Laura did not care; only she was sorry she had been so stupid.

She was very much surprised, when, in the evening towards the end of the performance at the theatre, the musician came and joined her party, and talked most agreeably with them. Even her cousin George did not resent his intrusion, and on the way home imparted to Laura that he had no doubt the musician's talk was pleasanter than his music.

Laura did not agree with him. She met with the musician frequently now, and his talk only made her more and more desirous to hear his music. He came frequently to her aunt's room; he joined her and her aunt at the Academy of Fine Arts many times. Here he talked to her most charmingly of pictures, as a musician likes to talk about pictures, and as a painter discusses music,—as though he had the whole art at his fingers' ends. It was the opening of a new life to Laura. If he could tell her so much of painting and sculpture, what would she not learn, if he would only speak of music? But he never did, and he never offered to play to them. She was glad her aunt never suggested it. The piano in the drawing-room must be quite too poor for him to touch. But he never offered her another concert-ticket. She did not wonder that he never did, she had been so ungracious at first. She was quite ashamed that he had detected her once in going to the Horse-Opera, he must think her taste so low. She wanted to tell him it was her cousin George's plan; but then she did enjoy it.

Arnold found himself closely studying both Caroline and Laura now. "Carl would be pleased at my microscopic examinations," he thought.

Frequently as he visited Laura, as frequently he saw Caroline. He was constantly invited her house,—to meet her at other places. Yet the nearer she came to him, the farther he seemed from her. Can we more easily read a form that flees from us than one that approaches us? He talked with her constantly of music. She asked him his interpretation of this or that sonata. She betrayed to him the impression he had made with this or that fantasie. It was astonishing how closely she appreciated the vague changes of tones and words of music.

But with Laura he never ventured to speak of music. Whenever he played now, he played as if for her; and yet he never ventured to ask her to listen.

"It seems to me sometimes," said Caroline to him once, "as though you were playing to some one person. Your music is growing to have a beseeching tone; there is something personal in it."

"It must always be so," replied Arnold, moodily, "can my music answer its own questions?"

The spring days were opening into summer, the vines were coming into full leaf, the magnolias were in blossom, the windows of the conservatories at the street-corners were thrown open, and let out to sight some of the gorgeous display of bright azaleas and gay geraniums.

Arnold sat with Caroline at an opera Matinee. A seat had been left for him near her. In an interval, she began to speak to him again of her weariness of life; the next week was going on precisely as the last had gone, in the same round of engagements.

"You will envy me my life," said Arnold. "I am going out West. I am going to build my own house."

"You are joking; you would not think of it seriously," said Caroline.

"I planned it long ago," answered Arnold; "it was to be the next act after New York,—the final act, perhaps. Scene I: The Log Cabin."

"How can you think of it?" exclaimed Caroline. "Give up everything? your reputation, fortune, everything?"

"New York, in short," added Arnold.

"Very well, then,—New York, in short; that is the world," said Caroline. "And your music, who is to listen to it?"

"My music?" asked Arnold; "that is of a subjective quality. A composer, even, need not hear his own music."

"I don't understand you," said Caroline; "and I dare say you are insane."

"You do not understand me?" asked Arnold, "yet you could read to me all that fantasie I played to you last night. It was my own composition, and I had not comprehended it in the least."

"Now you are satirical," said Caroline.

"Because you are inconsistent," pursued Arnold; "you wonder I do not stay here, because my fortune can buy me a handsome house, horses, style and all its elegancies; yet you yourself have found no happiness in them."

"But I never should find happiness out of them," answered Caroline. "It is a pretty amusement for us who have the gold to buy our pleasures with, to abuse it and speak ill of it. But those who have not it,—you do not hear them depreciate it so. I believe they would sell out their home-evenings, those simple enjoyments books speak of and describe so well,—they would sell them as gladly as the author sells his descriptions of them, for our equipages, our grand houses, our toilet."

Arnold looked at his neighbour. Her hands, in their exquisitely fitting lilac gloves, lay carelessly across each other above the folds of the dress with which they harmonised perfectly. A little sweetbrier rose fell out from the white lace about her face, against the soft brown of her hair. Arnold pictured Laura gathering just such a rose from the porch she had described by the door of her country-house.

"Would you not have enjoyed gathering yourself that delicate that looks coquettish out of its simplicity?" he asked.

"Thank you, no," Caroline interrupted. "I select Madame Paris' bonnets, because it suited my complexion picked the rose in the sun, don't you see my complexion longer have suited it?"

"I see you would enjoy life merely as a looker-on," said Arnold ; "I would prefer to be actor in it. When I have built my own house, and have digged my own potatoes, I shall know the meaning of house and potatoes. My wife, meanwhile, will be picking the roses for her hair."

"She will be learning the meaning of potatoes in cooking them," replied Caroline. "I would, indeed, rather be above life than in it. I have just enjoyed hearing Lucia sing her last song, and seeing Egardo kill himself. I should not care to commit either folly myself. I pity people that have no money ; I think they would as gladly hurry out of their restraints as Brignoli hurries into his every-day suit, after killing himself nightly as love-sick tenor."

"I would rather kill myself than think so," said Arnold.

This talk, which had been interrupted by the course of the opera, was finished as they left their seats. At the door, Mr. Gresham offered to help Caroline to her carriage. Arnold walked away.

"I would kill myself, if I could fancy that Laura thought so," he said, as he hurried home.

There was a cart at the door of the house, men carrying furniture on the stairs. The doors of Mrs. Ashton's rooms were wide-open ; packing-paper and straw were scattered about.

"What is the matter ?" he asked of his landlady.

"A gentleman has taken Mrs. Ashton's rooms. This is his grand piano."

"Mrs. Ashton ! where is she ?" asked Arnold.

"She left this morning. I should have been glad of further notice, but fortunately"—

"Where have they gone ?" interrupted Arnold.

"Home. I don't know where. I can't keep the run."

"It is in New England. Is there a directory of New England ?"

A directory of New England ! The names of its towns would make a large book !

Arnold went to his room. If he could only recall the name of the town near which Laura lived ! But American names had no significance. In Germany each town had a history. The small places were famous because they were near larger ones. And even in the smallest some drop of blood had been shed that had given it a name, or had made its name noted.

She had gone ; and why had she gone without telling him ?

If he could only have heard Mrs. Ashton's talk the evening before with her husband, he need not have asked the question.

"Do you know, dear, I think we had better leave New York directly, —to-morrow ?"

Mr. Ashton looked inquiries.

"I don't like this intimacy with a foreigner. He really has been very devoted to Laura."

"And, pray, what is the harm ?" asked Mr. Ashton.

"How can you ask ? A foreigner, and we know nothing about him," answered Mrs. Ashton.

"But that he is the richest man in New York, quiet, inexpensive in his ways."

"If we were sure of all that ! But I don't think her father would like it. I had a dream last night of Red Riding-Hood and the Wolf,

and I have'n't thought all day of anybody but Laura. We can get off early to-morrow. I have sent Laura to pack her things now."

"I'm afraid it is too late for her, poor girl!" said Mr. Ashton.

"She would be miserable, and her father would blame me, and I don't like it," said Mrs. Ashton. "And I am tired of New York."

"There's your dentist," suggested Mr. Ashton.

"I can come again," answered his wife.

Arnold's determination was made. He would visit every town in New England; he would cross every square mile of her territory. Of course he would find Laura. Since he should not stop till he found her, of course he would find her before he stopped.

He began in quest. He gave concerts in all the larger places; he looked anxiously through the large audiences that attended them,—hopelessly,—for how could he expect to find Laura among them? Often he left the railroads, to walk through the villages. It was the summer time, and he enjoyed the zest of climbing hills and wandering through quiet valleys.

He met with pleasant greetings in farm-houses, so far from the world that a stranger was greeted as a friend, where hospitality had not been so long worn upon but that it could offer a fresh cordiality to an unknown face. He wished he were a painter, that he might paint the pretty domestic scenes he saw: the cattle coming home at evening,—the children crowding round the school-mistress, as they walked away with her from the school-door,—the groups of girls sitting at sunset on the door-steps under the elms,—the broad meadows,—the rushing mountain-streams. But again, after the fresh delight of one of these country walks, he would reproach himself that he had left the more beaten ways and the crowded cars, where he might have met Laura.

In passing in one of these from one of the larger towns to another, he met Caroline, on her bridal tour as Mrs. Gresham.

"You are not gone to Kansas yet?" she asked. "Then you will be able to come and visit us in Newport this summer. I assure you, you will find cottage life there far more romantic than log-cabin life."

Of course he found success at last. It was just as summer was beginning to wane, but when in September she was putting on some of her last glories and her most fervid heats. He had reached the summit of a hill, then slowly walked down its slope, as he admired the landscape that revealed itself to him. He saw, far away among the hills in the horizon, the town towards which he was bound. The sunset was gathering brilliant colors over the sky; hills and meadows were bathed in a soft light. He stopped in front of a house that was separated from the road by a soft green of clover. By the gate there was a seat, on which he sat down to rest. It was all that was left of a great elm that some Vandal of the last generation had cut away. Nature had meanwhile been doing her best to make amends for the great damage. Soft mosses nestled over the broad, mutilated stump, the rains of years had washed out the freshness of its scar, vines wound themselves around, dandelions stretched their broad yellow shields above, and ferns rested there to form a carpet over it.

As Arnold, tired with his day's walk, was resting
 repose of the hour, the old master of the house came to
 They spoke of the distance to the town, of the hilly
 of the meadows in the valley, and their rich crops.

man asked Arnold into his house, and offered him the old-fashioned hospitality of a mug of cider, apologizing as he did so, telling how the times had changed, and what had become of all the cider-mills in the neighbourhood. He showed the large stem of the sweetbrier under which they passed as they went into the house, such as Arnold had seen hanging over many a New England porch, large enough for many initials to be carved upon it. They sat down in the little front-room, and talked on as the mother brought the promised mug of cider.

"Are you fond of music here?" asked Arnold, as he pointed to the old many legged piano that stood at one side of the room.

"My girls play a little," answered the old man; "they have gone up to town this afternoon to get some tickets to that famous man's concert. They play a little, but they complain the old piano is out of tune."

"That I could help," said Arnold, as he took his tuning-key out of his pocket.

"Oh, you are one of those tuners," said the old man relieved; "my girls have been looking out for one."

Arnold seated himself at the piano. The old people went in and out of the room, but presently came back when he began to play. They sat in silence listening. When Arnold came to a pause, the old man said,—

"That takes me back to the old meeting-house. Do you remember, wife, when I led in Dedham?"

"I," said the mother, "was thinking of that Ordination ball, and of 'Money Musk' and 'Hull's Victory.'"

"That is strange enough," said the old man, "that it should sound like psalm tunes and country dances."

"It takes us back to our youth; that is it," she answered.

And Arnold went on. Soft home strains came from the piano, and the two old people sank into their chairs in happy musing. The twilight was growing dimmer, the strains grew more soft and subdued, dying through gentle shades into silence. There had been a little rustling sound in the doorway. Arnold turned, when he had done, and saw a white figure standing there, in listening attitude, the head half bent, the hands clasped over a straw hat whose ribbons touched the ground. Behind her was the trellis of a porch, with its sweetbrier hanging over it. It was Laura, in the very frame in which his imagination had pictured her.

"Have the girls got home?" asked the old man, rousing himself, and going towards the door.—"Come in, girls. I half think we have got your great musician here. At any rate he can work some magic, and has pulled out of the old piano all the music ever your mother and I have listened to all our life long. My girls could not have hired me," he continued to Arnold, "to go to one of your new-fangled concerts; but whether it is because the little piano is so old, or because you know all that old music, you have brought it all back as though the world were beginning again. We must not let him go from here to-night," he said to his wife and children. And when he found that Laura had met the musician in New York, his urgencies upon Arnold to stay were peremptory and unanswerable.

As Laura's younger sister, Clara, closed her eyes that night, she said,—

"Mamma and papa think his music sounded of home and old times. How did it sound to you, Laura?"

Laura put her hands over her closed eyes in the dark, and said, dreamily,—

"It sounded to me like love songs, sung by such a tender voice, out in the woods, somewhere, where there were pine trees and a brook."

"It seemed to me like butterflies," said Clara. She did not explain what she meant.

The next morning, as it had been arranged in sisterly council, Laura was to entertain the stranger while Clara made the preparations for breakfast. Laura found him in the porch, already rejoicing in the morning view. But, after the first greeting, she found talking with him difficult. They fell into a silence; and to escape from it Laura finally run into the kitchen, blue muslin and all. She pushed Clara away from the fireplace.

"You must let me help," she said, and moved pots, pans, and kettles.

"Another stick of wood would make this water boil," she went on.

"Where shall I find it?" said a voice behind her; and Arnold directly answered his own question with his ready help.

There followed great bustling, laughter, help, and interruption to work. When Mrs. Ashton came down, she found the breakfast table in its wonted place in the broad kitchen, instead of being laid in the back parlor, as was the custom when there were guests in the house. It was a very happy breakfast; the door opened wide upon the green behind the house, and the September morning air brought in an appetite for the generously laden table.

After breakfast, Arnold asked the way to the knoll behind the house, covered with pines. Laura went to show him, though it was but a little walk. In the woods, by the pine trees, near the sound of the brook, Arnold asked Laura, "What had his music said to her?" Whether she answered him in the words she had given her sister the night before I will not say; but late to dinner, out from the woods, two happy lovers walked home in the bright September noon.

The log-cabin was built. If in its walls there were any broad chinks through which a wind might make its way, there were other draughts to send it back again,—strains of music, that helped to kindle the household hearth,—such strains as made sacred the seed that was laid in the earth, that refined coarse labour, that softened the tone of the new colony rising up around, so that life, even the rudest, was made noble, and the work was not merely for the body, but for the spirit, and a new land was planted under these strains of THE MUSICIAN.

MONTHLY LITERARY REVIEW.

THE month of August has produced absolutely no book of great interest or importance in any recognised walk of English literature. A somewhat tiresome mediocrity is the principal feature of the booksellers' catalogue for the month, whether in prose or verse, fact or fiction.

Perhaps on all accounts the most noticeable book of the month is a volume of Essays by Alexander Smith, already well-known as the author of "Edwin of Deira," and some other volumes of poetry, which have met with the recognition they deserved in the literary world. The setting of the Essays, if we may use the expression, is admirable, and the idea very happy and original, springing evidently from a poet's mind. "Dreamthorp," which gives its name to the book, is one of those spots familiar, yet strangely beautiful, which all have probably imagined, and many in looking back have thought they could identify with some scene of their childhood, although perhaps the principal resemblance is produced by the rose-light cast over the scene by pleasant memories. The Essays are supposed to be written at the small old-fashioned village of Dreamthorp, by a quiet elderly gentleman, who looks with keen, noticing eyes, out of his quiet retirement upon men and things. There are few pictures more perfectly painted in words than that of this old village—"with its westward-looking windows painted by sunset, its children playing in the single straggling street, the mothers knitting at the open doors, the fathers standing about in long white blouses chatting and smoking; the great towers of the ruined castle rising high into the rosy air, with a whole troop of swallows—by distance made as small as knats—skimming about its rents and fissures. On 'Dreamthorp' centuries have fallen, and left no more trace than last winter's snowflakes. Battles have been fought, kings have died, history has translated itself; but all unheeding and untouched, "Dreamthorp" has watched apple trees redden and wheat ripen, and smoked its pipe and quaffed its mug of beer, and rejoiced over its new-born children, and with proper solemnity carried its dead to the churchyard." A place out of the world is Dreamthorp. No railways, no modern improvements, reading rooms, mechanics' institutes and the like, have changed it from the 'Dreamthorp' of a hundred years ago. A dreamy, sleepy, altogether idle and enjoyable place; approached by but one of the arteries of commerce and progress, and that the least obtrusive, in the shape of a little-used canal, where here and there a boat floats drowsily along, reminding us of the never-to-be forgotten picture, painted by the great poet of our time, of the

Slow, broad stream,
That stirr'd with languid pulses of the oar,
Waves all its lazy lilies, and creeps on,
Barge-laden, to three arches of a bridge
Crown'd with the Minster-towers.

Only that Dreamthorp boasts, not a Minster, but a ruined castle, which does even better than the other as a place for moralizing in. Here it is that the old gentleman writes down at lazy ease his thoughts on the

world, with its thousand unfathomable mysteries and problems past solution. All of the Essays are more or less excellent, and marked by the exquisite taste and deep poetic feeling of the writer. As a rule, the Essayist is rather content to look over a wide surface than to attempt to explore a deep level, but at times he wanders, as though unintentionally to deeper matters. The following little passage may be taken as a fair specimen of our author in this vein :—"Death takes away the common-place of life ; and positively when one looks on the thousand and one poor, foolish, ignoble faces of this world, and listens to the chatter as poor and foolish as the faces ; one, in order to have any proper respect for them, is forced to remember that solemnity of death which is silently awaiting them. The foolishest person will look grand enough one day. The features are poor now, but the hottest tears, and the most passionate embraces, will not seem out of place *then*. Then the most affected look sincere, the most volatile serious—all noble, more or less." This is the author's more serious view, but he has others. Some playful, some poetical, some again a little satirical. Perhaps the last may not be the least popular upon the whole. In the Essay about Women, there occurs one passage of this sort, which we will quote as illustrating this somewhat unexpected phaze of our author's mind :—"Your patient woman, in books and in life, draws little on our gratitude. When her goodness is not stupidity—which it frequently is—it is insulting. She walks about an incarnate rebuke. Her silence is an incessant complaint. A tea-cup thrown at your head is not half so alarming as her meek, much-wronged, unretorting face. You begin to suspect that she consoles herself with the thought that there is another world where brutal brothers and husbands are settled with for their behaviour to their angelic wives and sisters in this." Altogether *Dreamthorp* is a book to be read. It is a book dissimilar from those wonderful Essays on Life, Literature, and Manners, by Bulwer Lytton, that have been now so long delighting and instructing the readers of "Blackwood." These are full of art, and replete with the manifold experience of a powerful mind that has wrestled with and thrown the world ; the Essays in *Dreamthorp* look at the world, it is true, but from the outside. The writer has not been an actor in the world's drama, but a dreamer in one of the side boxes, from whence he can see glimpses of the green-room, and can observe the mechanism of the scene-shifting apparatus. Neither will clash with the other, for if *Dreamthorp* should be a man's choicest companion by babbling streams, under the cool shades of summer woods, or where his ears are filled with the music of the distant sea ; Caxtoniana will form one of the most valued companions in his study, or in the strife of the great world.

We have given "*Dreamthorp*" the more space that we do not meet with any other book of the month so well deserving of our notice. Of novels, there is the usual allowance. "*A Disputed Inheritance*" calls for some special remark from us for two reasons ; the first, that it is written by an author bearing a well-known name, whose credit he seems anxious worthily to maintain—we mean that of "*Thomas Hood*" yet in the second place, because it is, if not very remarkably so wonderfully so by comparison with the main production, most part figure as the novels of the month. "*A Disput* has nothing very wonderful in its composition. Its author's anxiety in this, his first, novel, to strike out any

trodden path for himself; but if we are right in our estimate of what form the legitimate requirements of a good novel, Mr. Hood has, to a great extent, succeeded in producing one. We consider the requisites of a good novel to be just three in number—an artistic plot, a careful and true delineation of character, and a good pure and forcible style of narration. The plot is not very elaborate, but yet it is sufficiently so to give scope for some degree of excitement in the minds of the readers. Its probability does not seem to us to be a necessarily important branch of the enquiry, as, supposing the sketches of character to be true to what they would be in nature under the circumstances, we do not see that much more than the possibility of these circumstances need be required of the writer. The characters are, we may say, on the whole, life-like, and behave properly in the circumstances in which they are placed. We have one very nice-looking young lady who rejoices in the possession of probably as many bad qualities and evil propensities as could well have fallen to the lot of one human being. She is always plotting some wickedness, and is of course utterly baffled, as she ought to be. There is another female character who is indeed the principal heroine of the book, and who is a very much better and somewhat more natural character than the first. On the whole, the characters even when radically rather improbable, have the advantage of being allowed to live their characters, and not to be constantly on one pretext or another, doing just what they ought not, and never could have done, as we find so frequently the case—in novels—now-a-days. The execution of the work is good. The English is not slang, and does not hobble on stilts, but goes right to its purpose, and is pleasant to read, while it is forcible to describe what it is meant to describe. Of the style, we will give but one example. It describes the tolling of the old bell at Tresellan, upon the sudden death of the master:—"Denzil laughed; but his laugh stopped very suddenly. It seemed at first as if it were only the noise of the woods, but it grew more plain presently; and then the sound of a bell came quivering into the still air of that cool room, shaded with over-hanging boughs, and heavy with the perfume of the limes. Well did Denzil know the sound; and he sprang to his feet, and there stood motionless as a statue. That bell was swinging to and fro in the centre turret of Tresellan. That bell had rung when the news came that the Tresellan was lying cold, with his face to the stars, on the field of Hastings. That bell had rung when the Crusader closed his weary eyes in the home of his fathers. That bell had rung when Sir Philip's funeral cavalcade wound up to the hill from the ferry. It had rung while Sir Jasper's body was stretched, yet undiscovered, in the grey morning, on the shingle of the Polverdnick beach. It had rung when Sir Geoffrey, the cup-bearer, was lying dead in his master's palace. In a word, it was a bell that had tolled from time unremembered, for the head of the Tresellans.

The crones in the neighbourhood declared that the strongest trumpet could not shake the crazy old tower where it hung, but that, even in the quietest night of summer, if death was about to claim 'the Tresellan,' a single low breath of wind came across the sea, woke the voice of the bell once, and no more, and passed away over the hills into the bosom of the darkness. Such is "A Disputed Inheritance." It is pleasant, if not all-engrossing reading, and leaves no unpleasant flavour behind, as is the case with too many modern novels, either of inanity or

something even less healthy. The performance is fair, and we may safely say that the promise better. Would we could say the same of the great mass of the ephemeral novels of each month.

Of those ephemera, we must say we think this month has rather more than its fair proportion. Most, however, of these are rather ludicrous than objectionable, which is not always the case. Perhaps, on the whole, a book named named "Inside Out: a curious book, by a curious man," is the most utterly absurd; and the book which, of all those of the month, gives us the greatest inclination to indulge in a hearty laugh, not at the wit of the book—No! but at the witlessness of the author, who, we rejoice to see, is an American. In one way, it is perfect. It is fully entitled to the name of "A Curious Book," and its writer, who soothingly condescends to turn himself "Inside out" for our amusement, must be one of the most curious of men. Dogberry could have been nothing to him, we should think. At least there must always have been the broad distinction between them that the process which Dogberry only ventured to wish another to perform for him Dr. S. W. Francis has performed with the most elaborate caligraphy for himself. He has writ himself down "An Ass." We can scarcely imagine anyone writing the following description with which the Doctor's love story is introduced, while yet in possession of his sober senses:—"In a large and spacious room, hung round with mystic thoughts, and permeated by a softened light, reclined a man, employing, in his elegant ease, three articles of furniture—a sofa for support and comfort, a velvet chair for his pet leg, an ottoman, ranging at an obtuse angle, to break the fall of the other extremity as it slowly glided off the satin couch, and, with its perfect model of a foot, graciously descended on a temporary throne. His right arm bowed with the beauty of a listless playfulness over the cushioned side of the elaborate sofa, and, with its dimpled hand, affectionately coaxed the curly rounded head to a sweet repose." This gentleman, who had as much difficulty apparently in managing what are delicately called "extremities"—perhaps legs are not fashionable now in America—is, of course, the hero of the piece; but whether he is "Inside" or "Out" we are unable to guess, as we are deprived of the advantages usually to be derived from seeing the end of a character, owing to our having in vain sought for any clue to his mysterious slipping away from the story "unknelled, unconfined, and unknown," so far as we can see at least. We need not say how great a relief it is, of course; but still we feel dissatisfied at the result. The characters, who are all, like the room, "hung round with mystic thoughts," come and go in a remarkably eccentric manner, which would be either amusing or provoking, were it possible for the reader to get up the smallest interest in any of them.

"Skating on thin Ice" ought to be labelled as a companion volume to "Inside Out." The author, or authoress as we believe we should say, does not, it is true, talk of people's "extremities"—meaning their legs—nor go into an ecstasy about their curly hair; but with the exception of a few of these extreme flights of American genius, the "Skater Ice" is quite as great a bore as the "Curious Man." In the skaters appear to be of the gentler sex, although, to some do not show any very striking signs of gentleness. It take to be the character of the gentlemen who appear.

certainly a thinner varnish it would be plainly impossible to conceive than that which covers their native stupidity and blackguardism. The author has a habit of making one of his characters hail some remark of another with whom he is speaking as "witty," or "dry," or "sarcastic," although to the ordinary reader the wit is a sealed book, and the exceeding dryness of the story is the only really remarkable part of it. "Skating on thin Ice" is a book to be avoided.

It is refreshing to turn to something of more solid interest, after being bored with such books as these. There are two really interesting books bearing on the great American struggle; and, although neither is probably of any great value, yet the subject is of so deep an interest that we are well content to glean all the information we can from every possible source. "An Errand to the South in the Summer of 1862" is one of the most readable books upon the state of the Southern States of America which has yet appeared. The author is a Clergyman of the Church of England, who goes to see his sister, who is married to a Southern planter. The opportunities enjoyed by Mr. Mallet for observing the state of the country must have been unusually excellent. But, although he has a pleasant, graphic way of describing a scene—a most valuable talent in a traveller—he appears to have been so thoroughly persuaded that what he was expected to see and to talk of was the working of slavery in the States, that he quite neglected everything else, except so far as it came in necessarily by the way. His views of slavery are far from very profound. He wishes to speak well of the working of the system, but can find no good reason on which to base his defence of the principle. Had he been able to comprehend Carlisle's view, hinted at in this month's Macmillan, of the superior claims of authority to respect, as a grand principle of action, over mere individual liberty, he would at least have found some basis on which to rest his evident leanings to a cause which he suspects of having no good foundation. The book, however, is readable, and the sketches of the country, &c., are graphic and really picturesque.

Captain Chesney, the Professor of Military History at Sandhurst, has given the world "A Military View of recent Campaigns in Virginia and Maryland." The Professor is a cold writer. He has sympathies, and they go, we can just discover, with the South, probably on account of their much more creditable military science than their Northern rivals; but his great object has been throughout to be impartial,—to take a simple bird's-eye view of the campaign, and to award praise and blame to armies and generals according to their deserts. The book, therefore, has an unpleasantly cold feeling about it. It is evidently what it professes to be, a mere "view," and this is not satisfactory. If, however, we are content with a "view," the Professor's book is admirable. It gives a clear, hard, and distinctly marked idea of every one of the great operations in the course of five invasions of Virginia by the Northern, and one of Maryland by the Southern, armies. The conclusions to which he comes are confirmatory of the ideas popularly entertained amongst Englishmen, both in respect of the quality of the troops, and in that of the characters of the generals. Lee he considers to have shown himself worthy of a high place amongst generals, and Jackson and Longstreet are spoken of with the highest respect for their military genius. The "Young Alexander" comes in for reasonable

praise as a painstaking officer, with special qualifications for organizing an army, if not for fighting it when organized. On the whole, the book is full of information, and is very clearly written, so as to disentangle the maze of perplexity into which the minds of most readers have been thrown, in attempts to follow the newspaper accounts of the various operations in Virginia and Maryland.

While Bishop Colenso is astonishing the world by the vigour and headlong rashness of his onslaught upon the Old Testament Scriptures, there are other men amongst us who, while they do not agree with Dr. Cumming and the Bishop of Manchester in maintaining the miraculous preservation of the Scriptures from all intermixture of error or merely human composition, are still very far from either following or approving of the almost profane rashness which would take it for granted rather that the Bible was false until mathematical proof of its truth was offered them, than true unless strong proof to the contrary could be brought. Of these, Professor Kingsley is one of the most able, and his course of sermons upon the Pentateuch, just published, will, we hope, meet with the reception which, whether from the character of the author, or the value of the works, they so richly merit. In "The Gospel of the Pentateuch," Professor Kingsley maintains and enforces the view that "infinite and incalculable difference" lies between the theory that the Scripture is a book of man's fancies, and the theory that it is a record of God's acts. He is willing to admit that errors may have crept into the text, but evidently holds that they may safely be disregarded, in presence of the great spiritual truths embodied in the book. The object of the sermons is not so much to give assistance in the solution of critical difficulties, as to show that the leading facts and ideas carry with them their own evidence, and that criticism, unless asserting an undue authority, cannot touch the heart of these facts. Any writing of Mr. Kingsley's is worth reading, and we have seldom seen anything of his so well worth reading as these sermons. The style is so full of his own vigorous freshness, that the old Patriarchs seem actually to stand out of his canvas, and to come very close indeed to ourselves,—moving in a world not dissimilar, except in its mere outside husk, from the world in which we live ourselves. From one of the Sermons on "The Birthright of Freedom," we quote the following fine and characteristic passage, which may give some idea of the author's manner in these Sermons :—

"Scholars have said that the old Greeks were the fathers of freedom; and there have been other peoples in the world's history who have made glorious and successful struggles to throw off their tyrants and be free. And they have said, we are the fathers of freedom; liberty was born with us. Not so, my friends! Liberty is of a far older, and far nobler house; liberty was born, if you will receive it, on the first Easter night, on the night to be much remembered among the children of Israel—ay, among all mankind—when God himself stooped from heaven to set the oppressed free. Then was freedom born. Not in the counsels of men, however wise; or in the battles of men, however brave: but in the counsels of God, and the battle of God—amid human agony and terror, amid the shaking of the heaven and the earth; amid the great Egypt, when a first-born son lay dead in every house which swept aside the Red Sea waves; and the pillar and the pillar of fire by night; and the Red Sea shore

corpses of the Egyptians ; and the thunderings and lightnings and earthquakes of Sinai ; and the sound as of a trumpet waxing loud and long ; and the voice, most human and most divine, which spake from off the lonely mountain peak to that vast horde of cowardly and degenerate slaves, and said, 'I am the Lord thy God who brought thee out of the Land of Egypt. Thou shalt obey my laws, and keep my commandments to do them.' Oh ! the man who would rob his suffering fellow-creatures of that story—he knows not how deep and bitter are the needs of man."

NEW ZEALAND ARMY LIST.

AUCKLAND.

Major General Commanding Militia Volunteers in the Province of Auckland,
Major General T. J. Galloway, 22nd July, 1863.

Aide-de-Camp and Military Secretary, Major P. F. de Quincey, 22nd July, 1863.

Colonel, T. R. Mould, C.B., 5th April, 1860.

Colonel C. Sillery, 30th July, 1863, (special service.)

Deputy Adjutant General of Militia and Volunteers, Lieut.-Colonel H. C. Balneavis, 15th August, 1859.

Quarter Master General, Lieut.-Colonel W. H. Kenny, 22nd July, 1863.

Superintendent of Militia Stores, Edward King, 22nd July, 1863.

Superintendent of Militia Stores, George P. Pearce, 23rd July, 1863.

Militia Accountant, H. Reid, 24th July, 1863.

MILITIA.

First Battalion.—First Class.

Lieut.-Colonel

Captains, M. Tighe, 27th April, 1860 ; J. H. R. Harrison, 27th April, 1860 ;
C. H. McIntosh, 18th June, 1863 ; G. E. Elliott, 19th June, 1863 ;
F. C. Lewis, 23rd June, 1863 ; C. J. Taylor, 24th June, 1863 ; E. Brophy,
27th June, 1863.

Lieutenants, H. B. McNab, July 10th, 1863 ; J. L. Tole, July 13th, 1863 ;
H. J. H. Elliott, July 15th, 1863 ; H. Morrow, July 17th, 1863 ; J.
Russell, October 15th, 1863 ; J. Kirkpatrick, October 15th, 1863.

Ensigns, C. E. Vickers, July 4th, 1863 ; J. F. Naughton, July 7th, 1863 ;
J. D. Kelly, July 8th, 1863 ; F. Nelson, July 9th, 1863 ; R. W.
Wynn, July 11th, 1863.

Surgeon, C. F. Goldsboro, M.D., April 23rd, 1861.

Assistant Surgeon, J. Carey, July 23rd, 1863.

Adjutant, Captain M. Tighe, February 4th, 1862.

Quarter Master, T. W. Doonin, 27th July, 1863.

Second Class.

Lieut.-Colonel, H. M. Nation, July 22nd, 1863.

Captains, J. Kerr, July 22nd, 1863 ; T. Macfarlane, July 23rd, 1863 ;
A. C. P. Macdonald, July 24th, 1863 ; M. Dinnin, July 25th, 1863.

Lieutenants, G. M. O'Rorke, July 11th, 1863 ; G. Holden, July 20th, 1863 ;
R. Hobbs, July 21st, 1863 ; J. Stewart, July 22nd, 1863 ; W. Aitken,
July 23rd, 1863 ; J. Heron, July 24th, 1863.

Ensigns, J. L. Moffit, July 13th, 1863; F. Ring, July 20th, 1863; A. A. Watt, July 21st, 1863; J. Kirkwood, July 22nd, 1863; T. Jackson, July 23rd, 1863; H. Gilfillan, July 24th, 1863; S. H. Smith, July 25th, 1863; J. McLeod, July 28th, 1863.

Adjutant —————

Third Class.

Captain, J. Naughton, 12th August, 1863.

Second Battalion.

Lieut.-Colonel —————

Captains, A. B. Griffiths, June 29th, 1863; J. C. Irvine, June 30th, 1863.

Lieutenants, W. S. Wild, June 26th, 1863; G. Fisk, August 7th, 1863.

Ensigns, E. Woodfield, July 11th, 1863; W. J. Kenny, July 13th, 1863.

Third Battalion.

Major, P. Peacocke, April 26th, 1860.

Captains, G. Kells, June 20th, 1863; W. Clare, July 1st, 1863; O. Pilling, July 30th, 1863; W. T. Lloyd, August 1st, 1863.

Lieutenants, J. Brennan, May, 5th, 1860; R. Hattaway, May 8th, 1860; W. P. Gray, June 22nd, 1863; G. Harris, June 24th, 1863; W. W. Powell, June 25th, 1863; F. Howard, July 3rd, 1863; C. Mellison, July 8th, 1863; E. S. Lewis, July 24th, 1863; J. B. Hay, July 28th, 1863.

Ensigns, H. W. Vercoe, July 25th, 1863; J. H. Hamlin, July 27th, 1863; J. Stables, July 23, 1863; J. E. Hickson, July 24th, 1863.

Adjutant, Captain O. Pilling.

Surgeon, H. P. Meredith, June 5th, 1860.

Surgeon, C. Hovell, July 3rd, 1863.

Assistant Surgeon, C. Hooper, July 24th, 1863.

FIRST REGIMENT WAIKATO MILITIA.

Lieut.-Colonel, G. D. Pitt, 27th June, 1863.

Major —————

Captains, J. H. H. St. John, 16th June, 1863; H. E. Bennett, 17th June, 1863; W. G. Stack, 22nd June, 1863; W. M. Hunter, 2nd July, 1863; W. Moir, 3rd July, 1863; H. G. Smith, 11th August, 1863; R. R. Moore, 13th August, 1863; T. Brown, 19th September, 1863; T. Eman, 19th September, 1863; Sir C. W. Burdett, Bart., 22nd September, 1863.

Lieutenants, D. Daly, 16th June, 1863; H. Jones, 14th July, 1863; W. Runnington, 1st September, 1863; W. A. Smith, 1st September, 1863; J. J. Dunne, 1st September, 1863; G. P. Walker, 2nd September, 1863; W. Percival, 3rd September, 1863; G. F. D. Pitt, 4th September, 1863.

Ensign, C. D. Pitt, 3rd July, 1863; H. B. Hunter, 13th August, 1863; F. Y. Garing, 19th September, 1863; C. Kidd, 19th September, 1863; F. C. Hallows, 19th September, 1863; R. Gray, 19th September, 1863; G. H. Ross, 19th September, 1863; A. A. Atkins, 28th September, 1863.

Quarter-Master, Captain T. Tunks, 4th July, 1863.

Adjutant, Captain W. M. Hunter, 2nd July, 1863.

Surgeon, J. Giles, 6th October, 1863.

Assistant Surgeon, C. Hamilton, 4th July, 1863; F. G. Dalton, October 20th, 1863.

SECOND REGIMENT WAIKATO MILITIA

Lieut.-Colonel, T. M. Haultain, 26th April

Major, W. C. Lyon, 24th June, 1863

Captains, F. J. Hills, 9th July, 1863; J. Rowles, 17th

20th July, 1863; G. M. Picken, 21st July, 1863.

NEW ZEALAND ARMY LIST.

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COLONIAL DEFENCE FORCE.

Major General T. J. Galloway Commanding, 20th September, 1863.

Commandant, Lieut. Colonel M. G. Nixon.

Inspector, James Walmsley.

Inspector, C. Pye, V.C.

Sub Inspectors, M. N. Bower; A. C. Turner; C. J. Wilson; T. McDonnell.

Surgeon, R. G. C. Spence.

TARANAKI.

MILITIA

Lieut.-Colonel —————

Major —————

Captains, C. Brown, 29th October, 1855; C. Stapp, 2nd April, 1859; W. J. Morrison, 4th December, 1862; J. H. Armstrong, 5th December, 1862; W. B. Messenger, 27th July, 1863; J. S. McKellar, 1st September, 1863; F. J. Mace, 2nd September, 1863; J. G. Corbett, 3rd September, 1863.

Lieutenants, W. McKechney, 5th June, 1858; J. Hirst, 23rd March, 1863; R. C. Hammerton, 1st September, 1863; J. Kelly, 2nd September, 1863; C. Everett, 3rd September, 1863; R. Pitcairn, 4th September, 1863; W. Hussey, 5th September, 1863.

Ensigns, A. Standish, 24th March, 1863; G. W. Woon, 27th July, 1863; C. J. Messenger, 1st September, 1863; C. M. Kingdon, 2nd September, 1863; W. Newland, 3rd September, 1863; J. Black, 4th September, 1863; P. McFarlane, 5th September, 1863.

VOLUNTEERS.

Captain H. A. Atkinson, March 5th, 1862. Captain F. L. Webster, May 11th, 1863.

Lieutenants, M. Jonas, May 16th, 1863; W. Black, 21st October, 1863.

Ensigns, H. Brown, May 16th, 1863; T. McGuinness, 24th October, 1863.

Adjutant, C. Stapp, June 3rd, 1858.

Quarter Master, H. Jones, June 1st, 1861.

Paymaster, T. Hempton, May 1st, 1861.

Surgeon, T. Rawson, August 29th, 1859.

Assistant Surgeon, H. J. Webber, September 23rd, 1863.

WANGANUI.

Major Commanding, C. C. Rookes, February 1st, 1862.

MILITIA.

Captains, D. S. Durie, May 28th, 1860; T. Kells, June 30th, 1860; J. Nixon, September 5th, 1860; J. Jordan, November 20th, 1861.

Lieutenants, W. S. Russell, May 28th, 1860; A. Ross, May 29th, 1860; G. Ross, November 20th, 1861; F. Parks, December 21st, 1861; H. B. Roberts, January 8th, 1862; H. Peake, July 27th, 1863; A. Wicksteed, July 30th, 1863.

Ensigns, G. W. Jordan, November 20th, 1861; J. Liddell, December 21st, 1861; R. Campbell, December 23rd, 1861; W. Powell, July 27th, 1863; C. Durie, July 30th, 1863; W. Finnimore, September 28th, 1863.

Paymaster, H. de C. Martelli, August 7th, 1862.

Quarter Master, T. Powell, August 7th, 1862.

Surgeon, G. H. Gibson, September 23rd, 1862.

"FEATHERSTON" RIFLE VOLUNTEERS.

Captain, H. Burney, Sept. 21st, 1863. Lieutenant, H. Jackson, Sept. 21st, 1863. Ensign, C. W. Jackson, Sept. 21st, 1863.

"GREYTOWN" RIFLE VOLUNTEERS.

Captain, J. E. J. Boys, Sept. 22nd, 1863. Lieutenant, S. Moles, Sept. 22nd, 1863. Ensign, W. Udy, Sept. 22nd, 1863.

COLONIAL DEFENCE FORCE.

Commandant, J. T. Edwards, July 30th, 1863.

Inspectors, R. B. Leatham, July 15th, 1863; W. Robertson, August 14th, 1863; S. Deighton, Sept. 1st, 1863.

Sub-Inspectors, H. V. Lillierap, July 31st, 1863; J. A. Percy, August 2nd, 1863; P. Kingdon, August 3rd, 1863; M. Noake, Sept. 11th, 1863.

Assistant Surgeon, A. Johnston, August 8th, 1863.

NAPIER.

Major Commanding, G. S. Whitmore, May 21st, 1863.

MILITIA.

Captains, C. Lambert, June 30th, 1863; E. Withers, July 1st, 1863; J. C. L. Carter, July 2nd, 1863; G. G. Carylton, July 3rd, 1863; J. Curling, July 4th, 1863; J. Rhodes, July 6th, 1863; A. Kennedy, July 7th, 1863; M. Fitzgerald, July 8th, 1863; J. L. Herrick, July 9th, 1863.

Lieutenants, A. J. Birch, July 1st, 1863; D. Gollan, July 2nd, 1863; H. B. Russell, July 3rd, 1863; E. S. Curling, July 4th, 1863; J. Anderson, July 6th, 1863; J. N. Wilson, July 7th, 1863; G. E. G. Richardson, July 9th, 1863.

Ensigns, J. D. Canning, July 1st, 1863; A. Grant, July 2nd, 1863; J. N. Williams, July 3rd, 1863; V. Janisch, July 4th, 1863; W. Maltby, July 6th, 1863; C. Brown, July 7th, 1863; W. Ferguson, July 8th, 1863; M. Brown, July 9th, 1863.

Adjutant, Captain E. Withers, July 1st, 1863.

Paymaster, J. T. Tylee, August 4th, 1863.

Surgeon, T. Hitchings, August 4th, 1863.

Assistant Surgeon, T. Venne, August 4th, 1863.

VOLUNTEERS.

NAPIER CAVALRY VOLUNTEERS.

Captain, T. E. Gordon, August 20th, 1863. Lieutenant, Wm. Rich, August 20th, 1863. Cornet, ———.

"WAIPAWA" CAVALRY VOLUNTEERS.

Captain, G. S. Cooper, Sept. 1st, 1863. Lieutenant, T. Tanner, Sept. 1st, 1863. Cornet, J. R. Duncan, Sept. 1st, 1863.

"PORONGAHAU" MOUNTED RIFLE VOLUNTEERS.

Captain, W. H. Hunter, Sept. 22nd, 1863. Lieutenant, J. Nairn, Sept. 22nd, 1863. Cornet, ———.

RIFLE VOLUNTEERS.

Captain, J. Buchanan, August 4th, 1863. Lieutenant, A. Browne, August 4th, 1863. Ensign, J. Irvine, August 4th, 1863.

COLONIAL DEFENCE FORCE.

Commandant, Major G. S. Whitmore, July 1st, 1863.

Inspectors, C. W. La Serre, July 6th, 1863; C. J. Anderson, Sept. 2nd, 1863.

Sub-Inspectors, J. C. George, July 6th, 1863; F. J. W. Gascoigne, July 11th, 1863; C. Hudson, July 11th, 1863.





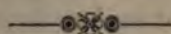
THE
SOUTHERN MONTHLY
MAGAZINE.

"QUE POSSINT OCULOS AURESQUE MORARI."—*Horace.*

DECEMBER, 1863.

E G L E :

A Tale.—By Gilpie Mosshawke.



CHAPTER IX.—*Continued.*

THE spirit-stirring song of Iphitus, and the strong rich voice with which he sang it, could not fail to produce something of a rousing and animating effect upon his two auditors. Even the eye of Philokalos brightened as he listened to strains which expressed so forcibly the thoughts and feelings which had so recently been his own. The involuntary sigh which escaped him at the conclusion of the song seemed to be expressive of the conflict which arose in his mind between the old feeling of military ardour, re-awakened by the sounds he had just heard, and the more recent and enervating influence which had now taken possession of his nature.

Iothales, already pre-disposed in favour of the singer, and unembarrassed by any opposing influence in her own mind, followed without reluctance, and without resistance, the train of ideas contained in the song. She was no stranger to the feelings of enthusiasm which may be excited by poetry and song on behalf of martial deeds and heroic enterprise. She had often accompanied her brother in imagination over the yet unfought fields which were to bring him the fame he anticipated, and indulged with him in the dreams which represented to him his destined career of heroism and glory. But in his most animated moments the martial enthusiasm of Philokalos had always in it some elements of mystery, or of softness, some ingredient too purely poetical, or too much metaphysical to harmonise well with the ideas which ordinary minds are accustomed to form of the features and general

character of a battle-field. But with Iphitus the case was very different. His song embodied simply the feelings of restless physical energy and animal spirits. The rush and tumult of battle were the things that fired and fascinated his mind, and he indulged in no highly sublimated feelings and in no minutely refined subtleties. It is not to be supposed that the mind of Iothales would be delighted with the images of war, its bloodshed and desolation; it was the voice, the manner, and the tone of the singer with which she was pleased. As she watched his open and animated expression, and listened to the sonorous notes which issued from his deep chest, he appeared to her the very ideal of heroic strength and manliness, a man to be shunned in the battle-field and sought at the feast,—to be feared by the armed warrior and loved by the timid maiden.

It was not without some feelings of anxiety that Iphitus, during his song, glanced from time to time at Iothales to watch its effect upon her, and he observed with delight and exultation that she seemed to follow him with interest and pleasure. When he had finished a silence ensued, which he was himself the first to break.

"What," said he, "must I not only sing to you, but afterwards beg for your applause? Tell me, Philokalos, has not the Trojan War risen in your estimation, as compared with boar hunting, in consequence of my song? And fair Iothales, have I not charmed you into the belief that fighting is a very fine thing?"

"You must have misunderstood me," returned Philokalos, "if you supposed that I needed songs or lays to make me admire the deeds and fame of heroes; though for anyone who requires such stimulants I can imagine nothing better to suit his case than such songs as we have just heard from you. You do not like arguments, or I would propound the question, whether it were not better that there were no fighting in the world, and that all men should live at peace?"

"A pretty dull world you would make of it," rejoined Iphitus, "I am glad to think that all men are not likely to take to sheep-keeping and star-gazing in my time, at least. Why, there would be nothing even to sing about. But I should like to hear your sister's opinion of this plan of doing without fighting."

"You will hardly persuade me to admit," said Iothales, "that the world would not be happier could men live without shedding one another's blood than it is at present. But yet he who hazards his life by fighting in a good cause is, I think, deserving of the gratitude of mankind, and of the name and glory of a hero."

"Now," said Iphitus, "let me see if I, who do not pretend to be a reasoner, cannot puzzle your philosophic minds by a question. If mankind are right in admiring and honouring the character of the hero, why should we wish for a state of things in which his peculiar qualities would be useless and their exercise impossible?"

"So, then," said Philokalos, "it was well that Paris should carry away Helen, in order that Achilles or Diomed might signalise their valour against the Trojans."

"A pointed way of putting it, friend Philokalos," replied Iphitus, "but one that scarcely meets my difficulty. I will try sister's opinion on the subject by putting a case to her without offence. Let me suppose that some young

heart by his noble demeanour and dauntless valour. Would she wish that no wars were known in the world, and that her lover had no opportunity of exhibiting those very qualities which had endeared him to her?"

This speech of Iphitus was not without some design and purpose. He fancied that from the answer of Ithales he might gain some idea as to the possibility of one of his character and tastes making some impression upon her mind. But before Ithales could reply Philokalos broke in:

"If she loved him, of course she would not wish him to endanger his life, and if he loved her, would not his new passion supersede his love of martial glory?"

A slight expression of contempt curled the lip of Iphitus; but he answered in his usual good-humoured way:

"Nay, if a man may not be great at love and war both, he must needs have a difficult choice. But you have already had your say, and failed to solve the difficulty I proposed. I wait your sister's opinion."

Ithales slightly blushed, and then said:

"I cannot pretend to solve your difficulty any better than my brother; but I should hope that even if wars were at an end, there might still remain virtues for men to practise and for women to love. In the case you suppose, although I should think but ill of a lady who would wish her lover to engage in danger simply to show his valour, yet I should wish to see her ready to encourage him in doing battle for a good cause if his aid were required."

"That," said Iphitus, laughing, "is a very satisfactory answer for you and me, Philokalos, or rather would be, if we had lovers to part with when we go to the Trojan war. There is no doubt that the cause is a good one, and of course, as little that they will never take Troy without our help. But, Ithales, as you have not attempted to answer my first question, I think I am entitled to claim a song from you in your turn. One who has your clear views, and your touch of the lyre, must surely be able to convert whom she will to her views of war or any other subject."

Ithales smiled, and taking the harp, began to sing.

The Bard sang a song of a mighty king,
He sang a grand song to me;
And my breath was hushed as I heard him sing;
For the king had a rich and a lofty throne,
And he called the walled towns and wide fields his own
That lay by the sounding sea.
And his queen, she said, as he left her side,
"Go forth in thy strength, and return in thy pride:
With the pride and the pomp of a conqueror come,
And hang new spoils in thy regal home."

The bard sang a song of a warrior bold,
He sang a brave song to me;
And my soul took fire at the things he told;
For the warrior seized his spear and his shield,
And hastened away to the tented field;
And he left his love; while she,
With fearless brow, and with eye of pride,
Said; "Go; but return again to my side,

With a tarnished sword, and a lustrous name,
For lo! I live on the breath of thy fame."

The bard sang a song of a youthful knight;
He sang a sweet song to me.
And my heart was filled with a new delight;
For fair hands girded the young chief's sword,
And fair lips uttered the flattering word:
"Alas! can I part from thee?
Yet go, my hero, my soul's delight!
For the sake of our own loved country fight;
But Oh! come back when our soil is free,
To home, and peace, and love, and me."

The short silence which followed the song of Iothales was broken by Philokalos.

"Without meaning any disparagement to your song, Iphitus, which was excellent of its kind, I may venture to say that my sister's is of a kind which I should prefer as a watchword on the field of battle, to stimulate me to heroic actions. It is less impetuous, but more lasting.

"I am not going to dispute that," replied Iphitus. "Neither my song nor my sentiments can bear comparison with your sister's; and I confess myself vanquished and converted. Yes," continued he, after a moment's pause, and in a lower voice, as if following the train of his own thoughts rather than addressing those present, "I can begin to understand how the smile that greets a warrior's return may give more pleasure than the excitement of the battle."

Low as was the tone in which he spoke, his words did not escape the ear of Iothales, and a slight blush rose to her cheek. A silence of some minutes followed, which no one seemed disposed to break. At length Iphitus suddenly roused himself and exclaimed:

"Well, Philokalos, now that we have settled the philosophy of war, I think we had better make some preparations for to-morrow's sport. We have barely the twilight left us to see to the condition of your hounds, and if I recollect rightly some of those boar spears would be none the worse for a little brightening. Your sister will excuse our leaving her now, in consideration of the grand sport we shall show her to-morrow."

The two young men went out to make the necessary arrangements for the hunt, and left Iothales alone.

CHAPTER X.

If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand;
My bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne.

SHAKESPEARE.

As long as the departing footsteps of her brother and his friend were audible, Iothales remained motionless; but when the ⁷⁻ away, her fingers gradually relaxed their grasp upon that had until that time been holding, and allowed the upon the seat beside her. Then, heaving a deep wards and reclined her head upon her hand resting

seat, as if fatigued. Presently her thoughts began to find expression in words: "Ah! if my music and my song had indeed the power to charm. How divine the gift! It is very well to be able to pass away an idle hour by the melody of pleasant sounds; to enliven the melancholy, to please the gay, or even to raise one's own spirits from despondency to cheerfulness; but this is not the true magic to which I would aspire. No; I would have my lyre and my voice convey, at all events to one soul, something more than the mere pleasure arising from harmonious sounds. Let those who will, be pleased with my lay; let them applaud if they will, the sweetness of my voice, or the delicacy of my touch; but let me find one who knows how to discover and to respond to the spirit which strives for expression in that which to others is mere music. But after all, what folly is this! Philokalos, my brother, you have taught me to dream too much in your own poetical style. These things are the creations of our own fancies, and will be laughed at beyond the limits of this island. How would Iphitus despise me if he knew the weakness and folly of my thoughts. How would he,—so strong, so grand, so manly, endure the sickly dreams of a girl like me? He delights not in such things as these, but in the battle and the hunt, in the roar of the sea, and in the fresh breeze that sweeps its surface, and she who would gain his love, must nourish a strength of mind equal to his own. Yet neither is he insensible to the charms of song, nor devoid of skill in the art. How bravely he sang of the glories of the battle field; and how bravely he would fight amidst the concourse of warriors. Surely he combines all that is tender in the poet with all that is terrible and grand in the hero."

So Iothales went on musing, until gradually she gave way to sleep, and the thoughts that had occupied her waking mind began to assume the incoherent character of dreams.

At one moment she fancied herself with her brother and Iphitus, sailing in an open boat across the sea: Then a storm arose, and the frail boat was overturned in a moment among the waves, but Iothales felt the strong arm of Iphitus around her, bearing her securely through the surf. Then she was seated beside him in his own chariot; and as they thundered through the opposing ranks, the spears and darts seemed to pass harmlessly by them, and the tide of battle to be rolled out of their course. And thus Iothales dreamed on, until she was awakened by the chill evening air, and found the bright moonlight upon her and around her. Recollecting that an early hour had been fixed for the expedition of the following day, she rose and hastened to her own apartment, there to seek that repose which was necessary to fit her for the next day's exertions, or perhaps to continue her musings and her dreams upon a subject which was beginning rapidly to monopolise the principal share of her thoughts.

The following morning was one of the fairest that ever shone even upon the Grecian islands. The rising sun darted his earliest beams through a soft and balmy atmosphere, and into an unclouded sky. Iothales awoke with the earliest dawn, and it was not long before she was wandering from the house to inhale the fragrance of the morning air. Her own spirits seemed to be in accordance with the exuberant freshness and brightness of the morning. She felt unusually joyous and light-hearted, and disposed to enjoy to the full the coming sport. Her dreams had that night been a confused mixture of images, in which battles and boar hunts were strangely mingled and blended with festal merriment, and songs, and

dances. In all the scenes however which her fancy thus called up, there was one character in common. The action of all of them invariably centred round the guest who was residing in their house. He was always present with his broad shoulders and his deep voice; and he was perpetually near Iothales, either to rescue her from danger in the hunt, or to pour sweet things into her ear at the feast. The pleasing influence which such dreaming imaginations had exerted upon her spirits, was sustained and increased by the beauty and softness of the morning air, and thus it was that, without a feeling that was not in harmony with the joyous loveliness of external nature, Iothales sauntered over a soft and grassy glade that lay amongst the trees by which the house was surrounded. As she walked, she followed no particular train of thought, but rather gave herself up to the unalloyed sensations of pleasure which everything that she saw around her was calculated to produce. Not that the image which had been the central object of all her dreams was by any means absent from her mind. She still thought of Iphitus, but not with anything of the despondency and doubt which she had experienced on the preceding evening. Her physical exaltation of spirits prevented her giving way to any gloomy forebodings, and her thoughts were at present more disposed to dwell upon those instances, carefully treasured up in her memory, in which Iphitus had appeared to be particularly pleased in her society, interested by her conversation, or charmed by her music. So she stepped lightly over the soft sward, gay as the lark which was already singing high overhead; when as she turned a corner she came suddenly upon Iphitus himself. He was sitting under a tree within a few yards of the spot where Iothales now stood, and appeared to be quietly enjoying the beauty of the morning. Iothales started on seeing him, but she had no opportunity for retreat, for directly that he saw her, he rose to his feet, and with his usual freedom from all embarrassment or hesitation, advanced to meet her.

"I am glad to see, fair Iothales," said he "that you are ready in good time for our day's hunting, and I trust I may be pardoned if I add that the freshness of the morning air seems to have imparted itself to your countenance, so that not Diana herself could grace our sport more than yourself. But you must be careful not to become fatigued now, for you will get exercise during the day."

"There is no fear of fatigue from a ramble in these cool shades in the early morning," replied Iothales; "and as for the exertions of the day, they will be borne chiefly by my palfrey; yet, I think, it is time for me to return to the house." And she turned as if to go.

"If you are returning," said Iphitus, "I will beg the pleasure of being permitted to accompany you. But tell me,—Is not that a view to reward those who are not too slothful to come and see it? Yet it can possess little novelty for you." He pointed, as he spoke, to an opening among the trees, which revealed the distant sea with its bounding range of hills in the back-ground, from above which the sun was now pouring a flood of golden light, that streamed in radiance through the light foliage of neighbouring tree tops, and presented a scene of unrivalled loveliness.

"I should think but poorly," replied Iothales, "of the feeling of any one who could gaze with apathy upon such a scene as this, ever often it may have been seen before. But you are right, it is similar and perhaps more beautiful scenes than any with in this little island."

"I am not quite sure of that," returned Iphitus. "To my thinking, some of the scenes which I have met with since I first came to your house, surpass in beauty anything that I have seen before." Then, he added, in a low voice, "I have reason indeed to remember for ever some of the fair spots of this island. Their associations are such as not to be easily forgotten."

The cheek of Iothales slightly flushed, and her bosom throbbed; but she remained silent, and with downcast eyes. Iphitus continued:—

"When I see the fair and lovely scenes amongst which you and Philokalos have passed your lives, I fancy that you could not tolerate anything that is not full of music, and poetry, and grace, and beauty; and when I think of the rudeness of my own tastes and pursuits, I cannot help wondering what you must think of having so rough a guest for an inmate of your house."

Iothales blushed scarlet, and eagerly replied,—“Oh! do not say so. How can we think so, when we see you enjoying a scene like this, and when we have found you so fond of music and every thing that is beautiful? Be assured that we—that is, my brother.” “She hesitated, thinking that her speech had been too precipitate, and, again blushing, ended with some incoherent and almost unintelligible words.

Iphitus fixed his eyes steadily upon her, and said:—

“Then, Iothales, you do not think me too rude to tread upon the soft verdure of your island, or to mix in society with those who have all their lives felt its genial influences?”

After a moment's hesitation, she replied, still without raising her eyes.

“Alas! it is we who should rather fear lest we, who have spent all our days upon this little island, should incur the ridicule of one who has seen the people and the customs of other shores, for the simplicity and ignorance of our ideas.”

“Not so,” he rejoined impetuously. “By heavens, I believe that the man who has seen the most of the world and its nations, with all their different manners and customs, would most show his wisdom by choosing some such little island as this, with all its scenes of loveliness, and its pure and simple pleasures. Iothales, you have taught me to see that wars and tumults are not the noblest things in life, and that peace also has its pleasures, pleasures more abiding and more satisfying.”

She remained standing with downcast eyes, a flushed cheek, and her bosom heaving with an emotion which well nigh choked her, and altogether deprived her of utterance. Iphitus continued:

“You have taught me this, and I shall ever be grateful to you for the lesson, even though I never more see your face.” She turned pale, and hardly drew her breath as he went on. “But, Iothales, I have ventured to hope that I may yet learn more from you, that you will continue to be my teacher, and to impart to me that influence which, by what magic I know not, seems always to soften the roughness of my nature in a way which I never experienced before. In short, Iothales, I love you: You are the only maiden I ever did, or ever can love; you can, if you will, make me a different man from what I am and have been. Tell me then, can you—will you return the love of one who is ready to live for you, fight for you, die for you? Will you be my wife?”

As he spoke the throbbing of her heart had increased to such a degree

that she was obliged to lean against a tree for support, and she trembled so that she felt ready to sink. When he had finished, she made one ineffectual effort to speak, and then, covering her face with her hands, she suddenly sat down on the moss grown root of the tree, and burst into tears.

Iphitus exclaimed: "Forgive me, Iothales. Alas! What have I done? Sooner would I have cut my tongue out than have said one word that could by any possibility annoy you."

But her outbreak of emotion had relieved her, and she said: "Oh! no, no. It was not your fault, but I am very foolish."

He seated himself beside her, and said: "Then you are not angry, not displeased with me? Beautiful one, will you be mine?"

She replied faintly "What will my brother say? I could not do anything without his consent."

"He has consented," replied he. "I have already spoken to him, and what pleases his sister pleases him. Oh! this moment would over-pay years of toil."

The moments flew only too swiftly, and it became necessary to return to the house to prepare for the hunting expedition.

"My Iothales," said Iphitus, "I must ask a boon of you, now in the first moments of my happiness. Give me something to keep for your sake, and to gaze upon when I am absent from you, for we must be separated, my beloved. On the bosom of the deep, or on the plains of Troy, it will be sweet to me to have some memorial of you, and some token of your affection."

She smiled, and drawing from her arm an ornamented bracelet, gave it to her lover. "It is but a trifle," said she, "yet if it ever serves to remind you of me, it will have more worth than I ever before believed."

He took it and placed it in his bosom. "I will part with life itself sooner than with this token," said he, "no voice shall require it of me, but that of the giver."

And so Iothales returned to the house with her lover, her heart filled with a happiness which it seemed that no earthly power could take away from her.

Philokalos perceived them coming towards the house, and advanced to meet them. His manner appeared more cheerful than it had been of late, whether it was that the brightness of the morning, and the anticipations of the coming sport, together with the necessary preparations, had for the time dissipated his habitual melancholy, or whether he had assumed an air of cheerfulness for the purpose of fitly congratulating his sister on the present occasion.

"I hope," said he, as he approached, "that you have had a pleasant dialogue on boar hunting. Your zeal far exceeds mine, since you have risen so early, and walked into the woods to discuss the day's sport."

"I rejoice to see you in good spirits, my friend," said Iphitus. "I think I have won a prize this morning which might well reward one for rising an hour or two earlier than usual."

"I suspected what was going on," replied Philokalos, "and wish all happiness to you both. But allow me to remind you that to be devoted to boar-hunting, and I do not see why I should be promised sport, because you have discovered a pursuit of a kind."

His tone and manner were such as, to the quick perception of his sister, seemed to have more of the nature of a forced flow of spirits than of a natural and spontaneous effusion of pleasantries. The idea made her feel anxious and uncomfortable, and when they had entered the house, she took the first opportunity of drawing her brother aside into an apartment where she could converse with him undisturbed.

"Philokalos," she said, "you wish me joy ; you are not displeased ?"

"Displeased," he replied, "why should you imagine such a thing ? No ; I have seen enough of our guest to make me believe him noble and worthy enough that I should entrust my beloved sister to his care." Then, after a slight pause, he continued : "I can at least be pleased with the happiness that falls to your lot, my Iothales, even though it seems to be denied to myself."

The tone in which he spoke was so mournful, that it smote on the ear and the heart of Iothales like a knell. She felt in a moment as if all her recent happiness had been mistimed and selfish, and as if the cup of joy were about to be dashed suddenly to the ground before it could reach her lips. A sense of happiness and security is easily destroyed by a suggestion of evil. A hint conveyed in a sad or gloomy tone is sufficient to fill with distrust and dread the heart that lately could conceive of nothing but what was bright and sunny. Thus it was with Iothales. A moment before, and who so happy as she ? Safe in the love and shielded by the strength of one like Iphitus, what harm could come nigh her ? And yet her brother had only spoken a few melancholy words in a sorrowful tone of voice, and a chill had fallen on her heart, and a darkness on her prospects. Her transition of feeling was so sudden that at first she could scarcely reply to her brother, or ask him the meaning of his last speech. At length she exclaimed :

"Philokalos ! Tell me what you mean ? What can have happened ? Tell me all my brother. Why do you speak in this way ?"

"Iothales, do you believe that the Gods care for us, for our welfare and our happiness ?"

"Why should we doubt it ?" she replied ; "surely they overlook and superintend all earthly things."

"Why then," replied he, "do they allow us to be made a sport to all the chances of life ? Why do they allow our plans, our projects, our hopes, to be overturned by every breeze that blows ? Why do they mock us by making our happiness delusive, and our lives a curse ?"

Iothales trembled at the vehemence with which he spoke, and answered :—

"Oh ! my brother, what can have happened to cause you to use such bitter words as these ? You who have been accustomed to find such delight in the communion with nature, and in her scenes of beauty and tranquillity, what can have made you imagine that the Gods are careless of your happiness ?"

"Listeu, Iothales," he replied, "you think doubtless that my prospects are bright as you have ever known them. You believe that I am destined to win glory in war, and to enjoy happiness in peace. You think that I am marked out to sustain and augment the honour of our ancestral line, and to transmit my own name, lustrous and ennobled, to prosperity."

"Why should I doubt all this ?" she replied.

"What would you say," continued he, "were you to be told that your brother had abandoned all these dreams; that he had renounced all care for the honour either of his own name or that of his ancestors, and that he had devoted himself to the pursuit of a phantom, a dream, which will reward him with disappointment, and fill his life with bitterness?"

"I would not believe," said she, "that my brother could renounce an honourable course for anything ignoble, or unworthy of himself and the line which he represents."

"So thought I but lately," said he moodily, "but who can resist when the fates impel. You, my sister, are happy in the love of a manly and generous heart, which would pour out its life-blood for your sake. You do not know what it is to be under the spell of a beauty so potent that it fills the soul with its image to the exclusion of all other objects, and at the same time to know that the devotion of a life, the renunciation of manly virtue, honour, and a noble career will be alike unable to obtain one rewarding smile, one feeling of sympathy."

The brother and sister had seated themselves side by side on a couch at an early part of their conversation. Iothales now put her arm tenderly around her brother, and said to him:—

"My own dearest brother,—You will confide in me. I see that some misfortune has overtaken you, and cast a shadow over the brightness of your path. You will tell me what it is, and trust the love and affection of your sister and earliest companion."

In a low and hollow voice he answered: "You have perhaps heard of Ægle, the enchantress of the beach."

Iothales started. "What?" she said, "Is the popular tradition true, and is there such a being as it describes? Tell me Philokalos, how and when you have met with her, and what reason you have for thinking her such as the common rumour represents her."

Then Philokalos unbosomed himself to his sister, and told her all that had happened to him from the time of his leaving the house until his return with Iphitus. He related his sleep in the recess of the valley, and the brilliant vision which had greeted his opening eyes. He recounted his meeting and his conversation with the stranger who had appeared and vanished again so mysteriously; and lastly, his interview with Ægle herself. In the confidence of the moment, he did not omit to relate how he had yielded up the sword which had been to him from his earliest youth a token of his future fame; and when he had done, he remained silent, and with downcast eyes, as if awaiting from his sister the rebuke merited by his effeminate degeneracy. She also was silent, and he continued: "I do not wonder that you have no words with which to address your degenerate brother; yet, if I were telling you of all this as of a dream that was past, you might forgive my weakness, and trust that I might yet be able to erase the traces of my folly. But, alas, alas! the dream still has mastery over me; I have not surmounted the weakness or subdued the folly. Iothales, I would rather seek forgetfulness in an unknown grave than go to the Trojan war."

Iothales answered him only by a closer embrace, and seemed to be for a time lost in thought. At length she said: "My poor brother! not quite so unkind or unjust as you seem to imagine. I understand the struggle which such a passion must have on a breast as yours. But I cannot see why you should look

so despondingly. If you love Ægle with such a love as you speak of, win her and make her yours. Do not be persuaded by the popular rumours to believe that she is superhuman, or insensible to the ordinary feelings of woman. She may at first display coldness from a desire to test the strength of your affection, but think not that she will permanently resist such a love as yours. The haughtiness of manner which she might naturally be expected to display towards such suitors as she has yet met with, has doubtless been exaggerated by vulgar report, until it has come to be believed that her heart is as hard as the rock, and as cold as the wave. But do not despair, my brother, Ægle may yet be yours, and that without any loss or damage to your honour or your name."

"Ah!" said Philokalos, "I would that I could really entertain such hopes. But you have not seen her; you have not heard the taunting sound of her voice; you have not felt the cold sparkle of her eye. Iothales, there is something in her look at times which chills the blood at one's heart, and yet there is a fascination about her which draws the victim on, and renders it as difficult to escape it as for the prey around which some monstrous serpent has entwined its folds. I fear there is little hope."

"Do not think so," said his sister, "you cannot yet have seen enough of her to warrant such gloomy apprehensions. Philokalos, I cannot believe this morning in evil for you or for me. I have a feeling within me to-day that says the happiness which has fallen to my lot is not to be dashed and destroyed by misfortune. Believe me, all will go well, and end as brightly as the sun which is now pouring his splendour through the air, and calling us to the chase. Come, my brother, a resolute will, and an elastic spirit will dispel these clouds, and help you through these difficulties."

The confidence which Iothales expressed was perhaps only half felt by her at first, yet she judged, and judged rightly, that where argument failed, the best medicine for her brother would be found in the contact with a cheerful and hopeful spirit. The effort which she made for the purpose of encouraging him, re-acted upon her own mind, so that as she went on speaking she felt her own courage rise, and her confidence increase, and her tone became so inspiring that Philokalos could not avoid feeling its influence. When she had finished, he kissed her affectionately and said:

"However these things may end, I shall always thank the Gods for such a sister. Believe me Iothales I will at all events be brave, and try like you to hope that all will go well. But now let us dismiss these matters, and for to-day at all events devote ourselves to the chase."

So they left the apartment, and shortly afterwards the hunting expedition set forth.

CHAPTER XI.

And the bright clouds that circled the fair sun
 Melt in the azure of the mellowing sky ;
 Then hark, again the joyous hunt begun,
 The ringing hoof, the hunter's cheering cry ;
 Round and around by forest, cave, and steep,
 The eager ban-dogs undulating sweep.

Sir E. B. LYTTON.

She espied the hunted boar
 Whose frothy mouth bepainted all with red,
 Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
 A second fear through all her sinews spread,
 Which madly hurries her, she knows not whither.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE hunting party set out from the house with all the apparent gaiety and cheerfulness which the splendour of the morning and the anticipations of the coming sport might be expected to produce. The hunting ground which was to be explored lay near to the other side of the island, and thither the company began at once to take their course. The course was a larger one than was usually known upon that quiet little island, the reasons being that the hunting ground now chosen had not been disturbed for a considerable time, and it was expected that a boar of unusual strength and ferocity might be found there. The party consisted of a few mounted persons, and a considerable number on foot. The office of the latter was to spread themselves in a line through the forest, and having discovered the game by means of a pack of noisy curs, which scattered yelping in every direction through the bush, to drive him by cries or any method which they could devise, from his cover into the open country. The principal hunters had then the option of letting slip the hounds which their attendants held in a leash, so as to force the boar at bay, or if the nature of the ground, and their own inclination permitted it, to attack them with their boar spears and arrows, and despatch him without the intervention of dogs.

Besides Philokalos, his sister, and Iphitus, the mounted hunters consisted only of the principal attendant of the latter, two officers of the household of Philokalos, and two or three of the more considerable cultivators of land upon the island who were able to indulge in the luxury of a horse, and an occasional day's amusement.

Philokalos, besides that he really felt somewhat inspired by his sister's efforts to encourage and console him, and moreover considerably relieved by the candid confession which he had made to her, had also resolved that he would at all events assume an air of gaiety even if he could not feel it, and determined that to-day at least, he would not, by his habitual melancholy, cast a gloom upon others who were bent on the pleasures of the day's sport. The effort to be cheerful produced something of the reality, and there was a light in the eye, and a glow on the face of Philokalos which had not been seen for some time. His some and well groomed horse which he sat with the easy

of one well practiced in athletic exercises. The casual observer who noticed his graceful figure and motions as he managed his mettlesome steed, would never have imagined that he was in secret pining for the love of a maiden whose hard heartedness was proof against all the elegance of his person and demeanour.

Iothales was mounted on a beautiful bay palfrey of great spirit and gentleness, which she rode with practised skill, and managed easily with a light and almost imperceptible motion of her wrist. She wore a light and elegant head-dress which encircled her brows, and allowed her hair to fall in luxuriant masses behind, where it was confined in a net. A graceful chlamys hung from her shoulders, and she carried a light bow and quiver full of arrows. With her gentle eyes, her bright smile, and her airy and graceful figure borne lightly and easily along by the elastic movements of her horse, she was worthy of all the admiring glances which were lavishly bestowed upon her by all the sharers and spectators of the hunt.

Iphitus was carried by a powerful and richly-comparisined black horse. He bore in his hand a boar spear of more than usual size and weight, which he wielded as easily as if it had been a feather. His spirits seemed higher even than usual, and he appeared absorbed in the anticipation of the coming sport. As he reined in his fiery steed by the side of Iothales, and forced him to accommodate his pace to that of her palfrey, the pair presented such a pleasing contrast of manly strength with feminine softness, as to rivet the attention and excite the admiration of all the spectators.

The party pursued their course in such order and manner as pleased them best, until they should arrive at the place where their work was to commence in earnest. Their road lay across a varied, and in many parts delightful, country. Sometimes they threaded in single file a thick wood through which a narrow path had been cut; sometimes they ascended a steep hill, and on the summit paused for a short time to breathe their horses, and to enjoy the prospect of sea, and hill, and wood; and sometimes they cantered their horses gaily over a smooth and gently undulating surface of low and soft herbage. It was whilst they were riding through a somewhat more open piece of wood, that Philokalos, who had sustained his share of the conversation with a vivacity that delighted his sister, and caused her to think that the gloom of the morning was but a passing cloud, exclaimed: "Come, Iphitus, you were ready enough last evening to sing the praises of war; cannot you now relieve the way by a song in honour of hunting?"

"It would not be the first," replied Iphitus, "that I have sung on the same theme; but the time for singing is after the hunt, and not before it; at least so says a song that I remember, and which, in spite of the lesson it gives, I will sing to you now if you choose, since we are still some distance from our hunting ground."

Then with his rich, clear voice, he sang as follows:—

Wake to the chase! The morning beam
The realm of sleep invades;
Wake, hunter, wake! nor longer dream
Of men and steeds that only seem
To move through forest glades.
Thy coal black steed, he scarcely stays;

ÆGLE.

He sniffs the morning air ;
 He tosses high his head, and neighs ;
 And every hound impatient bays,
 To seek the wild boar's lair.

Now let our horn, at early morn,
 Amongst the mountains ring,
 But not before we slay the boar,
 We'll show how hunter's sing.

Wake, huntress, wake ! The chase awaits
 The presence of its Queen ;
 Come in thy beauty's bloom that mates
 Diana's own, and through the gates
 Ride with thy chlamys green.
 Oh ! might it be my lot to ride
 Beside thy steed to-day,
 Throughout the chase thy course to guide,
 To ward all danger from thy side,
 When stands the boar at bay.

Now let our horn, at early morn,
 Amongst the mountains ring,
 But not before we slay the boar,
 We'll show how hunters sing.

Wake to the chase ! The trumpet blast
 Resounds amongst the hills ;
 And now the mountain track is past ;
 And steeds and hounds sweep on, and fast
 With life the valley fills.
 Now stands the boar in sullen pride,
 To dare our force, and die ;
 I see a green robe thrown aside,
 A white hand to the string applied,
 A swift-wing'd arrow fly.

Our horn, our horn, at early morn
 Amongst the hills shall ring ;
 But not before we slay the boar,
 We'll show how hunters sing.

"Your song savours strongly," said Philokalos laughing, "of having been made for the occasion ; but whether it is so or not, it is a right good one, and very appropriate ; and I hope Iothales will realize it by being the first to send an arrow through the boar."

"The bow," said Iphitus, "is a weapon of which I have no experience myself ; yet I know that it is a fatal weapon when used skilfully. For myself, I prefer a good stout spear." And he brandished the heavy weapon in his hand, as if it had been a straw.

"Your spear," said Philokalos, "is rather beyond the common dimensions, and it seems to me to be too heavy for hunting purposes. It may be a very good weapon with which to meet Hector in the field, but could you make it overtake a wild boar in his flight ?"

Iphitus smiled, and said : "For that we must wait a little before I can satisfy you ; but if you are willing to delay a moment, I will show you what my spear can do, so that you may judge what chance would have of escaping from its stroke. But I must do you the real virtue of the weapon, for my horse is some-

Then alighting from his horse, and throwing the rein

he pointed to a young tree that stood at a short distance, and said : " You see that sapling that stands with a larger tree behind it. If I can nail the two together, you will perhaps allow that my spear is not too cumbersome for use."

" It would be a stroke for any one to be proud of," said Philokalos, " and I should like to see it done."

Iphitus raised his spear and poised it in his right hand, then, drawing his arm backwards behind his shoulder to its full extent, he suddenly hurled his weapon with the force of a warlike engine. The spear sang through the air, and in an instant the sapling appeared pierced through the middle and pinned close to the tree which stood behind it.*

" There," said Iphitus, " I think your light weapon could hardly do that, Philokalos."

" You are right," returned he, " neither could I pretend to hurl the spear with such force as that. It must be the toughest bull's hide and the strongest mail which will resist such a blow. Yet I might perhaps induce you to allow that even such a weapon as this is not to be despised. What would you say to a stroke that should again liberate that tree which you have fastened so securely ?"

" If you can do that," said Iphitus, " I shall confess myself surpassed, and I shall say moreover that the man who stands opposite to you in fight had need look well to the chinks of his armour. But I am impatient to see this performance."

Philokalos let the reins fall upon his horse's neck, and the docile creature immediately stood as still as a rock. Then, raising his spear, he said : " I will cut yours between the two trees, and something nearer to the sapling." Then rising in his stirrups, and poising his weapon for a moment, he dismissed it. It struck true upon the spot indicated, and the spear of Iphitus giving way with a crack, the liberated sapling sprang back to its former position.

" A right good stroke," said Iphitus, " I never gave you credit for so much skill." Then calling for another spear which one of the attendants carried, he remounted his horse, and continued—" But now that we have both shown what we can do with our weapons, I think we may call upon Iothales to give us a specimen of what her bow can achieve."

" Iothales will willingly do so, I am sure," said Philokalos, " and depend upon it she will not be behind either of us in skill in the use of her weapon."

Iothales smiled, and said : " Find me a good mark then, Philokalos, and I will do my best."

" If you have not forgotten your old skill," said Philokalos, " I think you could stick an arrow in the handle of that spear which remains in the sapling there."

" Nay, if Iothales can do that," said Iphitus, " I think both of us will have to confess ourselves beaten. Teucer himself might be proud of such a feat."

Iothales smiled again, and turning her palfrey, rode off to a consider-

* Lest this performance should be thought extravagant, the reader is reminded that the heroes of the Trojan war possessed five times the strength of the men who lived in the degenerate days of Homer. Consequently if human strength has continued to decrease in the same ratio, the Greek Warriors must have been thirty times as strong as the heroes of the present day.—G.M.

able distance from the mark, and then selecting an arrow from her quiver, she fitted it to her bow, and raising the latter in her left hand, drew the string with her right. The gentle animal which she rode stood quietly under her as if aware of what she was about to do, and as she sat with her graceful head slightly thrown back her elbow raised, and her slender wrist curved, as her fingers drew the string, the beauty and symmetry of her figure excited the profound admiration of the spectators, and they awaited in breathless suspense the result of her shot. The bow-string twanged, the arrow whistled through the air, and the next moment stood quivering in the shaft of Iphitus.

A murmur of applause attested the admiration of the bystanders, and Iphitus riding up to Iothales said to her—

"I begin to think, my beautiful Iothales, that it is Diana herself who has chosen this island as her residence, and who has condescended to look with favour on a rude mortal like me."

She blushed and smiled, and replied: "It is but little that we have been able to learn upon this poor island, and it would be hard if we could not attain to some skill in one or two things at least."

"Such skill as you will find it difficult to get matched in the great world outside your little island," replied he; "but it is time that we should push on towards the ground where we expect to find our game."

So they went on, beguiling the way with pleasant converse, until they approached the destined spot.

Upon arriving there the work was at once commenced. A number of persons on foot began to spread themselves through the wood, searching carefully for tracks, and restraining the dogs until they had formed a circuit sufficiently large to render it probable that the game was enclosed between them and the edge of the forest. The plan of operations had been devised with a view to the character of the ground. At a short distance in front, the wood ended upon a steep hill side, at the bottom of which was a ravine, which it was not possible the game could cross. The hill itself was the commencement of a range of cliffs, which rose rugged and barren above a smooth beach. The mounted hunters had emerged from the wood at such a point that they would be able to drive the game along the level beach should the footmen with their dogs succeed in driving him from the wood. The only other avenue of escape which was open to him was through the forest into the interior, and it was to cut off this means of retreat that the footmen now spread themselves in as extended a line as possible through the wood.

Matters being so arranged, the mounted party had nothing to do but to await quietly the result of the operations of the beaters of the bush.

"I think," said Iphitus, after glancing carefully at the extent of beach which lay before them, "we may get better sport here without letting the dogs slip. If we once get a boar upon that smooth beach, our horses and our spears will do the work, or if you and I should prove bunglers, Philokalos, I think the arrow of your sister may be relied on. There will be time enough to loose the dogs, should there seem to be probability of his finding any escape through some fissure in the

"Perhaps you are right," said Philokalos, "although it will be a disappointment to Phæbus and Artemis," and he stooped to caress the two fine hounds which were held by two leashes, and which jumped up in extravagant joy at the sight of their master.

"I would have the dogs brought on as quickly as may be, for the best shot sometimes fails," said Iothales to her brother, her cheek glowing with the healthful exercise, and her eye beaming with the excitement of the anticipated sport."

"They will soon make up lost ground," replied he. "Eh ! boy ! Eh ! lass ! Down now, down," cried he, as the dogs in an ecstasy of delight began first to whine, and then to break into a loud, sharp bark. "What, are you such young hands as to give tongue before the game breaks cover, and drive him back into the woods."

The sounds that now proceeded from the forest, seemed to indicate that they would not have much longer to wait. The men were shouting, the dogs barking, and the bushes rustling, and these noises appeared both to grow louder and become more and more concentrated in the direction where the hunters were waiting. They reined back their horses, and waited in breathless silence, and with quick ears and restless eyes. At length the sound of the dogs and the rustling of the bushes approached nearer, and presently, with a heavy crash through the under-wood, and with a loud snort of mingled anger and terror, a huge boar burst from the cover, and with fiery eyes and bristly mane, rushed out upon the open ground.

One glance from his small quick eyes at the party of hunters, and the next moment he was going at a rapid pace along the beach in the opposite direction, followed by the pack of timid, but noisy curs, who, whenever they got near enough to allow him to make a stroke at them with his tusks, recoiled in confusion, and changed their clamorous barking for a howl of alarm and terror.

Giving the reins to their horses, the hunters galloped forward. The hounds sprang forward impetuously, and were with the utmost difficulty restrained by their keepers, who hurried forward as quickly as they could, with the double object of seeing something of the chase and of letting the hounds go, should there appear a chance of the game escaping.

Iphitus and Philokalos rode on either side of Iothales, and their horses kept pace with her palfrey. They adjusted their speed to that of the boar, taking care that he should not get away from them, and at the same time that they should not gain too much on him at first. At length when the boar had rid himself of the noisy curs which had followed him, and which now gave up the chase from fatigue or fear, Iphitus, looking forward said :

"I see a place yonder where the beach narrows by the side of that straight cliff, and it looks like a good place to stop the boar ; but here you see on the right is the spot where my ship lies high and dry, and the boar might easily escape there, for the hills have an easy ascent. I will ride forward to the pass, and on the way I will tell the men who are working at the ship to make a line and stop his way from the beach. In that way he will be between us, and we shall have him at bay.

As he finished speaking, he gave the rein to his horse, and urged him to speed. The noble animal bounded away at a pace which soon left the others behind and gained upon the flying boar. Iphitus made a sweep towards the inland side of the beach, and passing the game, he made his way rapidly towards his vessel. The workmen had left their labour, and were gathered in a knot to see the chase. Iphitus rode up to them

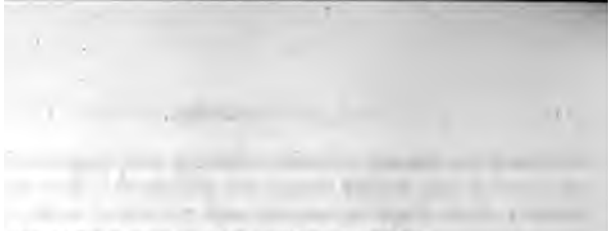

and ordering them to form a line which might intimidate the boar from escaping in that direction, he galloped on again to the pass.

When the others saw that Iphitus had gained the pass, Iothales said to her brother : " Now, Philokalos, let me go on and try the effect of my arrows. If they fail, and the game escapes me, he will have to encounter Iphitus in the front, or you in the rear."

" Go then, Iothales," said Philokalos, " but I do not think your arrows will leave much to be done either by myself or Iphitus."

He reined in his steed to a slower pace, and Iothales galloped forward. As she went she unstrung her bow, and drew forth an arrow from the quiver. Upon approaching near enough, she raised her bow and drew the string. The arrow stuck in the side of the boar, who swerved from his course with an angry grunt, and the next moment the beautiful huntress passed him as on the wings of the wind, and began to ride round him in circles with a skill and address which excited the wonder of all who saw it. They had now passed the spot where the vessel was lying. The boar had made a desperate effort to gain the inland country, but had been prevented by the men stationed there for that purpose, and he was now rapidly approaching the pass by the cliff. The intention of Iphitus had been to remain at this pass, and to prevent the boar from going through, but on arriving at the spot he found that the cliff was only the commencement of a range, and that at a short distance further the beach ended at the foot of a much higher and steeper rock, beyond which there was no passing. It was indeed the same rock which has been already often mentioned in this tale. Its existence was not unknown to Iphitus, as he had seen it on his landing, but he had not then minutely examined the locality, and was not aware that there was no way beyond the edge of the cliff. Neither were Philokalos or his sister better acquainted with this part of the coast, and as they had constantly ridden in advance of the others, there was no one to correct their misapprehension upon the subject. The sailors, indeed, had told Iphitus that the boar must necessarily be brought to bay at that point, without any interference on his part, but having gone so far he resolved to ride on and see the place for himself. Finding that it was as was represented, he re-mounted his horse, from which he had alighted while examining the ground, and began to ride quietly back to where Iothales was encountering the boar with such skill and address. Iphitus drew in his horse and gazed in mute admiration at the ease and grace with which the maiden was assailing her monstrous antagonist. But suddenly with an exclamation of alarm he urged his steed onward violently, and the noble creature sprang forward with the speed of lightning. He had cause, for Iothales, who but a moment before was careering round the boar with a fearlessness worthy of Diana herself, was now in a position of great and imminent danger. She was in the act of discharging a second arrow at the boar, when her palfrey suddenly stepped over a stone which lay on the beach, and fell. The arrow was just leaving the string, and it still flew straight enough to strike its mark, but instead of entering the body, it pierced the ear of the boar. The infuriated animal rushed at its assailant, and as Iothales rose from the ground she stood unprotected and at the mercy of the enraged boar. But the boar's first attack was at the palfrey, which had risen by its fall. The mettlesome creature galloped off as if

continued its former circuit, neighing, and apparently wondering why its mistress no longer joined in the sport. The boar next rushed at Iothales with foaming mouth and gnashing tusks. Her terror was extreme and seemed to paralyze her, but a rushing sound was heard, and like a whirlwind the black steed of Iphitus came up, and ere his motion could be arrested his rider had thrown himself off, and had raised his mighty spear to strike the boar. Iothales clasped her hands in thankfulness. In a moment she had passed from a state of hopeless terror to a feeling of calm confidence and security. There was the ferocious monster rushing towards her, his mane bristling, his dreadful tusks gnashing, his eyes darting fire. In a moment he would be on her; but Iothales knew that that moment would suffice to arrest his course; for there, close at hand, stood Iphitus, his feet firmly planted, his arm thrown back, his terrible spear poised, and all his great strength ready to be exerted in her defence. How should she feel other than secure? All this change took place in an instant. From the fierce brute which a moment before had filled her breast with such terrible alarm, Iothales turned her eyes in calm hope and confidence upon her defender, and what was the sight which smote upon her eyes like a thunderbolt, and again paralyzed her with chill terror! Iphitus was still standing in the attitude to strike, but he seemed to have been suddenly turned into stone. Forgetful of the boar, forgetful of his lover, forgetful of everything around him, he stood with his eyes riveted to all appearance upon the opposite cliff, and lost to all surrounding objects. Mechanically the eyes of Iothales followed his; but the imminence of the danger she was in, and the sudden revulsion of feeling from brief confidence and security to her former terror, proved too much for her, and she sank fainting to the ground.



THE FLEUR-DE-LIS AT PORT ROYAL.

AN EPISODE IN HUGUENOT HISTORY.

In the year 1562 a cloud of black and deadly portent was thickening over France. Surely and swiftly she glided towards the abyss of the religious wars. None could pierce the future; perhaps none dared to contemplate it: the wild rage of fanaticism and hate, friend grappling with friend, brother with brother, father with son; altars profaned, hearth-stones made desolate; the robes of Justice herself bedrenched with murder. In the gloom without lay Spain, imminent and terrible. As on the hills by the field of Dreux, her veteran bands of pikemen, dark masses of organised ferocity, stood biding their time while the battle surged below, then swept downward to the slaughter,—so did Spain watch and wait to trample and crush the hope of humanity.

In these days of fear, a Huguenot colony sailed for a New World. The calm, stern man who represented and led the Protestantism of France felt to his inmost heart the peril of the time. He would fain build up a city of refuge for the persecuted sect. Yet Gaspar de Coligny, too high in power to be openly assailed, was forced to act with caution. He must act, too, in the name of the Crown, and in virtue of his office of Admiral of France. A nobleman and soldier,—for the Admiral of France was no seaman,—he shared the ideas and habits of his class; nor is there reason to believe him to have been in advance of others of his time in a knowledge of the principles of successful colonization. His scheme promised a military colony, not a free commonwealth. The Huguenot party was already a political as well as a religious party. At its foundation lay the religious element, represented by Geneva, the martyrs, and the devoted fugitives who sang the psalms of Marot among rocks and caverns. Joined to these were numbers on whom the faith sat lightly, whose hope was in commotion and change. Of these, in great part, was the Huguenot noblesse, from Conde, who aspired to the Crown,—

Ce petit homme tant joli,
Qui toujours chante, toujours rit,—

to the younger son of the impoverished seigneur whose patrimony was his sword. More than this, the restless, the factious, the discontented began to link their fortunes to a party whose triumph would involve confiscation of the bloated wealth of the only rich class in France. An element of the great revolution was already mingling in the strife of religions.

America was still a land of wonder. The ancient spell still hung unbroken over the wide, vast world of mystery beyond the sea. A land of romance, of adventure, of gold.

Fifty-eight years later, the Puritans landed on the sand-chusetts Bay. The illusion was gone,—the *ignis fatuus* of a dream of wealth. The rugged wilderness offered only a ste

won independence. In their own hearts, not in the promptings of a great leader or the patronage of an equivocal government, their enterprise found its birth and its achievement. They were of the boldest, the most earnest of their sect. There were such among the French disciples of Calvin ; but no Mayflower ever sailed from a port of France. Coligny's colonists were of a different stamp, and widely different was their fate.

An excellent seaman and staunch Protestant, John Ribaut, of Dieppe, commanded the expedition. Under him, besides sailors, were a band of veteran soldiers and a few young nobles. Embarked in two of those antiquated craft whose high poops and tub-like proportions are preserved in the old engravings of De Bry, they sailed from Havre on the eighteenth of February, 1562. They crossed the Atlantic, and on the thirtieth of April, in the latitude of twenty-nine and a half degrees, saw the long, low line where the wilderness of waves met the wilderness of woods. It was the coast of Florida. Soon they descried a jutting point, which they called French Cape, perhaps one of the headlands of Matanzas Inlet. They turned their prows northward, skirting the fringes of that waste of verdure which rolled in shadowy undulation far to the unknown West.

On the next morning, the first of May, they found themselves off the mouth of a great river. Riding at anchor on a sunny sea, they lowered their boats, crossed the bar that obstructed the entrance, and floated on a basin of deep and sheltered water, alive with leaping fish. Indians were running along the beach and out upon the sand-bars, beckoning them to land. They pushed their boats ashore and disembarked,—sailors, soldiers, and eager young nobles. Corslet and morion, arquebuse and halberd, flashed in the sun that flickered through innumerable leaves, as, kneeling on the ground, they gave thanks to God who had guided their voyage to an issue of full promise. The Indians, seated gravely under the neighbouring trees, looked on in silent respect, thinking that they worshipped the sun. They were in full paint, in honor of the occasion, and in a most friendly mood. With their squaws and children, they presently drew near, and, strewing the earth with laurel-boughs, sat down among the Frenchmen. The latter were much pleased with them, and Ribaut gave the chief, whom he calls the king, a robe of blue cloth, worked in yellow with the regal fleur-de-lis.

But Ribaut and his followers, just escaped from the dull prison of their ships, were intent on admiring the wild scenes around them. Never had they known a fairer May-Day. The quaint old narrative is exuberant with delight. The quiet air, the warm sun, woods fresh with young verdure, meadows bright with flowers ; the palm, the cypress, the pine, the magnolia ; the grazing deer ; herons, curlews, bitterns, woodcock, and unknown water-fowl that waded in the ripple of the beach ; cedars bearded from crown to foot with long grey moss ; huge oaks smothered in the serpent folds of enormous grape-vines : such were the objects that greeted them in their roamings, till their new-found land seemed "the fairest, fruitfullest, and pleasantest of all the world."

They found a tree covered with caterpillars, and hereupon the ancient black-letter says,—“Also there be Silke wormes in meruelovs number, a great deale fairer and better than be our silke wormes. To bee shorte, it is a thing vnspeakable to consider the things that be scene there, and shalbe found more and more in this incomperable lande.”

Above all, it was plain to their excited fancy that the country was

rich in gold and silver, turquoises and pearls. One of the latter, "as great as an Acorne at y^e least," hung from the neck of an Indian who stood near their boats as they re-embarked. They gathered, too, from the signs of their savage visitors, that the wonderful land of Cibola, with its seven cities and its untold riches, was distant but twenty days' journey by water. In truth, it was on the Gila, two thousand miles off, and its wealth a fable.

They named the River the River of May,—it is now the St. John's,—and on its southern shore, near its mouth, planted a stone pillar graven with the arms of France. Then, once more embarked, they held their course northward, happy in that benign decree which locks from mortal eyes the secrets of the future.

Next they anchored near Fernandina, and to a neighbouring river, probably the St. Mary's, gave the name of the Seine. Here, as the morning broke on the fresh moist meadows hung with mists, and on broad reaches of inland waters which seemed like lakes, they were tempted to land again, and soon "espied innumerable number of footesteps being all fresh and new, and it seemeth that the people doe nourish them like tame Cattell." By two or three weeks of exploration they seem to have gained a clear idea of this rich semi-aquatic region. Ribaut describes it as "a countrie full of hauens riuers and Ilands of such fruitfulness, as cannot with tongue be expressed." Slowly moving northward, they named each river, or inlet supposed to be a river, after the streams of France,—the Loire, the Charente, the Garonne, the Gironde. At length they reached a scene made glorious in after years. Opening betwixt flat and sandy shores, they saw a commodious haven, and named it Port Royal.

On the twenty-seventh of May they crossed the bar, where the war-ships of Dupont crossed three hundred years later.* They passed Hilton Head, and, dreaming nothing of what the rolling centuries would bring forth, held their course along the peaceful bosom of Broad River. On the left they saw a stream which they named Libourne, probably Skull Creek; on the right, a wide river, probably the Beaufort. When they landed, all was solitude. The frightened Indians had fled, but they lured them back with knives, beads, and looking-glasses, and enticed two of them on board their ships. Here, by feeding, clothing, and caressing them, they tried to wear them from their fears, but the captive warriors moaned and lamented day and night, till Ribaut, with the prudence and humanity which seem always to have

* The following is the record of this early visit to Port Royal, taken from Ribaut's report to Coligny, translated and printed in London in 1563:—

"And when wee had sounded the entrie of the Chanell (thanked be God), wee entered safely therein with our shippes, against the opinion of many, finding the same one of the fayrest and greatest Hauens of the worlde. Howe be it, it must be remembred, least men approaching neare it within seven leagues of the laude, bee abashed and afraide on the East side, drawing towerde the Southeast, the grounde to be flatte, for neurthelesse at a full sea, there is euery where foure fadome water keeping the righte Chanel."

Ribaut thinks that the Broad River at Port Royal is the *Jordan* of the Spanish navigator Vasquez de Ayllon, who was here in 1520, and name of St. Helena to a neighboring cape (*La Vega, Florida de* adjacent district, now called St. Helena, is the *Rhicora* of the maps.

characterized him, gave over his purpose of carrying them to France, and set them ashore again.

Ranging the woods, they found them full of game, wild turkeys and partridges, bears and lynxes. Two deer of unusual size, leaped up from the underbrush. Crossbow and arquebuse were brought to the level; but the Huguenot captain, "moved with the singular fairness and bigness of them," forbade his men to shoot.

Preliminary exploration, not immediate settlement, had been the object of the voyage, but all was still rose-color in the eyes of the voyagers, and many of their number would fain linger in the New Canaan. Ribaut was more than willing to humor them. He mustered his company on deck, and made them a stirring harangue: appealed to their courage and their patriotism, told them how, from a mean origin, men rise by enterprise and daring to fame and fortune, and demanded who among them would stay behind and hold Port Royal for the king. The greater part came forward "with such good will and jolly corage," writes the commander, "as we had much to do to stay their importunitie." Thirty were chosen, and Albert de Pierria named to command them.

A fort was forthwith begun, on a small stream called the Chenanceau, probably Archers' Creek, about six miles from the site of Beaufort. They named it Charleston, in honor of the unhappy son of Catherine de Medicis, Charles IX., the future hero of St. Bartholomew. Ammunition and stores were sent on shore, and, on the eleventh of June, with his diminished company, Ribaut, again embarking, spread his sails for France.

From the beach at Hilton Head, Albert and his companions might watch the receding ships, growing less and less on the vast expanse of blue, dwindling to faint specks, then vanishing on the pale verge of the waters. They were alone in those fearful solitudes. From the North Pole to Mexico no Christian denizen but they.

But how were they to subsist? Their thought was not of subsistence, but of gold. Of the thirty, the greater number were soldiers and sailors, with a few gentlemen, that is to say, men of the sword, born within the pale of nobility, who at home could neither labour nor trade without derogation from their rank. For a time they busied themselves with finishing their fort, and, this done, set forth in quest of adventures.

The Indians had lost all fear of them. Ribaut had enjoined upon them to use all kindness and gentleness in their dealing with the men of the woods; and they more than obeyed him. They were soon hand and glove with chiefs, warriors, and squaws; and as with Indians the adage that familiarity breeds contempt, holds with peculiar force, they quickly divested themselves of the prestige which had attached at the outset to their supposed character of children of the sun. Goodwill, however, remained, and this the colonists abused to the utmost.

Roaming by river, swamp, and forest, they visited in turn the villages of five petty chiefs, whom they called kings, feasted everywhere on hominy, beans, and game, and loaded with gifts. One of these chiefs, named Audusta, invited them to the grand religious festival of his tribe. Thither, accordingly, they went. The village was alive with preparation, and troops of women were busied in sweeping the great circular area, surrounded by the lodges, where the ceremonies were to take place. But as the noisy and impertinent guests showed disposition to undue merriment, the chief shut them all in his wigwam, lest their gentile eyes

should profane the mysteries. Here, immured in darkness, they listened to the howls, yelpings, and lugubrious songs that resounded from without. One of them, however, by some artifice, contrived to escape, hid behind a bush, and saw the whole solemnity: the procession of the medicine-men and the bedaubed and befeathered warriors; the drumming, the dancing, the stamping; the wild lamentation of the women, as they gashed the arms of the young girls with sharp mussel-shells and flung the blood into the air with dismal outcries. A scene of ravenous feasting followed, in which the French, released from durance, were summoned to share.

Their carousal over, they returned to Charlesfort, where they were soon pinched with hunger. The Indians, never niggardly of food, brought them supplies as long as their own lasted; but the harvest was not yet ripe, and their means did not match their good-will. They told the French of two other kings, Ouade and Conexis, who dwelt towards the South, and were rich beyond belief in maize, beans, and squashes. Embarking without delay, the mendicant colonists steered for the wigwams of these potentates, not by the open sea, but by a perplexing inland navigation, including, as it seems, Calibogue Sound and neighbouring waters. Arrived at the friendly villages, on or near the Savannah, they were feasted to repletion, and their boat laden with vegetables and corn. They returned rejoicing; but their joy was short. Their storehouse at Charlesfort, taking fire in the night, burned to the ground, and with it their newly acquired stock. Once more they set forth for the realms of King Ouade, and once more returned laden with supplies. Nay, more, the generous savage assured them, that, so long as his cornfields yielded their harvests, his friends should not want.

How long this friendship would have lasted may well be matter of doubt. With the perception that the dependants on their bounty were no demigods, but a crew of idle and helpless beggars, respect would soon have changed to contempt and contempt to ill-will. But it was not to Indian war-clubs that the embryo colony was to owe its ruin. Within itself it carried its own destruction. The ill-assorted band of landmen and sailors, surrounded by that influence of the wilderness which wakens the dormant savage in the breasts of men, soon fell into quarrels. Albert, a rude soldier, with a thousand leagues of ocean betwixt him and responsibility, grew harsh, domineering, and violent beyond endurance. None could question or oppose him without peril of death. He hanged a drummer who had fallen under his displeasure, and banished La Chère, a soldier, to a solitary island, three leagues from the fort, where he left him to starve. For a time his comrades chafed in smothered fury. The crisis came at length. A few of the fiercer spirits leagued together, assailed their tyrant, and murdered him. The deed done, and the famished soldier delivered, they called to the command one Nicholas Barré, a man of merit. Barré took the command, and thenceforth there was peace.

Peace, such as it was, with famine, homesickness, disgust. The rough ramparts and rude buildings of Charlesfort, hatefully familiar to their weary eyes, the sweltering forest, the glassy river, the eternal silence of the wild monotony around them, oppressed the senses and the spirits. Did they feel themselves the pioneers of religious freedom, the *advance-guard* of civilization? Not at all. They dreamed of ease, of

home, of pleasures across the sea,—of the evening cup on the bench before the cabaret, of dances with kind damsels of Dieppe. But how to escape? A continent was their solitary prison, and the pitiless Atlantic closed the egress. Not one of them knew how to build a ship; but Ribaut had left them a forge, with tools and iron, and strong desire supplied the place of skill. Trees were hewn down and the work begun. Had they put forth, to maintain themselves at Port Royal, the energy and resource which they exerted to escape from it, they might have laid the cornerstone of a solid colony.

All, gentle and simple, labored with equal zeal. They caulked the seams with the long moss which hung in profusion from the neighboring trees; the pines supplied them with pitch; the Indians made for them a kind of cordage; and for sails they sewed together their shirts and bedding. At length a brigantine, worthy of Robinson Crusoe, floated on the waters of the Chenanceau. They laid in what provision they might, gave all that remained of their goods to the delighted Indians, embarked, descended the river, and put to sea. A fair wind filled their patchwork sails and bore them from the hated coast. Day after day they held their course, till at length the favoring breeze died away and a breathless calm fell on the face of the waters. Florida was far behind; France farther yet before. Floating idly on the glassy waste, the craft lay motionless. Their supplies gave out. Twelve kernels of maize a day were each man's portion; then the maize failed and they ate their shoes and leather jerkins. The water-barrels were drained, and they tried to slake their thirst with brine. Several died, and the rest, giddy with exhaustion and crazed with thirst, were forced to ceaseless labor, baling out the water that gushed through every seam. Head-winds set in, increasing to a gale, and the wretched brigantine, her sails close-reefed, tossed among the savage billows at the mercy of the storm. A heavy sea rolled down upon her, and threw her on her side. The surges broke over her, and, clinging with desperate gripe to spars and cordage, the drenched voyagers gave up all for lost. At length she righted. The gale subsided, the wind changed, and the crazy, water-logged vessel again bore slowly towards France.

Gnawed with deadly famine, they counted the leagues of barren ocean that still stretched before. With haggard, wolfish eyes they gazed on each other, till a whisper passed from man to man, that one, by his death, might ransom all the rest. The choice was made. It fell on La Chère, the same wretched man whom Albert had doomed to starvation on a lonely island, and whose mind was burdened with the fresh memories of his anguish and despair. They killed him, and with ravenous avidity portioned out his flesh. The hideous repast sustained them till the French coast rose in sight, when, it is said, in a delirium of insane joy, they could no longer steer their vessel, but let her drift at the will of the tide. A small English bark bore down upon them, took them all on board, and, after landing the feeblest, carried the rest prisoners to Queen Elizabeth.

Thus closed another of those scenes of woe whose lurid clouds were thickly piled around the stormy dawn of American history.

It was but the opening part of a wild and tragic drama. A tempest of miseries awaited those who essayed to plant the banners of France and of Calvin in the Southern forests; and the bloody scenes of the religious war were acted in epitome on the shores of Florida.

THE PATRIOT.

It was roses, roses, all the way,
 With myrtle mixed in my path like mad;
 The house-roofs seemed to heave and sway,
 The church-spires flamed, such flags they had,
 A year ago on this very day.

The air broke into a mist with bells,
 The old walls rocked with the crowds and cries.
 Had, I said, "Good folks, mere noise repels,
 But give me your sun from yonder skies;"

They had answered, "And afterwards, what else?"

Alack, it was I who leaped at the sun
 To give it my loving friends to keep.
 Nought man could do, have I left undone,
 And you see my harvest, what I reap
 This very day, now a year is run.

There's nobody on the house-tops now,
 Just a palsied few at the windows set,
 For the best of the sights is, all allow,
 At the Shamble's Gate, or, better yet,
 By the very scaffold's foot, I trow.

I go in the rain, and more than needs,
 A rope cuts both my wrists behind,
 And I think, by the feel, my forehead bleeds,
 For they fling, whoever has a mind,
 Stones at me, for my year's misdeeds.

Thus I entered Brescia, and thus I go!
 In such triumphs, people have dropped down dead,
 "Thou, paid by the world,—what do'st thou owe
 Me?" God might have questioned; but now instead
 'Tis God shall requite! I am safer so.

R. BROWN

OUR COLONIZATION AND ITS ETHICS.

THE old comparison of colonial politics to the agitations of a vestry, is one which we at all events can afford to receive with a calm smile of superiority, and with a feeling of invulnerability to any such sarcasm. The present state of things in this Colony shows that the importance and interest of public events, of political complications, or of financial schemes, do not depend entirely upon the territorial extent of their influence, or upon the masses of population affected by them. These of course are elements by no means to be ignored in estimating the importance of public transactions; and questions which are in themselves perfectly simple may acquire an interest which absorbs public attention on account of the magnitude of the results involved. In an old established country scarcely any question is considered trifling, partly by reason of the extent of population which may be affected by it, and partly by reason of the powerful machinery of discussion and debate which is brought to bear in its consideration.

A battery of Armstrong guns in full operation is sure to make a great noise, and the bystanders will become interested in the practice, even though the object of the attack is nothing but a *whare* which might be demolished with a hatchet. In the same way a matter in dispute assumes a factitious importance when it is discussed by the leading orators of the British Parliament, and advocated on either side with all the power of the British press. The uneasy movements of Enceladus and his stertorous breathings may cause the earth to quake, the mountain to heave and groan, and the nations to be filled with consternation; yet the physiological interest of his acts is no greater than that of an ordinary mortal's. On the other hand it is often difficult for a colonial question to receive the consideration and attention which it deserves at the hands of the people of the older countries. Appealing only to the interests of a small scattered population, shown in a light which presents nothing but the coarsest possible view of those interests, and debated with the ludicrous oratory of combined selfishness and ignorance, these questions seldom do more than bring a smile of contempt to the lips of those who know that the restraining influence of the mother country is ready to prevent those evils which the folly and turbulence of a young community might entail. We cannot therefore recognize with too much seriousness the fact that this Colony is now called upon to act for itself in circumstances which place it face to face with questions whose importance and interest is exciting the attention of the whole world, or what is to us much the same thing, of the British race.

It would perhaps be difficult to point out any session of the British parliament for a considerable number of years in which affairs of greater interest to be debated, measures of more practical importance to be proposed, or statesmanship of more genuine quality to be employed, than in the present session of the New Zealand General Assembly. The question

of free trade was undoubtedly of vital importance to the country, but the real merits of that question had been settled long before by the concurrent voices of the profoundest thinkers and political economists ; and to carry out the simple measure required for the relief of the great evils which existed required rather moral courage than refined statesmanship. The attitude to be assumed by England in relation to the exciting events going on in foreign countries, and the embarrassing complications arising from them, has perhaps deserved and received more attention than any other topic for some time past. Yet in this case the course to be pursued has generally been pretty plain. To maintain a dignified neutrality, and at the same time in cases where grand principles are involved to show unhesitatingly which way her sympathies incline, to avoid being led by those sympathies into unjustifiable interference, or moved by insult and ingratitude from the position once taken up ; these are the things which England has had to do, and to do which she has not been obliged to look for consummate statesmanship or profound policy, but rather for the firmness of Englishmen and the honourable feeling of gentlemen.

The questions with which we in New Zealand have found ourselves compelled to grapple are of a more subtle and complicated character. We have to reconcile conflicting elements. We have to encroach upon the possessions of others without committing injustice, to seize by force that which we most require for our own uses without exhibiting a spirit of rapacity, to rescind treaty engagements without breaking faith, to civilize with the edge of the sword, to secure the interests of humanity and progress by a process of war, conquest, and confiscation, to induce a race of men who always suspected our friendship while our swords were sheathed, to believe in it now when we press upon them with increasing forces, drive them from their habitations, and occupy their land ; and all this we have to do in consequence of difficulties into which we have been led either by others than ourselves, or by the inevitable course of events, and out of which we have to get by conduct of which the responsibility has been suddenly and unceremoniously thrown upon us. To do these things seems to require a combination of high qualities. Unflinching courage, judicial impartiality, administrative skill, the calmness of the philosopher, the knowledge of the political economist, the benevolence of the philanthropist, and the practical skill of the financier, seem to be all necessary in order to steer us safely through our present maze of difficulties, and if we can find these qualities in our community, we need not blush to submit our policy to the scrutiny and the criticisms of the leading nations of the world.

To meet these pressing difficulties, the late Government of New Zealand has put forth a scheme, and the present Government, composed partly of the same members, has adopted that scheme, so far as its fundamental principles are concerned. It is a scheme which at once and for ever subverts the footing on which we have hitherto stood with the Maori race, and alters irrevocably the relations existing between ourselves and them. It is a scheme in short, for swamping the Maori by num and for colonizing the land by force. To accept this scheme, as been accepted almost universally throughout the colony, and our part are prepared to accept it, is a step which at once with the question whether the whole of our former deal Maori have not been based upon a false theory and a

our rights and obligations ; our rights, with respect to occupation of land, and our obligations, with respect to the elevation and preservation of a savage race. The right of the Maori to the whole land of this country, and the duty of the colonist to save a number of savages from the extinction to which they were hastening, have been, at all events practically, the fundamental principles upon which the British Government has caused the colonization of this country to be conducted. Both positions however appear to us, by the new light which recent events have thrown upon the subject, to be of more than doubtful validity. The advocate of the right of the Maori to the possession of all the land in this country for which he has not received cash, has always appeared to content himself with the statement of his proposition as an axiom, not, we fear, because it is self-evident, but on account of the other characteristic which goes to constitute an axiom,—that it is incapable of proof. It seems almost incredible that so monstrous a delusion should ever have held its ground, and we incline to the belief that this principle was acted on, not on account of its clearness, but because in the early days of the Colony it was found more convenient to fight with “silver lances” than with steel ones. It is difficult to understand what law of providence or of nature permits men to retain by force large tracts of land which is useless to themselves, and required for the sustenance of others. It does not seem necessary to go into any very refined disquisition upon the nature of property, or the grounds upon which the right of it is based. We will for the present adopt the philosophy which takes “the fitness of things” as the basis of all rights and obligations, and this principle will lead us to the opinion that while it is just and reasonable that a man’s right to the land which he holds and cultivates, or means to cultivate, should be respected, there is no fitness or propriety whatever in allowing him, like the dog in the manger, to retain in a barren state the land which is the gift of providence to the human race. The philanthropy which adopts a different principle, is, we believe, a fallacious philanthropy, and we unhesitatingly affirm that we might at the commencement of our colonization here, have taken and held by force any land not actually occupied by the natives, without violating any law of justice or humanity. We have on the contrary, by abdicating the rights which were ours, placed ourselves in an essentially false position, and laid up for ourselves a heritage of embarrassments and perplexity from which we are now compelled to free ourselves by a practical renunciation of our former principles.

The second point which we took for discussion is the supposed obligation under which we lie to save and elevate the Maori race. This obligation we look upon as at least doubtful. It is doubtless our duty to treat the Maori with justice and humanity, and to impart to him whatever he may be willing to receive of our superior cultivation, but to preserve the Maori race from extinction is not in our opinion a thing to be set before us as a definite object. Our meaning will at once become clear by putting the question whether it is on the whole best that a country should be peopled and occupied by men of English race, or by an equal number of men of whom a portion should be Maori. The answer to this question depends entirely on the consideration,—which is the superior race ?—which presents the highest perfection of human organization ? If the answer is in favor of the English race, then it is better

they should inhabit the land, and if we find that by the operation of natural laws the decline and extinction of the inferior race is being effected, we are not to assist the process but admire the result. This may be looked upon as the frigid conclusion of men who look upon the problems of human society, with the scientific curiosity of zoologists or political economists, yet it seems to us a conclusion as consistent with an enlightened benevolence as it is with sound reason. We are not called upon to prop by artificial means a declining race ; all that we are bound to do is to give it fair play, and the question of preponderance for one, or extinction for either race, will be settled by laws which will be wiser than we or our philanthropy. If the Maori will not avail himself of the means which are placed at his disposal by contact with a superior race, he must take the consequences ; and there is no fear but that his place will be properly supplied.

The two principles therefore, on which our former dealings with the Maori have been based, appear to fail. Acting upon the first, we made the Treaty of Waitangi ; and now, finding that worthless, we have annulled with it the principle upon which it relied. Acting upon the second, we subsidized the Maori to enable him to taste something of a civilization which he was not prepared to win, and bribed him into conformity with laws whose excellence he could not understand ; and now we have resolved to let him take his own course, and to leave him to the operation of those natural laws which over-rule so calmly and sternly our inaccurate conclusions and our crude schemes.

The Treaty of Waitangi is done with. Whatever may be alleged for or against it as a measure of some utility at the time of its construction, it is now well out of our road. No longer upon its clauses can we rest our claim to sovereignty, or the Maori his title to land. The artificial relations between us and him are at length swept away, and we are reduced to the necessity of falling back upon fundamental principles, which fortunately are clear and simple enough. We have first to establish ourselves as the dominant power, and then to maintain justice, law, and order.

The present war is a war of colonization. Whatever may have been the immediate or proximate cause, this is what it essentially is, and in this point of view we maintain it to be a profitable war. We care not who struck the first blow ; we are satisfied that it was sure to be struck by one party or the other. With the conduct of the war we have nothing now to do ; we rest satisfied in the statesman-like scheme which follows up the military operations, by establishing a chain of military settlements to secure the peace of the country. We wish now briefly to consider the two questions :—How are we to treat the enemy during the war ? and how are we to treat him after the war ? In considering the first point, we are met at the outset by the doubt whether we are to look upon the Maori as a rebel or a belligerent. So far as the matter can be decided by the law of the country, there is, we suppose, no further room for discussion. The Chief Justice of New Zealand has ruled that in the eye of the law every human being within the limit of these Islands is a subject of Queen Victoria, and in the decision of the Chief Justice we readily acquiesce. Yet it is unfortunate when the legal view of an important matter is at variance with that which must be taken by those *who wish* to look at the subject fairly, and according to its intrinsic

merits. We do not hesitate to assert that in truth and fairness the Maori must be considered not as a rebel, but a belligerent ; and that the prisoners taken by us are prisoners of war, and ought to be treated as such. In discussing this matter people are very apt to mix up things which have nothing to do with each other, and they often argue as if the Natives are to be treated as rebels, because they have committed great barbarities. If they have done these things, let them be treated accordingly ; but this has nothing to do with the question whether they are to be looked on as aliens or subjects in arms. If they are subjects, it must be by virtue of the Treaty of Waitangi ; but this, we submit, places them in a very different position from men who are born subjects without any Treaty at all. It may be that legally their obligation as subjects remains, when the Treaty is broken by their own act ; but even in this case rebellion is a very different thing in the Maori from what it is in a natural subject. But, setting aside technicalities, let us see how far the Maori is really culpable in resisting our sway. Our answer to this is, that his sole and whole crime consists in ignorance of what is good for him. This is a crime, we admit, which nature generally punishes severely. We scarcely think the Maori morally bound by the Waitangi Treaty ; we are uncertain how far the Maori nation was a party to it ; we are sure that as a nation they did not understand the sovereignty they were ceding. But we convict the Maori of blindness in not seeing the utter futility of his efforts to resist a power, and the great advantages to be gained by submitting to it. We convict him of folly in rejecting the only salvation there is for his race. Of these offences he will suffer the just punishment, but there is no reason why we should hold him guilty of a factitious offence, and exact from him an arbitrary penalty. He fights for a lawless freedom, and if we have not the power, we have not the right to subdue him. We have the power and the right, but we are not justified in treating him as a criminal for resisting us. We hold then that the Maori is a belligerent, and entitled to belligerent rights ; but it is replied that the atrocities he has committed fairly deprives him of those rights. We admit the principle that a party may so carry on war as to justify the refusal of the enemy to allow him any belligerent rights, but we do not think that this point of atrocity has yet been reached by the Maori. He has shown indeed that he wishes to make this a war of extermination, and he has committed cruel and barbarous murders. He therefore could have no ground of complaint if we were to act similarly. But we must remember that the Maori has still observed the usages of war. He has broken no engagement ; he has fired upon no flag of truce, and these are the offences which deprive a belligerent of his rights. Retaliation for the murders committed is, of course, not to be thought of beyond the punishment of the murderers. We give our voice for hanging any of these that can be taken, but while we do so, we see plainly enough the distinction between homicide committed without personal malice, and for a national object, and the ordinary murders for which our criminals are brought to the gallows. The murders committed by the Maori are savage and ferocious, but they are justified to his mind by the supposed necessity of weakening the pakeha in every way. National hate is not so bad as private malice. We are prepared to make some allowance for the savage ignorance of the Maori, as well as for the equally savage ignorance of those who cry out



for the blood of unarmed prisoners, and who would wish to see the pakeha become a worse barbarian than the Maori himself. The prisoners now in our hands were taken by our General as prisoners of war, and were complimented by him on their gallant resistance. This chivalrous conduct presents a pleasing contrast with the blatant clamour which, under the name of justice, seeks really to satisfy a coarse feeling of revenge.

When the war is over it will be the object of the Government, we rejoice to find, not to drive the Maori to his mountain fastnesses, but to give him every facility for sharing in our civilization. This, if we effect it, will be the greatest triumph of all ; but to effect it, we must show him by our conduct now that we do not seek his destruction, but only his reduction under the rule of law. Having conquered him, we are bound to give him the chance of acquiring our civilization with its rights and privileges. How best to carry out this is a subject not within the limits of this paper.

We maintain then that to admit the right of savages to a broad land which they cannot use, is a perversion of the arrangements of nature, and a fraud upon our own race ; that to squander money, and waive our just rights in the attempt to save from extinction a declining race is a course which will be rewarded by ingratitude or disappointment ; and that our war is essentially a war of colonization, and justifiable on that ground. We maintain further that when a party is strong enough to become a belligerent *de facto*, it becomes one *de jure* and must be treated as such. We maintain that nothing has occurred yet to deprive the Maori of his belligerent rights, and that the cry for indiscriminate vengeance shows a state of mind in which base fear and ignorant selfishness predominate. We assert lastly, that as this is a war of colonization, and as freedom, law, and justice are necessarily elements of English colonization, we are bound to extend these benefits to the Maori, if he will have them. To do this we must cultivate among ourselves and the soldiers whom we are raising amongst us as the future defence of our civilization, the virtues of humanity and chivalrous courtesy ; not call them to aid us in subduing barbarism, and suffer them to become barbarians themselves by indulging in an indiscriminate desire for sanguinary revenge.

ON GRAFTING.

GRAFTING is a very ancient custom, as we read of it in very early writings. It is more than probable that it was first practised in the cultivation of fruit trees, to perpetuate a favorite kind, which could not be propagated with certainty by sowing the seed. All the wild originals of our garden and orchard fruit, have been, by accident or continued culture, changed from comparative worthlessness to valuable products in size as well as in quality. In the accomplishment of these results the art of grafting has been mainly instrumental, for by transferring a shoot of an improved variety to the young stem of a kindred seedling, the good kind was obtained in any desired number. This is a process applicable to all trees and shrubs, and even smaller plants, and consists in inoculating or joining one branch of a species to another, and thus producing a variety different from either. *Grafting* is an operation by which a bud or young scion is inserted upon an individual and is there developed, so as to become identified with the stock on which it is placed. Grafting can only succeed when it is placed between vegetating parts. Thus, wood cannot be grafted, nor even alburnum. In the operation and phenomena of grafting, the great similarity which exists between buds and seeds, especially with respect to their development, may be remarked. These two organs are destined to give rise to new individuals, some of which live at the expense of the stock by which they are developed; while the rest subsist by themselves and without requiring foreign assistance. It is to be remarked that grafting, or union of parts, can take place only between vegetables of the same species, species of the same genera, or lastly, genera of the same family; but never between individuals belonging to different natural orders. For example, the peach may be grafted upon the almond, the apricot on the plum and peach; for it is necessary that there should be a kind of agreement or similarity between the sap of the two individuals before the union of a graft can be effected.

It is the cambium or proper juice of vegetables, that serves as a means of union between the individual and the graft, in the same manner that in animals lymph is interposed between the two lips of a recent wound, which it brings together and unites. When the wound of a graft is examined about ten days after the operation, a thin layer of small greenish granulations dispersed in a viscid fluid, is seen between the two parts that have been brought together. These granulations, the rudiments of vegetable organisation, are produced by the cambium which becomes solidified and organised; and this takes place whenever a superficial wound is made upon a tree provided the contact of air be prevented.

We may first premise that experience has taught us that perfect union by grafting can only take place between congenial natures. Two individuals of the same genus of plants, and in some instances two individuals of the same natural order, or family, which the science of Botany has associated, will unite by grafting and become one tree. We may next suppose that almost all plants, and certainly all fruit trees, have to pass through a season or period of rest, during which they are

naturally barren. If you intend to raise a fruit tree from seed, you must wait with patience until the tree arrives at a mature age, before you can expect it to bear fruit. Therefore the advantage of grafting a mature part of an old tree upon the vigorous stem of a young one, is very obvious; because its period of youth is much shortened, as grafts have been known to bear fruit in the first year. This however but seldom happens, nor indeed is it to be wished, as no fruit tree should be allowed to bear fruit before it has acquired a reasonable size of head.

Besides the advantage of transferring aged and mature wood to young stocks, this operation has also another effect, which is equally serviceable to the cultivator, and that is, its tendency to check luxuriant growth, a circumstance which renders the grafted tree at once more dwarfish and more fruitful; and, as these circumstances are usually consequences of each other, it is an improvement clearly attributable to the operation of grafting.

The practicability of grafting as well as budding, depends on the readiness with the elements of the scion and stock unite; the living members of both being placed in close proximity at the season when both have begun to swell under the flowing sap, instantly coalesce, if the scion and stock be nearly of a size the junction becomes so complete, that in a few years it is scarcely discernable, especially if nearly equal in habit of growth or membranous structure; but if one be of a stronger habit of growth than the other, they increase in diameter unequally. If an apple scion be grafted on a white thorn, or a pear on a quince stock, the grafts in both cases swell much faster than the stocks; of course the junction is always apparent and sometimes extremely unequal; for though there is a free inter-communication of the sap, the specific difference of the woody structure or vascular fabric being unlike, causes the difference in the diametric bulk: hence arises the necessity to have the union underground or the graft put on the stock within an inch of its root. On examination of the grafted part of a stem of several years growth, by cleaving it perpendicularly or cutting through the graft transversely, we find an intimate union between the layers of wood which were about to be formed when the operation was performed, and of all the subsequently formed layers of both: but between the wood of the graft and stock there is a sensible division, marked by a brown line where the two surfaces made by the knife were joined. Another advantage arising from the practice of grafting is, the certainty of perpetuating the true kind of fruit; and therefore it appears that whatever may be the state or quality of the sap as supplied by the stock, it very soon becomes assimilated to that of the graft, if indeed any assimilation at all be necessary. A good deal of judgment, however, is required in adapting the scions to proper stocks, in order to assist diminutive growth by placing on strong stocks or the reverse. The habit or manner of growth of the tree whence the graft is taken, is conveyed along with it.

As fruit trees are rarely fertile till the vigour of youth is moderated, and some varieties are always too luxuriant to be good bearers; working them upon others of a more diminutive habit may effect valuable improvements or *vice versa*. Double working fruit trees certainly induces moderate growth and consequent fruitfulness; and it is an expedient which is not so much had recourse to as its importance to it deserves. This is an axiom that should not be overlooked.

plicit, or explain the meaning of double grafting more fully, for instance suppose a young quince tree has been grafted this spring with a scion of a strong growing pear within two inches of its roots, the stock and scion to be nearly of equal dimensions so that the union may be exact; in the following Spring the tree will require to be headed down to within one and a half or two inches of where it was grafted the preceding year; then regraft on the pear on the opposite side of the stock to the one already done with a different variety, or select the grafts from trees that make little or no wood. As there are several of our finest pears that refuse to grow on the quince or thorn, but by putting on a free growing sort first and re-grafting the weaker on the stronger, they will make fine clean healthy trees, and come into a fruit-bearing state in a few years, with wood of medium size and cleanness. Trees prepared as now described cannot be brought into the market to compete with others that have only been wrought once; but in course of time the public will feel alive to their own interest with regard to their selection.

D. HAY.

FAREWELL OF THE RIVER SPIRIT.

FROM THE "DRAMA OF EXILE."

Hush! the flow of the four rivers,
 Hark the flow!
 How the silence round you shivers
 While our voices through it go,
 Cold and clear.
 Think a little, while ye hear,
 Of the banks,
 Where the willows and the deer
 Crowd in intermingled ranks,
 As if all would drink at once,
 Where the living water runs!
 Of the fishes' golden edges,
 Flashing in and out the sedges;
 Of the swans on silver thrones,
 Floating down the winding streams
 With impassive eyes turned shoreward,
 And the Lotos leaning forward,
 To help you into dreams;
 Fare ye well, farewell!
 The river-sounds, no longer audible,
 Expire at Eden's door,
 Each footstep of your treading
 Treads out some murmur which ye heard before.
 Farewell! the streams of Eden
 Ye shall hear never more.

E. B. BROWNING.



MODERN POETS.

COLERIDGE.

THE Poet has at least one great advantage over all prose writers ; he has, from the very nature of his influence upon his reader's mind, the certainty that of all those who admire his poetry he makes, in a manner, personal friends. We have no difficulty in reading philosophy, or history, or even fiction without ever thinking of the man who gave us the intellectual enjoyment of which we are keenly conscious, it may be, whilst we read. Wonder at the lofty powers of mind, admiration of the skill and penetration displayed, delight in the glowing pictures of life presented to us, are all compatible with the perusal of the Philosopher, the Historian, and the Novelist ; yet in all these there is no need to admit one feeling towards the writer. No one we venture to affirm feels that he has a personal affection for "Plato, or the large browed Verulam : " No one thinks of regarding Thucydides as a friend, or Aristotle with any emotion of personal tenderness. And although the Novelist does approach more nearly to the Poet, and in so far as he does so claims something more like affection, yet even of him it can scarcely be said that we think of him often apart from those creations of his fancy which have delighted us, and have to some extent assumed the personality of friendship. With the Poet, as we have already intimated, it is different. Who is there who has not a personal feeling towards some one or two, sometimes to many poets who have formed the friends of his solitude, in whose joys and griefs he feels as if he had shared and sympathized as he could do in no others. Every class of mind, even every individual mind has therefore its own peculiar friends amongst the poets. Few poets, indeed with perhaps one exception, we might say *no* poet, can influence all minds alike : because unless a poet's mind be not only many-sided but myriad-sided it will inevitably fail to come in contact with the points of sympathy in differently constituted minds from his own. Hence, we believe, arises the fact that what is beautiful in itself and absolutely, is by no means sufficient in all cases to ensure a universal appreciation. And from this fact it most likely arises, that most poets in their lives and even after their deaths possess rather a party than a public reputation. With Shakspeare this was probably not the case, as he stirred the great heart of the people by poetry which appealed to all that was human as well as divine in our common nature ; but with all others with whom we are acquainted it was so ; and with none more than the "Lake Poets", as they were called, of the last generation. Wordsworth had a party all his life who admired with an almost excessive admiration the productions of his genius. Since his death he may be said to have obtained a public. It is now a species of poetical sacrilege to breathe a doubt of his transcendent merits ; in a word, Wordsworth has become the fashion. During his lifetime I

shared at both by the non-poetical and by many who were not
of poetry ; his memory as a poet is now considered

few are bold enough to point to the very grave blemishes which mannerism has left in his works. Southey, to whom we have before referred at length in this Magazine, had, during his lifetime, probably a larger, and certainly a not less enthusiastic circle of admirers than Wordsworth; but to him posterity has not been so kind. He has still a party, and only a party. Coleridge, who was in our opinion more essentially a poet, and yet wrote infinitely less poetry than either of the others, had less of a party in his life-time than either of the others, and cannot now be said to have a party at all. Of a far higher personal influence than any other poet of his day, Coleridge was rather the teacher of poetry than its composer. What he has left us, however, vindicates fully his right to the position of that teacher. Coleridge's poems are not the favorites of the people, nor indeed do they hold so high a place in the esteem of even the more initiated lovers of poetry as they deserve. A poetical library without a copy of Coleridge would be an absurdity; while a man who has really read and studied his Coleridge so as to learn to appreciate the reasons for his mighty influence on the poets of his day, and of ours, is rarely to be met with. Yet the thing is worth doing. The poet from whom Scott and Byron were content to learn great lessons in their art; whom Wordsworth could speak of as him to whom his mind owed more than to any other, and whom Shelley and Keats looked upon with veneration, must surely be worthy of something more than a place upon our book-shelves and an honorable but passing word of praise from our ignorance. We can quite recognize a reason for this in the general impression that Odes, Sonnets, and occasional pieces, comprise the poetical works of Coleridge; and however much the professed poetical critic may think it his painful duty to acquaint himself with all these, the public can hardly be expected to seek for delight in an untried field of Sonnets and poetical fragments. Had Coleridge lavished his genius upon "Corsairs" and "Lyrical Tales" we cannot doubt that he would have obtained a popularity such as now he neither can nor will; for our own part we are glad that he did not do so. We are glad to have exactly what we have got of Coleridge, for now it is more unlike the production of any other man than then it would have been. The imagination of Coleridge was of the rarest and most wonderful order. To express all that the outer world could be made to express of hidden beauty and terror, awe and solemnity, he was indeed powerful, and of this we shall presently give a sublime instance; but in this he had many rivals and some superiors. Wordsworth could here rival, and Keats in this could surpass him by virtue of an imagination the most wonderfully constituted which the world has seen, since Shakespeare, in its sensitiveness to the beautiful. There is however another region in which poets' imagination has ever loved to wander, not, as in the former, "in glory and in joy," so much as in glimmer and in gloom—the realm of superstition or preternatural imagination. Here Coleridge reigns in a manner which we shall hope to shew surpasses all poets with the one exception of the unapproachable Shakespeare, and rivals (in some measure) even him. Of the beautiful daylight imagination, so to speak, of Coleridge we would first speak. What youth but Coleridge ever could have written such a love poem as the gem of "Genevieve". Perfect in diction as it is, perfect in its simplicity and pure beauty, it is almost impossible to understand what manner of boy he could have been who wrote such lines as these:—

" Maid of my love, sweet Genevieve !
 In beauty's light you glide along :
 Your eye is like the star of Eve,
 And sweet your voice as Seraph's song.
 Yet not your heavenly beauty gives
 This heart with passion soft to glow :
 Within your soul a voice there lives !
 It bids you hear the tale of woe.
 When sinking low the sufferer wan
 Beholds no hand outstretched to save,
 Fair as the bosom of the swan
 That rises graceful o'er the wave,
 I've seen your breast with pity heave
 And therefore love I you, sweet Genevieve ! "

This perfect little love song was the work of a boy between his twelfth and fifteenth years, nor can it be wondered at that great things should have been expected of such an one in after life. In no way can we present our reader with an idea of the perfected mind of the poet in its conception of beauty so well as by transcribing the wonderful hymn before sunrise in the Valley of Chamouni,—a strain more noble than any with which we are acquainted in profane literature. Thomson's hymn of the seasons becomes poor and common place beside this almost inspired strain ; and we doubt whether even Adam's hymn in paradise where Milton soars to so grand a pitch of beauty can in all respects equal this one. Under the magic touch of the poet the mighty monarch of the Alps becomes a living impersonation animate and sensate, a very representative of Nature in her sublime adoration. Nor is aught left out. The sovereign of the valley towering black and huge, a gigantic wedge cutting the brightening star ; the ice rivers in their solemn and ceaseless, although imperceptible, flow ; the very flowers that bloom along the edges of the eternal snow line are all brought in, each in its place, each with wonderful suitability, and in perfect harmony. But why waste words, all too feeble to convey any idea of beauty such as this ? Here is the poem, so little known yet so wonderful :—

" Hast thou a charm to stay the Morning Star
 In his steep course ? So long he seems to pause
 On thy bald head O Sovran Blanc !
 The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
 Rave ceaselessly : but thou most awful form !
 Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines
 How silently ! Around thee and above
 Deep in the air and dark, substantial, black,
 An Ebon mass : Methinks thou piercest it
 As with a wedge ! but when I look again
 It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
 Thy habitation from eternity !
 O dread and silent mount ! I gazed on thee,
 Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
 Didst vanish from my thought : entranced in p
 I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet like some sweet beguiling melody,
 So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
 Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought
 Yea, with my life, and life's own secret joy ;
 Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
 Into the mighty vision passing—there
 As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven !

Awake my soul ! not only passive praise
 Thou owest ! Not alone these swelling tears,
 Mute thanks and secret ecstasy ! Awake,
 Voice of sweet song ! Awake, my heart, Awake !
 Green vales and icy cliffs, All join my hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole Sovran of the Vale !
 O struggling with the darkness all the night
 And visited all night by troops of stars,
 Or when they climb the sky or when they sink :
 Companion of the Morning star at dawn,
 Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
 Co-herald : Wake, O wake, and utter praise !
 Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth ?
 Who filled thy countenance with rosy light ?
 Who made thee parent of perpetual streams ?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad !
 Who called ye forth from night and utter death,
 From dark and icy caverns called ye forth,
 Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
 For ever shattered, and the same for ever ?
 Who gave you your invulnerable life ;
 Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
 Unceasing thunder, and eternal foam ?
 And who commanded, (and the silence came,)
 Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest ?

Ye icefalls ! ye that from the mountain brow,
 Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
 Torrents methinks that heard a mighty voice,
 And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge !
 Motionless torrents ! silent Cataracts ?
 Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
 Beneath the keen full moon ? Who made the sun
 Clothe you with rainbows ? Who with living flowers
 Of loveliest blue spread garlands at your feet ?—
 God ! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
 Answer ! And let the ice plains echo, God !
 God ! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice !
 Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds ;
 And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
 And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God !

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost !
 Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest !
 Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm !
 Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds !

MODERN POETS.

th God; and fill the hills with praise!
hoar mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks

whose feet the avalanche unheard
downward glittering through the pure serene
depths of clouds that veil thy breast,—

again, stupendous mountain! thou,
I raise my head, awhile bowed low
in submission, upward from thy base

relling with mine eyes suffused with tears
seemest like a vapoury cloud
before me.—Rise, O ever rise,

a cloud of incense, from the earth!
 A spirit throned among the hills,
 An ambassador from Earth to Heaven

erarch! tell thou the silent sky
the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
with her thousand voices, praises God."

Scott imitated its style in his "Lay of the Last Minstrel," yet both need but to be placed side by side with the original and no one will venture to say that the imitations bear even a faint resemblance to that extraordinary original. A hundred times it has been asked what "Christabel" means, and as often the wise critic has answered by a shake of the head,—such a shake of the head as the enquirer from the poet himself on the same subject would most likely have received in answer to his altogether unanswerable question,—We cannot tell; and if Coleridge himself could have told, we only know that he never did. But the poem is at once the most unearthly and one of the most enchantingly lovely of all the imaginings of genius. What can be more beautiful than the implied character of Christabel—for Coleridge was far too great a master of language ever to enter into a wordy description of character? From the first sudden introduction at the beginning of the poem does not each reader feel a tender interest in the pure maiden, around and over whose unconscious head so dark a shadow of misfortune seems to lower? A beautiful figure in a beautiful setting indeed is the lady. Look at her!

"Is the night chilly and dark?
The night is chilly, but not dark.
The thin grey cloud is spread on high,
It covers, but not hides the sky.
The moon is behind and at the full;
And yet she looks both small and dull.

The lovely lady Christabel,
Whom her father loves so well,
What makes she in the wood so late,
A furlong from the castle gate?
She had dreams all yesternight
Of her own betrothed knight;
And she in the midnight wood will pray
For the weal of her lover that's far away.

She stole along, she nothing spoke,
The sighs she heaved were soft and low
And naught was green upon the oak
But moss and rarest misletoe.
She kneels beneath the huge oak-tree,
And in silence prayeth she.

The lady sprang up suddenly,
The lovely lady Christabel!
It moaned as near, as near can be,
But what it is she cannot tell.—
On the other side it seems to be
Of the huge broad-breasted old oak-tree."

With what skill of language the whole idea is conveyed! We know the very appearance of the leafless old tree; the very thrill that passed through the tender lady's heart at that mysterious groan, thrills each one who reads with an undefined terror. Then follows the des-

cription of the mysterious being for whom we feel an unconquerable aversion, even despite her beauty:—

“There she sees a damsel bright,
Dressed in a silken robe of white,
That shadowy in the moonlight shone:
The neck, that made that white robe wan,
Her stately neck, and arms were bare,
Her blue-veined feet unsandall’d were,
And wildly glittering here and there
The gems entangled in her hair.
I guess ’twas frightful there to see
A lady so richly clad as she,
Beautiful exceedingly.”

What is it that makes us at once endorse the poet’s extraordinary statement that it was frightful to behold such a vision of beauty as that described? Is it not that wonderful power of genius which throws us at once into the fullest sympathy with the persons described? We feel that Geraldine was frightful to Christabel, and she at once becomes so to us also. We look with a shuddering suspicion upon everything she says or does. We listen without any belief to her story of the five warriors who carried her off; we notice with suspicion her scarcely Christian expression,—

“Her gracious stars the lady blest.”

We shudder at Christabel’s lifting her over the threshold, over which perhaps she could not otherwise have come. The moaning of the old mastiff, the shooting out of the spark from the dying embers in the hall, the lamp that dimmed as it hung from the angel’s feet, all suggest evil which, while we cannot fix it, yet haunts and disturbs us. All through the wondrous fragment it is the same. “The sight to dream of not to tell,” the incantation murmured by Geraldine which seals Christabel’s lips from speaking what she has seen, the wonderful fascination exercised by Geraldine over the old Baron, all carry on the illusion; all tend to make us echo the sentiment of Scott, that Coleridge could scarcely expect to rest in his grave, so many would wish to recal him, if but to finish “Christabel.” For, alas! after all it is but a fragment: the fragment of the sweetest dream ever dreamt. None could hope to finish it but the author, and he never did.

“The Ancient Mariner,” too, is a dream, but it is a complete dream at least, and can we trace out its meaning or meanings, for we would not be bold enough to say that we understand it in an exhaustive manner. What “Christabel” is as a fragment the “Ancient Mariner” is entire. In addition to the wonders of its diction and the inexhaustible variety of its detail of beauty, wonder, and terror, it will be found to be one of the most dramatically complete poems in existence. Somehow we fancy readers have a tendency to look in a patronizing, all but contemptuous manner upon a poem in the form of the “Ancient Mariner.” It seems to be an axiom with many that to be able to say, Oh, ’tis only a ballad, is equivalent to such a condemnation as absolves the all need of a careful study. Call the “Ancient Mariner” will, you must study it if you are to understand, m understand it. Strangely enough in this his most r

Coleridge's genius suggests to him the sea as his theme. Not such a sea as Byron loved, or Shelley sang of; not the sea in its ordinary every-day wonders and terrors, but a vision of the ocean wholly Coleridgean, if we may use such a word. No sooner has the first word of the weird stranger—

“Long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribb'd sea-sand”—

fallen upon the ear; no sooner do we hear the words that chained the wedding guest, than we too are in a new region:—“There was a ship, quoth he,”—and we know that we too are bound on no ordinary voyage with this “Ancient Mariner.” Nothing are we told of the ship beyond its bare existence; we know nothing of its name; not a word of its captain; where it sailed to, and whence it sailed. All this we can imagine, and *all* we are left to imagine. Observe how wonderfully what is told is calculated to suggest volumes of what is left untold.—

“The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.”

A pleasant, and to all appearance a successful voyage before them. On, on they went; how far we are not told, but the idea of distance conveyed by the words of the poem seems to us to be exquisitely given.

“The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea!
Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon.”

Then the storm arises and drives the ship southward. Far from the tropic ocean where the sun stood “over the mast at noon,” into far different regions, where—

“Now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold;
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.”

Then comes the first notion of the supernatural in the poem. An albatross crosses the ship's path, and tamely comes and eats out of their hands, and soon the ice-floe opens and they steer northward once more, followed by the friendly bird and a fine south wind. In wanton, cruel sport the Mariner shoots the bird. Thus with the first part begins the tragedy. The crime has been committed, the awful punishment of which we hear in the following parts. Many have complained of the injustice, as it seemed to them, both of the punishment of the principal in this crime and of that of those whose approval is represented as so fatal to them. “What!” they were inclined to say, “all

about a bird!" The same objection has been thoughtlessly used by some rather shallow unbelievers to the account of the fall. "What! all for such a trifle!" In the one case that trifle was disobedience; in the other, cruelty. Soon follows the punishment. All seems prosperous, treacherously prosperous is the wind which wafts them joyously and quickly to the awful punishment awaiting them. The reader can see it coming upon them, slow, but surely, through all the dash of the waves, so wonderfully suggested by the language of the poem.

"The fair wind blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea."

Then followed the punishment, to which we feel that all the joyous sensations of the sailor and the adventurer were but the fitting prelude. No longer is the wind to blow and the foam to fly; no longer the love of adventure to be satisfied by forcing an entrance into an ocean as yet unfurrowed,—

"Day after day, day after day
We stuck, nor breath nor motion,
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea."

Such is the 'fitting introduction to a description of suffering far transcending all the former descriptions of any poet who has attempted to depict the horrors of thirst. Others have reproduced the horrors reported by voyagers, of men maddened by suffering into brutes. Coleridge gives us none of these; but he conveys in two stanzas what we will venture to call the very essence of the whole tragedy.

"With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could not laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, a sail! a sail!

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call!
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all."

ten follows the death of the less guilty mariners, while he, the chief tender lives on in suffering.

"Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea,
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

The many men so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie;
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on; and so did I.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat,
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But Oh! more horrible than that
Is the curse of a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die!"

Such was the culminating point of the sufferer's penance. His heart had hitherto been dry as dust, but at last it was to escape into a more human state, and the agent of that change which should end his fearful penance was to be—Love!—Love the very opposite of his crime.

"Beyond the shadow of the ship
I watched the water-snakes:
She moved on tracks of shining white,
And, when they reared, the elvish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things, no tongue
Their beauty could declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware.
Sure my kind saint took pity on me
And I blessed them unaware."

In the last few stanzas of the poem, are to be found expressed in as perfect as we can conceive of the whole scope and meaning of the poet. To most minds the tale will have told all that is wanted, yet they must not part with the wierd "Mariner" until they have

once more had the great moral of the poet's strain impressed on t
mind.

" O wedding guest : this soul hath him
Alone, on a wide wide sea :
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage feast
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company !

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends
Old men, and babes, and loving friends
And youths and maidens gay.

Farewell, farewell ! but this still
To thee thou wedding guest !
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small :
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all."



THE LESSON OF THE BARRICADES.

A TALE OF 1848.

I MAY at once begin by requesting the reader, whatever he may think of my conduct in the events I am about to describe, to defer his judgment upon me to the end. Youth has many follies, and, if leniency be shown to it when in pursuit of pleasure, no one ought to be too harsh upon it when principles, not effeminate joys, are its sole object. Debauchery and all its concomitants I have never been addicted to, but I have learnt that there is a moral as well as a physical state of drunkenness. The mind which drinks in greedily the teaching of enthusiasts, which allows not a thought to rest upon ought but its pet theory, will sooner or later contemplate every other pursuit with a bias; and, in proportion to its fanaticism for its own creed, will despise all others and deny their claim to any goodness. More especially does this apply to political dreamers. No pursuit will sooner warp and disfigure the intellect than the all-absorbing never-flagging endeavour to upset the existing state of things, in order to substitute in its stead some Utopian schemes, the fancies of a diseased brain. A disregard of the means to be employed, of truth, sincerity, nay—of human life, is certain to follow; for the end must be attained, whatever crimes be committed. And though at first the neophyte recoils from such a maxim, yet, once he has begun to taste the fatal draught of Republicanism, he goes on and on, till, drunk with fanaticism, he sacrifices "Liberty" by rendering her odious through his excesses.

I am one of many Englishmen who at one time had rather a sharp attack of this mental disease, and I purpose showing how my cure was effected.

Born of English parents at Paris, I was brought up in that capital, my family mixing a good deal in French society—not in the Faubourg St. Germain, no; the old nobility who resided there were still praying for the return of the Bourbons, and engaging in absurd plots for the dethronement of Louis Phillipe and the restoration of Henri V. Our acquaintance lay chiefly amongst the "Parvenus," as the aristocratic Faubourg chose to call them, men who had been made by the stormy circumstances of revolution, and many of whom had raised themselves from low birth to station and wealth. At thirteen years of age I entered the College Henri Quatre, and there it was I imbibed those principles which led to the train of events I am about to narrate. About the same time Eugene Lantour, a youth somewhat older than I, also put on the uniform and képi which characterises a French public school. A slight incident began our friendship. Eugene was one day being thrashed by a bully, when I interfered; thanks to my father, who, though a long resident abroad, had not forgotten his home education, I had had some practice in the use of the gloves. Very few minutes sufficed to rescue Eugene, and thenceforth we were sworn friends. One

Sunday we both received leave to go and dine at my father's house, which was situated in one of the avenues to the right of the Champs Elysées, and on our walk from the dull city we saw a troop of horsemen escorting an open carriage, in which sat an elderly gentleman with white whiskers and a full fat face. Every now and then he took off his hat to the crowd who saluted him, and this movement disclosed the peculiar way in which he wore his hair. It was a good deal brushed up towards the crown, and since then I have often thought how truthful *Punch's* caricatures were in giving King Louis Philippe's head the shape of a pear. I stood still and imitated the majority by taking off my cap, but Eugene never touched his, but clenched his fists, and muttered through his closed teeth the one word "Brigand." When the cortège had passed, I asked what was the meaning of his strange behaviour. "Ah," said he, "You English are all the same. A man sticks a crown on his head, and you all fall down and worship him. You let him do what he likes with you. But with us—with us it is far different. Yes, '95 saw it, and before 1850 comes, this century will see we are not degenerate. *Ces monstres!* My grandfather was murdered by Louis XV: my father was murdered by Charles X, and I will avenge them. Pardon me, Henri, but you cannot understand my feelings. Since I have been able to receive an impression the hatred of these tyrants has been implanted in my breast, and something within me whispers that I am born to make them pay for their long career of iniquity."

I was certainly astounded. Such sentiments proceeding from a boy of fourteen, who had never before spoken on any loftier subject than marbles or peg-tops I could not comprehend, and my puzzled look made Eugene laugh outright. "*Mon pauvre ami,*" said he, "I see you fancy we are about the same age. So we are in point of years—but in mind, I am twenty years your senior. However you shall know in good time as much as I do; we want you English to help us and yourselves at the same time."

Just then we reached the Avenue Chateaubriand, and the conversation ceased. On our return Eugene gave me the full particulars of his ancestor's misfortunes. His grandfather had a daughter, a lovely girl of sixteen. One unlucky evening, while in the park at Versailles watching the play of the fountains, she had the misfortune to attract the attention of the dissolute monarch then on the throne, Louis XV. The next week she disappeared. About a month afterwards she returned to her father's house, only to die: but not before she had told the story of her forcible abduction to that den of iniquity, the *Parc aux Cerfs*, and of the indignities she had there suffered. Over her corpse her father swore a bitter revenge, but he was not fated to carry it out. One of his servants was a spy on his movements, and the next morning a *lettre de cachet* sent him to the Bastille whence he never emerged. His son took refuge in England, but returned at the outbreak of the revolution, and though he had been one of its most ardent supporters, yet managed to steer a clear course during the reigns of Napoleon and Louis XVI. Under Charles X. he allowed himself to be drawn into a conspiracy. Detection followed, and he forfeited his life on the scaffold. Behind him a widow and three children, Eugene being at child in arms. The boy was brought up by an uncle who of his brother's fate, though sharing his opinions, and lost of instilling into his nephew's mind the most bitter hatr

No wonder then that my friend was so precocious in his ideas, or that he too, on every occasion when we were alone together expatiated on the tyranny and rapacity of kings and nobles, and gradually revealed the fact that wide-spread discontent prevailed through France, and that a conspiracy was being slowly organized once more to give her a Republican form of Government. This secret, however, was not told at once.

I spent several Sundays at his uncle's house, and the old gentleman won my heart by praising our national character in no measured strain. When he felt that my confidence was gained, he began to talk of the state of parties in England, of which I knew literally nothing. The picture he drew was anything but a pleasant one. A tyrannous sovereign, a powerful and united aristocracy, a luxurious and corrupted clergy, and the mass of the people oppressed by all three, toiling day and night for their masters, and studiously kept back from all knowledge and chance of wealth. Such he informed me was the state of England. At first I could scarcely credit his statements, but as I got further advanced he showed me letters from his English correspondents all breathing the same spirit, telling of bread riots, of famine, destitution, of inhuman treatment in coal mines and factories, of incendiarism in the farming districts, and of oppression and cruelty in the army and navy. I could not disbelieve these assertions. I could not then understand how the privations of the noble English people had been taken advantage of by these very men to involve the country into trouble, how each slight incident had been laid hold of, coloured and distorted in order to goad uneducated wretches into madness. Thank heaven, but few such exist in our day; and when they have dared to lift their voices to promulgate injurious falsehoods, the good sense of the suffering workmen has allowed their noisy interference to pass by without notice. The people have learned that the would-be demagogues who lay every national calamity, every dispensation of Providence, at the door of the high-born and wealthy, are themselves actuated by the basest of motives, the desire to turn the sufferings of thousands to their own private good. Yes, the people of Lancashire have shown an example to the world in patience and long suffering. The natural course for me to have followed was of course to speak to my father; but during the first part of the intercourse Eugene had begged me not to mention the subject to my family, and before I had acquired anything like a clear view into the subject, my family had started for Italy. I wrote to my father and asked him his opinion on the present state of England, expatiating on the hardships of the working classes, and received an answer which wounded me more than any rebuke could have done. He pooh-poohed the whole affair; bade me stick to Homer and Virgil—wondered who could possibly have put such nonsense into my head, and ended by telling me that I was still but a child, and unable to understand the machinery by which states were governed, and that, if he heard any more such balderdash from me, he would take me away from Paris, and send me to an English school.

This threat weighed heavily with me. For a long time I had associated with hardly any but Frenchmen and I had become essentially French in taste and habits: yet, strange to say, among my companions I had acquired the name of "*Le fier Anglais*," so eager was I to resent any allusion to my nation, and so proud was I of being the only Englishman in the school. Above all I was influenced by the dread of parting

with Eugene, and so I wrote to my father that I would no more think of such matters, but obey his injunctions. The return post brought me, I remember, a bank note for 100 francs (£4), a huge sum to possess in a French school, and my father's forgiveness coupled with some sound advice. I think I may here venture on a description of the life we led in the College Henri Quatre, so different from that of an Eton or Harrow boy. We were in round numbers 250 boys all living together in the same house, which had a dingy, dirty front looking on the street of the same name as the school. The pupils were divided into dormitories, 20 in each, under the superintendence of a *préfet*, a head boy answering to a "monitor" at home. We rose at six in summer, seven in winter, washed in turn in a yard surrounded by a large wooden trough, then had a cup of milk and water, and some bread. Studies till ten, then breakfasted on coffee and bread and butter. At two we dined on soup (such soup!) and meat, except on Fridays and special fast days, when salt fish was served up instead of beef or mutton. From half-past two to four we were allowed *récréation*, that is, we walked about in the playground, practised gymnastics, trundled hoops, or played at marbles, and occasionally were marched out two and two under an assistant master: but as for games there was none; there was no cricket, no rounders, and no football. Certainly we had an inflated bladder which now and then received an odd kick, but any one attempting to get up a "Phinny ring" or a "bully" would have got 48 hours black hole. The chief amusement of the grown-up boys was talk-talk; and, though I soon got used to it, I at first wondered much at the precociousness of these lads, who at fifteen or seventeen spoke of women in a way that would make an Oxford man blush. At five we had bread and milk, and at eight what was called supper, a square inch of meat with dry bread and water; by nine we were all in bed. Saturday was a half-holiday, and those boys who had friends or relations in Paris were allowed to visit them two Sundays in each month. The punishments differed widely from those in vogue among us; they were,—solitary confinement to one's room, bread and water at all meals, stoppage of play hours, and the black hole. The latter is bad enough when inflicted on a full grown man, and Charles Reade has well shewn its effects in his "Never too late to Mend;" but, when the sufferer is a child, its punishment becomes simply atrocious. A boy's mind is so easily affected, any tale of horror it may have heard sinks so deeply into it, that it is no wonder, if when left to itself in palpable darkness for two whole days its imagination conjures up visions too dreadful to be borne. I have seen boys come out of the blackhole perfectly livid, their eyes almost starting out of their head, and their whole body shaking as if in a fit of ague.

Notwithstanding the monotonousness of our life, Eugene and I had struck up such a friendship that I could not bear the idea of parting from him; so, as I have said, I promised no more to vex my father by useless questions. Time passed on. The discipline of the school seemed to agree with me, and by the time I had attained my sixteenth birthday my appearance and strength were beyond my years. I still fit the house of M. François Lautour (Eugene's uncle,) and, one evening, fired by the tales of oppression I had that day heard beyond measure by the wrongs of my countrymen, I, that I were but a man, that I might strike one blow for
M. Lautour took me at my word.

"Henri Cancellor," you *are* a man, if not in years, yet in intelligence. I think it is now time for you to know more of us; I can trust you, can I not?"

With boyish fervour I answered, "To the death! I swear henceforth to be true to the one great cause, and to devote my life to the freedom of the people!"

There were present three or four friends of Lautour, and these came round and shook me cordially by the hand whilst applauding my noble ambition, and Eugene threw his arms round me and whispered as he kissed me, "You and I, Henri, the two boys, we will shew the way to these laggards."

Lautour called me to him, and leaning back in his chair, his eyes half closed as if indulging in some ideal vision of the future, his long white hair streaming down nearly to his shoulders uttered his thoughts aloud, "Yes, *mon fils*, I foresee for you a noble career. To you will be reserved the task of infusing life and spirit into the inert masses of England. Yours it will be to teach them their strength and the means of of applying it; yours to lead them against the proud aristocracy that has fattened on their life-blood. Yours will be a glorious fate." He paused for a moment,— "What a future! What a magnificent realisation of all our hopes! Only persevere, and by freeing your country you will aid to give liberty to mine. Then shall we see that ancient enmity, fostered by the accursed nobles, vanish like morning mist before the life-giving rays of the glorious sun. No more wars between us; no more strife. Two Republics leagued together in brotherly amity, we will spread over the world our watchwords, *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*, and at their very sound tyrants will leave their throne and fly for their lives. My years forbid that I should behold the end, but you, boy, you will see it and my words of this night will then come clearly back to your memory." Then turning to one of his friends, "M. Maurigny, do you not think our young friend ought to be affiliated at once? I myself would propose him and be his surety at once."

"And I," said Maurigny, a young man, thirty or thereabouts, with a countenance grave and solemn beyond his years, "I shall be most happy to second his nomination."

A third person now joined in. I had previously remarked him as a frequent guest at Lautour; and, though he had ever been most friendly to me, I had somehow conceived for him an intense dislike. He always flattered me, and praised my words and actions, yet all the time the downward glance of his eyes, his slow and seemingly studied speeches, took away all belief in his meaning. He was a tall, swarthy complexioned man, close shaved all but moustache and imperial, and had adopted the style of wearing his hair so common among the *Rouges*—close cropped. He had the thorough Southern type of countenance, the hook-nose, the high cheek bones, and the black piercing eye. I afterwards found that he was a *Provençal*; but he had the peculiarity of never looking any one straight in the face, and even when he spoke in the most honeyed accents, there was a lurking smile in the corners of his mouth, and a twitching movement of the eyebrows, that always made me think that the man was internally laughing at the gullibility of his auditors. Mr. Renaud de la Renaudiere, for that was his name, now put in his objections:—

"I doubt not the young gentleman's intelligence," said he, "but

really I am of opinion we should exercise more caution before we admit to our councils so very juvenile a brother. My head sits quite loosely enough on my shoulders as it is, and I care not to have it still more endangered."

"Do you mean that you doubt my truth and honesty?" I exclaimed, starting up in anger. Remember, reader, I was sixteen, and had just been styled—a man.

"By no manner of means, *mon petit monsieur*; but still,—you have a mother, you have sisters, I presume your age precludes your yet boasting of any other ties, and you know not what female influence will not do to extract a secret from the innermost heart. One moment's tenderness on your mother's lap,"—and the mocking smile on his lips gave the words their full meaning of a bitter sneer; and we should have to pay our respects to *Père Guillotine*, or at best have an excellent opportunity of studying the manners of the people as exemplified in the Gallies of Brest or Toulon."

The blood had been gradually rushing to my face as he spoke, and it was with great difficulty that I restrained myself and allowed him to go on. Before he could finish, I burst out into entreaties to be permitted to join the society.

"Oh, I beseech you," I cried, "heed not the disparaging remarks of that cold, heartless man, who cannot sympathise with the warm aspirations of a true soul. Mr. de la Renaudiere tells you I am but a boy, and not to be trusted. Which do you think, Mr. Lautour, you would repose most confidence in, the artless, guileless youth whose heart is filled with but one image, that of Liberty, or the man of mature age who in his battle of life has perchance banished from his mind all thought but of self?" and I looked de la Renaudiere full in the face. The hit seemed to have told, and as a smile went round the room, it seemed to me that those assembled were not sorry to see him thus opposed by a boy. For a moment he lost his usually calm countenance. He compressed his lips, and gave me one glance that told me, unskilled as I was in reading the human heart, that he would not forget the implied insult. The cloud was over his features but for a second; in a moment it was gone, and he spoke again in a soft tone of voice with such an apparent air of sincerity, that I thought I must have been mistaken in the import of that one glance.

"My dear sir," said he, "I did say you were but a boy, and you have proved my words. I merely objected to you, as a youth, being admitted to our secret councils, and I think you will admit that at such none ought to be present who cannot restrain their temper better than you. You could have no personal meaning in what you said, and therefore I frankly forgive your ebullition of temper. Nay, I see you have a spirit beyond your years, which, if rightly led, will much advance our good cause, and I therefore retract my objection, and beg to add that I shall, for one, give my voice in your favour. Will you now give me your hand?"

I took his at once.

"We are friends now?" said he.

"Of course," was my answer, "we were never anything though his seeming frankness had caused a reaction in his mind, I still felt some inward dread of the man, and
sions.

CHAP. II.

The next week I managed with some difficulty to obtain a special holiday, and with a beating heart hastened by myself, for Eugene was detained on account of some trifling infraction of College rules, to the Rue de la Cloche, where on a third flat, resided Mr. Lautour. On my entering his room he asked me whether I still felt in the same mood, whether I had carefully weighed all the probable consequences of the step I was about to take, and whether I could heart and soul devote myself to the cause. My mind was fully made up—Even had I not been imbued with the principles of Republicanism my pride at the chance of being associated with men of repute in France would have prevented my drawing back. I answered that I was ready to go through any test or ordeal which might be required of me. The old gentleman put both his hands on my shoulders and looked me full in the face. He saw the bright smile of hope and pride playing on my lips and pressed me to his breast. "I have no fears for you, my brave boy," said he. "Before this night is passed you will be one of the future liberators of the world. I have proposed your name for election, but my age precludes my attendance at the ceremony. Maurigny will however act for you in my place; you must however just go upstairs and change your dress; you will find one ready for you as your college uniform would be too remarkable." I was not long in slipping on a plain suit of mourning clothes, and about seven in the evening, Maurigny and I set out. Ah me! how well I remember each incident of that evening! Every trifling detail is as fresh in my memory as if the scenes had been enacted but yesterday. The responsibility I was about to undergo, the feeling that the time had come when I was to shake off all boyish ideas and assume the cares of manhood, that undefinable sense of wrong-doing, and danger always accompanied by an accelerated pulse and quickened intellect; all, despite the gloominess of the night tended to excite me and keep my faculties stretched to the utmost. It was with a determination carefully to note each event and to impress on my memory the appearance of my future associates that I started on that memorable evening of November 1842. It had rained all day, and now a dense mist had settled over the town, not London fog; no Paris mists are far different; a cold drizzling rain, accompanied by a cutting east wind, chilled us as we made our way along the deserted thoroughfares. But few people were about the streets, and till we reached the Pont Neuf my guide paid no attention to them. I asked where we were going and I then learnt that we were about to visit a quarter I knew but by reputation. There was at the time I am speaking of a cluster of houses round the Cathedral of Notre Dame intersected by narrow dirty and badly lighted streets, the few lamps that shed a doubtful gleam on the muddy way, being slung from the houses on either side; this quarter enjoyed the unpleasant repute of being the den of the Paris evildoers; it was to that City what Duck Lane was to London, a spot oft' visited by the police in search of criminals and supposed to be solely inhabited by them. This was our destination. I know not for what reason it had been selected as the meeting place of a revolutionary committee. Perhaps the mere fact of the constant descent of the police upon the houses to arrest criminals

might induce them to suppose that no treason could be hatched in a spot so close under their surveillance. As we were crossing the Pont Neuf a workman brushed rapidly past, and turning round to look at us his face came within the glare of a lamp. Maurigny gave a slight start as he caught sight of his countenance, but went on quietly. At the end of the bridge however he cast a hasty glance on each side, but seeing no one he entered a street leading to the left. As we were passing one of the large gateways so common in Paris I fancied I saw a figure crouching behind one of the stone ports at the entrance and whispered to my friend to look in that direction; "Take no notice," he answered in the same tone, "We are watched; I know the wretch who passed us on the bridge," and instead of keeping on parallel with the Quays, he took the first turning that offered on his right, then entered another bye-street, then another almost doubling back on our former track. We walked hurriedly, never keeping long in the same direction, till a sudden burst of noisy song met our ears, and presently we came first upon one party then another of young men linked arm in arm occupying the whole breadth of the street and roaring out some of Berangers most popular songs. We were in the Quartier Latin, the favorite residence of the medical students of Paris. One of these parties attempted to stop us; but, at a question from my companion we were allowed to proceed; as the next party came up Maurigny paused for a moment and whispered some words I could not catch to a young man with a huge red beard who merely nodded his head in reply. My guide gave a sigh as of relief and once more leading on said "We are safe now, I think: those noisy fellows will stop all pursuit; however let us make certain," and he turned sharp to the left and got under the shadow of a doorway. A short distance from us we could hear the shouts and laughter of the students, but around us was perfect silence unbroken save by the dropping of the rain from the roofs. "Dieu merci," said Maurigny "I think Mr. Courtois, the spy, is off our track for to night; step out Henri, we are late." A succession of turnings brought us once more on the banks of the Seine, then, crossing another bridge, we were on the island on which is built the noble cathedral of Notre Dame. We passed its parvis and plunged into a labyrinth of dark lanes with which my guide seemed well acquainted. The reader would search in vain for them now. It is but a few short months since I passed by the very spot; every one of the alleys I had gone through that night are now swept away; handsome buildings are in the course of erection where formerly poverty and crime nestled together, and spacious well lit thoroughfares are gradually replacing the dingy streets which no Parisian cared to traverse after dark. We stopped at the door of a small Estaminet, on the fan-light of which appeared the usual cross-queues and the inscription "Café Billard On joue la poule", and after a careful look through the glass doors Maurigny entered. The first glance shewed me that the seekers of liberty must sometimes tread in queer paths. The room was about half full of workmen interspersed here and there with men whose faces would never be taken as guarantees of their honesty. The windows were closed and the fumes of coffee, mulled wine mixing with the sickly odour of tobacco which pervaded the whole place made me at first feel inclined to rush out into the street. Everything about was dirty and smoke begrimed even the necessary appendage of a French Café the *dame du co*

this instance was an untidy woman of some forty or fifty, her hair in curl papers and a ragged brown shawl thrown over her shoulders. At the further end of the room was a billiard table at which some workmen were playing pool, and as we approached I could see that some signs passed between them and my conductor. One thing struck me as odd. Though dressed in the common blue shirt of the artizan these men's hands were white and clean, and showed no trace of toil, and on looking at Maurigny, now that he had taken off his cloak I perceived that he too had adopted the same disguise. All these observations scarce took a minute to make, for Maurigny went straight to the knot of billiard players and shaking one of them by the hand said in a loud voice,—

"Eh bien, Armand, I have come according to promise. My play has been accepted, and I have a few francs to spare for a bottle or so of Macon; Hola Garcon!"

"Don't you think," said the man addressed as Armand, a fine tall young fellow with slightly effeminate features, a small but well trimmed moustache and long wavy hair, who won my heart at once by the air of rollicking gaiety which sat naturally on him, "don't you think we might as well have it upstairs and then we could have a song or two to celebrate your success?" and he began to hum the students chorus,—

Messieurs les Etudiants
Qui vont a la Chaumière
Pour y danser le Cancon
Et la Robert Macaire
L'amour, l'amour,
La nuit comme le jour;
Et ioup, ioup, ioup,
tra la la la &c.

The landlord now came up, as stupid a looking lout as ever I beheld except in one respect. His whole countenance was dullness personified, but deep sunk in his fat face were a pair of watchful eyes which seemed to take in at once all going on around him. I afterwards found that though naturally sharp enough he kept up the character of a semi-idiot the better to deceive the police, who never dream't that such a mass of stupidity could be mixed up in a conspiracy without revealing the secret. This worthy, addressing Maurigny as Mr. Michaud, said there was a vacant room upstairs at our service; we accordingly followed him up, and wine being brought some of the party sat down and began singing while Maurigny opened a small cupboard in a corner. At the back of it hung a paper bag on a brass nail apparently driven lightly into the wall: on being pushed first to one side and then upwards a narrow opening was revealed, and into this Maurigny crept followed closely by me and then by Armand. After crawling along to our right Maurigny stopped and I could hear him touch some hidden spring which opened to us a door similar in size to the one we had passed through. We were now, so Armand said, in the house next to the Estaminet, and I was here to be blindfolded. A thick nightcap was pulled down over my eyes, and a handkerchief firmly tied over that prevented my seeing anything. Maurigny took my hand and after some fumbling along the wall (he opened no door) whispered "Take care; there are steps." The staircase was circular and narrow, I brushed the wall on either side with my shoulders. At length we reached the bottom, and the cold

damp that struck me made it apparent we were in some underground room. I heard strange voices speaking to Maurigny and his muttered tones in reply, then after walking along on the level ground for a few yards, I was made aware by the amount of light which found its way through the folds of the handkerchief and by the hum of many voices that we had reached our destination. A deep voice ordered me to be seated and then asked my name and age. My "parrains" (sponsors) were then called for, and to my astonishment I heard de la Renaudiere's voice as he offered himself as a surety for me in the absence of Mr. Lautour. I was so touched with this mark of reconciliation on his part that I determined to banish from my mind all recollection of his former conduct. Maurigny and Armand Lecouvreur were the others. Then came the oaths and initiation. I would not dare even now to reveal the mysteries revealed to me that night; suffice it to say that after a long series of tests through which I passed perfectly cool and self-possessed the President complimented me on my fortitude ordered the bandage and cap to be removed, and bade me look around and make the acquaintance of my new associates. The room was as I had suspected a vaulted cellar, lighted by a wooden chandelier suspended by a string which ran along the roof and down one of the side walls. Sitting on forms, chairs and tables were a variety of figures a few of which I recognised as having met at Lautour's. But the one amongst all on whom my gaze was rivetted was the President of this secret assembly. He was a square built man of some five and thirty years of age with firm massive features, a broad forehead, a pair of piercing eyes half hidden beneath the bushy eyebrows, and coal black hair and moustache. After being allowed a few minutes to recover myself, I was called up to the President who fixing his gaze so intently on me as to make me bow my head and look down, spoke pretty nearly as follows;—

"Messieurs mes freres. We have this night, contrary to our usual rules, initiated into our secrets a brother under the requisite age. You all know the reason; he has displayed so much intelligence, so much caution for his years that we decided at our last meeting to transgress our laws and admit him into our brotherhood. I will not hide from you Henri Cancellor that we had other motives in so doing. We want your countrymen. France cannot free itself as long as England remains a prey to aristocrats and oligarchs. No, the two countries must combine together to uproot thoroughly the effete and worn out machinery of tyranny. We have many brethren amongst the English, but we wish to win over to our cause the youth, the rising intellect of that great country. We must carry the war into the enemy's camp, and if we can once draw to us the sons of the rich oligarchs, the father's cause is lost! For this task you have been selected. Lautour has assured us of your fidelity, and we entrust the important mission to you. But one word more before I give you instructions. Look about you. See those men sitting around, here assembled in spite of police, soldiers and decrees, each knowing that the mere fact of his presence endangers his head. Every one of them is sworn, as you were just now, not to hesitate to rid the world of a traitor even at the sacrifice of whatever he holds dear on earth, even though his own life be the penalty. Remember boy, nowhere will you be safe from our vengeance. Our Society extends not only over all Europe but over the world. Go where he will the dagger and cord will find the betrayer. I will threaten no more; I only

meant these threats as a warning; and now for your instructions. By tomorrow's mail you will write to your father and ask to be removed to an English public school preparatory to entering Cambridge; not Oxford; there our principles have no chance: your father will, I know, be pleased at your request which chimes in with his own views, though he is too indolent to take any steps towards realising them. Once in England you will receive definite instructions. At present all I have to tell you is that you are to lose no opportunity of gently insinuating our doctrines. Do it not harshly and positively, else you may frighten and not convince. Do it not publicly but in private, when sitting or walking with your bosom friend for the time being, and you will adopt another as soon as he is won over, you will instil the principles you profess. Should you deem the recipient not likely to be persuaded, waste no more time over him but take to another. Should he listen to you bring him gradually into contact with the men who give you your instructions. In short act as a second Eugene Lantour.

I was led back to my seat, and a discussion arose, to which I paid no heed. A feeling of disappointment and anger had come over me, and I sat with my head bowed down in my hands, bitterly regretting the step I had taken, and conjuring up dark visions for the future. What pained me most was the discovery that all the while my friend, Eugene, whom I deemed bound to me by the ties of affection, had been but acting a part. And I, I was now to imitate his base example. As the full degradation of my task of "spy" rose before my eyes, I felt inclined to spring to my feet and refuse to dishonour the ancient name I bore, by performing the assigned task; but the fear of death restrained me. I knew that at a word from the President my life would be forfeited, and none would ever know how I met my fate. I leant forward, and with difficulty kept back the hot tears that rage and grief were rapidly forcing up. From my gloomy reverie I was roused by the voice of the President, who was speaking in loud tones. I raised my head and listened. Soon I felt myself carried away by the impassioned torrent of words that poured from his lips; it was not so much his eloquence, for he was not an orator who spoke in measured phrases, and he often hesitated, but it was the earnestness of the man which impressed me. His eyes flashed with enthusiasm as he spoke of the glorious future of France, and his hearers listened in solemn silence. His great theme that night was—Patience. After prophesying the speedy advent of the days they laboured for, he went on:—

"'Tis not only ourselves, brethren, who are impatient to be rid of this incubus of monarchy. The whole world groans beneath its oppressive weight. England, the mis-called land of liberty, prides herself in shackles as strong as those rivetted by the robber-hands of the Conqueror. Germany has thrown aside her metaphysics, and the Bund are secretly augmenting their numbers previous to the organized rising. Hungary pants for the moment when she will be allowed to spring at the throat of despotic Austria, and the trodden-down Russian serf bears his blows patiently, grimly chuckling over the thought that ere long his knife will be wet with the blood of his master. Poland too. Does not that mere name tell of revengeful spirits eager to clasp to their arms the liberty we promise. Not the vain thing they sought of old, when after freeing herself from one tyrant, she rushed into the arms of another. No, brethren, such as our liberty—such will be Poland's. I need say

nothing of Italy. Ground down to the dust by the Austrian, the Bourbon, the Dukes and the Priests; Italy lies waiting for the opportunity to rise at a bound, and snap her chains in two." He paused for a moment, and I took the opportunity of asking who was the speaker. Ledru Rollin, was the answer. I had heard his name mentioned more than once, but he had not yet made it ring through the length and breadth of France, and become recognized as the incarnation of the Republican spirit, and the Apostle of Socialism.

The orator proceeded—"But brethren, we must be yet silent. The time is not yet come. The thunder-cloud is gathering in the far distant horizon, and is approaching with fearful velocity, but the crash will not come yet awhile. Endure a little longer, and you will see the lightning fall and shiver to pieces that old deep-rooted tree of monarchy. It is useless to precipitate events. An untimely outbreak would be the ruin, not only of individuals, but of our cause; so Brethren, patience, patience." He then alluded to the name of some members who wished to hurry on matters, and rebuked them sharply. Two of these, the one a slight thin-faced light-haired man, whose haggard look told of days spent in hard mental labour and of bitter disappointments, and another, his opposite in every respect, a big, burly, broad-shouldered fellow, who looked the workman, whose costume he wore, fidgetted very much on their seats during the speech of the President. At the conclusion both rose, and cries were heard of "Raspail! Raspail!" "No, no. Hear what the *Ouvrier* (workman) has to say. Albert! Albert!" The latter however, gave way, and Raspail was proceeding to give his reasons for an early rising of the populace, when Ledru-Rollin interrupted him.

"I will have no further discussion," he said. "The pear is not ripe; and you Doctor Raspail are well aware that green fruit is unwholesome." So saying, he arose and left the room, followed by the majority of those present. The rest began chattering together, and my presence seeming utterly ignored, I succumbed to the mental prostration consequent on the excitement I had gone through, and while endeavouring to keep my attention rivetted on all that was going on around me, I fell asleep. How long my slumber continued I know not. I was roused by a light touch on the shoulder, and looking up saw a fair girl gazing on me with compassion depicted in her glance.

"*Mon pauvre garçon,*" she said, "You are very young to be entangled in these intrigues. What folly could have brought you here?"

She had hardly spoken when a noise as of a breaking door put a stop to all conversation. A dead silence pervaded the cellar, then came a hurried trampling, the door flew open, and the landlord rushed in closely followed by Gendarmes, at the head of whom I recognized the face we had seen on the bridge. The few men left in the room gathered in a knot, and I was about to rush and join myself to them, though I now saw each man with a weapon in his hand and I had none; but the girl arrested me saying,

"Wait one moment, and for your life do not stir from that spot."

With admirable forethought she ran to where the string of the lamp came down, and cutting it with a knife, the lights fell with a crash, and were extinguished; then followed a scene of horrible confusion—Gendarmes rushed on those they now deemed their prisoners; shots echoed along the vault; oaths, prayers for mercy, and shriek ran through my ears. A soft hand seized mine,

female voice whispered to me, "Come quick; delay is death." Some secret entrance unknown to me must have existed, as my conductress led me down a short flight of steps, at the foot of which a voice I well knew, Maurigny's, said, "Is that you, Adele? Have you got the boy?" I answered that I was safe, and just then a report behind us thundered along the vaulted roof.

"Heavens! cried Maurigny, "My arm is broken, Henri, take the pistol—Quick." I had hardly done so, when a loud voice called out

"This way men, I have the rascals," and I heard footsteps rapidly descending the stairs. Mechanically I raised the pistol in their direction and pulled the trigger. The flash shewed me the same face I had seen twice that night, that of Courtois the spy. I just saw him throw up his hands, heard his death-cry and his fall, and then we turned and fled. I have an indistinct recollection of helping my companions to lower an iron grating between us and our pursuers, of a hurried retreat through a dark and narrow passage, and of once more coming into the open air. Once arrived in the street my overwrought nerves gave way, and I fainted; the last sound ringing in my ears being the agonised scream of the unhappy spy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MONTHLY LITERARY REVIEW.

THE month of September has been little, if any, more prolific in the production of works of popular interest than its predecessor. There is nothing of first-class merit presented to us by the publishers, and even of the second class our choice is not a very large one.

Perhaps the work most likely to be first run after at the libraries will be "Eleanor's Victory," by the now well-known authoress, Miss Braddon. Why the book got the name it bears is to us, and we dare say will prove to not a few of our readers, a matter for some wondering surmise. That it was not called "Eleanor's Defeat," or "Eleanor's Disappointment;" or, in short, anything else sensational in character and connected with Eleanor, we can offer no reasonable explanation, beyond the one from which there can be no appeal, that Miss Braddon chose to consider that Eleanor won a victory, and had a perfect right to do so under the circumstances. To explain our difficulty, it may be well to give a slight sketch of the story, premising that, as is usually, and we are pleased to be able to say increasingly, the case with the authoress's works; it is written in good racy, idiomatic English, and with considerable ability of execution in all its parts.

Eleanor is a young English girl, the daughter of a good-for-nothing old spendthrift. They live together in Paris, and the part of the book which describes this part of their life, is, in many respects, the best part of it. Having received a hundred pounds for the purpose of educating his daughter, the old man sets out at once to place her at a *pension*, before he can be tempted to spend the money. On the way, however, he is mysteriously decoyed away after the most approved sensational model; his daughter being left to wander home alone through the streets of Paris in the increasing darkness. Next day the old man's body is

found at the *Morgue*, where he had been conveyed after committing suicide, when he had gambled away every penny of his daughter's money. He leaves a note for his daughter, in which she understands him to bequeath to her the task of taking vengeance on his virtual murderer, who is an Englishman. She thenceforward becomes an impersonation of revenge, which, however well done, is to our minds very unnatural, and even revolting. The story is a mass of improbabilities; but as the writer is evidently as fully aware of that fact as we are, it perhaps is of the less consequence. Miss Braddon is quite deliberate in her choice of improbable situations as the most productive of sensational writing; and we cannot but consider that in this she is perfectly justified, so long as she keeps her characters natural in the positions in which she places them. As regards the victory, however, we suppose Eleanor's triumphant discovery of Darrel, as the Englishman who cheated her poor father, and her wresting from him his fortune, is the victory referred to. In our opinion, and merely as a matter of art, it is a very poor one. To our minds the moral of the story is spoilt entirely by the impression which it leaves; that after all, although Miss Braddon thinks it quite necessary to use very harsh language of the spirit in which the heroine is made to act; still, although not Christian, it is decidedly much better than Christian,—much grander and nobler, and, after all, much more successful; seeing that every thing comes right, and a general living happy ever after is the result of some years of a life made fiendish by the indulgence of the passion of revenge. It will be seen that we disapprove of the moral of the book, but we think we should do Miss Braddon great injustice if we supposed that she had any moral in view at all when she wrote it. Her sole object, we feel convinced, was to make a readable and sensational story, and she knew that it was more easy to create a sensation out of great passions than little foibles. That the end is common-place and in the old fairy-tale style, may, we imagine, be fairly ascribed to the fact that the authoress knows well how unpopular are tears, and how much better people like to laugh than to cry over their stories. For the rest, the story is a very clever one. We feel that the authoress is progressive. Her style is better; her conversations become more animated, and have more to do with the story, and, above all, her characters are becoming gradually less *outré* in their peculiarity. Of course in a sensation novel, a sensation character is needed; and this we get in Eleanor herself. She is, however, not quite so fiendish, even in her worst moods, as Lady Audley, and scarcely so startling as Aurora Floyd. Amongst the other characters too, there is more to interest the reader than in either of these stories; the Signora is really a very unusually well-drawn character, and we cannot help feeling a great liking for Wick, the artist, although we are rather staggered by his questionable conduct respecting Mr. Darrel's portfolio, in connexion with his gentlemanliness of conduct. Miss Braddon is not at home in her ladies and gentlemen. We do not say that she does not understand them, but she fails comparatively in her attempts at reproduction when she ventures upon them. In this respect she resembles Dickens, and unlike him she rather, if anything, improves in this respect.

Nathaniel Hawthorne's name is one which will readily be admitted as an excellent passport to favour for any book he may choose to write. "*Transformation*" made some enemies but many friends for the talented

American, and his new work "Our Old Home" will no doubt be received with acclamation by a very wide circle of readers both in England and America. In many respects the reader will not meet with any disappointment. It consists of a series of sketches of England and the English which are very much marked with the charm hitherto so confidently looked for from his pen. They are of all kinds. Consular experiences which we owe to his several years sojourn at Liverpool as American Consul; Sketches of English Scenery in which we recognise the sparkling fancy and the deep true love of nature which have always been connected, in our minds at least, with the image of Nathaniel Hawthorne. It will readily be seen how difficult it must be to give an idea of such a book as this from a few extracts, yet we are aware that these extracts will be inexorably demanded of us, and that we must at all events try to do the book some sort of justice by extracting them. Of his picturesque sketches perhaps the following will give as good an idea as any other. It is of an English churchyard at Lillington near Leamington; and may we think be fairly taken as an average specimen of its kind in the volumes:—"A well trodden path led across the churchyard; and the gate being on the latch, we entered, and walked round amongst the graves and monuments. The latter were chiefly head-stones, none of which were very old, so far as was discoverable by the dates; some, indeed, in so ancient a cemetery, were disagreeably new, with inscriptions glittering like sunshine, in gold letters. The ground must have been dug over and over again innumerable times, until the soil is made up of what was once human clay, out of which have sprung successive crops of gravestones, that flourish their allotted time, and disappear like the weeds and flowers in their briefer period. The English climate is very unfavourable to the endurance of memorials in the open air. Twenty years of it suffice to give as much antiquity of aspect, whether to tombstone or edifice, as a hundred years of our own drier atmosphere—so soon do the drizzly rains and constant moisture corrode the surface of marble or freestone. Sculptured edges lose their sharpness in a year or two; yellow lichens overspread a beloved name and obliterate it while it is yet fresh upon some survivor's heart. Time gnaws an English gravestone with wonderful appetite; and, when the inscription is quite illegible, the sexton takes the useless slab away, and perhaps makes a hearth-stone of it, and digs up the unripe bones which it ineffectually tried to memorialize, and gives the bed to another sleeper. In the Charter Street burial-ground at Salem, and in the old graveyard on the hill at Ipswich, I have seen more ancient gravestones with legible inscriptions on them than in any English churchyard. And yet this same ungenial climate, hostile as it generally is to the long remembrance of departed people, has sometimes a lovely way of dealing with the records on certain monuments that lie horizontally in the open air. The rain falls into the deep incisions of the letters, and has scarcely time to be dried away before another shower sprinkles the flat stone again, and replenishes those little reservoirs. The unseen, mysterious seeds of mosses find their way into the lettered furrows, and are made to germinate by the continual moisture and watery sunshine of the English sky; and, bye-and-by, in a year or two years, or many years, behold the complete inscription—

HERE LYETH THE BODY.

and all the rest of the tender falsehood—beautifully embossed in raised

letters of living green, a bas-relief of velvet moss on the marble slab! It becomes more legible, under the skyey influences, after the world has forgotten the deceased, than when it was fresh from the stone-cutter's hands. It outlives the grief of friends. I first saw an example of this in Bebbington churchyard, in Cheshire, and thought that nature must needs have had a special tenderness for the person (no noted man, however in the world's history) so long ago laid beneath that stone, since she took such wonderful pains to "keep his memory green." Perhaps the proverbial phrase just quoted may have had its origin in the natural phenomenon here described. While we rested ourselves on a horizontal monument, which was elevated just high enough to be a convenient seat, I observed that one of gravestones lay very close to the church, so close that the droppings of the eaves would fall upon it. It would seem as if the inmate of that grave had desired to creep under the church-wall. On closer inspection we found an almost illegible epitaph on the stone, and with difficulty made out this forlorn verse:—

Poorly lived,
And poorly died,
Poorly buried,
And no one cried.

It would be hard to compress the story of a cold and luckless life, death, and burial into fewer words or more impressive ones; at least, we found them impressive, perhaps because we had to re-create the inscription by scraping away the lichens from the faintly-traced letters. The grave was on the shady and damp side of the church, endwise towards it, the head-stone being within about three feet of the foundation-wall; so that, unless the poor man was a dwarf, he must have been doubled up to fit him into his final resting-place. No wonder that this epitaph murmured against so poor a burial as this! His name, as well as I could make it out, was Treco—John Treco, I think—and he died in 1810, at the age of seventy-four. The gravestone is so overgrown with grass and weeds, so covered with unsightly lichens, and so crumbly with time and foul weather, that it is questionable whether anybody will ever be at the trouble of deciphering it again. But there is a quaint and sad kind of enjoyment in defeating (in such slight degree as my pen may do it) the probabilities of oblivion for poor John Treco, and asking a little sympathy for him, half-a-century after his death, and making him better and more widely known, at least, than any other slumberer in Lillington Churchyard: he having been, as far as appearances go, the outcast of them all."

In these descriptions, which are often full of humour of a quiet sort, we think Hawthorne need not dread any diminution of popular favour, even when he touches on our follies, with a not very gentle hand. There is, however, one thing in his book which we are heartily sorry to find there, and that is a declared and evident Anglo-phobia. We are the more disappointed at this, because if there was one American writer whom we could have confidently pointed to us likely to be free from this rather than all others—it was Nathaniel Hawthorne; and it only serves to convey to our minds the melancholy impression that the feeling of conceit which Americans so largely indulge in obliges even the best of them to try to derogate from England's merits, in the vain hope that so they may obtain more notice for their own suppositious graces and powers as a nation. When Hawthorne speaks of England

inanimate; or of England's old worthies, he is greatly to be admired for his candour as well as his many other charms of writing; but when English men or English women are mentioned, it is hard to find any extreme of virulent feeling to which he does not give way which is consistent with the tone of (comparative) gentlemanliness of feeling in which the book written. We can afford to smile at the bitter taunts with which all American writers seem to feel it their special vocation to assail us, and to feel that England can afford to smile at the froglike attempts to swell themselves to her size which American writers are so constantly making, especially as they think to make their task easier by persuading themselves that after all England is not so large as she looks; this does not however absolve us from the painful duty of pointing out how frightfully injurious, even in a mere literary point of view, such paragraphs as the following must be to any writer. We present the following at random, perfectly certain that they do not misrepresent the spirit of the book as regards its antipathy to English men and women. We have taken the liberty of naming each paragraph from a reference to its contents, as without it the meaning might not in all cases be so clear:—

"THE AMERICANS AND THE ENGLISH.—We, in our dry atmosphere are getting too nervous, haggard, dyspeptic, extenuated, unsubstantial, theoretic, and need to be made grosser. John Bull, on the other hand, has grown bulbous, long-bodied, long-legged, heavy-witted, material, and, in a word, too intensely English.

"ENGLISH NARROWNESS COMMON TO ALL CLASSES.—This insular narrowness is exceedingly queer, and of very frequent occurrence, and is quite as much a characteristic of men of education and culture as of clowns.

"EARTHINESS OF THE ENGLISH CHARACTER.—The English character, as I conceive it, is by no means a very lofty one; they seem to have a great deal of earth and grimy dust clinging about them, as was probably the case with the stalwart and quarrelsome people who sprouted up out of the soil, after Cadmus had sown the Dragon's teeth. And yet, though the individual Englishman is sometimes preternaturally disagreeable, an observer standing aloof has a sense of natural kindness towards them in the lump.

"ENGLISH ADMIRALS.—Nine-tenths of these distinguished admirals, for instance, if their faces tell the truth, must needs have been block-heads, and might have served better, one would imagine, as wooden figure-heads for their own ships, than to direct any difficult or intricate scheme of action from the quarter-deck. It is doubtful whether the same kind of men will hereafter meet with a similar degree of success; for they were victorious chiefly through the old English hardihood, exercised in a field of which modern science had not yet got possession. Rough valour has lost something of its value since their days, and must continue to sink lower and lower in the comparative estimate of warlike qualities. In the next naval war, as between England and France, I would bet, methinks, upon the Frenchman's head.

"THAT IN THE ENGLISH CHARACTER WHICH HAS LOST AMERICA.—It has required nothing less than the boorishness, the stolidity, the self-sufficiency, the contemptuous jealousy, the half-sagacity, invariably

blind of one eye and often distorted of the other, that characterise this strange people, to compel us to be a great nation in our own right, instead of becoming virtually, if not in name, a province of their small island. What pains did they take to shake us off, and have ever since taken to keep us wide apart from them! It might seem their folly, but was really their fate, or, rather, the Providence of God, who has, doubtless, a work for us to do, in which the massive materiality of the English character would have been too ponderous a dead-weight upon our progress.

"THE ONE-EYEDNESS OF THE ENGLISH.—The secret of English practical success lies in their characteristic faculty of shutting one eye, whereby they get so distinct and decided a view of what immediately concerns them that they go stumbling towards it over a hundred insurmountable obstacles, and achieve a magnificent triumph without ever being aware of half its difficulties. If General M'Clellan could but have shut his left eye, the right one would long ago have guided us into Richmond.

"ENGLISH GIRLS.—The comely, rather than pretty, English girls, with their deep, healthy bloom, which an American taste is apt to deem fitter for a milk-maid than for a lady."

We confess to having been pained by finding that even in so amiable and talented an author as Hawthorne the vulgar spirit of trying to enlarge America in the world's eyes by detracting from England, finds so prominent and absurd a place. Many of these are too absurd to arouse any emotions of anger; while with others we feel half angry, half inclined to laugh. It is however very pitiable that talent and education should not, even when backed by natural amiability of character suffice to make the American of to-day gentlemanly in his criticisms upon his parent state. We think it can only be accounted for by the natural antipathy between self-assertion and gentlemanly writing.

THE
SOUTHERN MONTHLY
MAGAZINE.

"QUE POSSINT OCULOS AURESQUE MORARI."—*Horace.*

JANUARY, 1864.

ÆGLE:

A Tale.—By Gilpie Mosshawke.

CHAPTER XII.

"Miseri quibus
Intentata nites."—*HORACE.*

WHATEVER was the cause which had so suddenly and unexpectedly arrested Iphitus in the very act of rescuing his betrothed from the terrible fate which threatened her, it was not long before he shook off its influence sufficiently to revert in some degree to the occurrences which were taking place around him. But his movements were now without the steady certainty which had characterised them previously. He sprang forward indeed, but his gait was as that of a man embarrassed and confused by contending emotions. He hurled his spear with violence, but without precision; it sang through the air, and passing close over the back of the boar, stood trembling in the ground, and thus the last hope and the last means of defence that remained to the unfortunate Iothales in the moment of her peril, appeared to have failed her. Then at the very moment when all chance of salvation seemed lost, the whistle of an arrow was heard, and the next moment the boar which was almost in the act of striking with his formidable tusk at the beautiful form of the prostrate girl, suddenly rolled over on the ground. Iphitus had now sufficiently recovered his presence of mind to rush in and remove Iothales from the dangerous proximity of the struggling monster. He lifted her in his arms as though her weight had been that of a feather, and was about to carry her to a short distance off, when he found that

his own position had become dangerous and embarrassing. The stroke of the arrow had not proved immediately fatal, and the boar having regained his legs now rushed with blind fury at Iphitus, whose situation, deprived as he was of his weapon, and bearing the insensible form of Iothales in his arms, became one of no common difficulty. The only idea that occurred to his mind on the spur of the moment, and indeed the only feasible plan, was to endeavour to evade by agility the first onset of the furious brute, and then placing Iothales again on the ground, to regain his spear, and with it his security. But before he had time to put his plan in execution, he was relieved from his difficulty, for with a rush like a thunderbolt and a fierce growl, the two noble hounds sprang upon the boar and engaged in a desperate contest with him which effectually prevented him from doing further mischief. The next instant Philokalos rode up in breathless haste, and springing from his horse, knelt down by his sister, whom Iphitus had now placed in safety on the ground, and commenced the most assiduous efforts to restore her to consciousness.

It was not long before she recovered, and raising herself, cast her eyes around her. The attendants had now come up, and one of them immediately assaulted with his spear the boar already exhausted by his wounds, and overmatched by the two hounds. As Iothales turned her eyes upon the fierce brute now lying motionless on the ground, a slight shudder came over her. She turned away and then she perceived Iphitus standing at a short distance and leaning upon his recovered spear, and apparently immersed in a deep reverie. Immediately she saw him she turned pale, and with a deep sigh, she covered her face with her hand. Philokalos placing his arm round her said:—

"Thanks to all the Gods my sister that you are safe. It seemed as though little short of a miracle could have rescued you." She made an effort and with his assistance rose to her feet.

"It was very foolish of me" said she, "to be so overcome with terror, but I am well now. Where is my horse?"

Her palfrey had wandered away to some distance, and with the horse of Iphitus, was quietly browsing on the foliage of some scattered shrubs that grew on the face of the cliff. Philokalos despatched some attendants to recover them, and then aroused Iphitus from his reverie by saying to him:

"Can you tell me Iphitus by whose hand the boar fell? I could not distinctly see as I rode up how the matter occurred. It seemed to me that, after waiting for some time in the attitude of hurling your spear, as I supposed either to insure the right instant, or else to show us how easily your weapon could arrest the course of the boar at the last moment, you by some unaccountable accident missed your stroke; and then when my sister's last chance of safety seemed to be gone, the boar suddenly fell, and I see that one of the arrows which pierced him is larger than any in the quiver of Iothales." As he spoke the frame of Iothales, who was still leaning on his arm, was agitated by such a tremor that she was obliged to cling to him for support. He placed his arm round her and said:

"Let me take you on the grassy spot under the cliff there, my sister, where you can rest a little until you have recovered from the shock you have received. The mention of the subject recalls your terror."

"Oh! no, no," she said hastily; "I am better now," and then with

pale face and trembling lips she fixed her eyes on Iphitus, and seemed to wait in breathless suspense for his answer.

He had shaken off his reverie when Philokalos addressed him, and now as he was about to reply, he turned his eyes on Iothales. As he noticed her expression a slight flush overspread his features, and hastily averting his glance, he said :

"The mystery is not difficult to account for. The boar was shot by an arrow from yonder thicket by the corner of the cliff. Who, or what, or whence he is, I know not. As I was about to strike the boar, I suddenly saw him raise his head and shoulders from the bushes, and fit an arrow to his string. The surprise caused me to hesitate for a moment, and when at length I threw my spear, I blundered as you perceived ; but the unknown displayed greater skill, and your sister's life was saved."

Whilst Iphitus was speaking the face of Iothales became paler, she seemed to gasp for breath, and clutched her brother's arm convulsively with her fingers for support. When he finished her grasp relaxed, and out for the arm which Philokalos threw hastily around her, she would have sunk upon the ground. He bore her to the grassy spot which he had before indicated and she soon recovered her senses. Slowly casting her eyes round, she observed her palfrey being led up, and then once more her gaze sought the form of Iphitus. The moment that she saw him she seemed to be inspired with a sudden resolution. Rising from the ground with a strength and ease that astonished her brother, she said in a firm and steady voice :

"Philokalos you shall have no further cause to complain of my weakness. My horse is at hand, and I am ready to go home." With a hesitating step and manner Iphitus approached her. His manner and the expression of his face seemed to indicate an unusual degree of embarrassment, the embarrassment of one who felt called upon to explain something, without knowing clearly how to shape his discourse. She regarded him as he advanced with a look which seemed to indicate a pensive and mournful curiosity, but this expression lasted only for a moment. As he approached nearer she fixed on him one steady look of dignified reproach, so different from any which he had ever before seen worn by her features, that he was struck with confusion, and then with a stately mien she turned from him, and with the aid of her brother, mounted her palfrey.

Silently and slowly the party rode homeward along the beach which they had so recently traversed with all the gaiety and exhilaration of a healthful and exciting sport. Not a word was spoken by any one. Iphitus rode as usual by the side of Iothales, either simply from habit, or from a feeling that his failing to do so would provoke remark ; but he rode apparently immersed in reflection, and without noticing any of his companions. Philokalos, who had already been much puzzled by the strange occurrences which had attended the final catastrophe of the hunt, had not failed to notice the demeanour of his sister towards her lover, and he now rode upon the other side of Iothales, silently endeavouring to conjecture the meaning of what he had observed, and waiting until chance or some remark on the part of either of his companions should throw some light upon the mystery.

So they rode on, each one feeling the embarrassment of the situation, and yet each one finding it difficult to break the silence. At length

they approached the spot where the ship was lying on the beach, and then Iphitus first spoke.

"My ship is now finished, Philokalos," said he, "and it is desirable that she should be got afloat as soon as possible. The tide will serve for launching her in two or three hours, and as I am here, it will be better for me to stay to see the necessary preparations made, and to superintend the operation. If your sister and yourself therefore have no objection to my parting company with you for a short time I will remain here for the present." As he spoke he drew in his horse, and Philokalos, glad at that moment to get the opportunity of a little conversation with his sister, at once concurred with him in his design. Iothales expressed her acquiescence rather by a gesture of assent than by any other means, for her words were few, and so faint as to be scarcely audible.

As soon as they had passed out of hearing, Philokalos said to his sister:

"What has passed between you and Iphitus? I see by your manner towards him that he has given you some offence, and indeed I think it is on account of this that he has now left us. He was indeed more awkward than I should have expected in his attempt to rescue you from the boat, but then he has partly explained the reason of this, and as the matter ended well, I suppose your anger will not be long lived."

She replied: "Can you then suppose me ungrateful enough to be angry because an attempt to save my life was made with less skill and success than might have been expected! No, I am not influenced by such motives as these. Oh, Philokalos! would that the arrow of the stranger had missed its mark, and that I had never recovered from that swoon to behold again the light of day!"

"What can you mean, Iothales," returned her brother, "I have been with you from the moment you recovered your senses, and I do not know what can have occurred to distress you since then. You have not I fear yet recovered the shock which you sustained."

"Do not think so," she replied, "I know too well what it is that I say. Philokalos, would you believe that Iphitus could prove false or treacherous to me?"

"I should be slow to believe such a thing," said Philokalos, "and I cannot but think that you do him injustice. What possible opportunity can he have had of displaying such infidelity as you speak of, even if he harboured it in his bosom?"

"I see that you believe me not yet to have recovered my senses," replied she, "and if I were to explain to you the grounds of what I have said, you would not be convinced. Pray, therefore, question me no further on the subject, but wait a little and time will show whether I am right in my suspicions."

"If they should prove well founded," said Philokalos, "by the heavens, Iphitus shall know what it is to trifle with my father's daughter and my sister; but I yet hope that you may be mistaken."

She replied only by a sigh, and they again resumed their former silence.

In the meantime Iphitus had dismounted and examined into the state of the preparations for launching the ship. Finding that they were in a forward condition, and that those in charge seemed well to

understand their task, and to anticipate no difficulty in accomplishing it, he left them, and instead of following the hunting party, he proceeded on foot in the contrary direction, not going along the beach, but taking a course more inland where he was soon lost to sight amongst the hills. As soon as he was out of sight from the vessel he increased his pace, and walked rapidly on until he gained the top of one of the numerous eminences in the neighbourhood. When he arrived there he stopped and looked around, as if to decide in what direction he should go. After a hurried observation he again resumed his course, walking with the same hasty steps as before. The course which he took was about parallel with the beach, and consequently if continued would lead him back towards the spot where the final catastrophe of the hunt had occurred. He pursued this direction steadily until the rising ground in front warned him that he was coming to the high hills whose precipitous faces formed the boundary of cliff that barricaded the part of the beach where the boar had been killed. Here, after a moment's hesitation, he altered his course and made straight for the beach, along which he proceeded until he arrived at the spot where the boar was still lying slain. He came to the carcase, and stooping down, wrenched from its side the fatal arrow which had arrested the monster in his course. After examining it carefully for a few moments, he advanced towards the small thicket from which it had been shot. On inspecting this spot he found that there was here a narrow fissure in the rock, which was filled with small trees and shrubs growing thickly together, and concealing the opening with their foliage. He found his way into this thicket, and engaged in a careful search, but apparently without any successful result, for in a short time he again emerged upon the open beach. He now cast his eyes up to the cliff and commenced a careful and minute scrutiny of its face. At some little distance above his head was a narrow ledge which ran obliquely upwards upon the side of the cliff. The lower end of this ledge appeared to be lost and concealed in the foliage of the thicket which he had already inspected, and which here filled the crevices and grew up the side of the rock. In the other direction the ledge, almost too narrow to be called a path, ran gradually upwards and soon became lost to the sight. After a moment's attentive observation of these points, Iphitus again plunged among the bushes and in the course of a short time re-appeared upon the narrow shelf of rock. Casting his eyes along the upward course, he said to himself:—

"I am as likely to meet with her this way as by following her course through those ravines and thickets, and the top of this cliff will at all events be a good post of observation."

As he spoke he began to address himself to the task of ascending the rock, but he found that this was an operation of some difficulty and danger. The path was barely wide enough for a person to walk upon with steadiness; above it was the vertical face of the cliff, presenting nothing for the hands to grasp, and below it was an abrupt precipice which increased in depth with every step upwards. Iphitus found therefore that the ascent required a good deal of coolness and resolution; but he was far from deficient in these qualities, and having determined to gain the top of the cliff, he persisted with a due mixture of daring and caution, taking care not to cast a glance behind or below him and fixing his eyes constantly upon the path in front of him.

Thus he progressed steadily until at length he reached the summit, and found himself standing upon a smooth and level surface of short grass. His robust and active frame required no time for rest, and it was without any quickening of his breathing or any other sign of recent exertion, that he now stood still and cast his eyes around him. Pre-occupied as his mind was, he did not fail to be impressed by the beauty of the scene. Whether he directed his gaze over the sea with its glittering surface and its distant hills, or across the land with its varied aspect of mountain, forest, plain, and valley, the prospect presented numberless features of interest to enchant and delight the lover of the beautiful. Iphitus, however, was too much engrossed with his own train of thought to dwell long upon the beauty of the prospect. He cast a hasty glance round, as if to take in the principal features of the scene, and then advancing to the very edge of the cliff, he gazed downwards into the water below which lay dark and sombre in the shadow of the overhanging cliff, against whose vertical face the waves kept up an unceasing dash and murmur. This was that dangerous bay which has been before mentioned as notorious for its treacherous and fatal character. After contemplating this seething abyss for a short time, he turned away, and throwing himself upon the ground, began to follow out his own thoughts, and at length to express them to himself:—

“A pretty maze,” said he, “has fortune led me into, and one which I cannot at present see my way out of. Let no one henceforth mark out for himself a path, for we are driven hither and thither by circumstances, over which we have had no control! I start on an expedition for the plains of Troy, my mind running on nothing but the crush of battle and the glory of victory, and soon I find myself lounging away my time in idleness and pleasure, and getting gradually less and less careful of the object of my enterprise. Then the blind goddess leads me equally blind a step further. The sun gets up, and finds me giving and receiving love promises and tokens, and imagining myself the happiest of mankind; and scarcely has he mounted well into the heavens, when an apparition comes across my path, and straightway I forget my happiness; forget the object of my morning’s adoration; forget what men call truth, and duty and honour, so long as they find no difficulty in observing them; and for the neglect of which they will find excuses as readily, or do without them as easily, as I shall. And, now, how do I know what delusion is leading me astray? How do I know that I am not following a phantom—a creation of my own imagination? Is it possible that a form of such surpassing beauty could exist upon this island, and not be upon the lips and in the praises of all? It may be that some divinity is deceiving me. Yet, let it be what it may, I will do all that in me lies to follow out and unravel this mystery. If that vision is indeed a being of flesh and blood, and if she has her habitation on this island, she shall not escape my search. Why should I not pursue this quest? If fortune is determined to toss us about at pleasure, and to lead us into intricacies, out of which we cannot see our way, the best course we can adopt is to take every advantage of her vagaries, and get all the sweets of life that she puts within our reach. May Iothales forget me as easily as I have lost my love for her. Ah! if I could only get this strange and wonderful beauty on board of my vessel, I would soon leave the shores of this island in the distance.”

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"Ha! ha!" she laughed, "that was when your skill and valour were so conspicuously displayed in defence of the fair Iothales. Oh! I watched you, and saw how bravely you saved your love from the boar."

"Enchantress!" he replied, "you cannot taunt me with the effect of your own beauty. I have hurled many a spear, but the sudden appearance of such a vision might shake the steadiest arm. Trust me, I will not fail if ever I use the spear in your defence."

"Ægle has been accustomed to need but little defence from others," replied she, "her feet are used to the rocky paths, and if danger presses closely, the noble Philokalos has not left her unprovided with a weapon." So saying, she raised the sword which Philokalos had given her, and elevated the point above her head.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, "has Philokalos then been before me? But, beautiful Ægle, since that is your name, and I have heard it mentioned before by common rumour, a brain-sick dreaming boy like him is not the one who should utter words of love to you. Your beauty is for the strength and devotion of a man to protect."

"Aye," said she, "a man whose protection fails at the very moment when it is needed. I shall not easily forget the boar-hunt."

"Cruel," said he, "you, at all events, might forgive me for that. But, I pray you, cease this banter, and listen to what I have to say. From the moment that I saw you on the cliff, your image has reigned supreme in my mind, no other can ever rival it, for all other beauty is poor compared with yours. Come therefore with me; let me take you from this insignificant island where your charms are wasted upon the rugged cliffs and crags; let me take you to the world of life, where you yourself will outshine all that is magnificent, where you will be envied by the beautiful, and worshipped by the brave. See, yonder lies my ship; ere the sun sets she will float; come with me, and before to-morrow dawns we will be out of sight of this island."

"What," she said, "am I to trust myself to the care and the love of the friend of Philokalos and the lover of Iothales, of the man who has proved faithless both to his friendship and his love? See," and she pointed with the sword towards the beach, "these cliffs have been my familiar haunts, and yonder waves my companions, and now you ask me to leave them for the world of life, as you call it. Philokalos is at all events a more complaisant lover, for instead of wishing to take me away to strange scenes, he is willing even to remain on this poor island for my sake, and in proof of his sincerity he has given up to me his sword, and consented to renounce war and all its glories."

Stung by jealousy, Iphitus exclaimed:

"And you, Ægle, must despise him for his poltroonery. I will never believe that you who have all your life breathed these free breezes and trodden these precipitous paths, can ever be pleased with softness and effeminacy in a lover. Trust to one who does not offer his sword to you but who will use it in your defence as long as he can raise his arm."

"I thank you" said she "and when I am in danger from a boar, I may perhaps desire your assistance."

"Ah!" he exclaimed "if you had been in danger the boar had not required the arrow of a stranger. But Ægle, listen to my suit; believe my love."

"Your love;" she rejoined "the love that this morning was all lavished upon Iothales cannot be worth much to me. Even at this moment I dare swear you have some love token of hers in your possession."

The words recalled to his memory the bracelet which Iothales had given him, and which he still had in his bosom, and then the scene which had taken place in the garden that morning came freshly and vividly before his mind. He felt for a moment a keen pang of regret as he recollected the delicate sensitiveness and gentle manner of Iothales, and contrasted them with the haughty and imperious tone of the wild being before him. Yet as he again raised his eyes to her, the fascination of her beauty expelled all these thoughts from his mind, and he was once more possessed by the passionate and impetuous determination to make her his at all hazards. He exclaimed eagerly:

"Can I adore a torch when I have seen the rising sun? That I loved Iothales this morning was natural; that all my love for her is now gone, is the inevitable consequence of your beauty. Blame me not therefore for what was your own doing, but trust my love, and be assured that as no loveliness on earth can ever hope to rival your own, so it is utterly impossible that I should ever be faithless to you."

"If it be so," she replied, "give me the token whatever it be, which you have received from Iothales, in proof that you have now transferred your love from her to me." Once more a feeling of remorse arose in his breast, but he was now steeled against every emotion that interfered with his main object, and without a moment's hesitation he drew forth the bracelet and handed it to Ægle.

"Take it," said he, "and trust me that I will never more value love token that comes from any hand but yours." She took it in her hand and looked at it for a moment; then she walked to the very edge of the precipice and held the ornament at arm's length over the water.

"Verily," said she, "men part with their treasures right easily. Philokalos gave me his sword, which I like better than his love, and therefore keep it. Iphitus gives me his love token, and thus I value it." He saw her fingers open and the bracelet drop, and before he had recovered his surprise she stepped past him with a laugh, and in a moment was moving lightly and swiftly down the narrow ledge by which he had ascended the cliff.

Iphitus was too much amazed to think at first of attempting to follow her; and when he saw the fearless rapidity of her movements as she glided down the shelving path, he was aware how vain must be any pursuit by him. Uttering a curse to himself, he sat down on the grass as soon as he had lost sight of her figure in the thicket on the beach, and gave vent to his disappointment in audible words.

"And this is what I have gained by renouncing the love that only this morning made me feel the happiest of men. Oh! Iothales, it had been better for me if I had never set eyes on this heartless beauty. But," and he started again to his feet, "I will not be thus mocked. If I have given up all that of late was dear to me, by heavens, it shall not be for nothing. I will pursue this malicious beauty so closely that not a nook in this island shall conceal her, and the next time we meet she shall not escape so easily." So saying he slowly descended the cliff, and bent his steps towards his vessel.

CHAPTER XIII.

Meanwhile to Ægle: from the happier trance,
 And from the stun of the first human ill,
 Labouring, returns her soul! As lightnings glance
 O'er battle fields, with sated slaughter still,
 The wrathful memory, flickering, comes and goes
 O'er the past struggle, o'er the enforced repose.

Sir E. B. LYTON.

AFTER the short conversation which took place between Philokalos and Iothales upon parting with Iphitus, but little more was said by either of them until they reached their home. The exhilaration of the chase had subsided, and to the animation of spirits which they had so lately felt, succeeded a sudden dejection, accompanied by a strange foreboding of ill. This feeling was enhanced in the case of Philokalos by his uncertainty as to the grounds of it. The evident melancholy of his sister, and her apparently settled conviction of the unfaithfulness of her lover, perhaps infected him all the more strongly because she had not put him in possession of all that she herself knew or believed she knew upon the subject. From the time of the conversation before mentioned, she did not again allude to what had happened. She never mentioned Iphitus, or touched upon any topic which might have a tendency to introduce his name. She seemed to make it her study to ignore all the occurrences which had taken place from the time of his arrival, and to revert to the old state of things which had existed before the quiet life which she passed with her brother had met with any interruption. But it was not difficult to see how thin was the disguise which she was assuming, and how her heart was being secretly consumed by the thoughts which she so sternly pent up in her bosom.

The day following the hunt passed away, and Iphitus did not return. On the following morning Philokalos declared his resolution to go in search of him, and urged Iothales to tell him, before he should go, all the evidence she possessed of the strange and unaccountable defection of one who had seemed only a few hours previously so warm a lover. But she so persisted in giving him evasive answers, and was so manifestly unwilling to tell him all she knew, that he at length forebore to press her. She even attempted to persuade him to remain at home, but he was not to be diverted from his design.

"The vessel of Iphitus," said he, "was afloat yesterday. This I have learned from one who saw it from a distance. I cannot conjecture what his intention may be, but I am not willing that he should leave our shores before I have had some explanation with him, and if we meet, he shall learn that the honour of the house of Crantor is not to be trampled upon with impunity." And so he departed.

"May the Gods keep my brother safe should they meet," exclaimed Iothales when Philokalos was gone. "I could not tell him all without exciting his jealousy, and then the last chance of a peaceable meeting would be at an end. I hope that Iphitus may have left the island, but

if I know anything of him he will not leave it alone. He will by some means or other bear this enchantress with him, if she is indeed of flesh and blood. Oh! Iphitus; false and perjured you have been to one whose love for you was true and tender. Yet when I recall the wild brilliance of that vision that flashed for an instant before my failing sight, I think you must be under the influence of some supernatural power which may not be resisted. And this, my brother, is the being who has crossed your opening path, and embittered the happiness of your life. Ah! if it might be that my unhappiness should prove your salvation. If Iphitus should have taken her away beyond the possibility of your pursuit, might not your fatal passion be cured by the hopelessness of attaining your object. If that which is my sorrow could be the means of restoring you to all that is worth living for, it would not be so insupportable."

But whilst these things were going on at the house, Iphitus was not spending his time in idleness. Stung by the haughty scorn with which Ægle had treated him, he vowed within himself that whether with her will or against it, he would obtain possession of her person, and he immediately began to consider the best means of putting his project in execution. The first thing was to get his ship afloat, and when he arrived upon the beach, he had the satisfaction of finding that the work was well advanced. By the use of such simple mechanical appliances as they at that time had at their command, the vessel was dragged by little and little towards the sea, until the tide supported her, and she was at length moored at a point where she was able to float at low water. On the next day he proceeded to carry out his plan. He selected four of his men whom he deemed the most trustworthy, and amongst them his leading follower, the second in command to himself. Leaving all the rest on board the ship, with these four he went on shore with the hope of finding some means of surprising Ægle, and of forcibly carrying her off. With this view, he posted his men in the most advantageous manner that he could devise for the purpose of intercepting and seizing her. Two of them he placed on the summit of the cliff with instructions to keep in hiding a little out of the way, and if the object of their pursuit should come as was her wont to the brink of the precipice, they were immediately to come forth and cut off her retreat. The other two he placed in different hiding places upon the beach at some distance from each other, in the hope that Ægle might inadvertently get between them, when they might close together and take her. He himself undertook the task of reconnoitering and exploring the neighbourhood, lurking now in one hiding place and now in another, and endeavouring by every means to obtain some clue to the movements of Ægle. He was aware of her swiftness of foot, and of the ease and skill with which she passed over the rugged and steep ascents, or threaded the mazes of the thicket, and consequently there was nothing he so much dreaded as an unsuccessful attempt to capture her, which he judged would have the effect of rendering every similar effort for the future entirely futile. He therefore gave strict injunctions to his assistants that they should make no attempt unless they were quite assured of success, and that where this seemed at all doubtful, they should, if perceived by Ægle, put on an air of indifference, and allow her to go on her way quietly, as though they were in no way concerned by her presence. With these dispositions they waited the

greater part of the day, but without success. Once it seemed as though their object was likely to be attained, for Ægle visited the cliff. She stood upon the brink, her favorite spot, and the two men came from their hiding places to intercept her. As she stood there with her face turned towards the sea, they remained for a time gazing at her in speechless astonishment at her beauty. Presently she turned round suddenly and started upon seeing them, but immediately she faced them with a look of the most superb scorn, and then began with great deliberation to move along the edge of the cliff. Recollecting their instructions the two men contented themselves with watching her movements, and doing nothing themselves which might have the effect of alarming her, until they should ascertain if she had any means of escape of which they were not aware. But she, without bestowing upon them a second glance, or apparently heeding them in any way, continued her course, and taking the narrow path that led down the face of the cliff, instantly disappeared. On losing sight of her they at once hastened forward and arrived at the brink of the cliff in time to catch sight of her as she vanished round a projecting point of rock some distance below them. This mode of escape from the top of the rock was the same which Ægle had adopted on the occasion of her interview with Iphitus, and it had not been overlooked by him. He had resolved to watch the lower extremity of the path himself, and for a considerable time he was lying concealed in the thicket below, from which the arrow had come that slew the boar. He had issued forth to reconnoitre, and from the outer edge of the thicket he suddenly caught sight of Ægle coming down the cliff. He hastened back at once, but her progress was too rapid to allow him to reach the spot he intended before she could pass. From the path which she was pursuing there were two ways which she might take. The ledge of the rock itself turned in at the fissure in the range of cliffs, or led among the hills by a rough broken path. Iphitus was too late to prevent her following this course, and he was therefore obliged to remain in concealment in the bushes, trusting that she might choose the other direction which lay through the thicket and led to the beach, in which case she could not possibly escape him. His hopes however were frustrated, and he had the disappointment of seeing through the bushes her graceful form gliding away in a contrary direction, and of knowing that if he had been only a few paces nearer to her he might have surely intercepted her. Once he was on the point of springing forward in pursuit, but checked himself, recollecting the difficulty which would inevitably arise from one attempt which should alarm without securing her. He now blamed himself for relaxing his watch, and resolved that on the morrow he would remain without any interruption at the proper point to seize her as she passed.

On the day following, therefore, he disposed his assistants in the same manner as before, and took his own position in the thicket, so close to the ledge of rock that by simply stretching forth his arm he could bar the passage, whilst at the same time he was so effectually concealed by the thick foliage that, so long as he remained quiet, there was no danger that he would be detected by any one passing along the path. Here, then, he patiently waited, fully determined that if Ægle should that day pursue her customary walk, she should become his prize. Slowly the hours passed away, and the sun had declined con-

siderably in the western sky without any signs of the approach of the intended victim. Iphitus began to despair of success, but he resolved that not while the light of day should last would he quit his post. From the position which he occupied he could see the rocky path as far as the nearest angle, which was about twenty yards distant, and beyond which the path ran up the face of the cliff which fronted the beach. With his eyes fixed in this direction he still continued to wait, rather with the view of carrying out the resolution which he had made than because he felt now much hope of success, when suddenly there flashed into view at the rocky angle, the very figure for which he had been so long waiting. She appeared full against the orb of the setting sun, whose rays shone round her head and through her loose hair with a luminous glory which gave an unearthly brilliance to her appearance. As she advanced down the ledge of rock, her figure appeared more magnificent, and her bearing more free and fearless than usual. Even the iron nerves and reckless hardihood of Iphitus did not entirely preserve him from a strange feeling of awe, now that another moment would bring her within his grasp. He could not entirely dispel the fancy that this strange denizen of the rocks and woods might be possessed of some unknown power and influence which might suffice to defeat his designs in some unexpected manner, and his heart throbbed with tremulous excitement as he nerved himself for the necessary effort. In the meantime Ægle came down the path with no uneasiness or hesitation in her movements, when suddenly her quick ear caught a slight rustle in the foliage close at her side. She started, and threw back her beautiful head in a listening attitude, but before she had time to move a single step a grasp like iron encircled her waist, and she was lifted completely off the shelf of rock on which she was standing into the bushes, while the voice of Iphitus exclaimed—

“Mine at last!”

By the gleaming sunlight he saw the expression of her features, and, resolute and hardy as he was, he shuddered at the sight, so intense was the look of concentrated hate and malice which appeared in her glaring eyes and in her drawn and pallid lips. But he had scarcely time to look at her before, with a movement like lightning, she drew from her girdle a sharp hunting knife, and struck at him with astonishing swiftness and precision. One less ready or less accustomed to danger than Iphitus, would in all probability have sunk beneath this well aimed stroke, but he, with a rapidity that matched her own, caught her wrist with a grasp that arrested the blow, and rendered her entirely powerless. This attempt upon his life, and the effort necessary to frustrate it, restored at once to Iphitus the possession of all his faculties, and he no longer felt that mysterious dread of his victim which had before assailed him.

“By Hercules, fair Ægle,” he exclaimed, “that was a right good stroke, and one which, if I had not been quick, would have relieved me from the trouble of attending to your comfort and safety as I hope to do.” Thus saying he bore her swiftly through the bushes towards the open beach. But here a new and more threatening danger awaited him.

As he emerged from the bushes a voice, which he knew well, cried—

“Traitor! have I arrested you in the very consummation of your crimes? This spear, however, shall defeat your designs and punish

your perfidy." And there, with his weapon raised in the act to strike, stood Philokalos, his face displaying all the traces of mingled rage, jealousy, and revenge. Another instant, and that spear would be launched with all the skill which he knew Philokalos to possess; but Iphitus was equal to the emergency. Holding the form of Ægle in front of him, he quietly said:—

"You have shown some ingenuity in taking me at an advantage, my friend, but you see I am not totally destitute of defensive armour. I know your skill with the javelin to be great, but this is a kind of target against which I suppose you have hardly been accustomed to practise." And with his eye fixed vigilantly on every movement of Philokalos, he continued to hold his prize in such a way that his antagonist could not venture a stroke with his spear without the risk of driving it through the body of Ægle. Philokalos paused; but he did not abandon his attempt. Wrought up to the highest degree of exasperation, he felt no hesitation in taking his enemy at an advantage, although under ordinary circumstances this was a course from which his chivalrous nature would have recoiled. But now his breast was occupied solely by the desire to revenge his sister, to rescue Ægle, and punish his rival, and he only required an opportunity to drive his spear through the heart of Iphitus. Knowing his own skill with the dart, he continued to threaten, and to watch for an opening which might give him the chance he desired, but Iphitus was too watchful, and the risk of injuring Ægle was too great.

"Coward," exclaimed Philokalos, "will you not unhand one whom you are not worthy to set eyes on, and meet me in fair fight?"

"I hope to do both," replied Iphitus, "but I shall not let go my prize until I find some safe hands to entrust her to, and when I have done that I will meet you as soon as you please." Then giving a shrill whistle, he continued: "I hope now to be soon relieved of my burden, and then I am at your service." In a few moments his four followers appeared in answer to his call, two of them coming up the beach from their hiding-place, and the other two taking a somewhat circuitous course from the top of the cliff. Philokalos saw that he was over-matched, but he resolved to die on the spot rather than abandon the defence of Ægle. As the four attendants surrounded him at a signal from Iphitus, he defended himself with all the force and dexterity he could command, but the unequal contest soon fatigued him, his spear was beaten down, and the next moment three of his antagonists held his arms tightly pinioned to his side. The fourth went to the assistance of Iphitus. The latter placed Ægle on her feet, but retained both her hands in his powerful grasp.

"I am sorry to use harsh measures," said he, "but I fear that those delicate hands, which are so ready with the knife, will have to be confined for a time, just for the sake of preventing mischief in the boat."

Then Ægle, seeing that in a few moments she would be borne away from the island, for the first time since her capture raised her voice, and called upon Philokalos to save her. The latter, hearing himself thus appealed to, struggled with furious violence with his guards, but their united strength was too much for him, and all his efforts to escape were vain. In the meantime the slender wrists of Ægle were bound firmly together behind her, and she was carried to the boat by Iphitus himself. Then at his command the spear and

sword of Philokalos were brought to him, and the latter was set at liberty. Thus disabled from interfering on behalf of the object of his adoration, whom he had seen bound and carried off before his eyes, the young man did not fail to taunt Iphitus with perfidy and cowardice, and to call upon him to restore his arms, and then to meet him in fair fight.

"That I promised to do," returned he, "but I have no intention of hazarding the loss of my prize, even to oblige a friend." Then giving directions for the disposal of Ægle, with a strict charge for her safety and comfort as soon as they should reach the vessel, he expressed his intention of remaining on shore that night, and bade them bring the boat for him early in the morning. Then, beckoning to Philokalos to follow him, he walked along the beach.

When he had gone some distance, he stopped, and, turning to Philokalos, said, "I will fulfil my promise, if you insist upon it, but I have no wish to fight with you. Let us part."

"Not until one or the other of us lies dead upon this beach," said Philokalos. "Give me my arms."

"I have injured you," replied Iphitus, with some degree of sadness in his tone. "I have proved false to your sister, who deserved my love and protection, and I more than suspect that I have done you a still greater wrong. But who can resist fate? Would faith or honour or any other consideration have restrained you in the like circumstances? Let us then go in peace."

"The arms! the arms!" said Philokalos, hoarsely.

Without another word, Iphitus laid the sword and spear of Philokalos on the ground, and then withdrawing to a short distance, awaited his attack. Philokalos sprang forward, and replaced his sword in its sheath, then seizing a spear, he took up a position opposite to Iphitus, and called on him to begin. But Iphitus refused the privilege of the first throw, saying that, as the fight was against his wish, he would not make the attack. Then Philokalos hurled his javelin with his utmost force. True to its mark, it flew through the air, and was received on the shield of Iphitus. It pierced this defence, and, as he stooped and threw up his arm, its point passed over his shoulder. By a sudden exertion of strength, he snapped the shaft, and drew the end from his shield. Then fixing his own spear in the ground, he drew his sword. Philokalos, finding that he was not to be attacked with the spear, drew his own sword, and advanced to meet him. Iphitus remained on the defensive, his hope being either to disarm or exhaust his adversary, whom he had no wish to kill. The attack of Philokalos was impetuous, but was yet conducted with such skill as to prove to Iphitus that he had to deal with a master of his weapon, and that it was necessary for him to act with caution. He contented himself, therefore, with guarding the blows which were aimed at him, and watching for an opportunity to disarm or disable his antagonist. For a time the contest consisted of a rapid succession of strokes, fiercely aimed, and skilfully parried. But at length Philokalos began to feel exhausted with his efforts. He found himself unable to maintain the vigour of his attack; his breath grew thick, his eyes dim, and his arm heavy. He was obliged somewhat to relax his exertions, and to give way before Iphitus, who now began steadily to press on him. Step by step he receded, and began to feel that he was over-matched. The

sun was now half hidden beneath the horizon, and it was evident that darkness must soon separate the combatants. Stung by the thought that Iphitus would after all escape with impunity, Philokalos aroused all his powers for another effort. Gradually giving ground, and acting in his turn on the defensive, he succeeded in recovering to some extent from his exhaustion, and then suddenly raising his sword, he sprang forward and discharged a blow with all his force at the head of Iphitus. The latter turned it with his shield. The attack of Philokalos had left him without a guard, and in a moment he was stretched upon the beach, the blood welling out from a wound in his side.

The sun set, and from the thicket in which Ægle had been captured a man came forth with a long cloak wrapped around him, and dragging over the sand a light boat, which seemed scarcely big enough to hold more than one person. He drew it to the water's edge, and, as soon as it was afloat, he stepped into it, and began to row with powerful and steady strokes towards the ship of Iphitus.

HORACE.—BOOK II. ODE X.

Better, Læcius, wilt thou live, if thou
Not always steerest where mid-ocean's roar
Is loudest, nor do'st hug with timid prow,
The ever-treacherous shore.

He only who doth choose the golden mean,
Fears not dark poverty, with squalid walls,
Nor, sober in his wishes, seeks to glean
Envy from princely halls.

The loftiest pines the winds do most assail,
With heaviest crash the highest towers descend,
Hills that most rear their summits to the gale
The lightnings do most rend.

The soul that hopes mid trouble, and doth dread
Prosperity, can meet each fortune well ;
The same Jove spreads dark winters overhead,
And doth the clouds dispel.

And if at times dark ills surround thy way
They will not last. Apollo's self, the muse
Doth rouse from silence by his lyre's soft lay,
And doth his bow refuse.

In difficulties still fresh courage take,
Be brave and constant. But if favouring gales
Too swiftly drive thy bark, for Wisdom's sake
Take in the belying sails.

THE SESSION.

FROM its opening to its close, the late Session of the Assembly has been one of no ordinary interest. On the 19th of October the Governor met the Legislature with a speech which is remarkable amongst Royal speeches. These orations generally say little and mean less. They are usually of the most formal kind; and are intended to conceal rather than develope the views and intentions of the Government. Not so with the speech which the Domett ministry put into the mouth of Sir G. Grey. It contained a brief and comprehensive outline of the course of events. It dwelt upon the conduct of the Europeans towards the Natives, and of their conduct towards us: it shewed clearly that the present war was unavoidable; and it then gave an outline of a firm and earnest policy, which was at once accepted by the country as the expression of the opinion of every reasonable man in it. No men ever occupied a better position than did the members of Mr. Domett's Government at the conclusion of that speech; there had been much that was weak in their administration, and much that went sorely against the grain, but all was condoned by the plain and manly policy enunciated in the Governor's opening address.

Had it been otherwise, had the Government still sought to temporise, or had they been too timid to state their views boldly, not an hour would have been lost by the House of Representatives in carrying such an amendment to the address as would have been their doom; as it was there was no opposition and the week's adjournment that was moved, was only for the purpose of enabling members to read the voluminous mass of documents that had been laid on the table, and to give time for stragglers to come up from the South, that the confirmation of their policy by the country might be as full and as complete as possible. At the end of that week's adjournment, on the very day it might have been expected that the triumph of the Government would have been complete, when their policy would have been confirmed by acclamation, their sins forgiven, and their seats secured, Mr. Domett shortly and surlily announced that the Government had resigned, that His Excellency had accepted their resignation, and that they held office only till their successors were appointed. The ostensible reason for this was because the Government was not represented in the Lords by a member of the Executive, and the Lords refused to transact any business unless a member of the Government were there. That this was a real difficulty there can be no doubt, it is one that has been felt by former Governments, but there can be no question either if that had been the only difficulty in the way of the Government, it might easily have been overcome. The Ministry never set earnestly to work to get over it, and rather seemed glad than otherwise of the attitude taken by the Lords, as a tolerably good ground on which to resign without having to enter into delicate explanations.

That the reason assigned was *not* the real cause of the

resignations soon came to be understood, and gradually at Bellamy's and other gossiping places the reason why was whispered from ear to ear. Incompatibility of temper it is said occasioned this divorce, as it has many a one before. Domett is indolent, jealous, and short tempered. Bell is conceited, interfering, and sulky. Wood is steady, business-like, and hates anything that disturbs his equanimity. Bell was never easy unless he was dictating to and interfering with Domett. Domett under these circumstances would get in a rage with Bell, Bell would sulk, and Wood had to make peace between them; only for the same scenes to be enacted over again. These things were of common occurrence, and so indecently conducted was the whole affair, that people passing along the street or transacting public business in the offices, were frequently disturbed by the clamour arising from the quarrels of Messrs. Bell and Domett. Such a state of things would have been bad enough at any time, but at the commencement of the war, when business pressed on the Government in an overwhelming manner, it became with such men at the head of affairs almost impossible to go on. At Taranaki the quarrels of Bell and Domett were an amusement to the quidnuncs, and a source of bitter regret to those who had expected something better from these gentlemen, who felt that the Colony required the united and undivided attention of the Government, and that fair opportunities were being lost by the unseemly bickerings and squabbles that were going on. When they returned to Auckland and war commenced in that province, when it became necessary to call out the Militia and Volunteers, to arm and organise them, the complaints of the people were loud and bitter against the inefficiency of the Government; at that time Wood was absent at Dunedin, and it became absolutely necessary for Russell, previously an unofficial member of the Executive, to assume the office of Minister of Defence, and to take upon himself the conduct and organisation of the Colonial forces. Instantly relief was felt; things were done in a practical business-like manner, and as far as the public was concerned matters went smoothly enough. The pressure too was taken off Domett, he could again live in the land of laziness and dreams, he could again reach the office about one o'clock and start off on his afternoon's stroll through the Domain at three, and nothing go very far wrong. He was delighted at Russell taking so much off his shoulders and he was ready enough at first to abandon all his functions without reserve. Soon however his jealousy got the better of his laziness, and in his attempt to make such arrangements as that Russell should do all the work and he retain all the authority and power, harmonious action became impossible. In fact Domett would neither work himself nor let others work for him; for the first he was too indolent, for the latter too jealous. No man was ever better supported than he. His colleagues could have carried him through everything, but it seems he was determined to work his own doom as a statesman and politician.

In such a state of affairs as this some modification of the ministry became an imperative necessity. The question was what was that modification to be, and how was it to be brought about? It was proposed to Domett that the Executive in other respects remaining the same, Mr. Whitaker who was Attorney-General without a seat in the Cabinet should become a member of the Executive Council and Prime Minister. This arrangement it was supposed would be satisfactory. The Government would have, if it were carried out, what it never

had before—a head to it, a man to whom the rest could fairly look as their leader, and in whom, as a man of business, a man thoroughly capable of managing public affairs at this crisis, his colleagues and the public could safely trust. There would have been another object gained which it is said was earnestly desired by those who proposed the arrangement, that with Mr. Whitaker at the head, there would be a security which did not then exist that there would be no weak giving way to Maori sympathisers, no weak and ignominious peace made without satisfactory guarantees being obtained for its continuance. Mr. Domett it is understood, acknowledged the necessity there was for a strong administrative Government: he admitted that as at present constituted the Government was not so, and he failed altogether to suggest a remedy. It was pointed out to him that the proposed modification was made solely on public grounds, solely because past experience had shewn that it was impossible fairly to the country, to conduct public business for twelve months more in the way it had been conducted during the past half year. All however was to no purpose, and at length it seems Mr. Domett told his colleagues that if they were determined to press upon him an arrangement which involved his abandoning the Premiership, a course to which he would never assent, that they ought to place their resignations in his hands. This was done without any delay, and the next forty-eight hours were occupied by Mr. Domett in endeavouring to induce various members of the Assembly to occupy the vacant places of Minister for Native Affairs, Colonial Treasurer, and Minister for Defence. He made overtures to Mr. Stafford, requesting that gentleman to join him in forming a Government. Mr. Stafford was to lead in the House of Representatives, and Domett was to take his seat as Premier in the Lords. The Premiership was the apple of his eye, abandon it he would not. His private friends begged him to accede to the proposal made by his colleagues, that Whitaker should take office and be Prime Minister. Stafford refused to listen to his overtures, he could induce no members of the Assembly to fill the vacant offices, and after no end of fruitless attempts to hold on to the Premiership on any terms, he was compelled by force of circumstances, on the 27th of October—the day before the House was to meet again—finally to place in the hands of the Governor, his own and his colleagues' resignations.

We have taken some pains to ascertain accurately the circumstances connected with the resignation of the Domett Ministry, and the above statement, we think, cannot be impugned in any of its material points. We think it creditable to the Ministers concerned, that on public grounds they so strenuously refused to continue in the Government with Mr. Domett at the head, after they found that the policy they had initiated was acceptable to the House and the Country, that they voluntarily abandoned office at the moment a long continuance of power seemed secured to them. For some years in New Zealand it has been much more difficult to get men to take office than to abandon it. It curiously happened that the day of Domett's resignation was the day of Fox's arrival; he was not present during the first week of the Session, having accidentally missed the Wanganui steamer. He had to go round to Wellington which made him a few days late. He too was not bent on opposing Domett, treating him with greater generosity than was shewn to Fox by the party which put Domett into power, he had no intention of disturbing the existing state of things; he had in fact intended to

go to England; he had broken up his establishment at Rangitikei, and meant to leave Auckland for the Australian Colonies, with the intention of taking his departure for Europe. He had however scarcely set his foot on the wharf when he was met by the Governor's private Secretary, who requested him to wait on His Excellency. That interview must have been a painful one to Sir George, who a year before had thrown over a man who half ruined his political reputation to serve him, in order that he might put a pliant tool in his place. For Fox it must have been a moment of triumph; that he who was so coolly dropped at Wellington, should now without any party organisation, without any aid but the mere necessity of the times, become indispensable to, and be sought with eagerness by, the very man who abandoned him before. The dramatic incidents attending that interview would be worth having if we could get them. All however that is known is that Fox at first declined even to attempt to form a Ministry. That he said his plans were laid for leaving the Colony, and that he only wished to attend the Assembly as a private member. It seems however that after repeated solicitations from Sir George Grey he consented to make the attempt. Nothing to our thinking, shews Fox's ability and sound judgment more than the way he set about it. He did not throw himself at once into the arms of the peace at any price party, he did not attempt to form a Government out of such elements as Messrs. Williamson, Swainson, Pollen, Sewell, and the Wellington party might have supplied, but he went at once to Whitaker, and proposed a coalition; he proposed to sink now in his country's great crisis all personal feelings, all past jealousies; he proposed that the past should be buried and forgotten, as the state of things had passed which had been the cause of old party quarrels, and offered his services in any way in which they could be made useful to the public. Within twenty-four hours after his interview with Whitaker, the new Government was formed, the old hatreds were forgotten, and all parties and all men united to secure by the only means possible, the safety of the country, and the establishment of a permanent peace. Fox never stood so high as he stood then. No personal ambition animated him. He had no selfish ends in view, and though charged by the Governor with the task of forming a Ministry, he abandoned the position of Premier to another, for the purpose of healing all old differences, and to secure a strong and united Government. No other way could this have been done. Few men perhaps could afford to do what he did without losing political caste. His act of self-abnegation has raised him greatly in the opinion of his fellows, and at this moment no one stands higher in the respect and esteem of the Colonists of New Zealand, than William Fox.

Whitaker the Premier is a man of capacious intellect, broad views, and firm determination, his industry is untiring, and the party with which he has consistently acted place the fullest confidence in him. It was his well known firmness of purpose more than any other of his great qualifications, that led the House at once to accept him as the Head of the Government. The country's greatest danger was felt to be the moment of victory; and the fear was lest the Maories after being beaten in the field should sue for peace, and that sympathy with them, together with their professed submission and well known powers of dissimulation, should lead to the acceptance of terms which would not place the Northern Island in a state of perfect security for the future. *It is the Premier and the Premier alone who, in case of difference of*

opinion in the cabinet, can say what these terms of peace shall be; and that party which is determined now that this Colony shall no longer be rent and torn by these Maori wars, and the perpetual recurrence of native difficulties, have full reliance in the Prime Minister, and feel that with him at the head of affairs, this quarrel will now be fought out to its legitimate conclusion; that no false sympathy will influence him, that no ecclesiastics and old women will be allowed again to interfere for the purpose of patching up a hollow peace. Mr. Gillies the new Postmaster General was a most successful legal practitioner in Dunedin. He possesses a clear logical mind. He speaks tersely and well, and from his first entrance into political life he always held a high position in the Assembly. His opinions on native affairs are well known, and his thorough sterling qualities secure for him the esteem of all parties in the House.

Wood, for the third time Colonial Treasurer, is a safe man of business; he is always well up in matters of finance and has a knack of explaining and stating the somewhat involved finances of the Colony with great clearness. His style of speaking is anything but pleasing, ordinarily he hesitates, pauses, and repeats his sentences; when he warms with his subject he gets excited and rants. He pretends however to nothing but to make a plain statement in a plain way, he is generally listened to with attention, and has the reputation of being a good administrative officer and a useful man in the Government. Russell, the minister for defence, rarely speaks. He has been like Gillies a very successful lawyer and has shewn by the way he has conducted the enormous business of his department a peculiar aptitude for organisation. He is a thorough man of business and even his bitterest political opponents admit that the House does not possess a man better qualified to fill the office which he holds.

No time was lost by the Government after its formation in defining clearly the policy they meant to pursue. That policy embraced two distinct objects. First the Natives who had unmistakeably appealed to force, must be reduced to submission by force; and second, such material guarantees must be taken as to prevent their ever appealing to arms again. The first was in the hands of General Cameron, and the Government pledged themselves to agree to no terms of peace which did not require the rebel Maories to give up their arms and agree to live under English law. The material guarantee was to be taken by the introduction of a large number of settlers into the Country, who were to be located on the forfeited land of rebel natives. Two thousand settlers from the neighbouring colonies had already been introduced, it was proposed to increase that number by two or three thousand more from the same place and to introduce in addition fifteen thousand male immigrants into the northern island, with the wives and families of the married men. This plan had the great advantage of perfection and simplicity combined. There could be no doubt that if honestly carried out it would be effectual. That General Cameron with his large forces could reduce the Maories to submission there could be no doubt; that when once beaten if their arms were taken from them, their country settled by natives and Europeans mixed, the latter holding their land under Crown grant and living in villages under surveillance, no one could deny the completeness of the material guarantee for the permanent safety of the country. No better policy could be devised for the civilisation of the natives themselves. No attempt was proposed to be made at vengeance, there was

no desire expressed to drive the natives into brigandage or starvation, no desire to reduce them to beggary or slavery. If the great objects proposed by the Government are honestly and fully carried out, if the natives are—we will not say subdued, for we should be sorry to see any man's spirit broken, still less the spirit of a nation broken—but if the Natives are taught to submit to the Queen's sovereignty and to the authority of British law, if they can be taught that peaceful and steady industry is more to their advantage than pillage and warfare, if they can be brought to understand that the cultivation of the soil and the habits of regular life, will ultimately place them in a position they can never reach by adhering to their old customs; if in short they can be made good and industrious citizens instead of lawless depredators, the foundation will be laid of the most successful colony under the British Crown.

The policy of the Government was accepted by the House and by the country apparently without reserve. The first measure introduced by Mr. Fox was the New Zealand Settlements Act, the intention of which was to empower the Governor to take lands of the rebel natives and colonise them. There was little or no debate on this subject. Fitzgerald had of course something to say but his speech fell without effect on the ear of the House. The question of the second reading was put and carried without division.

Next came the Suppression of Rebellion Act, the object of which was to give power to the Governor to deal with certain treasonable gentry in a summary way. It was in fact the proclamation of a mild sort of martial law. No opposition was expected, the question was very nearly being put without a debate, when all of a sudden Mr. J. C. Richmond, at one time, when he wished to maintain his brother in office, the most violent of the violent, rose and condemned the bill on the ground that it was unjust to treat the natives as rebels. This was the signal for the opposition, for notwithstanding the general apparent acceptance of the policy of the Government, and notwithstanding the poems that were sung at its formation, there were two or three honorable gentlemen who were not provided with seats in the cabinet, who were consequently disappointed, and most mischievously inclined. Among these were Mr. James Edward Fitzgerald and Mr. F. Dillon Bell.

Fitzgerald considers himself a man of genius; his main article of faith is that nothing can possibly succeed in which he does not take a leading part; whilst the fact is, that nothing does succeed which is left mainly to his guidance. That he is eloquent and highly intelligent no one can for a moment doubt, but he lacks, with all his ability, practical wisdom and sound common sense. His speeches when he takes any trouble with them are delightful to listen to, they are like beautiful pieces of music, pleasing in the extreme. His voice is good, his manner perfect; he possesses every attribute of the orator—except the power of convincing. He fails to make any impression, and though as a speaker he is by far the ablest in the House, there is no member of the House of Representatives who produces less effect. Mr. Bell's position in the House is neither a high nor an enviable one. That he is useful and laborious there can be no question, especially in getting up and arranging masses of dry detail, but he is neither able nor business-like. His speeches are prosy and long; his minutes are open to the same objection, and his mode of doing business generally is tedious cumbersome and slow. He possesses many feminine accomplish-

ments, he can sing moderately well for a drawing-room after dinner, and can accompany himself on the piano; he draws nicely and has a facility for the acquisition of languages; an abundance of small talk flows eternally from his lips; his manners are of feminine delicacy; his temper is sulky like that of a spoilt girl. But of the manly qualities, firmness, decision, resolution, and of that strength of purpose and perfect faith which inspires others with confidence in a man, he is utterly destitute. He looks at no question broadly but at everything in detail. He lays great stress on small and insignificant points. He is guided by no great principles. No one can place the smallest reliance in him. He has contrived by self assertion to keep himself constantly before the public. He has been weighed in the balances and found wanting. Mantell, it is understood considered that he had been overlooked in the Ministerial arrangements, though what claim he had to consideration it is difficult to understand. He has been an element of weakness in every Government to which he has yet been attached, and unless he very materially alters his tactics he will be so to every one which at any future time may accept his services. Mr. Jollie was also a disaffected one, but the reason why, no one has yet been able to ascertain, the fact, however, is certain, that from first to last he consistently opposed all the measures of the Government, in the best way that lay in his power—by voting against them whenever he had a chance. These gentlemen, however, conducted their opposition in very different ways. Fitzgerald, conscious of ability, independent, and outspoken, went in against the Government on every occasion; he did not disguise his opposition. The difficulty he found was in getting followers to support him. Bell, on the other hand, never voted against any of the political measures of the Government, nor did he openly speak against them; he tried to embarrass in matters of detail; and above all, to weaken the position of Ministers in a quiet way, going about from lodging-house to lodging-house retailing any little political tittle tattle he heard or could manufacture, which he thought might suit his purpose. His main object, it appears, was to try and upset Whitaker's Government, in the hope that Stafford might come in as Premier, and no means to bring this about were left untried by him—except a straightforward avowal of his purpose. All was, however, in vain. Sometimes the opposition were flushed with hopes of success, and Bell was seen to rub his hands with delight, but whenever the tug of war came in right earnest, the strength of the Government was overpowering.

The Loan Bill, the measure which gave practical effect to the policy of the Government, was chosen as the ground on which a pitched battle was to be fought. This bill was ordered to be read a second time on the 12th November, and on that day a slight victory was gained by the opposition, for they compelled the Government to submit—sorely against their will—to a three days' delay. When the measure came on again, it was quite clear that mischief was meant. Mr. Vogel opened with a strong opposition speech; he was followed by others who expressed disapprobation of the measure; no one spoke in its favour, and Mantell, gaining courage by the appearance of things, moved a hostile amendment, the main object of which was the abandonment of one of the material features of the policy of the Government—the speedy colonisation of the forfeited lands. Immediately after this amendment was moved, the House was adjourned till seven in the evening. At that time things looked ugly in the extreme, a sufficient

number of members had spoken against the bill to show that there was a formidable opposition; none had spoken for it, so it was impossible to tell how far disaffection extended. It was known that Fitzgerald would speak dead against the measure, and it was not known what the effect of his speech would be. The Government did not anticipate a majority of more than four or five, and were apprehensive that they might even be in a minority. From the way in which the opposition whipped up it may be supposed that they considered they had a fair chance. Featherston, who was suffering from an attack of bronchitis, left his bed to vote against the bill. Vogel abandoned his evening's game at billiards; and Jollie for once forgot his vigorous prosecution maxims in the same cause. No means were lost to bring up a man to fight this desperate battle. At seven o'clock the House was full. Sewell, the versatile, at the head of the opposition lords, occupied a conspicuous place behind the Speaker's chair, hope beaming at last upon his face. The gallery was full. Ministers looked serious and nerved for the fight. Fitzgerald rose, and in a powerful speech criticised the whole policy of the Government, and the conduct of the war by the General. He drew a gloomy picture of the future finances of the colony, attempting to show that if this bill were passed financial embarrassment and ruin would be the inevitable result. Not content with confining himself to the present and the future, he criticised the whole course of past events during the administration of Mr. Domett; and after abusing everybody, and showing to his own satisfaction that things had been managed badly, and were likely to be managed worse unless the helm of the state were in his hands, he began to develop the policy he would pursue if he were allowed to govern the colony. Fitzgerald always commands attention, and he never was listened to with greater attention than on that night, so long as he confined himself to demolishing the conduct and policy of others. But when he came to construct a policy for himself, he was met only by peals of laughter. In the most solemn manner and with all the rhetorical adjuncts he could command, he said: "Sir, I will now tell you what I would do, what course I would adopt—Sir, I—would—beat—the Maoris in the field." The bathos was complete, gallery and house shrieked with laughter, and the effect of Fitzgerald's speech was gone for ever. After that he halted lamely along; he felt that his chance was gone, and every one else felt so too. From that moment the bill was safe; the disaffected had no leader on whom they could rely, no one who could place before the House any other policy to meet the present emergency than that of the Government. Fox replied to Fitzgerald and cut him to pieces without mercy. No one felt inclined to follow Fox; and Wood, in whose charge the bill was, closed the debate by a short reply. The division was—for the bill, 33; against it only 11. The Government always laid special stress upon one point of their policy. They not only required that the natives should be reduced to submission, but they required, as a *sine qua non*, that the lands of the rebels should be occupied by settlers as the only material guarantee to prevent future outbreaks. It was this point that the Opposition controverted, mainly on Provincial grounds, they objected to what they called colonising Auckland at the expense of the South. It is, however, perfectly plain, that money spent simply in what is called beating the Maoris in the field is money wasted; to beat them in a pitched battle, and then to

make peace, would be but giving them time to reorganise themselves, to provide larger stores of arms, ammunition, and provisions, and to enable them in a short time, after the number of our troops was diminished, again to raise the King's flag, and try their strength once more with us. We think that the policy of the Government would have been incomplete and defective in the extreme, had it not been for the colonisation scheme. Once let the lands of the Waikato be in the hands of industrious settlers, capable of defending themselves, once let the Maoris hold their lands under Crown Grant, and be located in villages under the supervision of magistrates, and there is an end of the Maori difficulty for ever.

The second reading of the Loan Bill was passed, but it had to go through another still more trying ordeal. In Committee it had to be fought clause by clause, and though the opposition was small, it was singularly pertinacious, endeavouring to damage the measure as much as possible in detail, all, however, was to no purpose, the Loan Bill and the Loan Appropriation Bill, both passed finally, much as they were introduced by the Government, no amendments having been carried without their consent. As far then as the Ministry was concerned, the passing of these measures was the adoption of their policy in full, their triumph was complete. Never was there a Government in New Zealand which carried its measures by such large majorities, and no Government ever succeeded so completely in expressing the will and meaning of the country. The ministers proved that they were men of business and able to do what they undertook. They required no time to elaborate their measures, they did not delay the House one single day, but were always up to time, always prepared, always impatient of delay. Although these were the principal measures, there were many others well worthy of record. Full responsibility in native affairs was accepted unanimously by the House. That very question upon which a Government lost its seat last session, and which was debated with much party acrimony, was this session settled without discussion and with scarcely any debate. The colony now is responsible for the conduct of native affairs, and by the measures it has passed it has proved worthy of the trust it has undertaken.

In an early number we ventured to predict that little or no debate could now be got up about the Waitara, and, although many attempts to do so were made, they all failed; only once did even the semblance of a debate seem possible. On the 11th November Stafford moved for some papers connected with the Waitara, and during his speech reflected not harshly upon Bell's conduct, whereon he jumped up, got angry, made a long speech, contradicted himself half a dozen times, and was after all obliged to admit that the "New Facts" were nothing but allegations, which might be true or not, he could not tell. He admitted that the cases as laid before the two Governors did not differ materially but shaded very closely together, and that he did not doubt Teira had a perfect right to sell the land. This was felt to be a somewhat curious admission after the Native Minister had stated in his minutes that, from the discovery of the new facts, his former opinion of the Waitara case must be abandoned. Anything more lame than Bell's defence it is impossible to conceive, and after that night he never attempted another. Gillies followed him, and in a very clear closely reasoned speech showed that Bell knew but little of the Waitara case in 1860, and that he seemed, if possible, to know less now. The House is eminently prac-

tical, it devotes itself to business, to something from which a practical result can be derived. Waitara is now a thing of the past, the conduct of former Governments can in no way influence the present, and the House took little or no interest in discussing the different parts played by Governor Browne and his ministers, and Governor Grey and his.

The representatives of the Middle Island, together with the press, had long complained, more or less bitterly, of the defective arrangements for the administration of the Government in that portion of the Colony. In the Session of 1862 an attempt was made to apply a remedy by the appointment of Ministers to reside in the South, specially charged with the administration of General Government business there. This proposition, though in itself most reasonable, and one which would have remedied the grievance complained of, was not satisfactory to the Southern Members. No very definite reason was ever given for the rejection of this proposition, but it was generally supposed that it was negated by the influence of the various Superintendents, who were afraid of the Ministers being regarded as more important functionaries than themselves. So decidedly, however, was opposition manifested to this suggestion that it was never even brought fully under the consideration of the House. That the Government was perfectly sincere in its desire to provide for the better administration of business was clear from the fact that they had provided on the Estimates the requisite salaries for the additional Ministers and their staff. Again, this Session, another attempt was made, and in one sense with a similar result, to provide for the better administration of the Government in the Southern portion of the Colony. Fox introduced resolutions for this purpose. A Governor and Lieutenant-Governor were to be appointed for the whole Colony, each to be surrounded by a staff of officers, for administering the affairs of every Department of the General Government in each Island—that is to say, that each Island should have a separate Executive; but that for the Colony at large there should be only one Legislature. A better or more complete proposal to meet the practical difficulty that, no doubt, exists, it would be impossible to devise.

This did not meet the views of the majority of the Southern members, and the resolutions of the Government were met by counter resolutions proposed by Mr. Cargill, the object of which was the removal of the seat of Government to Wellington. This question was not expected to be raised during the late Session, and we think it is most unfortunate that it was raised. It called forth the usual amount of personality, provincial prejudices, and party feeling. It was felt as a relief by all when, by some mutual understanding, the mystery of which outsiders are not allowed to penetrate, both series of resolutions were withdrawn. The question was far from being settled this way, and the relief was of the most temporary kind. Meetings of Provincial sections were held at hotels; all sorts of log-rolling went on, till at length a curious expedient was hit on—to unite the Nelson, Wellington, and Marlborough people to join in one course, namely, by aid of the Canterbury members and the "Old Identity" section of the Otago men, to carry a resolution for the removal of the seat of Government "somewhere in Cook's Straits," and to leave it to a Commission, to be appointed by the Governors of the three principal Australian Colonies, to say where. Of course each Province in Cook's Straits thought

itself safe. Nelson felt equal at least to Wellington, and superior to Picton; Wellington felt that no Commission could possibly hesitate in deciding in favor of the Empire City; and Marlborough felt that the splendid harbour of the Sound, and the convenient town site afforded by the flat land of Picton, would be a sufficient guarantee that the affairs of the Colony would for the future be administered from that isolated little spot.

What course the disappointed Provinces will take when the Commissioners decide, remains to be seen. The chances are that their decision will form a bone of contention for many a long day to come. At any rate, a temporary combination was formed, consisting of a very large majority of the House, for the removal of the seat of Government—not to Wellington, but—somewhere on the shores of Cook's Straits. This time it was made quite clear that the seat of Government was to be on land, and not in the sea; they have not always in their resolutions on this subject made their meaning equally plain. The contest was hopeless. Auckland allied with the Melbourne element of Otago, but without avail; whatever form the question assumed, the majorities were overwhelming, and it is now beyond redemption recorded on the journals of the House that a Commission is to be appointed to determine the seat of Government, and that £50,000 are to be expended in the construction of the necessary buildings. There are, however, many turns in a game of this kind, and it by no means follows, notwithstanding the Resolution of the House, and the acceptance thereof by the Governor, that the prestige of Auckland is gone, and that Wellington has achieved the proud position her statesmen have always regarded as her birthright. The seat of Government question greatly influenced the conduct of members in reference to the Representation Bill. Those who were at first most eager to secure additional representation for the South became after that vote lukewarm in the matter, because they feared the increase of the Victorian element in the House, the decrease of "Old Identity" representatives, the strengthening of the Auckland and Otago separation alliance, and the subversion of their darling schemes.

At the very close of the Session the House got into a difficult position with the Governor, on the subject of the Waitara. For weeks the utmost forbearance had been shown. The Governor in his Despatch had, no doubt, by insinuation and imputation, if not by direct charges, accused his predecessor and the Ministers who advised him, of committing a great crime and grievous wrong, in commencing military operations against Wm. King and his followers. Little notice was taken of this at first because it was felt that the Duke of Newcastle's Despatch was in itself a very fair criticism of the whole case. His Grace entered minutely into the questions at issue, and though he acquitted Governor Browne and his Ministers of crime or injustice, he condemned them as guilty of imprudence and want of foresight, in so hastily and in so unprepared a manner involving the Colony in war. In fact, the Duke took much the same view as we did in an article on that subject in our October number. The question would probably have been allowed to rest here, all parties accepting the verdict of the Imperial Government, had it not been for Mr. Weld, who, coming up very late in the Session when all the principal business was over, and members from a distance were preparing to leave, gave notice of

resolutions, the effect of which was to controvert statements, or in other words to deny the truth of statements made by the Governor in his Despatches on the Waitara question. To a slur of this kind Sir George Grey is not the man to submit. He at once, by a message, asked the obvious question what statements of his the House controverted or denied, and thus a "difficulty" of an enormous kind was very nearly created. After some little sparring between Government House and the House of Representatives and a very great deal of out door arranging, the House agreed to let itself down gently by assuring the Governor that it did not controvert his statements, but only those made to him by the Natives as to the cause of quarrel.

This was a most unseemly occurrence, entirely unnecessary, and Mr. Weld the prime mover in it behaved in a way we certainly should not have believed possible had we not witnessed it, by first creating the difficulty, and then leaving for the South with the House in a false position with the Governor, solely in consequence of the action which he had thought fit to take.

We have now, in rather a cursory manner it must be admitted, reviewed some of the main features of one of the most eventful sessions of the General Assembly. It has been eminently a session of business. The old policy of wait a bit, flour and sugar, &c., has been abandoned and one of common sense has been commenced. If there is no Imperial interference, if the Governor accepts without reserve the principle of Ministerial responsibility, which he professed at one time to be so anxious about, and leaves practically the administration of affairs to the present Government, we shall see the commencement of a new era in the history of this Colony. We shall see the Natives reduced to submit to the law, and to acknowledge the sovereignty of the Queen; we shall see them living in peace and quietness with the Europeans, holding their property under Crown Grant, each man secured in the produce of his own industry and in the undisturbed possession of his own land, under a rule fitted to stimulate the genius of the people, to give perseverance and activity to individual exertion, and to advance them in civilisation and material prosperity. We shall see the wild and extensive districts of the interior thrown open to settlement, and the fertile plains of the Waikato and the Thames producing food for the use of man, instead of lying waste and useless to gratify the idle vanity of the Natives, and to fill them with a foolish conceit of the magnitude and extent of their *mana*. We shall see the Northern Island, so long kept back by the obstructive folly of the Natives and the temporising feebleness of the Government, starting into new life and surpassing its Southern neighbour. Time, labor, and much attention, together with patient perseverance, will be required to produce these results. The Assembly has done its part by agreeing to the necessary legislation and granting the necessary means. General Cameron and the troops under his command have nobly done theirs, and we have every confidence that the present Government of working men will be fully equal to the task required of them, and do their part of this great work in a satisfactory to the country, and worthy of themselves.

THE LESSON OF THE BARRICADES.

A TALE OF 1848.

CHAPTER III.

It is a curious feeling, the consciousness of having by one's own act sent a fellow-creature to his long account with all his sins unrepented upon him: there is a species of pride about it, when the act has been committed in self-defence, emanating from the latent spark of natural ferocity which acts as the connecting link between the civilized man and the savage, mingled with which comes the remorse for the deed—the longing wish that the hand had been less steady and the aim less sure.

Thank heaven, it is but rarely in these days that men meet in mortal strife save in the profession of arms, and even in this, though the excitement of danger makes the soldier long for the personal encounter, and renders him indifferent as to the blood he sheds, yet after the action the thought of the unhappy wretches who have fallen by his hand, for no other reason than that his masters and theirs are not agreed on certain points of which he knows and cares nothing, must come back and weigh heavily on his mind. In my case I certainly had the plea of self-defence to urge; but still, I had shot a man who was fulfilling his duty in endeavouring to preserve the laws I was thus conspiring to overthrow, and I was deeply dejected in consequence. Not all the congratulations I received on my return to Lautour's house, not all Maurigny's thanks for what he termed his rescue from certain death, could dispel the gloom which I felt at the murder I had committed, for in that light I viewed the death of the unhappy policeman. On my recovering from the short fainting fit which had seized me on reaching the open air, I was hurriedly led by my companions along the streets till we reached Mr. Lautour's house; and, once arrived, Maurigny announced his intention of starting at once for England, if indeed he were yet in time. He hastily told Lautour the occurrences of the evening, stating as his belief that we had been betrayed by some traitor, and that he feared that all those we had left in the cellar must have been made prisoners. On me he passed the warmest eulogiums, declaring that I alone had saved him from death or the ignominy of the galleys, and that my coolness had been equalled only by that of Adèle, the girl who cut the string of the chandelier. He then bade me good-bye, giving as his address in London one of the dingy *restaurants* to be found about Leicester-square, and left the house. Adèle, Mr. Lautour, and I being left alone, a council of war was held as to what should be done with me. The former strongly advised me to go back to the College and follow the orders of M. Rollin, and though Lautour seemed anxious that I should imitate De Maurigny's example, I decided on returning to the College at the

expiration of my leave. It was now about one in the morning, and as Lautour left the room he advised me to leave Adèle and go to my bed at once. I followed him, but as soon as I heard his door shut, I returned with the intention of asking Adèle, who I saw was deep in the secrets of the fraternity, some questions on the events of the evening. The presence of this one woman in the assemblage of men had struck me as odd. I had of course read of the viragos of the old revolution, who outdid the very men in their acts of cruelty and thirst for blood, but this was a delicate-looking young matron, not more than twenty, modestly dressed, the opposite in every respect of those furies delineated with such horrible truth in Paul Delaroche's paintings. She was decidedly pretty, moreover, and the compassionate tone in which she had spoken to me in the cellar filled me with curiosity to know more of her. On re-entering the sitting-room I found her in the same place she was occupying before, wrapped in such deep thought that I was obliged to call her name twice before she answered. She gave a start, and without waiting for me to speak, she hurriedly whispered some words of advice—

"Have nothing to do with conspiracies, Mr. Chancellor," said she, "what have you to gain by joining them? These men will use you as a tool as long as they want you, and then you will be thrown aside. I cannot understand how you came there to-night."

"But surely, Adèle," said I, "if conspiracies are not a fit occupation for me, you ought not to be mixed up in them."

"Hélas! I would we were clear of them!" was the answer. "But Armand is earnest in his opinions, and though I know that sooner or later they will prove his destruction, I still am led to partake of them. I fear I was recognised last night, but no matter; I persuaded Armand to leave before the police broke in and he is safe at all events. Good-night Henri, I hope for your own sake never to meet you again," and she left the room before I could ask one of the numerous queries I was going to put to her.

I hope never to spend such another night as the one I passed that 18th November. No sleep did I get, for every time I closed my eyes imagination made every creaking noise the herald of the apparition of my victim, and twice I started up in my bed almost persuaded that the same figure which had passed me on the Pont Neuf was now crossing the room. Most joyfully did I behold the dull grey tints of the dawn, and worn out both in body and mind, I rose to return to my school duties. Eugene Lautour came up to me the moment the time for the recreation had arrived: but things were now changed, I knew for what reason he had attached himself to me, and I felt for him the deepest contempt; some angry words passed between us; and, feeling that now I had not one friend left in the French capital, I willingly obeyed the orders of my chief and wrote to my father requesting to be removed to an English school. His answer was to the effect that he would take me over himself to England, and that I might expect him in the course of a fortnight. During that time I became reconciled to Eugene Lautour, partly I own from the secret hope that I should see him again, and from him I learnt the *denouement* of the affair of 18th November. Three policemen had been killed, and 4 conspirators: the prisoners, five in number, had fought were covered with wounds; the police had also suffered

body of Courtois had been found at the bottom of the flight of steps, but not in time for pursuit to be of any avail. The police had met with great difficulty in forcing the iron grating let down in the passage, and acknowledged that they did not know the number of the conspirators who had escaped. None of my acquaintances were among the captives. I questioned Eugene about Adele; from his replies I gleaned that she was one of a class frequently met with in Paris, who form attachments seldom severed but by death, and are as true to their lovers as if bound to them by the sanctity of the marriage tie. Armand Thérènger, the young man I had seen playing billiards, and Adele kept *menage* together, and she had been the means by her ready wit of saving him and some of his associates from imminent danger.

The days passed on slowly and dully whilst I awaited my father's arrival,—I fancied that change of place would banish from my mind the phantom which was hourly present to my eyes, that other associations and other scenes would help to make me forget the events of that dreadful night, and that, once in England, I could set to work, and join with my own countrymen in the search after liberty, and be able to restrain them from too advanced opinions by holding up for their instruction the violent and sanguinary ideas of their neighbours. Ah me! pity that the reality was so very far removed from the ideal shadowed forth in these schoolboy dreams. In December my father arrived, and my next Christmas-day was spent with some relations at a country house in Dorsetshire, where the presence of several visitors, and the companionship of my own cousins, helped to drive away my melancholy thoughts. It was here determined that I should spend a year at a private school, then enter into my career as a public schoolboy at Harchester. During the Christmas vacation, on one or two occasions, I entered the cottages of the labourers around us, and endeavoured to get at their opinions on the subject of politics. I did not persevere in my attempt; the impenetrable stupidity of the Dorsetshire peasant baffled all my efforts at trying to rouse him to a sense of his degraded position, and of the power which lay within himself of ameliorating his condition. No, though he acknowledged that "Times wor bad, surely. Varmer Chalkeley—him as lived in thilk thar stwoan house—would'nt, no how, give more nor six shillings a wick; but Squire Grenfell [my cousin] wor a kind-yearted landlord;" and then came a sort of whining thanks for kindnesses received, interspersed with complaints and grumblings on every subject. But, when I began to talk of combinations and associations to compel their hard-hearted taskmasters to give a fair day's wage for a fair day's work, the poor fellows stared. They would not understand me, beyond the fact that, by following my advice, they would most likely come within the clutches of the county police, and appear as prisoners at the next Quarter Sessions. There was evidently nothing to be done in that quarter, so I gave up the attempt, and joined in all the fun and gaiety to be found in an English country house at Christmas time. Squire Grenfell, as he was called by the country around, was a good-natured, middle-aged man, who liked to see himself surrounded by merry faces, hunted regularly three times a week, and maintained stoutly that Port, and especially '86 Port, was the only wine a gentleman should drink after dinner. He had a family of four children—two boys and two girls—who took after him in their disposition to make the best of everything. They ranged in

years from Dick, the eldest, who, in virtue of his having just obtained a commission in the army, considered himself a full-grown man. baby Beatrice, a chubby-faced, curly-headed little girl of ten years. Fanny and Tom, the other children, were respectively fourteen and sixteen, so that it was with them I chiefly associated. Tom soon found out my weak point, and from him I got the nickname "Brotherly love," which, like most nicknames, stuck to me for a long time. I have said nothing of Mrs. Grenfell, a kind-hearted, excellent lady, who cared for nothing but her husband, children, and home. She was an active, busy little woman, eternally setting everybody to rights, and, in her honest endeavours to keep things straight, meddling with everybody's concerns in such a well-meant, injudicious manner, that the interference of the Squire's lady matter only tended to remove

all chances of an amicable settlement. With these good friends I stay the time came for me to enter the school selected for me. Of there I need not speak. There was the usual amount of sly bullying, of cringing and lying and taking bearing on the part of the boys; the usual system of having starving ushers to act as spies upon there was the usual bad food and want of care to be found in so many private schools. We all heartily hated our position, and great was my joy when, at the expiration of my probation, I was introduced by my uncle, Mr. Grenfell, to the Rev. Dr. Vawtre, head master of Harchester, into whose house I was admitted. How differently things were managed here from what I had hitherto seen. Here it was that a boy first imbibed the feelings of manliness and self-reliance which go so far in winning one's way through life. A Harchester boy was trusted till he had done something which implied that he was not trustworthy. Free from the immediate supervision of undermasters, he had to think more for himself, and bear in mind that on himself depended the treatment he should receive. The short time I spent at Harchester I still look back upon as one of the happiest of my life. The pleasant companions, the lovely country walks, the manly exercises and games into which I was soon initiated, the comforts of our school-home, were all so unlike what I had previously experienced, that I nearly forgot all I had gone through in Paris, and though I sometimes boldly enunciated my opinions among friends, yet I took no steps to fulfil the instructions I had received in the estaminet cellar. The different holydays I spent at Grenfell Park, where I had now become quite one of the family, and probably my old political fancies, would have gradually been effaced one by one by the quiet influence of the conservative feeling so strongly in vogue among my cousins, had not an incident brought me into contact with some of my old associates.

During the summer holidays previous to my leaving Manchester, Dick Grenfell, who was quartered at Portsmouth, asked me to pay him a visit. After a few days spent in walking up and down the Esplanade and High-street, going to Southsea balls and roaming about the Wight, Dick voted the whole thing slow, and proposed a trip. He had plenty of money, he said, and would pay all expenses. I gladly availed myself of this offer. We got Lodgings Street, and as Dick belonged to "the Rag" I took me myself. The first evening we were in town, coming market theatre, Dick nudged me saying—

"By Jove, Harry, look there! Isn't she a beauty! Is she French or Italian, do you think?" I followed the direction of his looks, and certainly his rough homage did not do justice to the lady. Tall and magnificently proportioned, as far as could be seen under the opera cloak she wore, she seemed a queen of beauty. Her raven hair, brushed off, displayed a high forehead, white as ivory, and when she turned her eyes our way they seemed filled with an expression of voluptuous melancholy that irresistibly rivetted my gaze on her. A straight nose, small and beautifully arched mouth, and round, dimpled chin, completed a face which, if not for loveliness, yet for fascination, I have never seen surpassed. She held a little girl by the hand, and seemed in search of some one.

"I say, Harry," said Dick, "she's looking for her carriage, I suppose; let us see if we can help her."

On approaching her I felt so sure she was no Englishwoman, that mechanically I addressed her in French, proffering our services. At the first sound of my voice she started, and a smile of pleasure at the accent stole across her ruby lips.

"Many thanks, indeed," she said; "we cannot find our carriage, as we cannot make the porters understand our broken English."

Dick immediately asking her name, which I did not catch, elbowed his way through the crowd of footmen, linkboys, blackguards, &c., which crowd a theatre door, leaving me to talk to our new acquaintance. I was not considered very bashful for my age, but there was something in the queenly beauty of that woman which awed me, and not for worlds would I have dared address her. She spoke first—

"Monsieur is French, is he not?" asked she, in a sweet-low voice. "No Englishman could speak such perfect Parisian."

"No Madame," I answered, "I cannot claim the honour of being one of your compatriots, though I have lived long among them."

I do not know why, but at that moment the whole of the events of that dreadful night flashed across me. I saw Cortois' face as I remembered its appearance by the doubtful light given by the flash of the pistol, and a cold shudder came over me.

"How is this," asked my new friend; "you have some unpleasant reminiscence connected with France? Surely you are too young to have yet met with grief?"

I did not know how to answer, and at that moment Dick hustled up in the noisy way peculiar to himself, and, offering his arm to the lady, marched her off to her carriage, whilst I followed, watching her every movement. As she was stepping into the brougham she turned to me—

"You, too, must come to see me, and I insist upon being your lady-confessor, and, depend upon it, I will cure your sorrow. Goodnight gentlemen—don't forget—two o'clock punctually."

Dick and I looked at each other as she drove off, and joy was so visibly painted in our countenances that we could not help bursting into a loud laugh.

"By jingo, Harry," said Dick, "I believe you too are hooked. Come now, don't you feel somewhat spooney somewhere about the left side of the waistcoat? Now don't blush, young-un. I can tell I have a very peculiar sensation there myself. Propose some remedy instantar."

The only suggestion which came to my mind at the time being

bitter beer, Dick voted me an inventive genius, and we soon found ourselves seated opposite two tankards, in a supper room close by the theatre. Several other young men came in presently, whom Dick knew, and supper was ordered. While we were waiting for it three men strolled into the room and sat down in the box next ours; their dresses, their shaven cheeks, but above all their hats, proclaimed them foreigners. By means of a looking glass on the opposite side of the room I could see them without their seeing me, and I began to puzzle myself as to where I had seen one of their faces: it was not at M. Lautour's, nor at the Rue Dix Sous. In vain I racked my brain; all I could recollect was that I knew the man for certain. Their conversation was carried on in French in low tones, but as they warmed in some argument they were holding their voices were raised. At last I heard one say,—“I believe that affair of La Belle will prove successful. Was she not beautiful to-night; I fancy one young fellow is caught already. Trust our friend De la Ribaudière for a happy idea.”

“Take care,” said another, “some one may understand you,” and as just at that moment I was called upon to decide upon an important question, I lost the remainder of the conversation. The question was whether the party now together should dine the next day at Richmond or Greenwich, and the votes being equally divided, I, as the inexperienced one, was called upon to decide.

“Say Richmond,” whispered Dick. “Nothing so jolly as a pleasant feed at the Star and Garter, with a quiet weed afterwards.”

“Yes,” added another, “there is nothing I know makes me feel more at peace with the world than the view from Richmond Hill, when I can contemplate it under the influence of six courses and dry champagne.”

“For my part,” interposed Stanley, a fast young guardsman, “if I had to initiate our youthful friend into London life, I would most certainly advise him to make his *debut* by a first dinner at the Trafalgar. No ‘maids of honour’ cakes there; intellect is patent in every dish that comes to table. The water-souche is the work of an artist. Think you that Vatel would have plunged the sword into his bosom had he been able to substitute for the missing dainty that glorious dish—*Eels à la Tou-Sou*? No; he would have lived, and a peerage must have rewarded his inventive genius. Now, youngster, if you don’t vote for Greenwich after that oration, you’re a muff.”

I laughed, and gave my voice in favour of Greenwich. Just then the three Frenchmen got up, and I whispered to Dick that I wanted to follow them for particular reasons of my own. My worthy cousin stared at me, evidently thinking I had too much; but on my reiterating my intention in steady tones, he handed me the latch-key and bade me go to the devil. By the time I got to the street door the objects of my curiosity were just disappearing round a corner; I ran up the Haymarket, then taking up the same turn to the right by the racket court, followed them, keeping close under the shadow of the houses. I could see by their walk that I need not fear detection, as they reeled along, evidently under the influence of drink. They kept on through Leicester Square till they reached a small covered archway on the left, nearly opposite St. Martin’s Passage. Up this they turned, and knocked at the door of one of the dingiest houses in the dingy court. I must have shewn myself at this moment, as the least intoxicated of the party

made a rush at me and caught me by the collar, muttering curses the whole time.

"Who are you—speak, why are you spying on our actions?" in a fierce whisper.

Remembering my initiation, I whispered one word in his ear, at the same time that I seized his hand and gave him the grip peculiar to the members of the Revolutionary Committee. The man staggered back—then rushed and clasping me to his heart, much to my disgust, gave vent to sundry noisy exclamations of delight, in which he was joined by his two drunken companions, who now came up. With great difficulty I made my escape from them, and finding the door they had knocked at wide open, I entered, and turned into a room on the ground-floor. A couple of men were lying asleep on sofas, and the noise I made in shutting the door roused one of them. He enquired in a sleepy tone what was the matter.

"Can I see Mr. de la Ribaudière?" was my answer.

"And what the deuce do you want with him?" said the other occupant of the room, in accents which showed he was a countryman of mine.

"I merely want to speak to him. Tell him an old friend of his is here. Ask him if he remembers the night of the 18th of November, 1842."

"Tonnerro de ciel!" exclaimed the other leaping up from his couch, "are you the boy? We have been searching for you for the last two months; I think you had best not see our friend Ribaud just now, or you will have some trouble to answer his charges against you."

Before I could say another word, the door was opened, and De la Ribaudière walked in.

"What is all this talking about?" said he. "What! I know your face, Sir; you must be Henri Cancellor! And pray, Sir, to what are we indebted for the pleasure of this visit, so long deferred? In one word, Mr. Cancellor, why did you not obey the orders of the Committee, as sent through me, and present yourself here some six weeks ago?"

I pleaded ignorance, but at first in vain; Rébaudière persisted in seeing in my non-appearance a direct disobedience of orders, and threatened to have me taken out of the country for fear of further disclosures on my part. He was even beginning to give some instructions to his followers about me, when a thought suddenly struck me—

"Mr. De la Ribaudière," said I, "you had best take care what you do. La Belle expected me at one o'clock this afternoon."

I never saw such a sudden change come over a man. From a bullying, domineering tone, his voice sunk to almost a soft whisper, as he said—

"Why did you not mention before that you were in correspondence with her? All this annoyance would have been saved you. You will know I was only doing my duty by our order in acting towards you as I did, believing you to be one of those who, having begun to build, are afraid to go on; yet still, I must apologise for my apparent incivility. By the way, I see it all now. You are the fowler who has led the rich young bird into the net. Well done, by brave boy. Remember I must have £1,000 by the end of next week."

All this was perfectly unintelligible to me at the time. It was not till after I had left the house that I began to see the drift of my newly recovered friend's observations. Dick, of course, was the bird, and I the fowler, or decoy-duck. Good heavens, my dear cousin! Dick was to be plundered of £1,000 in less than a fortnight! What on earth could I do? I could not tell him the danger hanging over his head, even had I myself known the exact form it was to take. Any hints I might give he would, of course, pooh-pooh. I was utterly at a loss what to do, and walked down Piccadilly, on my way home, revolving all kinds of schemes in my head, all of them, somehow or another, bringing in La Belle, as I had heard her called, for I felt sure she was the person alluded to, indebted to me for some undefinable service, and re-paying me by one of those loving and expressive glances which I firmly then believed none but black eyes could give. Turning down Duke-street, I heard a noisy party lower down, and, when I came upon them, found they were none other but my late companions, Dick, Stanley, and company. They had evidently been drinking pretty freely, and, as Dick staggered up to me, he said, in accents made rather husky by champagne—

"Here, my boy, take care of this bag; £2,000 in it. I know I'm screwed, and I shall only lose it. What the doose do you mean by being sober?"

—and it was with great difficulty he was kept from personally assaulting me. We took him to our lodgings, and, on the way, Stanley told me they had been at a "Hell" in Jernyn-street, where Dick had won largely through backing the most extraordinary turns of the game. Here, then, seemed a chance of getting out of my difficulty, without bringing any expense on the dear old Squire. Dick would be certain to lavish away his winnings in the most extravagant way, and his £1,000 might just as well go towards our cause as towards enriching livery-stable keepers, billiard-room markers. *et hoc genus omne*.

I dropped off to sleep, cheered beyond measure by the luck which had attended my gambling cousin.

CHAPTER IV.

In the morning I reminded Dick of our invitation to lunch, and asked him point blank for the lady's name and address.

"Well," said he, "I don't think I need be very jealous of you, Harry my boy; so there it is;" and he tossed me a card on which was engraved

LA CONTESSE DE LANGEAR,
Bridge View Villa,
Fulham.

"Are you going to keep your appointment, Dick?" I asked.

"Of course I shall," was the answer; "you don't think I'm going to throw away such a chance as that; and, on second thoughts, as we don't know who this Countess is, I think it would perhaps be best, if you let me apologise for your absence; don't you think so, Harry? The Governor would be so savage if I got you into any scrape."

The idea of Dick Grenfell keeping anyone out of mischief was more than I could stand, and I leaned back in my chair and laughed till even

my cousin's good-natured disposition was touched. I stopped in time to prevent an explosion of anger on his part, and pretending not to see his true reasons for wishing to have the interview alone, acquiesced in his views, and after breakfast said I would stroll to Lord's, and watch a match going on that day. Instead of going to St. John's Wood, I took the first Hansom I saw in Piccadilly and told him to drive as hard as he could to Fulham, for I felt that all depended on my seeing the Countess before De la Ribaudière would have an interview. An hour's drive brought me to Bridge View Villa, and I was admitted into the drawing-room, overlooking the river, and tastefully fitted up in true French style. Presently Madame de Langeur entered.

"You are before your time, my young friend," said she, "and that confirms me in my opinion that there is some hidden grief I can alleviate. Tell me what it is?"

"Has M. de la Ribaudière been here to-day?" I asked. She started perceptibly.

"How do you know that he is a friend of mine?" was her answer. Stay,—I think I can now guess who you are. Your name is Chancellor, is it not?"

"Chancellor, Madame; but pray give me a direct answer."

"He has not."

"Thank Heaven for that; and now pray let me explain to you why I have asked the question."

I then detailed to her the conversation I had overheard in which her name was mentioned, and the use I had made of her name to get out of my difficulty with Ribaud.

"Then you first want me not to contradict your statement to him which implied that you knew me intimately. What is the second request you have to make?"

"That you will be merciful to my poor cousin and not let him get entangled in the same toils as myself."

"What! my poor boy, have you already felt the bitterness of disappointed hopes and dreams?" and saying so she rose and came over to where I was sitting, and in a motherly manner smoothing my hair, she went on—

"I will do my best to prevent *that* happening, for from what I know and have seen of English gentlemen, theirs is not a nature to take kindly to midnight assassinations and dignify them by the name of conspiracies. But tell me, is it true your cousin is a wealthy man? Do not look alarmed, it is not for myself I ask this, though, alas, I am forced to play the hypocrite, and, wretch that I am, pretend that it is for my wants that I borrow. That I should ever come to this depth of degradation! Some day or other, Mr. Ribaud," and drawing up her fine figure as though in defiance Madame de Langeur threw back her head, and the heightened colour, the firmly closed lips, and the dilating nostrils, testified to her excited state of mind, and as I watched her flashing eye and heaving bosom I thought I could never behold such loveliness. She paused for a moment, then resuming gradually her wonted expression, she made a faint attempt at a laugh, and proceeded.

"But why should I talk thus before you, who know nothing of me: yet I have even now said more than I ought to an utter stranger." I hastened to assure her that she might rely on me.

"I willingly believe it; and now answer my question."

"Dick is *not* a wealthy man," said I; "his father, Squire Grenfell, is a man of good property, which Dick will eventually inherit; but at present I don't think he has more than three hundred a year besides his pay."

"And on that spends about a thousand," said she. "Are you sure that he cannot place £1,000 in my hands within four days?"

"On the contrary," I said, "I think he can; but to what object is this money to be devoted."

"Oh, the usual thing," was Madame's answer. "A set of noisy turbulent patriots, who have nothing of their own, would like to help themselves to other persons' property, and thinking they see a chance of that delightful event happening by following our doctrines, they adopt them heart and soul, and propagate them by treating every destitute workman they meet. Some Manchester delegates want a thousand pounds, and Ribaud has given me the task of obtaining that sum."

"Well, in that case, Madame, I think I can promise you the thousand pounds without your having to submit to the degradation of asking for it."

"You, you can spare me that," exclaimed she, clutching my arm. "Oh, no! Impossible! Do not, young man, delude me by false hopes."

"They are not false," said I rising. "I am sure that by six o'clock this evening I can be here with the money."

Before I could stop her Madame De Langeur had seized my hand, and kissed it fervently.

"You do not know the relief you gave me by that promise. Some day you shall know who and what I am, and how it comes that I am thus performing here a task most repugnant to my feelings. I shudder when I think of what a long line of ancestors would have said could they have foreseen that one of their descendants, one of the *Ancienne Noblesse* of France, could be mixed up in plebeian intrigues with such *canaille* as—"

"M. de la Ribaudière, I presume you were going to add," said a voice which made us both start, and turning, I saw Ribaud standing in the doorway. He entered the room with perfect ease, and bowing deferentially to the Countess, addressed me.

"A thousand pardons, Mr. Cancellor, if I have interrupted any slight love passages between my fair ward and you; but I want a few words with Madame La Contesse."

"Leave us, Mr. Cancellor," said she, with an air which showed she was preparing herself for a conflict. "I suppose I may hope to see you again soon," added she, with a meaning look.

"You may depend upon me, Madame," was my answer, as I took my leave.

I think my driver must have thought me very fond of rapid travelling, as I shouted to him while jumping in to go back as hard as his horse could lay legs to the ground. To my great delight I found on reaching our lodgings that Dick was still at home; Stanley and two others were smoking with him, and talking over last night's adventures.

"At all events," Dick was saying when I entered; "I stand the dinner to-day; I've telegraphed to Mrs. Hart to have dinner for nine at half-past seven."

"What are you going to do in the meanwhile?" asked Stanley. "I want you to come with me to Tattersall's. Montfern's horses are to be sold this afternoon."

"I am engaged till three; after that I'm your man. Hallo, Harry, is there no match going on to-day that you are back so soon?"

"I want to speak to you for a moment, Dick."

"All right; wait a moment, you three;" and Dick led the way into his bedroom.

"What's the matter, Harry? I hope you have not got into a mess?"

"What are you going to do with the two thousand you won last night?"

"Do with them? Why, pay some bills, to be sure, and apply for a fortnight's extension to spend the rest. Why do you ask?"

"Because I want you to lend me a thousand to-day."

"A thousand pounds! What on earth can you want with such a sum? Tell me, Harry, you have got into a scrape?"

"Yes, and no," was my answer. "All I am at liberty to tell you is this. The money I ask you is to save a lady from a deep humiliation. I have told her I thought I could save her from it, and I have come to you."

Dick walked up and down the room, puffing vigorously at his cigar, and after a few turns stopped and said—

"On your word, Harry?"

"On my honour as a gentleman," I answered, "I won't say when I can pay you, if indeed I ever can, but I feel persuaded that if you knew for what reasons I asked for the money, you would not only give it me but offer more."

"Well, it would be a potent reason that would make me do that," said Dick; "but I suppose I must give up my idea of the fortnight's extension. I shouldn't have got it, anyhow, as this is the dull season. So, Harry, take your thousand, and be d——d to you for cleaning out my pockets so unscrupulously."

"My dear generous old boy!" I exclaimed, but he stopped me—

"There, there; don't bother me any more. I believe the money will be better bestowed than if I had the spending of it; but it is a nuisance to see a youngster have more sense in his head than one's own self. Here it is, in ten-pound notes," and he unlocked his desk, and, handing me a roll of notes, escaped into the sitting room, where I heard him making excuses for leaving his friends, pleading an appointment for lunch.

Punctually, as the clock struck six, I was at the villa, and on entering the drawing room, was hastily welcomed by Madame de Langle, who, with tears running down her face, exclaimed—

"I know all; your cousin was with me to-day, and was telling me, by way of a joke, how you had robbed him of a thousand pounds. Little he thought of the mental agony I was suffering as he asked me to help him to guess who could be the object of your charity. Yes—that was the word he used, and no better could be found."

She sank into a chair, and leaning forward on a table, dropped her head on her arms, and gave vent to her grief in hysterical sobs.

I attempted to console her by deprecating any such idea on my part, and attributing my eagerness to get the money to my zeal for the

Republican cause. As I uttered these last words she raised her head and gave me, oh, such a mournful, pitying look. I know not why, or what fascinating influence she possessed, but Isabelle de Langeat was one of those women to whom it is impossible to refuse anything, and who have the power of extracting every secret, however close locked.

"Do you then believe in their *pure* and *virtuous* views?" she asked, her lips curling into a sneer which ill fitted that lovely face.

"I believe in Liberty, but I doubt the men who advocate her cause."

"Infatuated boy, the image you call 'Liberty' is but a phantom raised by those very men who, by eternally calling on her name, think they can allure fools to their side, and make use of them on their way to fortune. I cannot speak to you more to-night; one word and you must go. If ever you find yourself entangled in the meshes of the Republican party, and wish to extricate yourself from them, write or come to me. From this moment Isabelle de Langeat is your friend for life." With a sudden movement she put both arms round my neck, and imprinting a kiss on my forehead, whispered with a mournful smile,

"Ah Henri, many there are would give half their wealth to be favoured as thou! There now go, *mon ami*."

"May I not see you again?" I asked.

"*Et pourquoi pas?* Certainly you may come to see me. Perhaps you had best induce your cousin to bring you; or, stay, the first visit he pays me I will insist on his bringing you with him the next time he comes."

"Thanks, Madame, for the honour," said I, and I left the house

As my cab tore along towards Little Ryder-street, thoughts, strange to me before, came crowding upon my heated imagination. On looking backwards I wonder not at the wild fantastic dreams I indulged in for some days after this visit. I was as much in love with Madame de Langeat as a boy of eighteen could be, and yet, some how or another, whilst I was thinking of her glorious figure and queenly beauty, and muttering incessantly the old line, *Vera incessu patuit Dea*, a pair of mild blue eyes, a profusion of golden hair, and a countenance bearing on it the true English impress of innocence and trust, used to flash across me, and my thoughts then wandered to Greusell Park and my cousin Fanny, who was always wont to take the part of 'Cousin Harry,' however wrong the latter might be. In this instance I had barely time to get into a direct train of thought. What a peculiarity it is of the human mind that in the moments of importance or danger it will take notice of trifles, disregarding the imminence of the peril, and, by a curious process, abstract itself from all consciousness of it, and fix itself on things totally irrelevant. I remember having been once in imminent danger, and yet for the life of me I could not help wondering why on earth a man next to me had buttoned his waistcoat awry! Such was partly the case with me now. I could not fix my mind on any particular event without wandering away from it; and, remembering the proposed dinner at Greenwich, I hurried on my cab, hoping to be in time, and to be able to drive away thought and care through the medium of white-bait, plain or devilled.

The party had started when I reached the lodgings, but thanks to the numerous trains on the line, I was in the Trafalgar before dinner was begun. We had the usual unlimited courses of fish, which left but little inclination to do justice to the dinner which followed; there

was the usual amount of dry Hock, Moselle Cup, and Chateau-Lafitte consumed, and then came the delicious dreamy moment, the happiest of man's life, when, under the influence of a first-rate dinner, he feels at peace with the world and in the smoke of his cigar conjures up visions and plans, alas, as shortlived as the tobacco he is burning.

Stanley had drawn down the party in a drag, and I availed myself of the offer of a seat to return to town. The night was dark, and I thought the guardsman was driving rather fast. Of a sudden I heard my cousin shout—"Look out, Stanley, there's a 'bus!" Then came a crash; our drag was suddenly stopped in its course, and leaned over to one side. It seemed as if hesitating for a moment whether to fall or not, then came to the ground with a fearful smash, which sent all of us flying in different directions. I fell heavily, and on picking myself up, felt sick and giddy, while a severe pain in my left arm announced to me that I had sustained some injury. On lights being procured it was found that my arm was fractured. Stanley, Dick, and the rest of the party had escaped with a few bruises and scratches, but the drag was much damaged, and one of the horses had strained his shoulder. Dick took me in all haste to the nearest surgeon, muttering curses upon himself for having allowed me to join the party, and abusing Stanley for his want of skill. Luckily the fracture was not a compound one; the broken limb was set, and I was sent back to town in an easy carriage, put to bed in my lodgings, and condemned to tea and toast until such time as I could be moved, when Dick swore he would send me down to Grenfell Park, if he had to carry me there by force.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

L A Z Y L I T E R A T U R E.

A PAPER ON THE PAST YEAR.

TO TWOQUILL POWER, ESQ.

MY DEAR DOUBLEQUILL,—

I have received and read your letter, and after allowing myself a reasonable interval for recovery from its effects, I made an attempt to answer it. The emotions which it has raised in my mind are those of mingled sympathy and admiration,—sympathy for the editor who wants a paper, and admiration for the cool and ingenious manner in which he sets to work to extricate himself from his embarrassment. You state your case with a force and directness which goes straight to the heart without the assistance of artificial pathos or any ornaments of language. “We want a paper for our next number, and I look confidently to you to supply it.”

Nothing is more beautiful than mutual confidence. You look confidently on me to supply you with a paper, and I rely with confidence upon the expectation that, if I don't write it, you will do it yourself.

Mentally arranging matters so for the present, I proceed to ask you what manner of editor are you that you are hard up for a paper? Are you not one of those admirable machines for the manufacture of popular literature, which, when once set at a table and wound up, will steadily continue the supply as long as the demand exists?

I have always looked on an editor as armed at all points with quills, like the porcupine, but not like the porcupine, fretful. I have conceived him as ever ready, with the same placidity of demeanour and gravity of expression, to write upon all subjects, to write seriously, facetiously, or elegantly, and to continue the process until the requisite number of pages is accomplished. How is it that you so far fall short of this ideal standard as to be in need of a paper? Can it be that your fingers were yet cramped, your brain exhausted, your nervous system worried? If so, how I condole with you! I know by experience that to one who has not put on what I consider the true editorial panoply, the necessity to produce a paper by a given time must be very trying. To me writing is, I consider, a labour; and I cannot sufficiently wonder to what extremity of despair you must have been reduced, or by what convulsive spasm of blind hopes you must have been animated, when you confidently looked to me to supply you with a paper.

Perhaps you are not aware of the exertion which it is to me to write this letter. Perhaps you do not know how severe is the struggle between the *vis inertiae* of my nature and my feeling of friendship to yourself; or how sublime is the triumph of the latter. You do not perceive the exultation with which I lay down my pen after achieving a longer sentence than ordinary, or the serene satisfaction with which I contemplate the completion of a fresh slip.

Not that I mean to deny my own capability to write a good essay ; on the contrary it is an employment for which I am decidedly well qualified, as will be at once admitted by any one who will take the trouble to read one or two of the best papers in your periodical. But then I like to choose my own subject, or to take my own time. An essay is a work of art, and is not to be produced at a moment's notice, on any conceivable topic, and with an editorial revolver pointed at one's head all the time. I like to take a week for the contemplation of any subject, first at a distance, and then gradually approaching nearer and nearer, until in the second week I begin to divide it into its proper branches, and to distribute the heads of the argument. The third week is to be spent in rest, and in the placid contemplation of the design, the mind being held open for the reception of any suggestions which may present themselves. The execution is to be perfected in the fourth week ; and the process is not to be conducted hastily, or with a constant feeling of the necessity of getting to the end as quickly as possible. This agitates the mind, and interferes with the due elaboration of the work, which should be done quietly and with deliberation, if a truly artistic product is to be the result.

Such being my views upon this subject, what, think you must be my feelings upon coming to the following paragraph in your letter ?— "The subject of the required paper is, 'The Past Year.' A periodical is always expected to contain some notice of the end of an old year and the commencement of a new ; a lucid summary of the events of the year ; an attempt to trace the causes of the complications that have arisen ; and some practical conclusions to be deduced from their consideration. Knowing the philosophical pursuits and studies in which you are engaged, I consider you eminently qualified to write a masterly and comprehensive analysis of the intricate and important events of the past year, and so I hope you will send the article as soon as possible. We shall want to go to press by the 22nd at latest."

I feel bound to acknowledge the justness of your views as to the tendency of philosophical studies, as well as the graceful allusion which you make to my great, although unfinished work, "The History of Human Progress." You may well believe that one who is engaged in following the history of aggregated humanity through all time, could easily solve the problems that have arisen in the course of a single year. I forget whether I have ever unfolded to you the design of my work, or made you acquainted with its objects, its extent, or the distribution of its parts. The scheme embraces an outline of the history of the human race from the primordial monad to the middle of the nineteenth century. The first part will contain an account of the ancestral organisms, their variations and developments, tracing the progress and fluctuations of the struggle for life, and the process of natural selection by which man was in due time elaborated. As this subject can scarcely be said to have been as yet thoroughly investigated, it is probable that the execution of this portion of the work will have to be deferred until after the completion of some of the other parts. By that time I confidently anticipate that science will have occupied the vacant territory, and the Owen of the period will be able to illustrate at the Polytechnic the way in which a more-pork becomes developed into a philosopher, or a porcupine into an editor. Having once got man upon the stage, a combination of profound analysis with easy narrative will be employed to set

forth the origin and the causes of his variations in colour, conformation, language, habits, laws, and religion. All history, all tradition, all legend will be explored, all institutions will be traced to their original stem or stems, and then, following them down through the stream of time, their divergent branches will be collated, and made to throw light upon each other. But I am wandering from my subject, and I have said enough to give you some idea of my general design. Be assured it will be a more than Caxtonian work, and I hope, my dear Doublequill, that you may live to read it and to review it.

I was, I believe, commenting upon a passage in your letter. You request me to write you an article upon the past year, and I proceed to state my objections. In the first place, what in the name of iced-claret is the object of making the year end at this season? Most persons acquiesce in this arrangement, as if they took it for granted that it must be so, and that it could not be otherwise. It seems to me, however, a very strange thing if we cannot make our years end when we like. The wisdom of our ancestors would never have tolerated the proposition to begin a new year in the middle of summer; and to have our New Year's Day on the 1st of January, merely because they do so in Europe, shows an agreement with their customs in letter but not in spirit. Every one who recollects how Christmas and New Year's Day are kept in the old Countries must admit that these venerable institutions do not receive in these colonies the share of honour which is their due. How can it be otherwise? How can I, who delight, as Horace says, to spend a good part of the solid day lounging beside a rill of water (provided there are no mosquitos), or under the shade of the green arbutus, sipping some cooling beverage, and laying out a park in imagination, how can I be expected to rouse myself to such a degree as to weep for the departure of the old year, or to celebrate with riotous revelry the introduction of the new? Civility to the departing potentate is as much as can be expected under the circumstances. I wave my hand to him languidly, and say, "Good-bye, old fellow; sorry you find it too hot to stay; just leave a memorandum of any particular things which have happened during your reign, and I'll see that they are attended to when the weather gets cooler."

But to the new year coming in to disturb my serenity, and with exuberant ill taste calling upon me to notice his pretensions, what can I say? Nothing. He must be ignored. It is really too warm to excite one's self by looking down the twelvemonth's vista, which he insists upon exhibiting, and in short, I would rather not enter upon a new undertaking just now; I don't feel equal to it.

I do not know whether it would be heretical to suggest that Christmas should be kept in June, and that the 1st of July should be New Year's Day. I can conceive that objections might be made to such a course, but, at all events, it would enable the traditions of the season to be kept up with much greater effect than at present. The reason why New Year's Day came to be fixed in the middle of winter is obvious, and I honor the wisdom displayed by the founders of that institution. The transition from one year to another serves as a break to that most unpleasant season, and gives a pretext for hoping better things. After enduring the miseries of cold and wet, snow, or rain, or fog, it is natural to suppose that a new year may bring some relief, and if it does not, why, still people have had their festivities, their

roast diet, and their big fires, and have managed to keep warm for a week. This I take to be the true philosophy of New Year's festivities. They are simply a desperate attempt which people make to give themselves some ground for imagining that they are enjoying themselves in the absence of the sun, the true source of serene tranquillity. The whole arrangement is admirably adapted, both for mitigating the horrors of the season, and for reminding us how fast it is passing away. But in the summer we want no such devices. We desire simply to be left in the cool shades of our library, looking out on the lawn, and having before us a book of suitable quality, and at our elbow a jug of claret. That is my notion of enjoyment in the summer. What have I to do at such a season with squaring accounts with one year, and opening them with another? It was simply as a figure of speech that I mentioned the subject of accounts, but, alas, what a depth of pathos is there in the allusion! Who does not perceive the powerful support which my argument derives from the bare mention of accounts? I can imagine that the miseries of an English winter would be but slightly aggravated by the torment of having to make up accounts which doggedly refuse to balance properly, and that even the assault of a dun might be borne with a philosophic indifference by the man who has already endured the fogs of November, and the different varieties of bad weather which December is sure to produce. But to have to go through this in the middle of a New Zealand summer! The idea is too distressing. I am not sufficiently acquainted with the commercial habits of my countrymen to know whether it is their universal custom to make up their books and send out their bills at Christmas. I am inclined to think that I have received those memorials of my little business transactions with tolerable impartiality, at various times of the year. I certainly do not remember to have been more annoyed by that obtrusive distrust sometimes displayed by creditors at the end of the year than at any other time. It may indeed be hoped that there are not many who would torment their fellow creatures in this way during the heat of summer, or at all events that such a course would not receive the sanction or countenance of any humane magistrate. But the possibility of such an atrocity being committed is enough to bring home to every mind the conviction that the end of the year, with all its financial and and statistical detail, ought to be managed so as to come in the winter.

But if habit and deeply rooted prejudices prove too strong to allow of the innovation which I suggest, I suppose they must have it their own way. I know that great reforms are never introduced except by means of constant agitation, and agitation is of all things that which I am most anxious to avoid. I content myself with the remark that, if people are determined rashly to enter upon a new year in the very middle of hot weather, it is necessary that all the traditional lore of the season be altered, and a new mythology substituted for it. It is obvious that father Christmas, with his snowy beard, and all the legendary retinue that used to attend him, would be quite out of place at midsummer. Here is a field for our poets, our romancers and our artists. Let them set to work to fabricate a new legend and new *dramatis personæ*, for the amusement of—not Christmas hearths, but Christmas grass plots in New Zealand. Let them create a new set of characters to supply the places of St. George and the Doctor, and all the other celebrities that followed the train of old Christmas in Old England. I

regret that I have not the vividness of imagination necessary for the task, for I should have liked to send you some good hints upon the subject, which you might put in your magazine, to the delight of a large circle of readers, and to the increase of your circulation.

My views upon this matter, however, are not yet sufficiently developed for this, and the designs which I have as yet worked out are very crude and imperfect. The character of old Father Christmas himself I find rather intractable. It is obvious that his old style of costume and personal appearance will not do at all for us. The only modification that has suggested itself to me, for expressing the different circumstances under which the old gentleman presents himself in this country, and at the same time preserving something of his portly jollity and pinguose comeliness, is that his body should be represented by one of the very finest pumpkins, a large red strawberry might do for his head, and the snow which used to crown his venerable pate might be superseded by a good thick lump of clotted cream. If this suggestion is objected to as devoid of grace and beauty, I would hazard the proposal to explode old Father Christmas altogether for a druidical old Pagan, as I fancy he was, or something very like it, in his origin; and to introduce in his stead a beautiful young lady, distributing strawberries and cream from her cornucopia, and followed by a calf with all that blatant exuberance of youthful confidence for which the junior members of the bovine tribe are so remarkable. It would go hard, I think, if Miss Clotty Christmas, as I would propose to call her, did not prove as great a national favourite in New Zealand, as ever her beef-eating ancestor did in England. But you will be satisfied with these rudimentary hints which I have thrown out, recollecting that the myth is a thing which is not made, but grows.

But whence, and how, and whither have I wandered? I could not have supposed that I could have run on to such a length at this time of the year. I pause to recollect myself, and I find that my letter has almost swelled to the dimensions of a magazine article. I remember now. I was trying to convince you of the unreasonableness of your request that I should write a paper on the past year. My dear fellow, when the year is past, there's an end of it. What is the good of a paper about it? What does it want of a "lucid summary," as you are pleased to call it? Lucid summary, indeed! You may depend upon it that any thing I should write on the subject at this season would be very summery indeed, but perhaps not quite so lucid. What do I know about the events of the past year? Do you suppose that I keep a journal of the doings of the world, and notes of all the marriages, deaths, battles, books and revolutions? Do you imagine that I keep in my library files of the newspapers for the year, or that if I did I would search through them? How then am I to know in what state the year 1863 found the American war, the Mexican complication, the Italian difficulty, or the Hungarian hitches. How am I to recollect when Count Cavour died? was it 1863 or 1852? You will I hope see by this time the impossibility of my executing the task, and I need not now comment upon what you meant doubtless for a startling warning. I mean your hint that the magazine must go to press on the 22nd. Let it go to press and be sold to it. I am serenely indifferent to the threat, for this is the 21st, and consequently the paper in question cannot now be extorted from me; for another occasion, please remind me of it in the winter. I can then write the paper, and you can fill in the events at

the end of the year. I think however if you had let me know earlier, I might have given you an article on 1864 with greater ease than on 1863. There would be more room for imagination, and if one does not know what will happen, some opinion may be formed as to what ought to.

If you after all think it necessary to the appearance of your magazine that it should profess to have something to say on so dry a subject as the past year, I would recommend you to insert the proper amount of letter press on any indifferent subject,—this letter would do as well as anything, and give it the title for which you are so anxious. You may rely upon it that no reader will ever get further than the heading, and so the fraud will never be discovered.

I remain, my dear Doublequill,

Your very sincere friend,

PLACIDUS COOLNIE.

21st December, 1863.

A NEW YEAR.

Trees are green, as then they were :
 Birds upon each leafy spray
 Warble notes as sweet and clear,
 As though no hopes lay on their bier,
 That whispered sweetly in mine ear,
 A year ago, this very day.

Streamlets flow with joyous sound
 O'er pebbly reach, through glassy bay,
 Flowerets gem the teeming ground
 As before the months went round,
 Burying hearts that seemed to bound,
 A year ago, this very day.

Sunlight shines upon each wave,
 Gilds the hill-tops far away,
 Heeds not hearts, that wildly rave
 O'er lost treasures, in the grave,
 Which a mocking fortune gave,
 A year ago, this very day.

Only breezes, sad and low,
 Chanting, as they wing their way.
 Catch the streamlet's murmurous flow,
 Tell the leaves, through which they blow,
 Of hopes that little dreamt of woe,
 A year ago, this very day.

G A M E S .

"Ludere quæ vellem."—VIRGIL.

Now, dear, but alas imaginary reader, if you do not like a good game: if you cannot manage to forget all your absurd anxieties and still more absurd troubles, and enjoy at all events the thought of a good hearty game of some kind, I give you fair warning you had better not take the trouble to go beyond this first sentence (which I have made slow, and long, and stupid, on purpose for you,) as you will certainly find nothing to amuse or interest you in this paper. But as for those that can think with pleasure on the games they have played, and can look with delight on the games that others now play—for these—why, for these this paper was specially written, and all I can say is, I hope they will read and like it.

Who is there who does not remember the delights of his cricketing days? When we lay on our backs under the "cool green layers of shade" as the poet has it, of the tall elms and thick oaks, and watched in lazy attitude, but not the less with keen interest, the fortunes of the game, now joining in a little gentle chaff of some of the unfortunate "field," or calling attention to the excellence of the bowling when a good "four" or "five" was made; now confining our attention with a more undivided allegiance to the task of increasing to an indefinite extent the heaps of cherry stones, destined to mark, like the "barrows" of our British fore-fathers, the resting place of the giants of the fray? Who can forget the pleasure, mingled with just a shade of doubt, with which he buckled on his leg guards and moved towards the wicket, knowing all the time that his every movement was scanned and criticised by many a one who could remember his famous score of thirty-six, or the day when he sent the ball over the tent and away amongst the trees? Then that cut for two, and those beautiful drives for three and four; and that ball! the very thought of which makes you shudder now, and wish once more to hide yourself anywhere out of sight of the hundreds of eyes that look at you in triumph, out of hearing of the shouts that call loudly for another man, whilst you run the gauntlet of any amount of chaffing, to which you felt bound to reply in kind.

But I forget. It was not about Cricket I meant to speak at all, so all that I have said was only by the way and in a parenthesis. Cricket of course is the king of games out of doors; but I am now going to say a few words about some indoor games. The position which Cricket occupies in the open air as the king of games for old or young, must certainly be accorded to Chess within doors. Indeed if there is a difference we maintain that Chess has it in its favour. Other games may rival Cricket. In particular localities we know that other games do as a fact rival, and even surpass in popularity the imperial game of Cricket. As for instance in Scotland, where Golf in some districts and Shintey (Hockey) in others usurps

its place; or in Ireland, where it as yet only makes a gradual head-way against the charms (incomprehensible to all others, but fully appreciated by each native of the emerald isle,) of an active and efficient use of the blackthorn shillalah. Chess however has no rival. Some have urged the claims of whist with considerable force and ingenuity; but the very arguments used in its favour seem to us the most convincing proof of a known and recognised weakness. It has been said that whist is a better game, because chance operates so much more in it than it can in Chess; but this merely amounts to a statement that it is better because the unskilled is placed more nearly on an equality with the skilled player than he can be in the more scientific game. It would scarcely, we imagine, be held to be an improvement in Cricket if some plan could be hit upon to equalise the chances of a good innings between Caffyn or Mortlock and the third-form boy who aspires to a place in the second eleven of his school. That Whist has its own especial advantages we are willing to grant; that it is as perfect a game as Cards are capable of producing, or even as chance can take a part in, we think it is probable must be admitted; but beyond this we cannot go, for we cannot so far dethrone man's reasoning powers as to have it supposed that his best game must be one in which skill should give way to chance. The attempt to place Whist upon an equal pinnacle with Chess, probably has its origin in the fact that it is easier for persons to fancy themselves good Whist, than good Chess players. Of course there are constantly to be met with a class of persons who fully believe themselves equal to Chess playing or any other mental exertion whatever; but it does require less of the quality to make a man consider himself a Whist than a Chess player, and no one can hope to beat a good Chess player by chance, whereas a run of luck may destroy all opportunity for the display of the Card player's fine management of the game. The subject however is hardly worth pursuing any farther, as, in spite of all we have heard about it, we do not seriously believe that any one who knows both games ever hesitates in his allotment of the palm to chess.

It is a fact, however, that we do find very few Chess players in comparison with those who take a hand; and at least fancy that they acquit themselves pretty well at Whist. This may no doubt, in part, arise from the other fact that few study Chess as it requires to be studied before any of its beauties and charms become apparent. It is hardly worth while here to repeat the old adage, that what is gained without labour is not worth gaining at all, or to point out how essentially true it is when applied to a game. A game of any sort that could be conquered without any study, might as well be left unconquered, as it will soon be looked upon contemptuously, and cease to afford even the inferior degree of interest which at first it seemed capable of affording. The game of Draughts is a notable instance of what we mean. We can well remember the time, now dim—we will not say how dim—in the far distance, when we felt as if grown many steps nearer to man's estate and dignity by being taught the first game of skill in which we could contend with some (at all events imagined) feeling of equality with our elders who had arrived at the awful

dignity of tail coats and stand up collars. How we then gloated over our new schemes of opening the game! How we exulted over our first crowned king, and felt as if we must ere long distinguish ourselves in the great world-wide army of Draught players. But gradually, again to quote the poet, "Came the check, the change, the fall." When we had, in the space of about three months, elaborated our grand system of attack, which consisted, unless memory prove treacherous, in an excessively elaborate plan by which we locked up every man on the board in an inextricable confusion, which, as we expected the result and our adversaries did not, usually brought about our easy victory and their uneasy confusion. Then we remember that, having achieved the pinnacle of greatness we looked in vain for larger fields in which to distinguish ourselves. The truth was, we began shrewdly to suspect that the Draughts were after all not worth playing, and this was because any one could do it pretty nearly as well as the best. Games of chance, of course, have not this weakness; but they have the other and not much less fatal one of never giving the first place to skill at all, but letting chance degrade the adept to the mean position of the victim of the mere tyro. Chess, whose perfection has been the growth of ages, has, more than all other games, avoided these two dangers to its popularity; chance cannot enter into its working, because skill is everything; and the student of it can never as it were reach a level whence he may look down upon it; as its combinations, and therefore its intricacies, are utterly inexhaustible and for ever fresh and new.

With all this, however, the fact stares us in the face, that Chess is far from a universally popular game even amongst those who will tell you they have "learnt Chess"—ignorant, alas, of the fact that Chess can never be learnt thoroughly, and that their learning of Chess is about equivalent to the schoolboy's learning of Greek, who has begun to distinguish faintly between the sounds of his Etais and his Epsilons. Must we be content to fall back upon the game over whose difficulties we celebrated our youthful triumph—Ah! we scarcely like to say how many long years ago; or must we turn in despair to our card packs, and drown our vexation in cutting for partners? We hope not—nay, we think not, if the young men and boys of the community would only take the word of one who knows that there is no game so refreshing, and yet so exciting to the mind as Chess, if really entered into. We have no doubt they would soon find themselves renouncing cards and draughts, and turning with eagerness to the Empress of games. We may be told that some have tried it, and found it very slow indeed, and not to be compared to a good game of Whist, or even Cribbage. We answer, the reason is simple—you know something of Whist and Cribbage; you have never taken the trouble sufficient to know anything of Chess. Perhaps you studied your Whist under the animating consciousness that sixpenny points would reward your proficiency in play. Possibly you were aware that the gain or loss of a shilling hinged upon your first reaching the end of the cribbage board. In Chess you found no such inducement. You learnt painfully, and with much toil, to distinguish between the erratic motions of a Knight and the staid and dignified progress of a Bishop. You blundered sadly and repeatedly into various sorts of mate, with various names, displeasing to your self-esteem. You found yourself told, "Ah, that's the third

time you have got 'fool's mate;' or, "There's 'scholar's mate' again;" and you began to think that, after all, Chess had been greatly overrated. The idea was natural, but founded on very imperfect premises. We can imagine another reader who regards our insinuations with indignant scorn, and all but pitches the Magazine away from him in his wrath. To him we would say, don't be in too great a hurry, we have something to say to you also. We are quite aware that you passed such stages as those of the "fool's" and "scholar's mate;" we know very well that you even aspired to being a scientific player, and had views upon Morphy's play, and on the chances in favour of Paulsen or Kolisch; we do not need to be told, although we see that you will insist upon telling us, that you bought a Chess-player's handbook, and even invested in "Staunton's Chess Praxis," and that, after all, you got tired of the game, and returned to your "sixpenny points," and are in the habit of referring to Chess as a fine game which you once played when you were younger, but which takes too much thought and time when a man has much to think about. We know exactly what all this means, for we have had the "pleasure" of hearing the like lucid argument a dozen or two times before. You, Thomson, were an enthusiastic Chess player for six months. You bored every one of your friends, and yet-more-to-be-pitied relatives, to play at all times, in season and out of season, especially the latter, until you raised yourself to a perfect pinnacle of greatness by your famous victory over old Mr. Jones, who, forty years before, had been a member of a London Chess club. You were rendered somewhat more than human for a time by the exulting consciousness of a glorious future before you, but yet you magnanimously admitted that you might even yet have something to learn from books in which were recorded the experience of generations of great players; so you set to work to study your Chess handbook. From this time may be dated your discomfiture. You worked away with the greatest imaginable self-approval, and soon felt as if every brilliant move you learnt to appreciate you had yourself made. Armed with the results of some months' study, you once more adventured your reputation in the field. Your old antagonist Jones again confronted you, and, of course was to be immolated in a few moves. But, alas! Jones had *not* been studying the handbook, while you had. You opened with what you were pleased to consider an indefensible "muzio," and for a move or two all went well. Jones had a lingering remembrance of what he ought to do, but the mists of forty years were sadly obscuring his vision, and at the third move he made an egregious blunder. You were petrified, and, what was worse, you were floored. You had played "muzios," unreckonable for multitude; you had gone into every conceivable variation, and thought you had a glimmering perception of them all. But here, horrible to relate, was an absolutely new one; shockingly bad, beyond a doubt, but utterly puzzling. You determined to disregard the move, and to go on with the correct opening. Alas! the next move was wilder and more utterly improbable than the last. Goaded beyond endurance, you played wildly also. And now your book moves were as trammels to bind you down to defeat. At the tenth move came "check!" At the fifteenth, the same word was accompanied by a glance of horrible malignity from Jones, and, in your confusion, you heard the wretch's fingers crack as he rubbed them in

that the inventor has a fair show of reasonableness on his side when he derives his name from the novel and remarkable shape of his board.

We have endeavoured, so far as lay in our power, to do the game some justice by a critical consideration of its peculiarities and capabilities; and we are happy to say that on the whole we have been more than satisfied. The idea of the game must originally have taken its rise from Chess, as it is the idea of a field of battle. As in Chess, the pieces have various values, depending upon their peculiar moves, and in this respect the principal difference is that they are not so numerous, nor are their moves of so many different kinds. The board, as we have said, which represents the battle-field, is of three, or rather four different colors; the central hexagon of all being of a different colour from all the others. The battle is fought with a force, on each side, of eight infantry men, who are, as in Chess, placed in the front rank, and of seven other pieces, namely, a General, corresponding to the King in Chess, four Cavalry, corresponding to the Chess knights, and two Artillery, corresponding very nearly to the castles in the older game.

Before proceeding to criticize the game, we should mention, that although boards and men are not, we believe, yet to be got, as the game is newly invented, and directions have but recently been sent home to the makers of such things, yet that no considerable difficulty need be experienced in any one's trying this game of New Zealand invention. All that is required is to construct a board of a hexagonal form, having six hexagons on each side, of the size required for Chess men. Colour the hexagons of three different shades, with the exception of the central one, which must differ in colour from all the others; then make use of your Chess men, by putting aside the queen, using the king as General, the knights and bishops as cavalry, the rooks as artillery, and the pawns as infantry, and you are provided with the means of fully testing the merit of the new game. As the game is meant to represent a modern battle-field, the main object is very properly for the one or other General to occupy the central or key position, which is usually equivalent in modern warfare to winning the battle. When, therefore, either General succeeds in placing himself upon the central hexagon of the board the game is won. The form of the board and the rules of the game are ingeniously adapted to render this no easy matter, unless great want of skill is displayed by your opponent. By the construction of the board the artillery, corresponding to the Chess castles, become a very important and powerful arm of the service. They move as castles; but owing to the hexagonal form of the board, they move in six instead of four directions, and so soon as two of the infantry are removed, they all converge upon the central point of the battle-field. We do not venture to profess that our hasty examination has enabled us to fathom all or nearly all of the peculiarities and capabilities of the game—that must be the result of time and frequent practice; but we see enough of it to enable us to judge of the extensive difficulty that would be felt in obtaining possession for the General of his central position, if the defence were conducted with any considerable degree of spirit.

One great advantage which the game will, at all events, seem to have to beginners, will be its simplicity. The moves may be learnt in a few moments, and unlike chess, the end to be attained is at once patent to the beginner. There is no danger of a checkmate suddenly or unexpectedly, making the new player feel very stupid and very much pro-

voked with himself, his opponent, and the game. You see the red hexagon at once in the centre of the board, and know that when you succeed in placing your general upon it, you are the winner. You see, too, your discomfiture advancing upon you inch by inch if it is coming at all; your enemy's general can advance but one hexagon at a time, and you have ample time to do all you can to stop him. The game therefore is comparatively a simple looking one, although to those who enter into it with spirit we have no doubt its hidden difficulties and merits will soon begin to unfold themselves. We confess to being enthusiastically loyal in our devotion to Chess, and we should look with no friendly eye upon any upstart; the precedence of chess over all games is our loyalty as not to know that the precedence of chess over all games is observed, too constitutionally in us, (we are, as our indignant friend has observed, bitually lazy,) to enter upon chess with that energy which alone can render it pleasant and interesting. We use then we think Hexagonia likely to prove a boon. It is not worth to be classed with Chess we maintain, but it is as far superior (on the other hand) to the game of Draughts; and it has the further advantage of holding out a hope that its practice may so far emancipate men from the constitutional indolence which oppresses them, that they may proceed to the higher and more enthralling game of Chess, to which then Hexagonia may prove a very excellent and worthy stepping-stone; indeed the best stepping-stone yet invented.

Of such games we heartily approve; and if some persons do urge against them the accusation of being unsociable, we repel the accusation with a lofty disdain. Sociability does not find its highest scope in, nor is it bounded by talk of a more or less foolish character. Such games do not even shut out all but two persons from a participation in the sociability which they offer; although, when looking back through the long vista of past years, we can remember how true seemed often the homely adage as to the superior charms of sociability as shared between two, over that shared amongst any larger number. Talking, we maintain, is not essential to social—aye, the best of social intercourse, and we will not hear of Hexagonia, any more than we would of Chess, being scouted on the shallow ground of a lack of sociability. We are old now—it does not matter to anybody how old, and curiosity on such subjects is impertinent—and we may be eccentric in our tastes; but for ourselves we can say that we can easily imagine companions—and perhaps if we liked could find them—with whom we should find it pleasanter and much more truly sociable to play a game at Chess or Hexagonia than all the round games of cards ever invented.

THE GHOSTS.

A DREAM OF CHRISTMAS.

'Twas Christmas Eve—I sat in my arm-chair,
And listened to the drowsy humming-bee,
And wandered back to other years that were
Far, far from sixty-three.

And whether 'twas the bee, I know not well,
Or whether 'twas the “forty” port I drank—
Most probably the bee ; but who can tell ?
Into a dream I sank.

I saw, as folks are wont to see in dreams,
Some sights that were unusual, strange, and queer,—
Girls sailed in crinolines down scented streams,
And showed no signs of fear.

At length my dreams took shape, I seemed to stand
In a huge cavern ribbed with rough-hewn stone ;
Its walls were vast, and scarred on either hand—
'Twas dark, and I alone !

'Tis useless to deny it ; I'm as brave
As others, but when first I heard that call,
Three jumps and then a flutter—my heart gave
And I perspired ; that's all.

It was *my* name, as plain as it could be,
And will-I, nil-I, I was forced to go ;
The wall before me opened silently,
Lit by bright torch-lights' glow.

At first my eyes were dazzled ; then I looked,
And saw a sight to make starvation fat,—
A throne of hot plum-puddings newly cooked—
And one upon them sat.

A cloak was thrown around his sturdy form,
Which like his head was powdered with white snow ,
His red feet sought the fire to keep them warm
Which at his side did glow.

Slowly I came, as men who fear to creep
Towards something fearful which they must behold;
And saw they were not feet that forth did peep
Beneath his cloak's deep fold.

His head had	about it too ;
That cloak lay	stiff with snow ;
The halo round	it strangely blue,
Came	glow.

His eyes were glassy too; settled I looked
Once more at his red feet, and then, surprised,
Perceived them to be ox tongues nicely cooked,
And that his cloak was iced—

With thick white sugar. Struck with deep amaze,
I saw his head like a huge pudding show ;
His eye, a large swoll'n plum, with steady gaze,
In brandy's light did glow.

E'en as I look'd he oped his mouth once more.
 'Twas but a gash from a large carving blade ;
 His voice came like the gurgling when you pour
 Champagne, and thus he said :

"I am old England's Christmas Ghost; I live
In song and legend down through many a year;
For your poor Southern ghost I wouldn't give
A farthing: come, look here!"

Even as I gazed he slowly disappeared ;
His head, his feet, the cloak that he had on,
His swoll'n plum eye, his sugar-whitened beard—
They faded : they were gone !

The torch's light died to a quivering gleam ;
The firelight's glow passed lingeringly away ;
I heard a murmuring like a bubbling stream ;
Then dawned a slender day.

Swiftly it grew ; until I saw the stream
Glow in the sunshine of a summer's day,
And on its brink a form that seemed to d
At length, extended, lay.

Green branches waved above him as he lay,
That well the ardour of the sun might mock ;
A tankard, to which he respects did pay,
Was marked "Cawarra Hock."

And in a voice all thin and faint and low,
So languid he scarce seemed to ope his mouth,
He said, "You want to look at me ; Hallo,
I'm Christmas in the South."

He lay at ease ; his head upon the bank ;
His body was a pumpkin ripe and round ;
His head was a huge strawberry, as he drank
It seemed with roses crowned.

The strawberry and pumpkin leaves above
Formed with the roses quite a gorgeous mass
Of living green—such as young artists love—
Crowned with a custard glass.

"Son of the far South," breathed the languid voice,
"'Tis quite too hot to talk ; I understand
You'd see the Christmas Ghost—don't make that noise—
Of your adopted land.

"Excuse my rising, 'tis so very hot ;
I really can't ; to live is labour plenty ;
I quite agree with Horace ; do you not ?
About the *Caput lente*."

He turned away ; I thought he was asleep
Until I saw his tankard slowly tilt,
And watched the bubbles through the liquor creep ;
But not a drop was spilt.

The sound of the slow gurgle of the Hock
Mixed with my thought, and flched away my dreams :
Indignant I awoke, and with a shock
Heard rain descend in streams.

MONTHLY LITERARY REVIEW.

As the name of the author naturally and very properly goes a long way in determining the popularity of a new novel, the first attraction of the month will certainly be Anthony Trollope's story of "Rachael Ray." In buying and reading this new work by the very popular novelist whose name it bears, the public will or will not be disappointed, just according to the state of their expectations on the subject. It may save them from some disappointment to know that the novel is peculiar, for the very excellent reason that it was written for a very peculiar public. It may be known to many that, some months ago, it was publicly notified that the Magazine called "Good Words" would contain a novel by Anthony Trollope. That novel did not appear; no explanation of its non-appearance was given; it was simply dropped, and we now have it printed in two volumes as "Rachael Ray." Cannot the reader fancy the effect upon Anthony Trollope of having to write a novel that should be little enough of a novel not to hurt the delicate sensibilities of the good people who take their sixpence-worth of mild dissipation in the form of "Good Words" once a month? Can he not fancy the agonies to which he must have subjected himself to keep down the element of sarcasm, so strong in his character, so as not to show Mr. Prong, or any other dear devoted Evangelical clergyman, merely human after all, with not a few spices of humbug lurking in the corners of his character? These things account to us fully for the peculiarities of "Rachael Ray." If circumstances could have ruined utterly a novel of Anthony Trollope's, this book would have only been fit for waste paper. As it was, the original genius of Trollope proved too strong for his circumstances: the novel was not considered safe for "Good Words," and it is very readable and pleasant for the public. It has suffered, of course. We constantly find that the author is doing pilgrimage with the peas in his boots but half boiled, and the odd grimaces which he makes in a quiet aside are not the least amusing part of the book. Such passages as the following may help us to account for the self-denial of the editor of "Good Words" in refusing the story:—

"Mr. Prong in all that he was saying intended to be honest, and in asserting that money was dross he believed that he spoke his true mind. He thought also that he was passing a just eulogium on Mrs. Prime in declaring that she was of the same opinion. But he was not quite correct in this, either as regarded himself or as regarded her. He did not covet money, but he valued it very highly; and as for Mrs. Prime, she had an almost unbounded satisfaction in her own independence. She had, after all, but two hundred a year, out of which she gave very much in charity. But this giving in charity was her luxury. Fine raiment and dainty food tempted her not at all; but, nevertheless, she was not free from temptations, and did not, perhaps, always resist them. To be mistress of her money, and to superintend

the gifts, not only of herself, but of others; to be great among the poor, and esteemed as a personage in her district,—that was her ambition. When Mr. Prong told her that money in her sight was dross, she merely shook her head. Why was it that she wrote those terribly caustic notes to the agent in Exeter if her quarterly payments were ever late by a single week? ‘Defend me from a lone widow,’ the agent used to say, ‘and especially if she’s evangelical.’ Mrs. Prime delighted in the sight of the bit of paper which conveyed to her the possession of her periodical wealth. To her money certainly was not dross, and I doubt if it was truly so regarded by Mr. Prong himself.”

“Rachael Ray” is by no means equal to many of its author’s tales. It will not bear comparison with “The Bertrams” or “Orley Farm;” still less perhaps with “The Small House at Allington,” which we take to be in some respects his best novel. But, after all, it is a book worth reading by those who love photographs of character such as Trollope, better than almost any novelist of the age, can give them. He has not the gifts of a great painter of nature; he cannot give us a broad view of passion and frailty such as does exist in the human heart, and is brought out by the few who have the great gift of exhibiting it; but for clear, pleasant, cheerful photographs, that may improve, but don’t distort faces, and little scraps of nature, human and otherwise, Anthony Trollope has no superior; and “Rachael Ray” shows not a few instances of this power to please, and it may be to improve the readers, even although not toothless enough in its satire for the readers of “Good Words.”

The only other novel of any considerable pretension to popularity is “Tara, a Mahratta Tale,” by the author of “The Confessions of a Thug.” This is a book which deserves more popularity than it is at all likely in our opinion to achieve. The author has the art of presenting life portraits of men and women in a different state of society altogether from that in which he and his readers live. The gift of doing this is a rare one; and when shown by some one who has already made for himself a great name in some more homely line, is recognised fully by the reading world. Without such a claim upon the attention it is apt to fail in commanding a reading world at all. To some extent we fear such a fate for “Tara.” The book is full of merit of various kinds, mingled with not a few faults; but will it be sufficiently read to give its author his just reward? We fear it will not. Its first difficulty is that it lies too far away from the day of its readers. Even at the bidding of its greatest favourites, the public finds it a task which it shrinks from, to go back a few centuries to mix with men and women who live apart from ourselves, with different lives and different influences surrounding them. Hence it is that such a book as “The Caxtons” will command an infinitely greater success than one requiring a far higher effort of the imaginative genius of the writer, like “Rienzi” or “The last days of Pompeii.”

“Tara,” as we have said, is no ordinary book, and its author has done what probably no man but himself was capable of doing; that namely, of photographing Hindu character so that we are forced to believe it natural. His book’s chief fault lies in defect of plan; a fault to which all authors of his peculiar genius for the development of character are liable. Of his strong points, the following description of the real old Indian baronial freebooter will give a good idea:—

"Pahar Singh sat with the gold coins before him, counting them one by one. A large portion were already laid on one side, which he preceeded to drop into the bag. The expression of his coarse and savage features could now be distinctly seen: for not only was the light from the fire becoming steady, but he had moved from his original position, so that he sat with his face nearly full towards Fazil, though from Bulwunt Rao he was more concealed than before. It was a face which, once seen, could never be forgotten. Men saw it, and quailed before it: women saw it and shuddered: and Fazil remembered how often old Goolab, when he was yet a child, had frightened him by the mention of Pahar Singh: while tales of his occasional frays and bloody deeds were of every-day report in the bazaar. There, then, he sat. Turban he had none: his matted hair, twisted into a rough rope, was tied in a knot on the crown of his head, and covered with ashes, showing the high narrow forehead—on which, though crossed by deep wrinkles, the forked veins, swelled by his excitement, stood out like ridges, betokening passions wild, fierce, and uncontrollable. The eyes, always bright, glittered restlessly and suspiciously from beneath the heavy brows, to which, and to the lids, the white ashes, smeared on his face from time to time as he sat, had adhered; and his hard grin disclosed the prominent eye-teeth, which he chose to call tusks, in allusion to his name. When we last saw this face at Itga, it was excited, but there was a softening influence exercised by the presence of his adopted son, and Pahar Singh was under some restraint. Now there was none, and it was difficult to recognise the features at all under his disguise, which served to increase the natural ferocity of the expression. His rough moustaches, of a sandy-brown colour at the ends, mingled with a straggling scanty beard, were usually parted in the middle, and turned over his ears; but now, being loosened, they were tied together in a knot under his chin, in the most approved Jogi fashion. His broad chest was covered with grizzled hair of the same peculiar colour as his beard: and his skin, originally fair, had become of a deep brown, except where it retained some of its original colour. His arms, which had appeared so muscular when he suddenly started up to threaten the king, seemed even longer and more powerful, as he sat stretching out one over the blaze, while the fingers of the other played among the gold pieces before him. Pahar Singh's countenance was now very repellent. It seemed to Fazil that mercy could never issue from those pitiless lips which, with the full nostrils distending and contracting rapidly under the action of feelings not yet expressed, produced an effect which fascinated, while it shocked one unused to it. 'Lallajee,' he said, every now and then looking up: 'O friend, dost thou love gold? See this red and pure—ah, yes, lovely—and so it need be, coming out of the King's mint direct. More than ten thousand rupees, too, they said. Well, there are just five hundred and fifty ashruffees. That is—how much Maun Singh? thou art a better accountant than I am.'—'Somewhere about eleven thousand rupees, I believe, Maharaj,' said his follower. 'Well, that will do, Lallajee,' continued Pahar Singh. 'That is my share for taking care of thee, thou knowest, and getting thee a good market for thy papers. The gods be praised! I vow ten of these to the holy Mother's necklace at Tooljapoor,' and he took up ten pieces of the number that remained. 'Nay, valiant sir,' interposed the Lalla, 'that is your Excellency's share in the bag yonder. These are mine, not

half, as we agreed, but enough perhaps for the poor Lalla. It would be no merit for my lord if he were to give to the Goddess——' He could not finish the sentence, whatever it might have been intended to mean, for the rude interruption—'Ill-begotten!' cried the robber, snatching a brand from the fire and striking the Lalla's hand, which had advanced towards the heap,—'dare to touch the gold, and thou diest! That for the like of thee!'"

Mr. Kinglake's great fragment of the "Invasion of the Crimea" has already reached a fourth edition. This might under any circumstances call for some remark from us, even were it only caused by the consideration of the expensive character of the book in question. But when to this is added the consideration, that of all historical works since Gibbon's Roman Empire, it has been subjected to the greatest amount of detraction and hostile criticism, we can scarcely help feeling interested in knowing what the author has to say in defence of a work so fiercely assailed on all sides, yet so vastly popular. That Mr. Kinglake is a very clever man, needs no demonstration now; but had anything of the sort still been wanting, it would have been amply supplied by his treatment of the critics in the volumes before us. The fiery ordeal of criticism through which his book has passed has, of course, discovered some few mistakes and flaws in its different parts. Had Mr. Kinglake simply corrected these trifling errors (for such in all cases they are) in the body of his work, it would have suited his critics admirably to have come down upon him with the sneer that he had remodeled his book on their suggestions, and now presented less a new edition than a new book to his readers. This difficulty he has cleverly overcome by simply placing the corrections, which he admits to be true, at the bottom of his pages, so enabling his readers to judge exactly of the quantity of truth which has really been elicited by his critics. It is not perhaps very pleasant for the reader to have the melodious flow of his beautiful narrative interrupted by glances involuntarily cast at the footnotes; but it is a great triumph for the author thus to bring his critics to the bar of public opinion, and, without seeming to do so, making them look supremely absurd in very many cases. In his preface the author, with characteristic cunning, directs his shafts against his critics, while he explains his intention in the alterations made in the book; the shafts are keen and will strike home in not a few cases.

"Besides his reasons for the course he is taking, a man may have his motive; and I acknowledge that, with me, a chief motive for declining to alter the text is this:—I like to keep a check upon those who might like to be able to say that I had materially altered the book. If any body shall try to say such a thing in defiance of the plan I have adopted, he will find himself painfully tethered; for, the words of the text standing fast, he will be unable to range beyond the circle of those little matters—matters chiefly minute, and of detail—which are dealt with in a few corrective foot-notes. Either he must say what is not true under circumstances which make his exposure a simple task, or else he will have to browse upon such scant herbage as is afforded by notes of this sort:—'No [not a squadron]; only one troop. 'No [not sixty-six years old]; only sixty-four.' 'Here the words "Lawrence and" should be inserted.' 'Instead of "a wing," read "the whole."'

The first of the commentators who found himself in this way was thrown

into so angry a state, that when I stood observing his struggles, I was glad to think of the prudence which had led me to keep him tied up. I said just now that some of the writings which purported to give the tenor of these volumes had been put forward as instances of unfaithful description. I have not enabled myself to assist this inquiry by comparing accounts of things contained in the book with the book itself; and it is not desirable for me to do so, because an author can hardly expect to be looked upon as a good judge of what is, or is not, an honest abridgment or statement of his words; but I may be allowed to adduce two curious instances of the errors into which men may be led by looking to the accounts which have been given of a book instead of to the book itself. On the 15th of February, a stranger, who had been present at the battle of the Alma, addressed to me a letter from a distant foreign station, which began thus: 'Sir,—It has not been yet my good fortune to see a copy of your recent work, the "Invasion of the Crimea," but a critique upon it in the' (here the writer of the letter gives the name of the newspaper) 'of the 27th of January last, purporting to give an outline of some parts of the narrative, contains an assertion, made with reference to a description of the battle of Alma—viz., that under the fire sustained by Lord Raglan's Headquarter Staff, "not a man of it received a scratch,"—which I take to be incorrect.' The writer proceeds to state, with admirable clearness, the circumstances which enabled him to speak as an eye-witness of what went on with the Headquarter Staff, and then says:—'I presume to detail these particulars, in order to show, sir, that having thus, like yourself, taken part in, and been an eye-witness of, the movements of the Staff on the memorable day referred to, I may venture to point out how far the statement as to the Staff having come out of it scatheless seems to be inaccurate'; and the writer then proceeds to prove to me, with great clearness and perspicuity, that on the two spots of ground which he rightly and carefully describes, two officers of the Headquarter Staff were wounded. Supposing that his newspaper was guiding him faithfully, well indeed might this critic remonstrate with me for the inaccuracy of which he had been led to have supposed me guilty, because the Staff, so far from coming off scatheless, had been more than decimated. When my correspondent at that foreign station shall see the book itself, he will know that I disclose this fully, giving the names of the two wounded officers; and, indeed, it would have been strange if I had omitted to do so, for Leslie and Wear, the two Staff officers wounded, were both of them struck down on the part of the field where I was, and one of them fell within a few paces of me. Thus, then, it appears, that even a careful and accurate man, who has to put up with his newspaper's account of a book, at a time when he remains debarred from access to the book itself, is so misled by this method of seeking for the real purport of a volume, that he thinks it his duty to address the author with a view to correct a gross error—a gross error not existing in the book itself, but appearing to do so in the mind of one who receives his account of it from a newspaper."

The Reviewers have met with no tougher antagonist in an author than the historian of the Invasion of the Crimea since Lord Byron rose in a grand rebellion against the lash. So far, at least, the author has very decidedly the best of it.

It is some time since we have had a book of travels by one of the

fair sex. A lady signing herself Anna D'A has just published a book on Manilla and Japan. We do not think that Mrs. D'A had any very strong vocation for writing a book of travels, whatever she may possess for travelling itself. She enlarges very unnecessarily upon her own conjugal affection, and upon her great dislike to cockroaches in general, and to cockroaches in a berth on board ship in particular; but although all admit the excellence of conjugal affection, and the reverse of excellence in cockroaches, they do not, on that account alone, feel any very great anxiety to learn how Mrs. D'A felt on this particular point. Still, the book, although prosy in many parts, is not absolutely unreadable nor wanting in some information such as we have not already become possessed of from other sources. Her chapters on Manilla and the Philippines generally, are far from being very striking or new, but in China and Japan we come occasionally upon a new fact worthy of notice. As an example we append an account of the mode of wedding, without any of the unpleasant ordeal of wooing to which less celestial nations are still subject. The first is the plan pursued in China; it is as follows:—

“The bride is sold by her parents, or parent, and on the day appointed for the wedding, is sent to her future lord and master in a chair, the door of which has been carefully closed and locked, the key having been deposited in the keeping of a relative or friend, who, with an air of importance, denoting a proud consciousness of the great trust confided to his watchful guardianship, accompanies or walks behind the bride. On arriving at the door of the bridegroom's house, the bearer of the key steps forward, arrests the progress of the sedan by a wave of his hand, and enters the door of the house, opened for his reception. After a delay of some minutes, during which the friends and relatives, as well as the assembled crowd, wait with impatient looks, the door again opens, and the key bearer, who has transferred his charge to the care of the expectant bridegroom re-appears. Without any hesitation, or unnecessary bashfulness, the gentleman at once opens the door of the chair and inspects his purchase. If her face—for its beauty in the Chinese conception of the term, and her feet for their diminutive size—suit him, he gives her his hand, and with great efforts at gallantry, conducts her to the principal room of his house, where both burn incense, bow before idols and worship the memory of their ancestors, the parents following their example. The bride then retires for a few minutes, and all partake of a grand feast. The chief ceremony, in which both bride and bridegroom drink from one cup of wine, signifying that their union is now irrevocable, is then performed. Should the bride, however, prove distasteful to the bridegroom's fancy, he at once re-locks the door, hands the key back to the man who brought it, and returns to his own house, merely forfeiting the sum he had paid, varying according to circumstances, from six dollars to five or six thousand, which sum the parents retain as their right. This, frequently repeated would soon impoverish any but the richest merchants, and as they are never allowed to see their bride before they open the door of the chair in which she is sent, it is not strange that they should sometimes repent of their bargain. The poor bride, on the other hand, has no such alternative. Kept in confinement until she is marriageable, she is then disposed of to the highest bidder, and dispatched from the paternal roof, where all her life of limited joy has been passed, where the gentle mother, who lovingly

tended her infant years, and guided her childish steps, is left to live out her lonely existence, uncaring and uncared for by the voluptuous father who has, probably, long since discarded her mother for a younger and 'fairer favourite.' The young girl arrives in front of her purchaser's house, and, with breathless anxiety and gloomy forebodings, hears the key placed in the lock and the door turn on its hinges. If, after inspection, his purchase is deemed satisfactory she becomes the property of a new master, to all of whose wishes and commands she must be subservient, her own feelings or inclinations being totally disregarded. So abject is the condition to which the marriage tie condemns a woman in China, that she may be divorced, not only for any levity of manner or impropriety of behaviour, but even for being too sickly, or more than usually talkative."

—"Or more than usually talkative;" and we call these people barbarians!

In Macao there is a little difference in the process:—

"On reaching the house of the intended bridegroom, the bride is shown to a room, where are deposited the boxes containing her trousseau, &c., upon one of which she sits to receive her 'futuro,' closely veiled, and doubtless trembling in every limb. Entering after a few moments delay, fan in hand, eager to behold his purchase, he raises the veil which conceals her features, gazes for some seconds on the bashful maiden, and, if satisfied with her appearance, places the fan at the back of his neck. If, on the contrary, he disapproves of her he places the fan in the gaiter below his knee, and the mortified damsel is taken back to her home. The next ceremony, in case the bride suits, takes place the following day. All the relations of the bridegroom having been invited, tea is made, and the newly married couple serve their guests; the bride being of course the cynosure of all eyes, and open to every kind of criticism. They then go to the joss-house, and all make 'chin-chin-joss.' When night comes on, small candles are stuck about the wooden floor, which, being lighted, the young bride is made to pick her steps between them—a task of great difficulty during the performance of which the guests examine narrowly her poor deformed feet. The last probationary duty imposed on her is that of cutting out flowers, &c., in paper. If she shows herself sufficiently expert in this ornamental accomplishment to satisfy the taste of those who are watching her performance with critical eyes, the general approbation with which she meets probably makes up in some measure for the severity of the ordeal through which she has had to pass."

These two specimens may or may not be attractive to our ideas, but they are certainly curious and something new to most of us in this less business-like and more excitable part of the world.





THE
SOUTHERN MONTHLY
MAGAZINE.

"QUE POSSINT OCULOS AURESQUE MORARI."—*Horace*.

FEBRUARY, 1864.

ÆGLE:

A Tale.—By Gilpie Mosshawke.

CHAPTER XIV.

"I loved thee,
And showed thee all the qualities of the isle."

SHAKESPEARE.

A darkness which hung over the face of land and sea seemed likely to render the approach of the stranger to the vessel of Iphitus without action a comparatively easy matter. Yet he did not appear to be disposed to neglect any necessary precaution for effecting his object with secrecy. Steadily and silently he approached the vessel, using long and powerful strokes which propelled his light boat easily over the surface of the water. The tide was now flowing with a strong current, and the rise of the boat was such as to bring her to a point above the ship, whence she might easily reach it at the proper time. The stranger continued his efforts without pause or intermission, as one who knew neither fatigue in his purpose nor fatigue in his exertions. At length he reached the required distance above the vessel, and now for the first time he rested his labour. Laying down one of his oars he advanced with the other to the bows of the boat, and contented himself with guiding its rise, while the tide was sufficient to propel it. Thus without the slightest noise, and with little effort, he approached the ship, and when within a couple of boats' length of it he dropped his oar, and leaning forward over the bows, and stretching forth his hand against the side of the ship, he broke its impetus and prevented a collision. His

first care was to make fast his boat to the side of the ship, and then, standing close under the vessel's side, and steadying himself with a rope, he listened breathlessly and anxiously.

The sound of men's voices on board the ship was distinctly audible, but he was not able to distinguish what they said. He therefore cautiously raised himself by means of ropes which hung over the vessel's side until he was able to look over and see what was going on within. After straining his eyes for some time he was able dimly to perceive a group of three or four men who stood upon the opposite side of the deck. In the position in which he now was he was able by listening intently to overhear portions of their conversation. One of them had been speaking at some length, and he was now interrupted by another with the query—

"But did you see her face?"

"Nay," he replied, "no one did that but Talus. He had a mind, I suppose, that no one should be bewitched but himself."

"By Phoebus," exclaimed another, "it were well if this witch were drowned before Iphitus comes off to us. How can we expect a good voyage to Troy with such cargo on board?"

"I think Talus will hardly allow that," said the first, "if he has seen her face, and she is such a beauty as is said. He is more likely to be himself bewitched by her, and perhaps he will be for making sail before the chief comes on board, so as to secure the possession of the prize to himself."

"I should hope there is not a man here," rejoined the other, "who would be so false to Iphitus as to obey such an order."

"Of that be sure," returned he; but here comes Talus."

As he spoke the group was joined by another person, whom the stranger knew from the name to be the chief man on board in the absence of Iphitus, and whom he had before observed giving directions concerning the repairs of the ship when she was lying on the beach. This man having joined the party, began to speak in a low tone which was unintelligible to the listener, and the replies of the men were equally indistinct, so that he was for a time unable to guess the purport of their conversation. It appeared, however, from the energetic although low tone in which the discussion was carried on, that an altercation or dispute had arisen; and presently the new comer, raising his voice, said in a key distinctly audible to the stranger—

"I tell you those are really faithless to their chief who permit him to ruin himself when it is in their power to prevent it. Those are his true friends who are determined to save him in spite of himself."

The man to whom this was addressed replied—"If it was only a short cruise, to get rid of this infernal witch we have on board, I should not so much mind; but I would not for the world that Iphitus should get into any difficulties on shore, and find that we had deserted him. Could we not drown this beauty where we are?"

"Do not hope that you could do so here, in these waters, over which she no doubt exercises some spell which would prevent their injuring her. Our best course will be to take her to some other island, and leave her where her witchcraft has no influence."

"If we can get her into waters that will drown her, that will be the best thing we can do with her," persisted the other. "Such witches are best at the bottom of the sea."

"That we can discuss afterwards, when once we get her out of these

waters," replied Talus. "In the meantime do you make preparations for weighing anchor at once."

So saying, he turned away, and the stranger at once prepared himself for action. He was perfectly convinced that the real object of Talus was very different from that which he had stated to the men, and that the pretence of doing Iphitus a service by removing from his reach the baneful enchantress who had so misled him, was only a device to cover his real design of carrying her off and securing her for himself. The movements also of the men in obedience to the directions which had been given, assured him that the vessel would be very shortly under way, and that not a moment was to be lost. Arranging his cloak, therefore, in such a way that he could at a moment's notice either fold it around him or dispose it so as not to interfere with his freedom of action, and feeling that his knife was in its place in his belt, he swung himself up the side of the vessel, and in an instant stood upon the deck. Stealthily he moved along in the darkest places which he could find, all the time keeping his eyes fixed upon the form of Talus, which he could dimly descry moving in a line parallel to his own course. At length he saw him stop at a spot where a light shone obscurely as if through some imperfectly transparent covering. He saw the light suddenly become distinct, and reveal the figure of Talus in the act of raising a curtain. The next moment it again fell behind him, and the light again became dim. Another instant had not elapsed before the stranger stood upon the same spot, and cautiously drawing aside the curtain gazed within. The place was a small apartment partitioned off for the purpose of confining the prisoner. She had evidently not been treated with the tenderness and consideration which Iphitus had enjoined. She was seated on a rude bench, and leaned for support against the side of the ship. Her hands were still confined behind her, and in addition to this her feet had been fastened together by cords round her ankles, so that not only all hope of escape was taken from her, but even the slightest locomotion was impossible. This had been done by the partly wise and partly crooked policy of Talus. He had foreseen what Iphitus in his haste had overlooked. He knew that if Ægle were to be exposed to the curious eyes of the crew, they also might become fascinated by her beauty, and great confusion and inconvenience would result. He therefore judged it expedient to keep her under such restraint as would render the presence of a guard unnecessary; but he was also influenced by other motives. From the first moment that he had seen her face he had resolved, if possible, to win her for himself. Under this motive he had conceived the idea that, by treating her with severity and harshness, in alleged obedience to the orders of his superior, and then by relaxing that harshness as if prompted by his own respectful admiration for her beauty, he would secure a claim upon her gratitude and esteem. It was to follow up this purpose that he now entered her apartment. As he entered her brilliant eyes flashed in the torchlight with the fire of hatred and defiance; but she spoke not. After gazing at her for a moment, he said—

"Beautiful Ægle, my breast is not armed with steel of so hard a temper as that of Iphitus, and I cannot endure to see you suffering any longer such cruel restraint. I come as your deliverer. We are now about to make sail from these shores, and it shall be for you to say whither you will be carried. The gratitude of Ægle is all that I shall ask in return for my services. Shall I ask in vain?"

"How can I answer," returned she, "while these limbs? All that Ægle asks is liberty."

"And liberty she shall have," replied Talus. "I will but trust to her generosity to reward me."

As he spoke he drew a knife from his belt, and at a cords that confined the feet of Ægle. She arose and turned might release her hands also. The moment that he had felt that she once more had the free use of her limbs, she sat down, and fixed her eyes upon him, as if waiting for him. As she raised her eyes to his face they suddenly fell upon him, and immediately became riveted in an expression of expectation. Talus, seeing the change in her countenance, the direction of her glance, turned quickly round. The next moment he was seized by the stranger with a grasp like iron, which he could not resist, and utterly took from him all power of uttering a sound.

The struggle was too unequal to last. Talus was a slender frame, and at no time would have been a match for the strength with which he was now called upon to cope. The essential inequality, was the suddenness of the attack completely by surprise, and gave him no time for adequate preparation. The grasp of the stranger upon his throat was in itself sufficient of all muscular power, and in a few moments he was becoming gasping for breath, and well nigh suffocated. Then, keeping his chest, and his hand upon the throat of his antagonist, he turned to Ægle and said,—

"Now, if you would seize the chance of freedom, assure me this prisoner, ere the vessel begins to move."

The moment the struggle had commenced, Ægle had drawn forth the sharp hunting knife which still remained. With flashing eyes, head thrown back, and arm upraised, holding in her hand the weapon, whose bright blade gleamed with light, and ready to plunge it into the bosom of Talus, she appeared to be required.

Finding, however, that her defender had already overcome his antagonist, she lowered her hand, and on being thus appealed to she immediately seized the cords with which she had been bound, and came to his assistance. They accomplished their task with celerity, and in a few minutes the unfortunate Talus lay bound, and lying on the deck in a state of utter helplessness, unable to move hand or foot, or to raise a sound. Then the stranger looked forth to see how it might be best to proceed further.

As soon as his eyes had become a little accustomed to the darkness, he was able to perceive that a group of men was gathered on the vessel, close to the spot where he had fastened his boat. He feared that the latter had been discovered, and that his means of escape were gone. After hesitating for a few moments in a state of perplexity, he at last resolved upon his course. Throwing aside his disguise, he advanced boldly beyond it, and standing where the light might allow his figure to be seen, but not, as he hoped, suddenly in a loud voice uttered an order concerning the ship. The effect was as he wished. The group of men hesitated to carry out the order, which had been contrived with a view to delay slightly the movement of the

opportunity, he hastily enveloped the figure of Ægle, as well as his own, in the ample folds of his cloak, and with his arm passed around her, hurried her across the vessel, and along its opposite side, where the shade was darkest, towards the boat.

Arrived at that spot, they paused, and the stranger said in a low voice,—"Another moment, and we are safe."

At that instant, a form became visible in the darkness, close at hand, and a voice said,—“Who talks of safety? Who are you, friend, and what have you got concealed in your cloak? By Pollux, none passes here with any suspicious cargo.”

At the first alarm, the stranger had thrown back his cloak, and grasped his knife. With instinctive promptness, and with the swiftness of lightning, Ægle sprang from his side, and before a finger could be raised to bar her passage, she had disappeared over the side of the vessel. But the man who had so inopportunistically interrupted their progress, now laid a heavy hand on the shoulder of the stranger, and raised his voice in a loud cry for help. The firm grip upon his shoulder convinced the stranger that his new antagonist was not to be lightly shaken off, and drawing forth his knife, he made one furious thrust at the throat of his foe, who immediately relaxed his grasp and staggered backwards. The next moment the stranger was in the boat by the side of Ægle, and the current had drifted them several yards from the side of the ship.

“We shall be pursued,” said he quietly, “and as we cannot expect to escape by mere swiftness, our best course will be to try to lead them into mischief.”

So saying, he seized an oar, and by a few vigorous strokes, he brought round the head of the boat, and prevented her drifting with the tide. He had scarcely performed this movement before a loud splash in the water gave notice that a boat had been lowered, and the next minute the regular sound of oars was heard.

“They will overtake us if we make direct for the beach,” said the stranger. “We will make for the bay, where we may hope to leave them to the mercy of the rocks, while our light boat may be able to escape.”

Without uttering a word, Ægle seized one of the oars, and prepared to pull in accordance with the motions of her rescuer. She perfectly comprehended the plan, saw its necessity, and entered upon its execution without fear or hesitation. It seemed indeed a task of no light peril to direct their fragile boat in the darkness of night towards that terrible and rocky coast, whose dangerous character was so proverbial. But the two persons who had undertaken this enterprise did so in the full knowledge of its danger, and in the well-grounded confidence that they were able to manage it with the least amount of peril and the greatest chance of impunity. They were both thoroughly acquainted with every portion of the coast, and with every variation of the tides, and they knew precisely how far a boat might venture towards the bay without losing all prospect of returning. It was therefore with a steady feeling of reliance upon themselves and upon each other, that they prepared to draw their pursuers, if possible, towards this fatal part of the coast.

Anticipating that the first idea of the party from the vessel would be to row with all speed to the beach, the stranger at once adopted a method of attracting their attention, and causing them to alter their course. He threw his oar down into the bottom of the boat with a loud noise, which was borne across the water, and reached the ears of the other party. In-

stantly they altered the course which they had just commenced, and the chase began. When the pursuers heard the sound by which the stranger had designed to attract them, they believed that they had already secured their prey. They knew well enough that no boat could land except upon the smooth beach, and from that beach they thought that they could now cut off their victims. They therefore directed their boat as nearly as they were able, in a direct line towards the rocky projection that separated the beach from the bay. By this means they imagined that they must inevitably prevent the pursued, who were following a line in the same direction, but on the outside of them, from gaining the beach, or force them either to go to destruction in the bay, or to deliver themselves up as captives. So the chase went on, resolving itself not into a trial of speed, as it would have done had the beach been the goal at which they aimed, but simply into an attempt on each side to keep on a parallel line with the other, and within sound of their oars.

And now Ægle seemed to be moved by a strange excitement. As though she considered that the escape, which to a looker-on would have appeared still as doubtful, was already achieved, and that amongst the waves and towering cliffs she had indeed found her safety and her home, she stooped to her oar, and forced it through the water with an ease and skill which proved how familiar was the task; and rising from the stroke, would shake back her long, dark tresses with a wild laugh, which, passing across the waters, fell with a startling and ominous effect upon the ears of their pursuers. Still the chase kept on, and the wall of towering cliff began to loom nearer and nearer through the darkness of the night. Steadily the stranger kept his eye upon the projecting angle, and occasionally would pause in his exertions, and listen for the sound of the oars from the hostile boat.

At length he said: "I think we must not venture much further in a direct line; let us go more quietly, and allow them to gain upon us."

"Who fears?" said Ægle. "Are we not among the wild free waves? On, on! They have not reached the dangerous region yet."

But the stranger raised his oar. "Hark!" said he, "they have stopped. They are in doubt; they fear. We must get nearer to them if we would lead them on."

With a sweep of his oar he turned his boat's head slightly to the right and again they moved onwards. A faint glow, the precursor of the rising moon, had been gradually deepening in the heavens, and it now began to throw a film of light across the face of the waters. As the little boat approached, the larger one became visible to the eyes of the fugitives. The rowers had paused in their labours, and seemed to hesitate as to their course while the boat itself was drifting quietly with the current, unaccelerated and unimpeded by their efforts. In another moment the smaller vessel became visible to them, still moving lightly and steadily towards the bay. With a simultaneous exclamation, they again bent to their oars, and with long and powerful strokes they speedily lessened the distance that separated them from the object of their pursuit.

At length both the boats had reached a point which it was not safe to pass. And now the moon, rising full and round above the horizon, revealed the true situation of each. The boats were still moving in parallel lines towards the upright wall of cliff which enclosed the bay. The smaller boat was on the extreme left, and the larger on the right of it, and between it and the projecting angle of rock which has been before mentioned. The strength

of the current began now to make itself unmistakeably felt, and both parties seemed to have decided that it was unsafe to continue the same course any further. But while the stranger and Ægle simply endeavoured by counteracting the force of the current, to keep their boat stationary, their pursuers, seeing their victims, within what they supposed easy reach, and noticing their apparent hesitation, at once directed their course towards them, and bore down upon them at a steady and rapid pace. Onward they came, their oars rising simultaneously from the water, and dashing from them the spray glittering in the moonlight. At the bows of the boat stood a tall figure, directing the efforts of the rowers, and holding in his hand a spear, the gleam of whose shining head was distinctly visible. Then the stranger said to Ægle :

"In the bottom of the boat lie my bow and arrows ; your hand is as skilful with them as my own, while my arm is stronger than yours to use the oar. The man who stands upright with the spear must not have power to wield it when the distance has been lessened by three boat lengths more."

Thus speaking he stretched forth his hand for the oar of Ægle, while she seized the bow and arrows. To arrange her weapons was the work of a moment, and then suddenly raising the bow, and scarcely pausing on her aim, Ægle released the string. True to its mark, the arrow pierced the leader of the opposite party through the throat. His spear dropped from his grasp into the water, and with a heavy crash he fell back in the boat amongst his comrades.

The moment the shaft was discharged the stranger began with his utmost energy to row towards the rocky projection, keeping at the same time in a line outside of the other boat. Meanwhile the crew, confounded by the sudden catastrophe, and embarrassed by the fall of their comrade in their midst, had necessarily relaxed for the moment in their exertions, and before they could recover sufficiently to again bend efficiently to their oars, the increased distance that lay between themselves and the fugitives, showed the force of the current, and the fearful danger into which they were fast drifting. Conscious of their peril, they at once combined all their efforts to resist the current, and to make their way out of that dangerous neighbourhood. Meanwhile the small boat, favoured by her superior lightness, and by the lesser velocity of the current at the point where she floated, was moving slowly but steadily under the powerful efforts which the stranger continued with practised skill to make. Ægle remained standing with her weapons in her hand, and as soon as she saw that their pursuers had again settled to their oars, she fitted another arrow to her string. It twanged, and an oar fell useless into the water, as another man sank back with a shaft deep in his chest. Again and again did the remorseless archer dismiss her fatal messengers, and as often did a groan or a curse tell how another of their foes was stricken, while the occasional plash of an oar dropping into the water, revealed how weakened must be their force, and how little capable of contending against the tide which had before well nigh matched their united strength. The remnant of the crew, bewildered by these incessant and fatal attacks, at length seemed to abandon all hope of safety, and gazed upon the figure of their fierce but beautiful destroyer, as she stood erect and proud, her form grandly projected upon the orbed surface of the moon, presenting a picture which to the eyes of the wretched men who gazed upon her in mute despair, might well appear the representative of Artemis herself, sent from heaven to command

them in her wrath. But Ægle, seeing that they had now drifted as far from all chance of escape as from the reach of her arrows, relinquished her bow, and with a wild mocking laugh resumed her seat in the boat. In the meantime the current had seized its victims in its resistless grasp, and was carrying them to the inevitable fate. Faster and faster the boat swept on, without an effort on the part of its paralysed inmates to avert their destruction, and at length it overturned, giving time for only one despairing cry to be raised before the waters had closed over the brave and ill-fated crew.

By the time that Ægle abandoned her weapons, the efforts of the stranger had placed their boat in a position of security, and now he rested upon his oars, and seemed to listen for some sound which might indicate the fate of their pursuers. At length their last cry came across the water, to his ears, and then with a deep sigh and in silence he again commenced his labours. These were now easy, for the same tide which a short time ago would have borne him to inevitable destruction, now that he had weathered the projecting rock propelled his boat easily to the smooth beach. Having landed, they drew the boat up out of the reach of the tide, and then, as if by a simultaneous impulse, they both sat down together upon a mass of rock. For a few minutes they preserved a profound silence, but at length Ægle spoke.

"And now, my old and ill-requited monitor, what motive could have induced you to undergo such risk for the purpose of recovering your unheeding and refractory pupil?"

He replied in a tone far different from the gaiety and animation of hers: "My motives may one day be more apparent than they are at present; you may suppose, if you please, that I was unwilling that all my labor should be lost. But, tell me, Ægle, do you think the victory is worth the destruction by which it has been secured?"

"I suppose I must not quarrel with my preserver," she said with a laugh, "if he chooses to overwhelm me with wise discourse. All I can say in answer to your question is that I am satisfied."

"Have you no thought," he returned, "for the lives which have this night been engulfed in yonder bay? Have you no pity for the wives, the sisters, the children they may have left in far off homes?"

Ægle's eyes flashed fire as she answered: "Were they not our foes; were they not hoping to be our captors, and to place once more their bonds upon the limbs of Ægle? No, let them perish, and let the friendly waters entomb all such as they."

"Still as ever," he returned, "bright and sparkling as the wave, cold and flinty as the rock. Shall no ray of divinity ever fall upon your heart, and teach you that you too are human,—are mortal?"

"What," she said, "is it not natural to all who are human, to all who are mortal, to make self-preservation their first law, to hate and revenge themselves upon their enemies, and to rejoice in their destruction? Do not all mankind seek their own happiness before all things?"

"If what I have done for you this night," he replied, "proves that I hold it lawful to strike down all who threaten our safety, it might also convince you that the human breast may be actuated by other motives than those of self-gratification."

"But you I have always looked upon," she said, "as different from the common herd of men. There is a mystery about you which has baffled my curiosity, and, what none else has ever done, won my spirit. The

solitary life you have led, the strange interest which you have ever shown in me, the words of wisdom which have fallen from your lips upon my unheeding ears, all conspire to invest you with a mysterious and exceptional character in my eyes."

"The mystery may one day be cleared," replied he, "but not yet, not until you have learned to look on me with other eyes than those of curiosity and awe, not until you can place in me something of the trusting confidence which my efforts have constantly endeavoured to deserve; not until you have discovered in your own heart some trace of that humanity which is there, though as yet latent."

"I know not," she answered, "what secrets, either of my heart or otherwise, the course of time may bring to light: meanwhile I am satisfied to be once again free, in the neighbourhood of the familiar rocks, and with the wild voice of the wave singing in my ears."

"To me," replied the stranger, "the voice of the wave speaks of many a brave heart and many a bright eye stilled and dimmed beneath it. To you also it may one day sound the knell of the blithe gaiety that now hangs upon you like a robe of light."

"Such ominous language from the lips of one so wise is not to be disregarded," answered Ægle. "If you know of aught that threatens me, I pray you to put me on my guard."

"I know of no particular danger that threatens you," he replied "but this I know,—that the heart may be long stifled in the bosom, but that it will assert itself at last. What nature has failed to do with her gentle influence, sorrow will effect with its envenomed shaft."

"You speak in riddles," said she, "which, though I cannot fully understand their import, yet have a chilling effect upon my mind."

"Have you then," returned he, "so entirely failed to read the lesson which nature ever teaches, and which it has been my constant endeavour to assist you in learning? Has no ray of light yet reached your soul, and is nature yet as deep a riddle to you as you profess my discourse to be? Once more I speak to you, but it may be for the last time. Hereafter Nature will address you in her sterner mood, and show that her countenance is not all smiles and sweetness. If I have watched your career from your earliest infancy, and have taught your childish footsteps to wander over the rugged mountain paths, and to stray into the recesses of the woods; if I have led you into the secret hearts of nature, and striven to unfold to you her wonders; if I have called your attention to the delicate beauty that dwells in the humble moss, or to the joyous music that is heard in the sparkling rill; and if I have endeavoured to make you see the mystery of loveliness revealed in the beams of the western sun, as he throws them upon the hard grey surface of the rock, and the rich foliage of the woods;—listen to me now, and answer me. Do you still desire to live but as you have lived? Have you still no thought of other companionship than that of the wild wave and the screeching sea-bird? Is it still your only aim to make use of that beauty which the Gods have given you, to turn men from their destined path, and to lead them into dishonor and disgrace; or will you quit these regions of wildness, and be guided by me into the scenes of human life, and the sphere of human interests?"

She paused for a few moments, and then looking up, said in a steady voice: "If nature is indeed the great instructress which you represent her, I can but answer with the words which she puts in my mouth. She speaks to me, it is true, but it is with a different language from that which

she addresses to you. Her voice to me is full of lively music, and of free and joyous delight. With her inspiration in my breast I answer you : I do not choose the world of men and women ; I love the scenes of my youth, the music of the sea-bird and of the wave."

He arose without a word, and folding his cloak around him, disappeared behind the cliff.

CHAPTER XV.

His back against a rock he bore,
And firmly placed his foot before :
" Come one, come all ; this rock shall fly
From its firm base, as soon as I."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE moment that the contest was decided, Iphitus hastened to the assistance of his fallen antagonist. He staunched the flow of blood, and dressed the wound to the best of his ability, and then, lifting Philokalos in his powerful arms, he carried him to a sheltered nook under the neighbouring cliff, and laid him upon a spot carpeted with soft grass. Then he began to feel the embarrassment of his position. He could not leave his former friend, although so lately his bitter antagonist, to die without assistance. Such a course was altogether repulsive to the character and feelings of Iphitus, who, although he had lately been hurried by mad passion into a course which he himself keenly felt to be fraught with shame and dishonor, was yet essentially of an open and generous nature. Besides this, he by no means felt disposed to reciprocate the feeling of hostility which Philokalos had so recently evinced against himself. He knew too well how fully that hostility had been deserved, and he felt far more respect for Philokalos since he had seen this proof of his courage and spirit than he had ever before done. To leave him to the chance of such succour as might occur, was therefore not to be thought of, but at the same time Iphitus felt at a loss what course to adopt. He felt that to go to the house of Philokalos, to confront Iothales, and to tell her that her brother was lying wounded and perhaps dying upon the beach, and that the hand which had done this was his, her own deceiver and betrayer, who had added this deed of blood to his falsehood and perjury, was not only a task from which he recoiled in dismay, but was also likely to expose his own life to the vengeance of the servants and retainers of the young chief. On the other hand his own ship lay at some distance from the shore, the boat had gone off, and was not to return until the morning. In the meantime Philokalos might die, and Iphitus felt, in spite of the blind passion which possessed him, that this event, should it happen, would inevitably embitter the whole of his future life. Thus uncertain, he wandered, with vague and uncertain steps, forth upon the beach, in the faint hope that some unexpected help might offer itself.

The lingering twilight was now fast fading away, and darkness was settling over the face of the land and sea. As he stood gazing upon the cold and dark grey waves which the flowing tide was rolling with a ceaseless splash to his feet, the mind of Iphitus reverted in a melancholy mood to the strange events of the last two days. The force and headlong impetus of his passion had in some degree diminished in consequence of the

possession of its object. Ægle, he believed, was safe on board his vessel, and no longer urged by the one exclusive desire to gain this prize, his mind was more open to the impressions which the tranquil shades of night were calculated to produce, and to review the steps of the extraordinary change that had taken place in his own position and views. From the time when he had parted with Philokalos and his sister on the heads, his whole mind had been absorbed and engrossed by the pursuit of a single object, to the pursuit of which his whole faculties had been devoted. Now that object was obtained, the tension of his mind was relaxed, and calm thought began again to resume its power. What was his position? To what depth of dishonor and shame was he sinking? He had perfidiously abandoned and renounced a lady of noble lineage and of rare accomplishments, who had lavished upon him the rich treasures of her love, in firm reliance on his honour and manhood. He had abandoned his character as a warrior of reputation, and, like a licentious adventurer, he had carried off by force and in bonds the woman for whom he had deserted his honorable love. Lastly, his friend, the brother of his betrothed, whose hospitality he had enjoyed, was now lying bleeding, and perhaps dying, on a bed of grass, without the necessary attendance and remedies,—and this too was the work of his hand. Stung by these thoughts, Iphitus turned sharply away, and as he did so, he thought he heard voices.

After listening attentively for a short time, they seemed to come nearer, and convinced that some of the attendants of Philokalos had come forth in search of him, Iphitus at once advanced to meet them and to direct them to the spot. Proceeding a little distance along the beach in the direction of the sounds, he fell in with two men, who said they had come in quest of Philokalos; that a larger party was a short distance behind them; and that they had been sent out by Iothales, who feared that her brother might meet with some danger.

"His danger you are too late to avert," said Iphitus, moodily, "but you may yet be of service. I will conduct you to him." He turned and led the way, and the attendants followed him in silence. On arriving at the spot, Iphitus said—

"Here lies your chief. The sooner you can convey him to his home and procure the help of one who has any skill in healing, the more chance he has of his life. Nay," he continued, "look not on me; it was my hand that struck him. I would that my blade had been less successful, and that I were even now as he is."

Then stooping down over the prostrate form of Philokalos, he gazed intently through the dim light upon his pallid face, he listened to the gasping respiration, and he placed his fingers upon the tremulous and flickering pulse. Then he arose, and said angrily to the servants—

"Can ye not find some poles of which to make a stretcher? Do ye think your master will be cured by a couple of lazy knaves standing and gaping at him?"

The men moved off in a confused manner, muttering to each other as they went. Iphitus remained for a few moments, leaning upon his spear, and again plunged in a gloomy reverie. But he was suddenly recalled to himself by the sound of voices, and then he recollected that larger party of whom the two men had spoken. In his present frame of mind Iphitus would gladly have gone away unperceived. He was in no mood for quarrel or controversy, and now that Philokalos was safe in the hands of his own servants, he had every disposition to effect a quiet retreat. But he had

delayed too long. He was already surrounded by the retainers of the lokalos, who were crowding around with eager curiosity to obtain a sight of their young chief. But they were recalled by the voice of a man who seemed to speak with authority—

"What! shall we waste the time in idle curiosity, while our chief lies stretched on the ground, and his murderer stands here in our midst? Let a proper number attend to their master, and let the rest, if they have any manhood, join me in revenging him."

At once they thronged around him with low murmurs, while the fingers of each with ominous grip began to clutch his spear, his knife, or his staff. But Iphitus, roused by the emergency, advanced a step and waved his spear, while he thus addressed them—

"Hold! and think before ye do anything rash. Your lord fell, it is true, by my hand, but it was in fair fight, and was of his own seeking. I would give my own life if his might be so saved, but I am not one to be meddled with with impunity. Stand aside, and let me pass."

His tone and manner had so much dignity and self-confidence, that the band of vassals felt overawed, and as they remarked his large and strongly-proportioned frame, and his gestures of decision and of command, they began instinctively to fall back on either side as he advanced. But the man who had before spoken came forward boldly to meet him, and crying out to his comrades "Cowards, will ye be frightened by a few big words?" will ye let the murderer escape?" he aimed a furious blow with his spear at the breast of Iphitus. It struck upon his breast-plate, and shivered to atoms, as though it had been dashed upon the face of the neighbouring cliff. Iphitus raised his arm, and in an instant his rash assailant sank to the earth, with the point of the weapon, which had been driven between his eyes, projecting at the back of his head. Wrenching his spear from his prostrate victim, Iphitus again advanced, and this time the crowd gave way, and allowed him to pass. As he stalked through their midst, with his shield slung over his broad shoulders, and his terrible spear in his hand, not an arm was raised, not a voice was heard, but the moment that he had passed, and his form began to grow dim in the darkness, a low murmur ran through the crowd,—it deepened, and then, as if by a common impulse, they rushed forward and threw themselves, a living mass, upon the retreating figure of their enemy. At once a crowd of weapons rang upon the broad disk of the shield of Iphitus, and the impetus of the attack was such that he was compelled to turn upon his assailants, and to threaten them with his spear, while at the same instant he unslung his shield and presented it in front for his defence. Then the combat commenced in earnest. Step by step Iphitus retreated, keeping his antagonists at bay with his spear, whilst his shield caught all the missiles which they incessantly hurled at him. At length he reached an upright wall of cliff, and here he stopped and stood on his defence.

Fearful of the strength and skill which they had already so signally experienced, his assailants hung together out of reach of the stroke of his formidable spear, and adopted such means of harassing him as their ingenuity was able to devise, with the greatest amount of safety to themselves. A portion of them continued to assail him with whatever missiles they could find. Stones and sticks rattled upon his shield and his armour in a heavy shower, whilst those who were armed with spears, reserved them for a favourable opportunity when, either wearied by the desultory attacks made upon him, or thrown momentarily off his guard, an opening might be

made for a simultaneous and irresistible attack. So the contest continued for some time, without any definite result or advantage to either side.

Iphitus, aroused and warmed by the affray, and inspirited by the success of his first stroke, felt his old and familiar love of battle return, and he brandished his spear with the eager desire again to prove its force upon some more daring enemy. But for some time he was constrained to receive quietly the storm of missiles, which for the most part fell harmlessly upon his armour. At length, finding that this method of attack promised little fruit, his assailants resolved upon a bolder step. Five of the best armed, signalling to their companions to cease their useless efforts for a moment, placed themselves abreast, and holding their spears protruded in a line, rushed with one accord upon Iphitus. He received the shock as the cliff receives the waves. Covering himself with the orb of his shield, he marked for destruction the central assailant, who, as soon as he approached near enough, felt the fatal force of his arm. Such was the impetus of the stroke, that the victim was not only transfixed, but the head and a great portion of the shaft of the spear appeared behind his back. Of the other four spears, two struck harmlessly upon the shield, one glanced from the helmet, and the fourth, missing its stroke, shivered to a thousand atoms on the rock. Relinquishing his own spear, which was broken by the violence of the thrust, Iphitus snatched the weapon from the hands of one of his antagonists, and holding it by the middle, whirled it round his head. The handle fell upon the arm of one of his assailants, who had just drawn his knife, and was on the point of striking at some unguarded part, and the shattered limb dropped powerless to the side. The point of the spear was with the quickness of lightning, and almost by the same stroke, buried in the throat of another. The remaining two fled precipitately.

Dismayed by this result of their assault, his enemies seemed in no haste to renew it, and Iphitus began to contemplate the project of forcing his passage through their midst, and making good his retreat. But he considered that if he once gave up his advantage which he derived from the rock behind him, he might, with all his superior strength and skill, be overwhelmed by numbers. He reflected further, that if he left his present position, he would still be at a loss where to go—that it would be necessary for him under any circumstances to remain upon his defence all night, and that he might defend himself in the situation he had taken up until his boat should arrive in the morning, as well as anywhere else. So he resolved to remain where he was with such patience as he might, repelling the attacks made upon him, and taking any opportunity that might offer of inflicting loss upon his adversaries. Finding that they were not apparently disposed to come again to close quarters, Iphitus began to seek for some means of himself assuming the offensive, and his eye fell upon a block of stone which had fallen from the rock above, and lay upon the sand at his feet. No ordinary man would have given this heavy mass a second thought, but the strength of Iphitus was beyond that of ordinary men. Laying down his spear and shield, he stooped and seized the stone with both hands. Slowly he lifted it, and raised it high above his head, and then, poising it for an instant, he discharged it with the force of a warlike engine. It whistled through the air, and fell amongst the crowd, who were unable to avoid it in the darkness. A man received it full upon his head, which it crushed like a nutshell, and then it struck the leg of another, who fell to the earth writhing in agony, his limb crushed and fastened to the ground by the huge fragment which lay upon it. Iphitus was unable to see

the full effect of his stroke, but from the groans and sounds of dismay which came to his ears, he was able to form some idea of the mischief that had been inflicted. He smiled grimly, and muttered to himself, "I think that throw was almost worthy of the Telamonian Ajax. Will these knaves attempt another assault, or have they had already enough?" And so saying he again seized his spear and shield, and awaited the further movements of his enemies. But experience had taught them wisdom. They no longer hoped to overcome him in open fight, and two or three of them gathering together, deliberated what further steps they should adopt.

The result of their counsels threatened Iphitus with greater danger than any to which he had yet been exposed. It was agreed that two of them should, under cover of the darkness, inspect the rock, with a view to ascertain if there were any ledge or foothold upon the face of the cliff above where Iphitus was standing, and from which he might be annoyed. The others were in the meantime to keep his attention engaged by means of missiles, or such other mode of offence as they had at their command.

After a careful search, one of the explorers succeeded in finding a part of the cliff where with much labour and difficulty he contrived to climb a few steps upwards. He now found himself upon a narrow ledge, along which he moved with much care and caution, groping his way, and proceeding inch by inch. The ledge had a somewhat upward course, and the adventurer saw every reason to believe that it would lead him directly over the head of Iphitus. Stealthily and quietly he moved along, but it was not possible to ensure absolute silence. The effort of surmounting a rougher part of the path than ordinary, or the occasional fall of a small stone, caused him to hold his breath and tremble, lest his design should be defeated. At length he approached nearly to the point under which Iphitus was standing. The quick ear of the latter caught at that moment a faint scraping sound above him. With the quickness of lightning, he apprehended the plan which had been formed against him, and began to exert his ready powers in its frustration. But an accident accomplished that which the united efforts of his enemies had been unable to effect. The man above him had stopped to consider how best to carry out his object. Doubtful if he were yet exactly over his intended victim, he cautiously moved a step; he placed his foot upon a loose fragment of rock; it rolled over, and with a loud cry he followed it headlong. Iphitus had just turned his head to listen, the stone struck, fell upon a second ledge; it re-bounded—it struck him on the head, and the strong man sank stunned and senseless to the earth.

Gradually the senses of Iphitus began to return to him. He awoke to a sensation of pain in the head, while his brain swam round, and his ears were filled and deafened with the noise as of ten thousand mill-wheels in ceaseless operation. For a time he was too much confused to think or speculate upon his situation, but at last his mind began to form images for itself out of the disordered impressions which it received from his sensations. He imagined himself to be in the battle-field, the roar and tumult of which were raging around him. He made an effort to move, and again all perception left him. The next time he recovered there was still the same pain in the head, the same deafening roar in the ears. Presently the latter began to abate, and to assume a sound similar to that of the sea. A light breeze passed over his face, and assisted still more to recall his scattered faculties. Surely the sea was surging around him, and the plash of oars came regularly to his ears. He again attempted to move, but hand

foot, as though under a nightmare spell, refused to do his bidding. At length the disorderly images which had crowded upon his mind began to give place to more correct impressions, and he was not long in discovering his true situation. He found himself stretched upon his back in a boat, which was propelled by the steady strokes of oars. His hands were bound closely together behind his back, and his feet were also confined by cords. Unable to move hand or foot, he lay perfectly helpless at the mercy of his captors. And whither, and with what object were they carrying him ?

HORACE.—BOOK III., ODE 9.

HORACE.

Whilst I for Lydia had some charms,
And no more favoured youth could fling
Around that lovely neck his arms :
More bless'd I liv'd than Persia's King.

LYDIA.

Ere Chloë lit another flame,
Ere Lydia's image fainter grew ;
More bright was Lydia's life and name
Than Romen Ilia ever knew.

HORACE.

Now Thracian Chloë rules, a maid
Graceful, and Mistress of the lyre :
For whom to die I'm not afraid,
If so her safety should require.

LYDIA.

With love for Calais I burn,
(The Thurian Oruytus his sire,)
The fear of twofold death I'd spurn,
If so his safety should require.

HORACE.

What if our ancient love return,
And yoke us, long estranged, once more ?
If golden Chloë I should spurn,
And call at Lydia's open door ?

LYDIA.

Though he were fairer than a star ;
More stormy thou than Hadria's sea,
Or than light cork more fickle far,
I'd choose to live and die with thee.

J. G.

THE HISTORY OF THE GOLD DISCOVERIES IN NEW ZEALAND.

Few persons, in speaking of the gold-fields of New Zealand, possess a full knowledge of their extent and importance, and still less of the history of gold discoveries in this colony. It is not too much to say that New Zealand is more extensively auriferous than any known gold-bearing country, in comparison to its area. From Coromandel down to the mouth of the Molyneux river, or for a distance of a thousand miles, gold is found in greater or less quantity, at various points. The progress of discovery has been far greater in the Middle Island, but there is every reason to believe that when the alluvial plains and flats of the Thames and Waikato Rivers are thrown open to the researches of the gold-seeker, gold-fields, rivalling those of Otago, will be discovered.

Gold is now being successfully worked in several parts of the colony. At Coromandel, in the Province of Auckland; at Massacre Bay, and in the Buller, Wanganui, Lyell, and Wangapaka rivers, in the Province of Nelson; at Teramakan, on the West Coast of Canterbury; and over a very considerable area of the Province of Otago. The early history of the discovery of gold in New Zealand is enveloped in a good deal of uncertainty. It is somewhat singular that the Maoris, sprung as they are supposed to be, from the Asiatics of the Indian Archipelago, have no traditional knowledge of the precious metals, nor do ornaments of gold or silver appear at any time to have been in their possession. There is, therefore, fair ground for supposing that Europeans were the first to discover gold in New Zealand—or at least the first to make any practical use of the discovery. As far as the records of the Colony go, gold may be said to have been first discovered in New Zealand in 1842, by a small exploring party under Captain Wakefield, while engaged in examining the country in Massacre Bay for coal and limestone. Several specks of gold, in quantities sufficient at the present day to cause a large "rush" were found, but the discovery seems to have been regarded as simply an interesting and curious accident. When the party returned to Nelson and mentioned having found gold, the story was not considered entitled to much credit and importance, and no attempt was made to verify the statement. It is a singular fact that although the coal and limestone deposits, in the vicinity of which the particles of gold had been found, were afterwards worked by the settlers, no further auriferous indications were noticed by the workers, who probably had not cared to remember the story told by Captain Wakefield's party; and it was not until fourteen years afterwards that the attention of the colonists was again drawn to this locality as a gold-bearing district.

From 1842 until nearly ten years afterwards, the history of the gold discoveries is very vague. A Mr. Palmer, an old settler in the Province of Otago, informed Mr. Pyke, the Secretary of the Otago Gold Fields Department, that many years prior to the settlement of that Province in 1848, a native chief, Tuawaiki by name, had assured him that far in the interior "*plenty ferro*," or yellow stone, similar in appearance to the seals worn by the white men, could be obtained. The country of the Upper Molyneux Clutha River was also indicated by the Maori, as a locality in which the

ferro could be found. It is difficult to reconcile this story with the singular ignorance of the uses and value of gold enjoyed by the Maoris. In every country where gold has been found to exist,—at any rate in such quantities as to occasion remark, we invariably find that the native inhabitants have made some use of the metal, generally, if not always, as an article of ornament. The Maoris are not indifferent to the adornment of their persons, and we know that in the case of the *pounamu*, or green-stone, they took considerable pains to procure substances adapted to ornamental purposes. We are inclined to consider Tuawaiki's story as somewhat legendary.

The year 1852 was marked by the discovery of gold almost simultaneously at opposite ends of the Colony, viz.: at Auckland and Otago. By this time the important discoveries in California and Australia had imparted an increased value to the vague statements of the Maori and earlier European inhabitants of New Zealand, and many attempts were made to discover the auriferous indications reported to exist. In March, 1852, a party of five Europeans, one of whom had worked for gold in California, started in a whale boat up the Molyneux River, in search for gold. They had been induced to this expedition by the reports of some Maoris. The account of this expedition is thus given by one of the individuals engaged in it, Mr. T. B. Archibald, of Pomahaka :—

"Nearly all the Maori residents at the Molyneux, at the time of our excursion, were strangers, having been only a few years in the place. There were only a man and woman who knew the country between the mouth of the River and the Lakes. The man, Raki Raki, had resided on the Wakatipu Lake, but had left many years ago. He left a brother, who had two wives, behind; and who, he said, were the only Maoris in the interior. He told me he once picked up a piece of '*simon*' (gold) about the size of a small potato on the banks of the Molyneux, but did not know its value, and he threw it into the river. They told us they had seen the small '*simon*' on the sides of the river, where three canoes had been lying. On seeing a small sample of gold (which, I think, Mr. Meredith brought down from Tasmania, about the beginning of 1852), the natives were the more convinced we should find it in the sands of the Molyneux. As some of us were on the eve of starting for Australia, we thought we would give the river a trial first, more especially as we had the services of a Californian miner, who had left a whaling vessel in the Bay. We made a party of five, and started up the river in March, 1852, in a whale boat which I brought from Dunedin. We prospected the bars and banks of the river, as far as a creek, now named the Beaumont. As none of us knew anything about gold-seeking, except the American, and getting nothing more than the colour, we resolved to return, after having nearly a three week's cruise; the more so, as the river seemed a succession of rapids, which it was difficult to get the boat through. If our Californian miner had been the practical hand he represented himself to be, I have no doubt we should have been successful at least in getting a good prospect."

In the same year, several specimens of quartz, supposed to be auriferous, were sent from Otago to the New Zealand Society at Wellington; but after a careful analysis, only a few specks could be found, and the opinion was expressed that the discovery was of no value. The discovery of gold at Coromandel in this year (1852), was of much greater importance, and attracted considerable attention throughout the Colony. Small pieces of gold were found in a stream running into Coromandel Bay, and further search revealed the existence of other strong indications of the auriferous

nature of the ground. There were many persons living in Auckland who had worked in the gold-fields of Victoria, and they immediately conceived that the glories of Bendigo and Ballarat were to be reproduced at Coromandel. Auckland went wild with excitement, and a great rush of people took place to the locality of the new discovery. But the work of prospecting was checked by the opposition of the Natives to whom the land in the Coromandel district belonged. The Maoris looked with great disfavor on this sudden invasion by a host of unprincipled and unscrupulous diggers, and at once prohibited the Europeans coming on the land to search for gold. Serious complications would have arisen had not Sir George Grey, then Governor of the Colony, succeeded in concluding an arrangement with the Natives, by which, for a certain payment, the permission to dig for gold was given. But beyond a very partial examination of the district, nothing was done to develop the supposed auriferous resources of Coromandel; and the excitement died out almost as speedily as it had arisen. Gold was found, it is true, but its possession was only secured at a cost of labour and appliances exceeding the value of the metal obtained. Some 1,100 ounces of gold were thus procured after much trouble and great outlay. Of course this process was too unprofitable to last, and the diggings became quickly deserted. It is believed that the Natives continued to find gold in the district after its desertion by the Europeans, but nothing like a systematic search was made. Occasional visits were paid by some of the more ardent believers in the gold-bearing character of the district, and specimens of auriferous quartz were frequently brought surreptitiously to Auckland, where, however, they served only as interesting additions to geological cabinets, all public excitement on the subject having subsided.

In 1856, Nelson was again the scene of further gold discoveries, gold having been found in the Motueka district. This time the rumoured discovery of the precious metal was eagerly caught up, and a large number of anxious gold seekers at once rushed to the spot. But the gold was found to be exceedingly minute in quantity, and quite unremunerative to work; consequently the diggers were not long before they left the place, and Nelson again subsided into its wonted quiescent state.

In the same year, Mr. C. W. Ligar, then the Surveyor-General of New Zealand, and who at present fills a similar position in the Colony of Victoria, wrote officially to the then Superintendent of Otago (Captain W. Cargill) stating that during a visit to the south part of Otago he had found gold very generally distributed in the gravel sand of the Mataura River, and expressing the opinion that a remunerative gold-field existed in that locality. Strange as it may seem, the Pilgrim Fathers of Otago paid no particular attention to Mr. Ligar's statement, and it appears to have attracted but little notice at the time anywhere. Later, Mr. Thompson, the Provincial Surveyor of Otago, whilst engaged on a reconnaissance survey of the Province, found gold distributed over several localities, but he expressed the opinion that it did not exist in sufficient quantity to pay for working.

In the early part of 1857, the Massacre Bay district, in the Nelson Province, again excited public attention, gold having, it was alleged, been found in payable quantities not far from the deserted diggings of Motueka. The new discovery was made by a storekeeper in Nelson, who in company with a man who had had some experience in gold mining in Australia, visited Aorere to prospect for gold, induced thereto by a reward of £500, which the Nelson merchants had offered for the discovery of a payable gold-

field. The two adventurers found gold readily in most of the gullies and places that they tested, and some three or four ounces were brought back to Nelson. The discovery having been made known, a considerable number of persons flocked to the place, and a systematic search took place, which was attended with considerable success. The population rapidly increased, and within three or four months of the discovery, about 1000 persons were working on the spot. A township sprung up, and in an incredibly short space of time, shops, stores, and hotels were erected, and a Custom House established. But during the summer months no provision had been made for the ensuing winter. There were no roads, and the communication with Nelson was unfrequent and tedious. When Winter arrived, it found the miners utterly unprovided against its severities, and great distress ensued. Numbers left, and a temporary falling off in the yield of gold caused a partial rush from the place, and although fair average returns continued to be made, the population never again reached its former number. Some estimate may be formed of the extent and value of these diggings from the fact that up to the 1st October, 1858, sixteen thousand four hundred and seventy-three ounces of gold, the produce of this gold-field, passed through the Custom House.

The richest diggings on the Aorere gold-field were on the Slate River, a stream which takes its rise in the Aatoki range, and afterwards falls into the Aorere. On each side of the river are high precipitous banks, composed of slate, quartz, and granite rocks, 400 or 500 feet high, and mostly clothed with dense forest to the water's edge. The river bed was filled with huge boulders, lying on the top of ridges of slate, which run across the river, and it was in these ridges or crevices, in yellow gravel, that the heaviest gold was found. The cases of individual success were numerous and brilliant, some lucky miners getting as much as a pound weight per day. The gold was traced up into the Anatoki or Snowy range, and heavy nuggets found.

In the latter part of 1857 the Provincial Government of Otago, influenced by the rumour of the existence of gold, offered a reward of £500 for the discovery of a payable gold-field. It is curious to note what the idea of a "payable" gold-field was. The conditions of the reward were to the following effect:—One moiety of the reward to be paid when a quantity of gold exceeding 100 oz. should have been brought to Dunedin or exported from the Province within any one year, and the balance of the reward to be paid when 500 oz. should have been exported. Singularly enough, this reward had hardly been announced when Mr. R. Gillies, Sub-Assistant Surveyor, wrote stating that he and party had found gold in a creek running between the Waikioi and Makerewa bush, and emptying itself into the Makerewa. Their attention was drawn by the very large amount of mica mixed with the quartz gravel, iron-sand, and blue clay forming the bed of the creek. Mr. Assistant Surveyor Garvie also confirmed about this time the existence of gold in Otago. During a reconnaissance survey of the south-eastern district of the province he found traces of gold in the gravel and sand of several streams and rivers. One of the survey party happened to have previously worked on the Australian gold-fields, and his experience was of considerable value in the searches that were made. The gold found was small and scaly, and the opinion was expressed that it existed in several localities in payable quantity. It was ascertained that a man named Peters had for some time been engaged in obtaining small quantities of gold from the sands of the Tokomairiro River, now known as the Wool-

shed diggings, and from which large quantities of gold have been taken.

In March 1858, Mr. Garvie brought down to Dunedin some specimens of gold which he had obtained in the neighbourhood of the Dunstan ranges. The gold was mixed with iron-sand and oxide of tin, and found in every dishful of earth they washed. And yet this district was the site of Hartley and Reilly's great discovery four years afterwards. On the 23rd of the same month, Mr. Garvie wrote as follows to the Chief Surveyor of Otago :—" I have the honor to inform you that while engaged in the survey of the Tuapeka country one of the men belonging to my party discovered gold to be pretty freely distributed even among the surface gravel near the mouth of that stream." Still no public interest appeared to be felt in the discovery. Well might the local newspaper comment on the strange apathy of the people. During this year (1858) gold was also found in the Lindis River, in the north-eastern part of Otago.

The Nelson gold-fields were tolerably prosperous during the year, but a prevalence of very heavy floods, which swept away the tools and appliances of the miners, interfered considerably with mining operations, and the yield of gold fell off. Still fresh discoveries continued to be made, and great confidence was expressed in the permanency of the diggings. In the early part of 1859 several large nuggets were found in the Rocky River, weighing from two to nine ounces. In March gold was found on the Waikaro, for a distance of nearly twenty miles along the bed of the river. During 1860 the population on the Aorere gold-fields suffered considerable diminution, and although the yield of gold bore a very satisfactory proportion to those engaged in the pursuit, there was no excitement, and but little attention was paid to the diggings out of the Nelson Province.

In March 1861, gold was found in sufficient quantity to create excitement, by a number of road makers, in the River Lindis, a tributary of the Molyneux River, in the Otago Province. The gold found consisted of large, water-worn nuggets, about the size of a bean. Immediately on the discovery being made public a considerable number of persons abandoned their ordinary employments for the more tempting and exciting pursuit of gold seeking. Some three or four hundred people proceeded to the scene of the new discovery, but only a small proportion obtained any gold worth the labour and expense of procuring, and in a short time the diggings were deserted by all but a few experienced hands, who managed to earn good wages. Just about this time gold was discovered on the Kakanui, and also near Moeraki. The credit of discovering gold in the Lindis was claimed by a man named McIntyre, who was induced to search for it in consequence of the resemblance the district bore to the gold-bearing regions of California, where he had previously worked. He found gold in small quantities from the Lindis River to the Hamea Lake. In the early part of this year (1861) the Nelson gold-fields again attracted the notice of the colonists. The older diggings were yielding satisfactorily, and several important new discoveries were made. The Rangapeka River was found to be gold-bearing, and the reports spread concerning its auriferous character caused great excitement throughout the colony. The season was, however, unfavourable for mining operations, and the real value of the discovery was not ascertained for some time afterwards. News was also received of the discovery of gold on the west coast, some Maoris having brought to Nelson 27 ounces of gold procured in the most primitive manner. These Natives had picked up a slight knowledge of gold mining on the Aorere gold-field, and on returning

to visit their settlement on the west coast they had fossicked about the banks of the River Buller, and found gold without much difficulty. The gold was found about 25 miles from the mouth of the river. This statement produced great excitement amongst the Nelson people, and despite the very difficult nature of the country between Nelson and the Buller, and the approach of winter, a number of adventurous miners set out for the scene of the new discovery.

In the month of June, 1861, a discovery was made in the Province of Otago which was destined to exercise an enormous influence on the future, not only of that Province, but of the whole Colony of New Zealand. Mr. Gabriel Read had been led by curiosity to attempt to verify the reported presence of gold, and in the course of his prospecting expedition had examined the ravines and tributaries of the Waitahuna and Tuapeka rivers. His only tools were a tin dish and butcher's knife, but in one place he succeeded in collecting 7 ounces of gold for ten hours' work, and obtained gold in payable quantities in various creeks and gullies. At first Mr. Read's statements were received with a good deal of incredulity, but further investigation proved their correctness. The most promising indications were found in the valley of the Tuapeka River, as much as seven pounds weight being procured by one party in a few days with the most simple appliances. The existence of a rich gold-field on this spot was so conclusively established that the Provincial Government felt justified in giving official publicity to the fact, and immediate measures were taken for developing the district and for the preservation of order. Of the results of this publicity much need not be said, as all who then lived in New Zealand will remember the excitement created, and the commotion into which the colony was thrown. The purpose of this article is more particularly to trace the more important discoveries of gold which have from time to time been made in various parts of New Zealand. Following rapidly on the discoveries of Gabriel Read came several others of minor note, and in the early part of 1862 discoveries of gold were made on the Waipori River and its tributaries, and those of Mount Highlay and Shag River. But in August of that year a discovery was made public surpassing in importance even that by Gabriel Read. Two men, named James Hartley and David Reilly, both of whom had worked for gold in California, and one of whom, Hartley, was a most intelligent American and of great experience in gold mining, set out in the month of February on a prospecting tour up the Molyneux River. It appears that they were led to this expedition by the striking resemblance the country of the Upper Clutha (or Molyneux) bore to the gold-bearing districts of California and British Columbia. Their expedition was a hazardous one. The country was difficult to traverse, desolate, and inhabited only by a few shepherds, living miles apart from each other. The prospectors had to use the double precaution of providing a sufficient stock of supplies for the expedition and of not taking with them such a quantity as would rouse the suspicions of men who like themselves were on the look out for fresh diggings. However, they started, and amidst hardships and difficulties of no common kind they penetrated the country of the Upper Molyneux. And richly were they rewarded. They found gold literally paving the bed of the river, and without trouble and with the simplest apparatus they obtained a golden harvest. "We had nothing to do," said Hartley, "but to set the cradle at the edge of the river and keep it going from morning to night, as one could get dirt to feed the cradle as fast as the other could wash it." Several times did their provisions run out, and

they had to resort to many ingenious shifts to conceal their rendezvous and occupation. One of the party would set off perhaps to a distance of fifty, sixty, or one hundred miles for provisions, leaving his partner to go on collecting the precious wash-dirt. These men paid several visits to Dunedin and other places in order to sell gold and purchase horses and provisions, but at last various signs of their being "watched" induced them to return to Dunedin and endeavour to sell their secret to the Government. In the early part of August these men deposited in the Treasury at Dunedin a bag of gold containing 87 pounds weight of gold. They declined to inform the Gold Receiver whence such a splendid haul had been obtained, and led him to imagine it came from quite a different locality to its true origin. Of course the Gold Receiver mentioned the matter to some one else, and some one else to the newspapers, and the public of Dunedin were on the following morning startled from their propriety by the announcement in the largest type that 87 pounds weight of gold had been brought in from somewhere near Waikouaiti. The Government obtained the necessary information from the lucky discoverers on certain conditions of reward. As soon as the locality of the discovery was made public a tremendous "rush" took place thither, and in a few weeks the banks of the Molyneux were lined for miles on either side with thousands of busy miners. The gold-field was named the Dunstan, by which it is still known. Soon afterwards gold was found on the Nokomai River, and in numerous streams and gullies branching from the Molyneux.

In the early part of 1862, the Coromandel diggings again attracted attention. Some fresh discoveries were made, which established the auriferous character of the district, and considerable excitement in Auckland was the result. As soon as publicity was given to the new discovery, a number of miners at once flocked to the spot. But the Natives, with whom at this time the relations of the Government were not of the most satisfactory kind, warned the prospectors off the land, and refused to allow gold-digging to be carried on in their territory. Public meetings were held at Auckland, and the Government was urged to make arrangements with the Native owners for the working of the ground. An attempt was made by one of the then ministry to come to terms with the Maoris, but they demanded so exorbitant a sum for the privilege of working on the ground, that it was feared the negotiations would have fallen through. His Excellency Sir George Grey, however, was more successful, and for an equitable consideration the Natives consented to allow the miners to work. A large number of persons soon assembled at Coromandel, and numerous shafts were sunk into the quartz reefs with which the district abounds. The peculiar nature of the deposit of gold, however, interposed great difficulties in the way of individual effort, and it was necessary to the proper development of the undoubted auriferous resources of the district that the work should be done by means of co-operation. Several companies were formed, and the results of their exertions, if not positively remunerative, were satisfactory, in so far as proving the existence of deposits of gold in sufficient quantity to pay, if worked economically and on intelligent systems. It is a fact, however, that the machinery brought to bear was of a coarse and imperfect character, and the various companies were not strong enough, nor had the shareholders that firm conviction in the auriferous wealth of the district, to ensure success. The disturbed state of the country, and the counter attractions of the untried diggings of Otago, caused most of the miners to leave Coromandel. It can, however, be no doubt that the whole of the Coromandel

del district, and other localities in the Auckland Province, are richly auriferous. No opportunity has yet been afforded of testing the alluvial plains of the Thames and Waikato rivers; but there is every reason to hope that they will yet form the sites of valuable gold-fields.

The Nelson diggings also shared the attention of gold-seekers in 1862. The discoveries of gold reported by the Maoris at the Buller and Wanganui Rivers, drew a considerable number of miners to those places, and the West Coast diggings eclipsed in attraction those of Aorere and Wangapeka. Individual success of a very brilliant nature was common; but the great difficulties and danger of the country, and the unaccountable apathy of the local Government, have, up to the present time, hindered the development of auriferous resources, which there is a fair reason to believe are equal to anything that has yet been discovered in New Zealand. What an impetus might have been given to the progress of the Nelson Province may be fairly imagined by the extraordinary advancement of Otago. Had the Nelson Government used even ordinary exertion to develop the golden resources of the Province, it might by this time have enjoyed a revenue second only to that of Otago.

In the latter part of 1862 and beginning of 1863, large additions were made to the gold-fields of the Colony. In the early part of the year, the rich discoveries on the Wakatipu Lake and its tributaries were revealed. Some of these discoveries were made in the most accidental manner. For instance, a party of miners found gold near the Cadrona in the following manner, as related by one of the party, a man named Grogan:—

"On the 9th November, whilst a crowd of diggers were camped on the banks of the Cadrona, Mullins and myself took a walk to see how that part of the country looked, and in walking along the river, where what I call a slide had occurred, there had been a track formed by the cattle. I being a little further up the creek, sat down until he came up, and he immediately told me that some person must have lost some gold, and produced about four pennyweights that he got on the cattle track. We still continued up the creek, until we thought it time to return to our camping ground; and on our way back he showed me the place, and on searching for more we could get more; and from the appearance of the black soil, we certainly thought it must have been lost by Fox, or some person. . . . On Tuesday, the 11th, after receiving some information as to whereabouts Fox was working, myself and mates were ahead of others; and on coming to this place, I took my 'swag' and laid it on the bank. 'There,' said I, 'is where the gold was got.' Then I walked to the spot, and on breaking up the surface, the first thing that I discovered was a bit of about 3 dwts.; and that afterwards we nuggeted out 9 oz. 6 dwts. 12 gr., which all hands that were there could see."

Probably the richest gold-bearing stream in the colony is the Shotover River, which takes its rise in the lofty and almost inaccessible range of mountains which extend to the North of the Wakatipu Lake. Some of the earlier workers on this and adjacent streams obtained gold literally by the hundredweight, and many of the more fortunate claimholders realised large fortunes. The great drawbacks of this region are the sudden and frequent floods, which almost without warning come rushing down and sweep away the dams, sluices, and other mining contrivances. In winter the greater part of the country, from the Wakatipu Lake right across to the Molyneux, is closed to mining operations, except in the most sheltered spots. The heavy rains and sudden alternations of temperature, ~~cause~~

immense hardships, which in some cases have resulted in great loss of life. But in spite of all these drawbacks, this region is yet the most favorite resort of the skilled miners, and under ordinary circumstances gold-mining in this district is as profitable as it is on any known gold-field in the world. During the last year further evidence of the richness of the Nelson West Coast diggings were afforded, but the lack of encouragement which the miners have sustained at the hands of the local authorities, has hindered and will continue to hinder the development of the country. Judging from occasional cases of success, the Lyell and Buller River diggings are much of the same character as those on the Shotover and Arrow Rivers in Otago, but the utter want of roads, the scarcity of provisions, and other causes have interposed almost insurmountable obstacles in the way of the miners. Gold in small quantity has been found at Teremakau, on the West Coast of Canterbury, but it is questionable whether a payable gold-field exists there. Still, it is possible a belt of auriferous country may be found North of the Awaroa River, and above the Hawea and Manuka Lakes.

There has been much speculation as to the auriferous character or otherwise of the West Coast of Otago, and numerous parties of adventurous miners have explored the country for gold. But the results of many expeditions discourage the idea of finding any gold-field on the West Coast of Otago. In addition to the testimony of the several parties of prospectors, who have examined the country almost the entire length of the coast, we have the expressed opinion of Dr. Hector, the Provincial Geologist of Otago, that the physical structure of the western seaboard of Otago, forbids the expectation of important auriferous deposits. At present the known gold-bearing area of the Middle Island commences to the eastward of a line drawn from the mouth of the Maitai River, through the Wakatipu Lake to Martin's Bay, thence across to the foot of the Humea and Manuka Lakes to the Waitaki River; there is a small strip of country on the Teremakau River that is gold-bearing, and there is then a break until we get to the Buller, and it is supposed that nearly the whole of the streams on the coast line from Cape Foulwind to the Motueka, are auriferous. But the ruggedness of the country is much against its development. Auriferous signs are reported to exist in Queen Charlotte's Sound, but no authenticated account has been given. The known auriferous area of the North Island is confined to the Coromandel district, but there is every reason to believe that the whole of the Peninsula is auriferous, and that rich alluvial diggings will be found in the valley of the Thames, and on the Waikato. Gold is said to have been seen near Raglan, and also in the Hawke's Bay Province. Probably when the North Island becomes more open to the researches of Europeans, gold-fields will be found in places where their presence is not now suspected.

THE LESSON OF THE BARRICADES.

CHAPTER V.

COMMEMORATION Day at Oxford! Who, that has ever had the good luck to attend to the dignified saturnalia of the first university in the world, can ever forget the round of enjoyments afforded. The finest city in England dons at that time her best suit; studies are thrown aside; business exists but in name; and reverend heads of college, grave M.A's., ponderous tutors, and wild undergraduates, all unite to make their darling residence as admired by the crowds of visitors as by themselves. Wonderful to see how scouts are called upon to put out of sight pipes that have lain for months on the mantelpiece; how pictures of "the pets of the Ballet" are stowed away in the recesses of the bedrooms; nay, still more wonderful is the fact that in many rooms smoking is actually interdicted for days previous to the great event. Gowns and caps are looked to with grave faces, as, however characteristic of the wearer a broken cap and torn gown may be, yet they hardly command the praise of mothers and sisters, who in their minds eye depict to themselves their darling in long flowing robes and neatly brushed cap. A new impulse is given to the town as well as the university. Balls have to be given; luncheons, suppers, wine parties, and concerts have to be provided for; lodging-house prices must be raised; and last, not least, the bills of the out-going undergraduates must be carefully looked after. The town has thus "*aliquid amari*" with its enjoyments. Not so the university, with but two exceptions—the plucked and the insolvent. Take away these two unhappy classes, with which, I am glad to say, we have no concern, and every man gives himself up to enjoyment. Those who have pretty sisters talk of them, and those who have not ask every one they meet to breakfasts, dinners, balls, &c., &c. Be it understood that to enjoy commemoration rightly, the weather must be fine, and with a hot July sun shining on the good city, I defy any place to present a finer spectacle than can be seen at the conclusion of the speeches in the theatre, when gowns of all colours, varied by uniforms of the distinguished personages who have received the honorary L.L.D. escort along the ancient streets bevy of young ladies, in all the glories of barège and muslin, previously to attending the concert of the Orpheus Glee Club in St. Peter's gardens.

Commemoration week in 184— was as fine as could be wished. The sunny side of High-street was deserted; the cool walks by the Church, the Botanical Gardens, St. John's, and New College were crowded by searchers after shade, and the confectioners were driven to their wit's ends in the endeavour to make the supply of ices equal to the demand.

Kind reader, let me now introduce you to a breakfast party at St. Peter's. Imagine a long and lofty room, wainscoted throughout with oak, black with age, with two large bay-windows looking into a garden. The walls are hung with prints and paintings in plain gold or oak frames, the most prominent being a copy of Vandyke's portrait of the unhappy Charles I., who, tradition affirms, made these rooms his residence ~~while~~ ^{when}.

Oxford. Down the centre runs a long table, covered with all the materials for an excellent breakfast. By the way I may here mention that Oxford is the only place where that meal is properly recognised. Men may dine or sup in London or Paris, but they breakfast only at Oxford. Pate's & foie gras and game pies jostle each other; cold fowl and spatchcock divide the attention of the guests, whilst at the head of the table appears a boar's head, with a noble collar of brawn for its vis-a-vis. Tea, coffee, and chocolate await the ladies, whilst a row of huge silver tankards, jugs, and long-necked bottles, immersed in pails, denote that drinkables are provided for the males. The bay windows are deep and cushioned, and look out on a noble lawn, some three hundred yards long by about hundred wide, surrounded by rows of giant chesnut trees. The few plots given up to flowers are blooming with the gorgeous red of the geranium, or the delicate pink of the rose. It is early, and but few sounds are yet abroad to drown the hum of the bees as they buzz among the flowers under the window, or among the ivy which creeps up the ancient wall, and the cheerful songs of the birds chirruping from the dense foliage encircling the lawn. Having described as well as I can the scene, let me now introduce some "dramatis personæ."

In the foreground, sitting in one of the bay windows, with one elbow on the sill and her chin resting on her hand, is a young lady who, while enjoying the beauty of the prospect before her, yet seems not averse to listening to the whisperings of a young gentleman who stands near her. She had taken off her bonnet and shawl, and appeared in a plain muslin dress, made close enough to set forth a neat figure, while a small net served to confine a luxuriant mass of true golden hair, a lock of which peeps out from its cage. In the other window a similar scene is being enacted, only that the parties do not seem on such familiar terms, and instead of one, three gentlemen. In the distance sit an elderly gentleman and a lady of middle age, the former wondering when the deuce breakfast will begin, the latter wondering inwardly whether the owner of the rooms had paid for the fittings or not.

After looking for some time towards the garden, the young lady turns and addresses her companion.

"So, Master Harry, you have actually become the successor of royalty in your lodgings, or rooms, whichever you call them. Heigh-ho, you have no business to be half so comfortable; has he, Mamma?"

The elderly lady thus appealed to, no other than the Mrs. Grenfell described in another chapter, shook her head, and shaking a finger at my unworthy self, said—

"I don't blame him for being comfortable, Fanny; but I think he is somewhat too luxurious. There are too many easy chairs (Mrs. Grenfell was in earnest) to admit of hard study."

"Come Mamma," said Fanny, "you must not be angry with him for that at this time. How do you know that he has not borrowed from all his friends, in order to accommodate us." And as her mother looked doubtful she added—"Why, you know, Dick did that when the colours were presented to his regiment, and his room was made into a ladies dressing room."

I regret to say that I was at the time so overwhelmed with the anxieties of hospitality, and fears lest my breakfast should not come off well, that I could only thank Fanny by a whisper without replying to her mother.

In the same tone of voice she replied—"Upon my word, Harry, I shall begin to believe you a muff if you don't fight your own battles. Do say something for yourself."

Just at that moment the door was opened, and the remainder of the guests entered. Before I proceed I think a short retrospect may be allowed me, and in as few words as I can I will rapidly go over the trivial incidents which occurred since the last parting between the reader and myself. A month's country seclusion at Grenfell park had quite restored the use of my arm, while the squire's sound advice and port brought me to the realisation of Horace's wish—

"Mens sana in corpore sano."

In due course of time I entered St. Peter's College, Oxford, and at the period I am now speaking of was in my second year of residence. On one or two occasions I had, whilst passing through town, met M. de la Tibaudière, but Madame de Langleur had disappeared shortly after my accident. Dick wrote to me that he had called at Bridge New Villa about a week after I left town, and that to his disgust the house was to be let. I did not tell him that since then I had received two letters from the lady, one previous to her leaving England, and another but a short time before his very commemoration, announcing her return. The Grenfells, being in town for a short time, had come to Oxford for the commemoration, and in their honour I was giving a large breakfast to every lady I knew.

The new arrivals were the sisters of a St. Peter's man, named Swingfield, and the cousins of a Baliol man who had been in the same house with me at Harchester,—of course with the attendant mammas. The Barkfords, such was their name, apologized for bringing with them an uninvited guest, a Mr. Dashwood, whom they had met at a watering-place in the west the previous vacation. I happened to be looking towards my cousins as the party entered, and great was my astonishment to see the colour rise rapidly to Fanny's cheek, and as suddenly disappear, as the stranger bowed to her and then to Mrs. Grenfell. After a hasty introduction the party sat down to breakfast, and a general buzz of conversation began. Mrs. Grenfell was on my right, and Fanny on my left. Just below the latter was a man of my College, and next to him sat one of Swingfield's sisters. Dashwood was at the other end of the table. Miss Swingfield, I soon perceived, was of the gushing order of young ladies, and expressed her praise of Oxford in superlatives, while Fanny, to whom she often addressed herself, could, I saw, barely restrain the contemptuous smile which was rising on her lips, and answered her very shortly.

"What is the matter, Fan?" I at length whispered. "Something has annoyed you. Tell me what it is."

"How came you to have that disagreeable Mr. Dashwood to meet me? I wish you would select your friends better."

"I assure you I never knew him before," was my answer. "The Barkfords brought him with them. Do you know him?"

"Yes," said Fanny, "we met him at Weymouth last year. Don't talk of him, I hate the little brute; and that simpering young lady, too,—I suppose she's one of your special friends?"

"Why are you so cross with me, Fanny," I answered; "you know I have done and am doing my best to make your stay here pleasant, and yet—"

"Yes, yes, Harry, I know I ought not; but I have a bad habit.

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cousin, and notwithstanding her evident annoyance she fully justified her. She was pretty. There was no feature in her face which you have pronounced handsome, there was merely the tout ensemble of her features, and a winning smile, which first made you think—"a nice looking girl," and end by saying, "Well, she is an unusually pretty girl." I certainly puzzled my brain as to what connection could be between the two, and on further consideration I fully echoed my cousin's sentiments. Dashwood was a good-looking fellow, well dressed, in a easy carriage, and well-bred manner, but what annoyed me was deemed I perceived a certain superciliousness in his manner in the way he looked round the room and called Miss Barkford's attention to the fittings. I determined to pay him off for it, and I soon had an opportunity I did not expect. On the termination of the breakfast I offered him a cigar case, proposing a stroll in the gardens. By the time it reached the bottom of the table it was empty, so, regretting the opportunity I was giving him, I begged Dashwood to open a small cupboard and get out a box. He had no sooner done so than a fierce growl, and a rattle of a chain were heard, and Dashwood withdrew his arm in a oath—

"What do you mean by this, sir?" said he, turning to me ashy pale, his coat sleeve hung in tatters. "Confound you, sir—"

"Hush, sir," interposed Mr. Grenfell, "remember there are ladies present."

"A thousand pardons! but really these practical jokes tax the temper." Dashwood broke in—"I must really apologise; but I had no idea the dog was in the cupboard. It is a favourite bull-terrier, and when I told my cousin to put her out of the sight of the ladies, I certainly never thought he would have selected my cigar-cupboard as her kennel. Can I lend you a

My apology was received with a very bad grace, and Dashwood left the room as we sallied out into the gardens. At twelve o'clock we entered the Banquet Hall, and the entry of the ladies was the signal for the usual of "Three cheers for the lady in pink!" "Three cheers for the blue!" &c. My cousin was especially distinguished, as she received an ovation, not only as the lady in the green muslin, but also as "The lady with the golden hair." The proceedings went off capitally; the proctors were present, and consequently were not hissed. Three or four distinguished gentlemen and foreigners received their honorary degrees, and the usual lot of bad English and Latin was spouted by the fortunate gainers of prizes. A luncheon in the hall of St. Peter's followed, and then we went to the gardens, where a large marquee was pitched, in which the most elegant and reverend Dons dispensed iced cups of all descriptions to all. Part of the elegantly-dressed company devoted their attention to the dances of that most exquisite of all Choral Societies the Orpheus Club, whilst all around could be heard the welcome greetings of old college friends meeting again after many years.

"Jack Longstreet! is that you?" literally shouted a dignified personage in a scarlet gown to another dressed in the every-day costume of the day.

"They told me you were killed in Afghanistan." "I got a bit of it, my dear old boy. Come with me, and I'll introduce you to my wife. What are you doing now?"

"Mine's here too—I'm an Indian Judge; and you?" "I'm still at the old trade—I'm a Colonel."

Such and such like recognitions met my ears as I was taking Fanny to a shady bench under the chesnuts, where I meant to find out how she had got acquainted with Dashwood. We sat down, and I asked her a question point blank.

"I met Mr. Dashwood at a ball in Weymouth," was her answer, "and danced with him several times. Shortly afterwards a very nice French lady came to the place, and Mr. Dashwood behaved very rudely to her. She was alone with only her daughter, and had to appeal to a gentleman we knew, who I believe inflicted the punishment this Dashwood so richly deserved. We knew nothing of this; and as he was very attentive to Beatrice and me, we used to get much quizzed on this subject. However, one day I met this lady—a Madame de Longueville—such a nice person, as she told me about him. Since then I have never set eyes on him. By the way, did you ever know Madame de Longueville abroad? She found out you were my cousin, and asked me a lot of questions about you?"

"What was she like?"

"Tall, very dark hair and eyes—a most beautiful woman, with rather too masculine an expression of haughtiness in her features."

"Yes," I said, "I think I knew her." In my mind no doubt existed as to the identity of Madame de Langeur and Madame de Longueville.

"Do you know where she is now?"

"Gone back to France, I think. How is it you never said anything about her to us? Tell me, Harry, are you—what shall I call it!—spooney in that matter? Ah ha! mon cousin, have I caught you? You're blushing, Harry!"

"You are talking nonsense," said I; "but tell me, did you ever meet Duk?"

"Duk? No. Why? What makes you ask such a question?"

"Oh, nothing; only I know how susceptible Duk is, and if he had met such a paragon as you describe"—

"I did nothing of the kind; and I insist on your immediately telling me all you know about this lady. Now, Harry, you know I am accustomed to be obeyed, and if I do not hear all about her before I leave this bench, not one dance shall you have with me at any of the balls to which we are asked."

"It's too long a story, Fanny," I said.

"There is a story then? Well, long or short I must hear it. Come somewhere where you can smoke your cigar, and tell your cousin, who you know has a deep interest in anything that affects those two scamps her brother and her cousin."

We turned down one of the walks, and after obtaining a promise of secrecy, I divulged whatever I could without breaking my oath.

Fanny's countenance altered very much during the recital, and at the end she turned to me—

"Harry, I did not give you credit for so much pluck and spirit; but I hope you have given up your absurd ideas."

"Absurd! My ideas absurd! Because the conduct of the men employed to work out a good result is bad, is that any reason why the ideas from which it proceeds should be absurd?"

"You have distressed me very much, Harry. Do you dare to tell me that one of our race is disloyal to his Queen?"

"I do not acknowledge the sovereignty of any one individual."

Fanny stopped and with a heightened colour looked me full in the face.

Then of a sudden she dropped on a bench, and the hot tears came gushing out of her eyes.

Oh, Harry, you grieve me so. Do for your own sake, for my sake, at once dissolve your connection with these men. If not, you will break your mother's heart."

"My father and mother seem to have got on very well without me for a long time, so I do not suppose any proceedings on my part will affect them much."

"But you do not consider us; you are looked upon as one of us. Papa I know loves you as if you were his son; and think of his feelings when he, the thorough Conservative English country gentleman, hears that his nephew, of whom he was so proud, is associated with a band of midnight conspirators. Oh, Harry, Harry, do, I pray you, consider what I say."

I looked at the poor girl as she sobbed out her appeal, and I felt touched to the heart. I felt that happen what might, I could not tear myself away from the society of my cousin. I now began to perceive, for the first time, that whatever influence the lovely countenance of my French friend could have obtained over me, it was not to be compared with that exercised by the artless Fanny. I saw how thoroughly she was imbued with what I considered old fashioned ideas, and what a struggle she had between them and her regard for me. Was it more than regard? And I attempted to analyse my own feelings with respect to my old playfellow. It was in vain that I tried to keep up the cold argument. Fanny was weeping. She the lively, merry-hearted girl, who had looked forward with such glee to her trip, was now evidently plunged in deep grief, and I was the cause.

"Fan, dearest Fan, for heaven's sake compose yourself," said I, "and I promise you that I will do my best endeavour to wean myself from the society of the men—on one condition. Do you think that your love for Cousin Harry is sufficient to enable you to give him a favourable answer when he asks you to share his future fortunes?"

"Oh Harry!" was at first the only answer. Then suddenly brushing away her tears, she rose, and in a firm tone of voice answered my question.

"Only give up this unlucky youthful folly of yours, Harry, and if Papa casts no objection in the way, when the time comes that you can claim me as your wife, I—Harry, dear Harry, I would lay down my life to save you from trouble."

She made a violent effort, and spoke again in forced calm tone—"We are both too young yet to speak of such subjects; but if you continue in the same mind, and do as I wish you, ask me when the time comes, and I am yours. Please take me back to mamma—I feel faint."

It was with great difficulty I could regain sufficient composure to walk back again to the lawn. The heat formed a sufficient cause for the headache of which Fanny complained, and good Mrs. Grenfell bustled off with her daughter to their lodgings, whilst, sick at heart, and unable to mix in the gay crowd that surrounded me, I went back to my rooms, vowing that Fanny's warning should be attended to. I mused deeply over the transactions of the day. I remembered how in my boyhood Fan and myself had always taken each other's part—how she had been the recipient of all my little secrets, always excepting the one I felt bound not to reveal—how her preference for me had even excited the jealousy of her brother; and, I exclaimed as I rose from my seat—

"By heavens! I will follow the dear girl's advice. She has saved me and now I know why her image was so constantly in my thoughts. For her sake, good bye to Mr. Ribaud. I will write to Madame de Lange. She can get me clear." And with a joyful anticipation of the future, I rejoined my uncle in the garden. I did not then know the force of circumstances.

CHAPTER VI.

THE rest of the week passed off amid the usual never-ceasing round of amusements. Mr. and Mrs. Grenfell were fairly knocked up, and even Beatrice confessed that three balls a night for four months was almost too much. Fanny did not take her usual interest in what was going on, but the elasticity of her youthful disposition, and a renewed promise on my part to use my best endeavours to change my ideas, brought her back to her habitually high spirits. One thing she insisted on which astonished her father. She positively refused to go abroad that summer, saying she wanted to see the Lakes of Killarney, and insisted on my accompanying the family thither.

The Squire gave way in this as he did in most things to his pet child, and I returned to town with the party. I need not relate how we did the lakes, how we ate salmon at Glenna, climbed Mangerton, awoke the echoes of the Eagle's Nest, and wondered at the delicious beauty of the scenery.

Our tour then took us through Galway, and after a short stay in Dublin, the Grenfells went back to Dorsetshire. I returned to my lodgings in town with the intention of reading hard, as the next year I had to take my degree. One evening, as I was puzzling out a chorus in Aristophanes, the servant knocked, and informed me that a gentleman wanted to speak to me. I bade her show him in and he walked upstairs. The man was a perfect stranger to me, and from his dress—a tail coat, and black waistcoat and trousers, and a certain uneasiness in his manner, I put him down as a small tradesman. What was my horror when, after seeing close the door, he gave me one of the signs I had learnt in Paris.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" I exclaimed, a dread coming over me that I was once more entangled.

"My name, sir, is Peter Porklington, and I have come to invite you to attend this evening a meeting of British workmen to draw up a petition for the charter we require."

"I will do nothing of the kind," was my reply, "you see how busily I am engaged."

"Ah, my dear sir, said the emissary, "pray reconsider your decision. We want you especially as you are said to be most eager in favour of pacific demonstrations, and we have with us many hot heads who would plunge us into mischief."

"Most certainly I object to any violent measures," I answered. "What I have seen in my boyhood, and what I apprehend will happen, makes me shudder. Tell me frankly what is your purpose this evening?"

I was rapidly falling into my old ideas. The thought that I might possess influence enough to prevent any rash explosion on the part of an ignorant assembly touched my vanity, and made me blind to the fact

that I was deliberately breaking the promise given to Fanny. I mused for some time without giving any answer to Mr. Porklington. "After all," I thought, "I am going on an errand of mercy. I can tell these men the traditions I have heard in Paris of the horrors of the Revolution. I can shew to them how their passions, once indulged in, will defeat their own ends; and this our meeting over, should my endeavours fail, I will break off all ties with the Revolutionary Committee."

Mr. Porklington saw my hesitation, and urged all the arguments he could string together, to induce me to attend the meeting, and I must do him the justice to say that he found out my weakest point, and artfully flattered my vanity. He drew an alluring picture of the effect produced by the presence of one who, even at a tender age, had distinguished himself in the cause of Liberty, and of the advantage which would accrue to the peaceful portion of the society, by my urging the necessity of slow but persevering endeavours to obtain by negotiation what would be difficult to acquire by force. In short he, a greasy, ungrammatical tradesman, taking advantage of my vanity, wound himself round me, and persuaded me against all my good inclinations and resolves.

"When is the meeting, Mr. Porklington?" I asked.

The small grey eyes twinkled, and a half hidden smile of satisfaction came over the face of the emissary, as he answered my question.

"We have half an hour to spare and no more."

"Very well, then, I shall be ready in five minutes."

I went to my bed-room, and in order to be ready against all contingencies, took the precaution of slipping a small American pistol into my coat pocket. We drank one glass of wine, and then set forth. The walk reminded me forcibly of the one I had taken with de Maurigny, and I wondered what had become of him,—of young Lautour,—of the boisterous Arnaud. Then came over me the old horror I used to experience at any thought connected with the fatal shot in the Rue Dix Sous, and again I mentally swore that unless in actual self-defence I would never raise a weapon against a fellow creature. We walked to the place of meeting—a dirty house in one of the grimy back streets of Lambeth. The majority of the assembly consisted of men called by the orators who addressed them, "the hardy sons of labour." Among them were many of the same class as Porklington, and I was thoroughly disgusted on seeing that I was the only gentleman present. The pride of race revolted at the association with such "canaille," and had it not been for my determination to instil principles of peace into the minds of the meeting, I would have left the house at once. As it was, I stayed and listened for about an hour to some of the vilest trash it has ever been my lot to hear. The speakers all agreed in one thing—they denounced the Queen, the House, and the Government; but they proposed no plan, till one man arose and unfolded the purpose of the meeting. We were all to sign a monster petition, embodying our grievances, and present it to the House of Commons. In case of refusal, we were to be ready to support our cause with arms. In due course I rose, and, while deprecating all attempts at violence, I still supported my old theory of Republicanism. As I warmed with my subject, I declaimed myself against the institutions of the country, and though I did not absolutely advocate the dethronement of the Sovereign, I hinted that

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my family had had hardly any tokens of love shown to me since I was a child, now found that I had an object in the world; that whatever might happen, I had, to take my part, a fond dear girl, who, being filled the cup of love to the brim, would run any risks to prevent its being dashed from her lips; and I also saw that my future happiness was now in the balance. Not a moment was to be lost. I would start at once for Grenfell Park, implore Fanny's forgiveness, and venture at any risk the course I had entered. In this mood I opened uncle's letter.

"Sir,—I received this morning the enclosed. If you can disprove it will make no alterations in my sentiments towards you, but, if true, I must never see your face again. I can hardly believe that a nephew of mine could be found a traitor to his Queen and country; but if you cannot deny the facts alleged against you, I will, in consideration of your relationship, consent to withholding the information given me, until such time as may be sufficient for you to leave the country. If you are guilty, never come near me, or my servants shall turn you out of my grounds.

"R. GRENFELL."

The enclosure was merely a statement that it was requested that Mr. Grenfell would ask Mr. Cancellor as to his doings on the night of the 16th September, and informing him that the gentleman in question was at a Chartist meeting, and was afterwards seen in the custody of the police for drunkenness. Not one word of the imputation could I deny; and as the angry blood flowed fiercely to my cheek, I decided that none but Dashwood could have been guilty of this base treachery. My very words were repeated, and I remembered that I had seen a memorandum book in his hand. My mind was soon made up. Mr. Grenfell's letter prevented me from following Fanny's instructions. Dashwood had ruined my prospects; revenge was now my only course. The only question was how it could be brought about. I went straight to the address Porklington had given me, a grocer's shop in Holborn. The door was behind the counter, weighing out sanded sugar with composure, and when at liberty I asked him plainly whether he knew where *as de la Ribaudiere*.

"If in London, he is in the house in West Court, Leicester square."

I muttered my thanks, and drove off thither, cursing my stupidity for not having gone there first. To my delight Ribaud was at home, and on seeing me greeted me with a cordial smile.

"Ah! mon jeune ami, once more we see you. Well, your English proverb says 'better late than never.' Can I do anything for you? You look pale; what is the matter?"

"Mr. Ribaud," I answered, "I have discovered a traitor,"—he started—"and I wish to punish him."

"Perfectly correct, Mr. Cancellor; and who is the individual?"

"I know not who the guilty party actually is who introduced the traitor to our meeting, but a Mr. Dashwood has revealed what passed on the 16th in Lambeth, and I know that information will be lodged against me."

"*Sacré tonnerre!*" muttered Ribaud, "we must prevent this."

"That is what I intend doing."

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donic grin every now and then stealing across his countenance shed me covering sheet after sheet of paper. At last he rose—"e, mon enfant," said he "you must be steady in the morning, ribe early hours. Go to bed and sleep. At five I will wake l night. Courage, mon gargon."

to bed, and strange to say, slept soundly. I fear very much bled sleep and uneasy dreams are oftener found in novels ality. I have seen men who, aware that they were enjoying sleep on earth, yet slumbered tranquilly;—I have been in the n army knowing that on the morrow they were to attack the d I never saw one man's repose disturbed. Pity it is that so as introduced by writers should prove such utter fictions. ot act in real life as novelists would have them do. Properly I ought to have sat up the whole night bewailing my (promely fate. I did nothing of the kind. I slept as quietly as a voke by Ribaud.

e everything ready," said he, "the passports are made out, assage taken by the Boulogne steamer which sails to-morrow. ve to do is to be steady."

the previous day bought a small gold locket, in this I placed air, and gave Ribaud instructions to forward it to Fanny in ing happened to me. He promised to fulfil my instructions, arted, Ribaud having carefully superintended my toilet and my even putting on a shirt collar. During the drive he kept nto me various instructions as to the conduct I should pursue, on perceived he was addressing heedless cars. My mind was n Dorsetshire, where I felt certain that my dear cousin was f me and praying for my return from the evil courses I had to. Then, as I thought of that happy home from which I ed, the thirst of revenge came upon me, and my hatred for became redoubled. We soon reached Battersea Fields, then spot, the only house being the Red House, of pigeon-shooting

My adversary soon appeared, attended by Stanley and ntleman, who was introduced as an Assistant Surgeon in the The preliminaries were speedily settled, and as we took our welve paces from each other I noticed with an infernal joy wood's cheek was pale and that his hand was shaking visibly. to fire together, at the word "three," to be given by Stanley, ntly deeply agitated, gave the words "one—two—three" in tone of voice. At the last sound of the word both pistols

I heard the whizz of a bullet near me, and knew I was safe. shwood. With a deep groan he fell heavily, and lay moaning und. Stanley raised him up, and the doctor proceeded to he wound, whilst I stood by distracted between joy at my nd remorse for the deed. Ribaud meanwhile congratulated behaviour. The doctor shook his head.

a bad case," he said, "I don't know whether the ball has the lungs or not; I hope not. In any case you had best ur own safety."

Ribaudière took my arm and hurried me off to my lodgings, packed up some clothing, and when he had done he asked me y money I had. I told him I had a couple of hundreds in

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LAZY LITERATURE.

NO. II.

ON AN ACTIVE LIFE.

I SUPPOSE it is generally admitted that the two wisest men the world ever produced were Solomon and Shakespere; for my own part I prefer the latter but am not at all bigotted on the subject. If it is not admitted I give fair warning that I am not going to argue the point; to my mind, and I should imagine to every other enlightened mind, nothing appears more absurd than the prevalent system of arguing points; no one is ever convinced, but every one gets very red in the face, speak very fast, and withal very indistinctly, and gets generally hot and incoherent. Far different I take it is the course marked out by true philosophy for its followers—something I should say, on this wise: You agree with me, well, you are a very intelligent and rather talented man (or woman), and I find your society improving and elevating. You disagree, I don't argue; you have my good wishes, you are not quite the man I thought you, your views are, perhaps your mind is, narrow, and in short, disagree my dear fellow and be boiled to you, you certainly will not disturb my serenity of mind by your want of wisdom.

But to return; I think I was supposing it generally admitted that Solomon and Shakespere were the two wisest men on record, and having no fear of contradiction I shall continue to do so. The thing which perhaps I feel the deepest admiration for in these two great men's writings is the detestation which I consider them both to have about equally shewn for all undue and unnecessary excitement and exertion. Perhaps the Hebrew king speaks the most feelingly on the subject as he had doubtless in his younger days tried the sort of thing and found it—mere vanity and vexation of spirit. But it is quite as fully recognised, I imagine, in the more modern poet,—Is one of his heroes very mad? he at once takes to extravagant activity; does one of them arrive at a state of enviable happiness? he at once tests the *Dolce far niente*. What is more difficult than to imagine Solomon in any other position than that assigned to him by all the wise old painters, of being seated at his ease in a huge arm chair—they omit the stuffing which I would lay a small bet *he* did not—with one elbow upon each of its arms, his legs well stretched out before and his body thrown well back in the chair behind; in short, in a position which could only be improved by a long clay pipe, or perhaps a hookah, a thing which his wisdom was much in fault for not having discovered. As for Shakespere, can any man seriously assert that he ever imagined that great poet in any other position than one of serene repose, either indulging in a calm smile over his flagon of sack at the Boar's Head, Eastcheap, or still more at his ease in the quaint old garden at Stratford? If he can, he misunderstands Shakespere wofully, and I forthwith give him up as incorrigible.

Modern times have produced many admirable changes, but this spirit of exuberant excitement and exertion spoils everything. Just

imagine an insane popular writer, as I have actually found one, professing (hypocritically, let us charitably hope,) an intense admiration of Longfellow's "Excelsior," as embodying the true spirit of the age, and not as the poet meant, a biting satire upon the chief vice of the period. Let us fancy the spirit of the age as exemplified in the young man of the poet, regarding whom the only reasonable view is that he was a want of gentle care and restraint, but had no relatives to see that a proper certificate of lunacy was made out for him. Fancy him, just as it was growing dark and no doubt was very cold and damp, rushing through an Alpine village with a flag tied to a stick and emblazoned with the word "Excelsior." "His brow was sad," and no wonder; if the poet had added that his hand was stiff, his feet covered with chilblains and his nose more than slightly blue, the loss of poetical effect would have been amply compensated by the fidelity to nature displayed in the picture. Can anything be more plainly indicative of at least temporary insanity than the poet's picture of the crazy youth hearing the common sense warnings of the old man and the peasant, and still more of the young lady (we will suppose it to have been Leap year) and answering them all with an insane ejaculation in the varied forms of a shout, a groan, a growl or a whine of the word "Excelsior." Poor little fellow I have always thought it a pity the peasants didn't put him in a good strait jacket at once, in which case he might have quietly ended his days in Bethlehem hospital with a pocket handkerchief tied to a staff and scrawled all over with "Excelsior" or anything else he liked, instead of being dug out of a cold snow heap by a dog, and laid out to dry before a fire, by the Monks of St. Bernard, like a wet blanket.

And this is supposed to be an embodiment of the nineteenth century spirit. In that case, all that can be said is that it is a very insane spirit indeed, and the sooner the nineteenth century improves upon it the better. The worst of this is, that there is some foundation for the obnoxious charge against us. We are always countenancing such absurdities by our way of talking, and too often even by our way of acting. All the analogy of nature is against us. Is any one weak enough to suppose that Dobbs's wise looking old horse would not greatly prefer contemplating life from the paradise of the grassy slope of his own peculiar paddock, to toiling up its steep with a cart attached to his much-enduring back unless it were for that truculent old driver who with unmitigated ill-taste insists upon his doing so? The horse, in fact, is a philosopher, and Dobbs is none.

Only once had I cause to doubt the truth of my theory, and I found eventually that the seeming exception merely strengthened the rule. My friend Smith had some how become possessed of a dog which rejoiced in the name, not more euphonious than appropriate, of 'Growler.' That animal was, I admit, a "wonder and a terror." To some I believe his proportions appeared to entitle him to the further credit of "a beauty." But not so with me. To my mind he was a constant nightmare—like an enigma of horror from the sky-pointing tip of his nose to the insanely rigid and frightfully pointed tip of his all but hairless tail. So abnormal did the animal appear to me in all his developments that I confess to having at one time believed him possessed of a hopelessly energetic temperament by nature. My mind refused to shake off the impression that he felt happier when barking in a frantic and suicidal manner than when lying peacefully in his kennel. His eye, which was decidedly red,

seemed to have a restless tendency to take stock, as it were, of the limbs passers-by with a view to ulterior purposes of mastication. His mouth assisted upon watering in a manner much more suggestive than pleasing. And even a lofty philosophy could not at all times utterly dissociate the in which rested perrenially upon his features from the vision of some d gentleman's leg placed within that magic circle round which Growler as wont to make frantic pilgrimages in a half choked state. Together that dog from the point of his nose to the last hair upon the tip of his horrible tail appeared to be one mass of superfluous, I may say of painful, activity.

Of course I told Smith he was mad; a proposition indignantly denied by that gentleman.

"What will you bet?" said Smith.

"Nothing," I replied, deprecatingly, "betting is far too fatiguing in exercise to be voluntarily undergone by a wise man."

"What will you do, then?"

"Rest in the calm conviction that time will prove me correct."

"Rest in a fiddlestick!" suggested Smith.

"No thank you," I replied, "but on a sofa, or, when there is no dew, upon a grass plat."

The subject dropped, but I was right; that dog was certainly mad. Some months afterwards I enquired after Growler's health by letter in a delicate way, and heard in reply that he was no more. It appeared that after my visit he became rapidly more energetic in his general demeanour; made a point of performing more revolutions in his somewhat confined orbit within the hour than formerly; shewed an even greater partiality for the calves of the passers by; and made himself generally odious to all comers. This could not last in the nature of things, or at least no mere iron chain could be expected to do so. One afternoon, while Growler's wrath was greatly kindled against the milk-maid, who passed as he thought improperly wide of his chain, that truly valuable piece of mechanism, having endured beyond all reasonable expectation, snapped, precipitating Growler upon the dairy-maid, the dairy-maid upon the ground, and the full milking bucket upon a quiet family of young pigs enjoying the beauties of the evening with all that philosophical calmness of demeanour so characteristic of the animal when not unjustly deprived of its daily food. The occasion was trying. The milk-maid screamed; the pigs screamed; and John the gardener, who was never suspected of having the slightest sympathy for Growler, while he was more than suspected of a (to use the mildest expression) Platonic friendship for the maid, used expressions whose vigour could only be considered excusable owing to the peculiarity of the circumstances.

Either moved by the noise, or urged by his own frantic energy of character, Growler, without waiting to see what would happen, made off down the village street, upset three women and four children, and seriously damaged the Vicar's best knee breeches by covering them with mud from the nearest gutter. The confusion was of the direst character. A general impression got abroad that he had bitten some one, and as a matter of course it followed that he was mad (certainly nothing short of madness can be taken as accounting for such a mistake as an assault upon the Church in its tenderest point); whether it was true or not, it was sufficient to sign Growler's death.

warrant. Seized by his master, he was dragged with horrible infamy back to his kennel, and underwent on the way various forms of corporal punishment. The village propriety had however been disturbed, and was not to be restored to its pristine state of perfection at a less cost than Growler's sacrifice. A deputation waited on Smith to urge these facts upon his notice, and was invited by that gentleman to go elsewhere—farther certainly than their village home, and if I mistake not into a very tropical climate. Next morning Growler was found quiet at last, stretched at length in front of his kennel—dead. Smith says he was not mad. I reply he might as well have been to all intents and purposes. He behaved as such; public opinion voted him mad; and he sleeps in a mad dog's grave, quietly, I am thankful to say, at last.

I fear I somewhat digress, however, Growler's case being merely introduced by the way, to show how absurd the popular ideas of superfluous activity and energy being requisite for men necessarily are. Can anything be more horribly absurd than the high value put upon such phrases as "a very active man," "a most active man?" I am not an active man, and don't pretend to be. I don't lead an active life, and I thank my stars that I have no call to do so. But if by any unhappy chance I were an active man, or were reduced to the miserable necessity of leading an active life, I still hope I should have the good feeling and philosophical spirit to be ashamed (not excessively, of course, that is fatiguing) of myself and it. What sort of being, in the name of all that is serene, is suggested to my readers' mind when he hears of an active practitioner! To my mind the vision is plain enough. A man in black, of course (appropriate and genteel); whiskers largely developed; beard violently shaved, so as to let each individual hair struggle frantically to show a serried point on the blue chin; nose thin and sharp; hair brushed fiercely back, so as to show as much of the head as possible, which is usually much swollen in appearance, a fact of which your active practitioner is loftily conscious. Add to all this an intolerably excited and frantic walk, which always leads me irresistibly to the conclusion that King David must have had one of these gentlemen in his mind when he spoke of people's feet running to mischief and making haste to shed innocent blood.

Let any one reflect upon the picture presented to his mind by almost any active sort of person he can mention. There is the active clergyman, who makes inquisition into the causes that have kept you from church last Sunday the first thing on Monday morning. The active lady in the parish, who makes the strictest investigation into the contents of each cottager's pot, and keeps a mental register of the exact thickness of dirt upon each infant's face, and the number of times Mrs. So-and-so manages to wash the children's linen and flannel clothes. In a word, an active life is a mistake. Philosophy declares against it; experience declares against it; the analogy of all creation declares against it; and finally, comfort and common-sense are dead against it. It would perhaps be rash to say that Growler is an apt representative of all active people; but if in general, for philosophy's sake and a quiet life, I admit this, I expect to be allowed to compensate myself by having all but unremoveable doubts in every particular instance. Perfect calm, depend upon it, is the real *summum bonum*, and if, as I strongly suspect, this was what Epicurus meant by pleasure, why, Epicurus agreed with me, and I have no doubt I should have found his

ty most delightful and improving. With activity in the abstract, ver, I have no quarrel. Within proper bounds and in proper s it is delightful—to look upon. Nothing can be more improving s well-balanced mind than this, although none can gain the full ure and benefit from it, I imagine, who is not in a position to mplate it from a calm elevation. To those, therefore, whose al mission it is, I would give my hearty encouragement in a course tivity, so long as it is not Growler-like and exuberant—that is me and objectionable. Such men I gaze upon—I applaud—I in sort admire, as fulfilling their vocation—I admire, but do not envy mitate.

WILLIE'S GRAVE.

The sun was sinking to his bed
 Behind the valley's bound ;
 A coronal of gold and red
 Bordered his setting round ;
 His last fond gaze lit up the spire,
 All weather-stained and hoar,
 And robed the cross in living fire,
 Which on its brow it wore.

I wandered through the church-yard lone,
 And marked each flower-decked grave,
 Well guarded by the symbol stone
 Of him who died to save.

There went a murmuring through the trees,
 That cast their shadows deep—
 A benediction from the breeze
 On those who there did sleep.

I turned to go ; I caught a sound,
 It seemed of childhood's grief,
 Which in that holy resting-ground
 Had found its due relief.

It came—a gentle, lowly cry,
 As of a maiden's tears,—
 "Willie ! how slow the time goes by,
 The weary, weary years !"

It was a little tender girl,
 With hair of golden hue,
 Which round a gentle face did curl,
 And eyes of softest blue.

Beside a little mound she knelt,
 As of an eight year's child,
 Her gentle hands the green turf felt,
 Where many a floweret smiled.

I gently asked her why she wept,
 And who was resting there ;
 She raised her eyes where sorrow slept—
 Her face was very fair—

WILLIE'S GRAVE.

She answered in a tearful tone,
In simple words she said,—
"O Sir! he was my only one,
And now he too is dead.

"My father died long, long ago,
A soldier far away;
My mother loved him dear, and so
She could not long delay.
So we, a sister and a brother,
Were left here all alone;
We each had nought but one another,
And now, he too is gone!"

I sat me down upon the grass;
We talked, that child and I,
Of him who slept, and how it was
Her Willie came to die.
She said her Willie was her all,
She had none else to love,
And she was sure he heard her call
In heaven with God above.

And she was sure he heard her call,
Whatever folks might say;
And so she came to weep her fill,
To Willie every day.
And she had planted pretty flowers,
For Willie loved them so,
And in the Summer's evening hours
She loved to watch them blow.

"Here in the Summer's evenings long,
I love to sit and cry,
And listen to the thrush's song
Or winds that whisper by;
And when the bright, white stars above
Begin to twinkle clear,
Then comes the thought I dearly love,
That Willie's self is near."

I strove to soothe her childish grief,
But bid her not forget
Her Willie, and that so one day
She would rejoin him yet.
I did not combat the strange dreams
That moved her spirit young;
I let her deem her Willie near;
Ah reader! was I wrong?



THE KNIGHT AND THE COSTERMONGER'S NIECE :

A Tale of the Dark Ages.

SIR HUGO DE BONVILLE was about as stout a knight as could be found within the four seas, in the days when King Richard, having first amused himself by cutting off Saracens' heads, was consoling himself in durance vile by composing the celebrated dance known by the name of the "Hornpipe in Fetters." By stout I do not mean to insinuate that Sir Hugo was fat. Were he alive now, and heard me whisper such an inuendo, I fear much that not even the dread of a British jury would restrain his wrath, and avert my speedy decapitation. For if there was one art in which the gallant knight excelled, it was that of taking off an enemy's head at one blow of his trenchant sword. Indeed, he used to pride himself on his skill in this line just as a racket-player of our degenerate days loves to talk of his deeds in the racket-court.

Sir Hugo had escaped his master's fate by returning home before him, and after a year's sojourn at Bonville Castle, Count Dorset was beginning to get terribly bored. You see even then cutting off a man's head was not deemed quite the proper thing to do ; and Sir Hugo daily felt the fear growing on him that he was losing his sleight of hand. He hunted, he rode, he drank, he gamed ; but these sports were of no avail to dispel his hourly increasing ennui. And he was beginning to think about putting an advertisement in the papers, headed,—

"Wanted, by a first-rate hand, some good hard fighting.
"N.B. No objection to travelling."

When a venerable aunt, anxious lest the long line of the de Bouvilles should come to a premature close, wrote to him that he ought to get married.

Sir Hugo's confessor, being woke with much trouble after a slightly heavy night's sitting—the worthy father had demolished four flasks of Canary and a quart or so of Hyppocras—deciphered the following letter :—

"My dear Nephew,—

"I deem it my duty to speak to you frankly. I greatly fear that your present course of life will endanger, not only your health, but your fortune. Matrimony is the only remedy I can see for you, and I can provide you with a suitable helpmate. Your cousin, the Lady Adeliza de Cowcumbers, is young and lovely, and possesses 20,000 marks safely invested in the reduced consols. Her father has also at present six wealthy jews in his dungeons, out of whom he expects to make a very good thing. He had seven, but a drunken jailor let one burn too much while they were roasting him, and he died without the poor Baron being any the richer for it. A sad contretemps, was it not ? However, take horse, and ride speedily to Cowcumbers Hall.

The Baron will be delighted to see you, and I hope that what little I have will be yours when you bring the heiress of Cowcubers Hall.

"Your loving Aunt
"STIFFINA

The Knight gracefully curled his moustache, stroked his left arm a-kimbo, and elevating his right hand, exclaimed,—“By heavens, that’s the idea!

“What do you think of it, Alured?”

Alured was his esquire. Alured said nothing.

“What do you think of it, Alured?” roared out Hugo. Hugo had two bad habits—one, of always getting other of, when in a rage, swearing lustily. Cowcubers Castle was always resounding with words best expressed in blanks.

Alured shook his head. He did not at all seem to mind Hugo’s marrying. He foresaw in that case an increase of his ivory ticket at Her Majesty’s, and to those dinners at “Ye Hostellerie of ye Travalgare” at which he shook his head once. Before he had time to perform a volley of Sir Hugo’s profound blessings, he was turned to fly. By an unlucky coincidence, he happened by an open window looking on the castle ditch, and on his escape, his master had time to poise himself steady and with the right administer one such kick as that which St. Nicholas gave to the lady who asked for venison never asked for grace. Alured rose under the infinitesimal foot, and clearing the window sill, descended with a bound into the ditch, the Knight meanwhile watching him muttering,—“That fellow’s trajectory ought to be more range.”

Seeing Alured was not quite killed, he thought he should be fished out; and his temper being so sore from the exercise he had taken, he rang the bell for a beer, and sat down to meditate.

He reflected that, after all, marriage was not a bad thing for a young man, only eight and twenty. He wanted money; a handsome wife, and, matrimony being one of the things he had not indulged in, he thought he might just as well get it now. “Besides which,” he thought, “if she will take her abroad for a trip, and it is very likely to get a gentle hint to keep quiet from some of the things there. I’ll do it!” and finishing off his beer at once, he shouted for his horse and portmanteau.

An hour after, a gay retinue issued forth from Bonville Castle. At the head of the troop rode the bravely equipped in the muffiniers of the period, bravely looked up along his trunk-hose of Cordovan wore the usual defensive armour of the period—tilting oriflamme, the braniards and cuissards; while the maintenon nodded the three gray goose-quills, which had been despoiled in the van of the fight. Girt to his side was a good sword, reaching from his left shoulder to his right

across his back was suspended his mighty battle axe. In his right hand he bore aloft a weighty lance, and in his girdle shone the handles of two keen edged poniards. A six shooter and a bow and arrows completed his equipment. The rest of his weapons were carried by his second esquire, Alured not having recovered sufficiently to accompany the expedition. Behind the esquires came six men-at-arms, escorting a van loaded with the choicest meats from the Fortnum and Mason of the day. These were followed by a page, bearing in a casket a precious relic, won by Sir Hugo in the fight at St. Jean d'Acre—the right whisker of St. Walkorius, destined to win over to his side the Prior of Fortmell Magna, uncle of his future bride. A strong guard of bowmen and billmen brought up the rear.

Sir Hugo caracolled along merrily, his destrier disdaining to feel the weight of his master thus equipped in light marching order, and evincing by his prancings the joy he experienced at feeling the soft turf beneath his hoofs. After a few miles riding, the road debouched upon the Stour, and for some distance the cavalcade followed the windings of that most muddy river. Suddenly, a female shriek resounded through the air, and Sir Hugo, hastily snatching his mangonel and battering ram from the hands of his esquire, set spurs into his charger, and galloped on. On reaching the next bend of the river, a sight met his eyes which made his knightly bosom glow with indignation. By the road side was a donkey cart, upset, its vegetable contents littering the way; and an elderly female standing besides it was showering down opprobrious epithets on the heads of about a dozen men in a boat, who were engaged in trying to stop the screams of a damsel. Sir Hugo drew his sword, and without a moment's hesitation leaped his gallant charger into the turbid stream. The boat was soon reached, and such was the skill with which he wielded mangonel and battle-axe, that but few minutes elapsed ere all the ruffians lay dead or dying in the bottom of the boat. Sir Hugo's first care was to inspect the bodies. A joyful smile crept over the face of the delighted warrior as he perceived that five headless trunks lay quivering. His right hand had not forgot its cunning! His eyes then strayed towards the damsel he had rescued, who was now kneeling down, and with her face bowed in her hands seemed to be engaged in returning thanks to heaven for her escape.

"Be comforted, fair one," said the Knight, "you are safe. Behold your enemies lie at your feet, and your mother, I presume, is rejoicing over your safety."

The girl looked up at these words, and Sir Hugo felt a queer sensation come upon him about the region of the pericardium. The face he beheld was one of exquisite loveliness. The long golden hair and blue eye proclaimed her Northern origin, whilst perfectly-chiselled features rivetted our hero's gaze. The damsel rose, and displaying a symmetry of figure rarely met with, returned her faltering thanks to Sir Hugo in a low sweet tone of voice which thrilled through his breast.

"Pray don't mention it," said the abashed Knight—with ladies Sir Hugo was somewhat shy—"Pon my soul it's nothing. I'm so glad I came in time. But you look faint. Here, Smithe, quick, swim here with my flask. Let me persuade you to try the least taste in life. It has never paid the king a shilling;" and as he moistened the fair girl's lips with the Elixir of Life, "Kinahan's true LL," he had the satisfaction of once more seeing the colour come to her cheeks, and to hear those rosy lips once more repeat their thanks. With his lance the

Knight punted the boat ashore, and after helping the old lady to get cart up, and making his escort pick up the upset greens and pot proceeded to enquire into the cause of the disaster.

"Arrah then, me jewel," said the elderly female, "and it's yo that ought to have yer bed made every night by the holy angel blessed Vargin, but 'tis you gave the vagabones what they des Kathleen, me honey, and how are yez now? Shure, what's the smell?" Has your honour got a taste of the crathur left for a dissolute widdy with six small gossoons?"

Sir Hugo handed her his flask, and seeing the utter impossibility of extracting any news from her, questioned the daughter as to the cause of the attempted abduction. Her story was briefly related. The lady de Cornichous—Sir Hugo started, he was Adeliza's brother—struck by her beauty, had attempted all means to win her. At last he had resorted to the help of a band of ruffians, who had seized and carried her off just before the Knight's arrival. Astonished at her beauty and the dignified tone in which she spoke, so little compatible with her apparent rank, Sir Hugo asked who she was.

"I am an orphan, noble Sir," she replied with a sigh, "and I am the niece of this worthy woman. Her husband was a costermonger in London, and when his earthly career came to a premature end caused by a dissension with some of his countrymen, and involved in the Coroner's inquest, we retired into this remote neighbourhood, bringing with us sufficient money to purchase a small garden, and the one of her dear departed husband, this faithful Neddy." And the creature hid her features on the neck of the fond animal, who acknowledged the caress by a series of joyful hee-haws which woke the echoes of the neighbouring woods.

"Gramercy for thine information, fair maid," replied the Knight, "if thy dwelling place be near, wilt furnish a cup of water to my men?"

"A cup of water! Fair sir, you ask but a trifle. A life's debt would not repay you. Pray, follow me."

And the lovely Kathleen led the way down one of the green lanes which then as well as now, formed the chief part of England's beauty. After a few minutes the party arrived at a cottage pleasantly situated near a pond covered with chikweed, and which showed the attendant dunghheap a fond recollection of the owner's native land.

Sir Hugo formed his men, halted, and stood at ease. He looked around him, and three senses were at once assailed. His sight was pleased with the fair Kathleen; his olfactory nerves were disgusted with the pond and heap; and his taste was tickled by the news of the approaching waggon, laden with the delicacies of the season. He thought of Adeliza de Cowcubers. He mentally compared her with the peasant girl before him, and, like a great man, he made up his mind.

"Unpack the waggon, and be somethinged to you!" he cried to his behests were promptly obeyed.

"Now listen! I am going to stay here for a fortnight. You are going away, all but my valet. You will return to fetch me at the expiration of that time. If any of you mention my place of retirement I'll —"

And the look was sufficient. Neptune's "Quos ego" was a fact. The joyful retainers testified their acquiescence of their master's commands by turning three rampolios on their own ground, wit-

singing for the customary word "Two," and departed in peace, singing melodiously the newly imported song of Old John Brown.

The Knight cast himself on the turf, and while his valet (or still more correctly varlet) was spreading the damask cloth for dinner, amused himself by chatting amiably with his hostess. She was describing to him her horror at finding herself in the power of the ruffians who had forced her away, when the valet pronounced the feast prepared.

"One moment, Sir Knight," said Kathleen, "we have no savoury dishes to offer you; but you shall be treated with the utmost respect we can show you.—Aunt!"

"Is it me you're calling?" answered the old lady.

"Yes, will you give me the brown morocco case, in the left-hand top drawer of the chest of drawers?"

The elderly dame brought out the article required, and Kathleen handed it to Sir Hugo, with the words—

"In that case you will find the sole relic left me of my childish days. I have never used them; but it is right that you, my deliverer, should have some token of my gratitude for your gallantry."

Sir Hugo opened the case. Reposing in their bed of green velvet lay a golden knife, fork, and spoon, elaborately worked in Arabesques, which have become known under the name of the "fiddle pattern." The knight looked, and as he gazed on the crest his eyes opened, his mouth opened, his nostrils widened; he was slightly astonished.

"Most peerless of women," he said, as soon as his astonishment allowed him to make use of his jaws. "Whence this crest? How came on this spoon this goose gules, rampant on an *or* field?"

"That is my crest, Sir Knight," was the haughty answer; then, in a more subdued tone, "Alas! I know not whence I derive it; these implements and this locket are all I possess to trace my origin."

She detached an exquisitely chased gold locket from her swan-like neck, and placed it open in the knight's hands. The elongation of features which followed his first look showed plainly that whatever sense was contained in his head was rapidly deserting him to be replaced by helpless wonder.

"Why!" he cried, "why, d——n it all. That's my aunt, Lady Coweumbers. I've got one like it, photographed by Mayall—and, by Jove, this is Mayall's too. Who, who the deuce are you?"

An ashy paleness came over her lovely features.

"I believe," she said faltering, "I believe that locket contains the miniature of my mother."

"Then you're my cousin! Oh, rapture!" exclaimed the knight. "My long lost and now best beloved—by the way what the deuce is your name, and how about the costermonger?" and Sir Hugo looked a library full of suspicions.

"To use a vulgar expression, noble sir, it was all flam! I am obliged to keep up the character, as, though I knew I was noble born, yet the secret of my birth has been kept from me."

"You believe that is your mother's picture?"

"I know it is from that old beldame in there."

"Tiddle liety, tiddle tiddle tiddle diety!" sung the knight as he danced gaily round his amazed cousin. "I see my way clearly. I knock de Cornichous on the head; marry my pretty cousin—by the way what *is* your name?"

"I don't know; I am called Kathleen."

"Well, that will do. I marry my pretty cousin Kathleen, heiress of Cowcumbers Hall; my aunt hands me over all her til- pack off all the vile crew of Jews who have pestered me lately; I live a virtuous life, keep the county hounds, and become a J.P. Hip, hip hooray! Why the devil don't you cheer sir?" and the knight seized his varlet by the throat.

"I—I will, sir, when you leave off choking me,"—gasped the happy wight.

"Stay! a thought has struck me. Go after my escort—tell him to return at once. Double! I give you one minute to reach the turning of the lane;" and the knight unslung his crossbow.

A ball sent for six by a hard hitting cricketer—an express on the Great Western—the disappearance of a Five Pound note once changed may be fast; I doubt whether any of these could compare with the speed displayed by the frightened Bertram as he sped on his way.

With a smile of satisfaction the Knight, who loved to see his orders obeyed, turned to his newly found cousin and asked her for her history.

They sat down together, and while Sir Hugo was cursing the wheel of his train for forgetting the corkscrew, and taking off the neck of a bottle of beer by a stroke of his sword, Kathleen commenced her story.

"I don't know where I was born, nor have I the dimmest idea of the time. The old woman who calls herself my aunt is the only thing I have ever known in the shape of a relation. Her husband used to beat her, and she used to beat me. Having no one to transmit the beating to I got sulky, till one morning the costermonger came home with his head split open. He died the same day; and his wife, in sooth her sorrow, took up the broomstick. Having no uncle to turn I turned the tables on her, and she has never repeated the experiment. I received this miniature some two years ago, and shortly afterwards came to settle down here."

"Cousin Kathleen, will you oblige me by fetching the old"—here the knight gulped down a word, "the old woman."

Gracefully the sweet girl tripped to the cottage and returned leading the dame who from the trembling of her limbs seemed to be awaiting something unpleasant was about to occur.

"Now you vile old creature," roared out Sir Hugo, and the frightened woman dropped on her knees, "My train will be back in a few minutes; if by that time you have not made a full confession of what you know touching this young lady, by my halidome I will hang you to that tree."

"Oh Kathleen asthore! will ye pray for me darlint?" shrieked the old woman. "sure it's a mighty sacret."

"Reveal at once, or," and again the knight's implied threat had its effect.

Wringing her hands and bemoaning her hard luck the woman related a tale which riveted the attention of her listeners. Stripped of all its imagery which her Irish temperament added to it, it ran as follows: Molly Moloney was her name and she was born in County Tipperary and she came over to England to better her condition and she took service, and she went to Mrs. Cowcumbers afore she became Lady Cowcumbers and was with her when her twins—sob, sob—came—sob, sob—into the world. Here she became partly incoherent and on recovering by an inward application of L.L. It was some time before she could be induced to proceed. At the time of Mrs. Cowcumbers

accouchement, Sir Lionel Tuffinutton, the next heir to the Cowcumber property, by a large bribe and larger promises persuaded Mrs. Moloney to exchange the children for two others he gave in her charge, with the intention, she presumed, of some day after the old gentleman's death, claiming the property on the ground of the children not being true Cowcubers. This amicable design was frustrated by Sir Lionel coming to an untimely fate under King John, who, deeming him too long to be trusted, had him shortened by a head. She then had revealed the truth to De Cornichous who purchased her secrecy by a small sum of ready money and an annuity.

"What had become of the boy," asked Sir Hugo.

"Sorra one of me knows," said the hag, "He tuk the shilling and he's never written since he wint beyant the says."

"Have you any better proof than your own assertion."

"Shure I've the things was on the childer when they were born, and their mother's sure to know them because they neither of them had a single mark on them."

"Proof positive!" said the knight, and gently pressing his cousins somewhat brown hand he placed himself in an imposing attitude and exclaimed, "By the tip of my moustache, I swear, loveliest of thy sex, to restore thee to thy undoubted rights. I cannot avenge thee on the ruffianly Tuffinutton but the scoundrel De Cornichous shall feel the weight of my lance. Tell me, dame, how she came by yonder locket."

The hag curtsied and answered,—

"I used to go out charing in town, and I—I—I—found the locket yer honour."

"Humph! *vice* found, read stole—however, as you have confessed I will not hang you."

At that moment the shrill clamor of trumpets was heard and Sir Hugo saw his own gay troop of retainers coming round the distant corner, each man sounding loud his mandoline for the joy of once more seeing his lord.

"Now, cousin, go dress yourself in your best array, and before that sun which now gilds the summit of these distant hills shall have ten times run its daily course, your enemies shall be at your feet; and [*sotto voce*] my debts will stand a good chance of being paid. Sound trumpets, strike up each bandsman and with every breath in your body, or else I'll knock what's left out of you, welcome the heiress of Cowcumber's Hall, the future bride of Hugo de Bonville."

Shift we the scene. The day after these events two men might have been seen sitting opposite each other in a small vaulted room in Cowcubers Hall. The eldest seemed a man who, though past the prime of life, yet had left in him much of the spirit of youth. Tall and broad shouldered his figure shewed him a man of thews and sinews, while the rolled up sleeves of his pourpoint and his open justaucorps displayed muscles which might have felled an ox. The other was a shorter though perhaps stouter built man, but could not have seen more than two or three and twenty summers. There was something unpleasant in his countenance, something that always reminded one of a large bloated spider, the scanty hairs that bristled on his lip and chin, the small eyes deep set in the head, the whole face pitted with small-pox, the leathery looking skin wrinkled and puckered all over prevented most people from saying that the Baron de Cornichous was a handsome man.

"Hum!" said the Baron de Cowcubers.

"Hum!" said the Baron de Cornichous.

"I don't understand it," said de Cucumbers.

De Cornichous buttoned up his nose to such an extent that the feature seemed as though it were rapidly shrinking down to nothing as he shaking his head, exclaimed emphatically,—

"I'm jiggered if I do."

"One thing's clear," said the elder Baron, "Hugo wants to fight and of course you must do it."

"Yes; but I want a cheque first. My ready cash is all gone, and my Milan Hauberk is really not fit to be seen. There's a fine new one in Sturminster for 200 merks.

"My stock is low also," thoughtfully said the father; "but I'll tell you what. I'll give you one of the fellows down below; you can take Aminadab Jonas and squeeze him."

Young Hopeful grinned and rose to leave the room.

"By the way," said he, "of course that puts an end to the wedding. How the deuce did he find out about Kathleen? Confound him he has knocked some of my best men on the head. I've got my work cut out for me," and out he went.

The moment he was gone the Baron rose softly and closed the door. He then took out of his pocket a letter which he perused attentively and which ran thus:—

"The Baron de Cowcubers is informed by a well-wisher that his children are not his children. His son is not at hand, but his daughter is and will be brought forward at a fitting opportunity."

"Curious;" muttered the Baron; "Curious—very—if that's the case, I hope Hugo will make short work of the other. He would be dreadfully in the way. I should like to get hold of the writer of this."

After reflecting for a few moments he sat down and wrote an advertisement to the *Dorchester Chronicle*, begging the writer of an anonymous letter to him to call at his earliest convenience; and another offering a reward of 5 byzants for his discovery.

This done, he carefully locked up the letter and proceeded at once to his wife's boudoir. Here he found the two ladies, one reading the last mysterious novel received from Mudie's, the other busily engaged in darning her husband's trunk-hose. They were both dressed much alike, save that the younger was the more richly attired of the two. Her wimple, ruff, and farthingale were all of choice brocade, and her Balmoral boots were adorned with clocks of pure gold.

"Well, Addy," said the Baron, throwing himself full-length on a sofa, "I fear I have a disappointment for you. Sir Hugo de Bonville is not coming to pay us the expected visit."

"That means, I suppose, papa, that I am not to be Lady Bonville?"

"Precisely so. And what is more, he has sent a challenge to your brother."

The Lady Adeliza opened her eyes; the Lady de Cowcubers dropped the garment she was employed on.

"Challenged my son! Oh, don't let him fight!"

"Woman, don't be a fool. Of course De Cornichous will fight, and beat him too; so pay attention to me. We owe two or three dinner parties, so we'll make this tournament pay them off. That gooseberry of yours in the excitement of the tourney will pass current for Moët's

best, and you can hand round sandwiches. The whole affair won't cost much."

"When will the tourney come off?" asked Adeliza. "And what is the cause of the quarrel?"

"The usual story, my dear," answered her father; "a petticoat."

"Then," cried the young lady, starting up, I have a rival. "Oh that I could hold her here! I had made up my mind to be Lady Bonville. Bonville Castle is such a sweet pretty spot. It is too annoying papa. I want to go into a nunnery at once."

"Upon my word, Addy, I think you will turn out as big a fool as your mother," was the Baron's gracious answer. "You will oblige me by having everything ready by this day week, and issuing the invitations at once."

So saying the stalwart Baron strode away to superintend the erection of the lists.

THE
BARON AND BARONESS
DE COWCUMBERS

REQUEST the pleasure of the company of Blank Blank, Esq., to a Tourney on the 17th inst., at 11 p.m., between the BARON DE CORNICHOU and SIR HUGO DE BONVILLE; and to the Funeral, at 3 p.m., of one of the combatants.

DANCING.

R. S. V. P.

The sun shone brilliantly on the morning of the 17th, and gladdened the hearts of the thousands who poured in to see the fight between such well known champions. The South-western put on special trains, and there was not a dog-cart left unhired in Dorchester. The gentry arrived on horseback, or in heavy family coaches drawn by six Flanders mares; the fast young men in drags or tandems; and the plebs in drays or vans. The lists were erected on a broad sward of green turf, and surrounded by stages, on which appeared the beauty of the county, the gay colours of the ladies' dresses contrasting with the brightness of the armour worn by the Rifle Volunteers. Two Pursuivants, in gorgeous tabards, rouge et noir and green cloth, stood at the entrances of the lists, each holding aloft the official gig umbrella which denoted their authority. On a scaffolding, covered with red baize, sat the Cowcumbers family and their guests, who were busy conjecturing as to who could be the lovely girl dressed in deep mourning who, at the special request of Sir Hugo, occupied a seat in the same compartment. Soon all surmises and doubts ceased; the trumpets brayed, and armed cap-a-pié the two champions rode into the arena on their powerful destriers. The Ring became suddenly excited:—"I'll lay the odds!" "Two to one against the Baron!" "Done, in fivers!" Such-like sounds issued from the space reserved to the betting fraternity, till stopped by a blast of the trumpets. After which Rouge et noir read the conditions of the combat. The champions were to run three courses

with their lances, after which they were to advance on each other on foot, each with a rifle and revolver, and were finally to decide the contest with their swords and battle-axes.

Each warrior then made oath that his cause was just and true, and retired to the extremity of the lists.

Rouge et Noir waited till both knights were steady, then in a voice of thunder shouted "Play!"

Both knights couched their lances, and setting spurs to their chargers, met midway with a terrific shock. The lances shivered in their grasp and, making their horses pirouette gracefully, each returned to fetch a fresh lance. The same result followed the two next courses, and the backers of Sir Hugo began to feel an inclination to hedge. The excitement became intense as a trusty Enfield and revolver were put in the hands of the champions, and the ladies in the stage box trembled with the different emotions of love and hatred. The Baron had the first shot, and well it was for Sir Hugo that he had been in the habit of twisting his long moustache till it had attained the strength of wire. The ball glanced off it, and found a resting place in the pericranium of a wretched serf, whose carcass was immediately carried off. Sir Hugo's shot was successful. It struck his adversary's revolver and broke it. Disdaining to take advantage of his loaded weapon, and trusting to his skill in the sword exercise, as laid down in the infantry manual, the knight threw down his pistol, and placing himself in the outside guard, shouted to his adversary to come on. The Baron engaged in tierce and quarts, but while suddenly practising his celebrated *estramacon* of jumping over his enemy and taking him in the air, he was foiled by Sir Hugo, who, aware of this peculiar stratagem, had devised a plan to meet it. The moment he saw the Baron spring he turned a complete somersault, and, having less ground to go over, was on his feet before the Baron lighted on the ground, and passed his sword through his body. In two minutes there was a vacancy in the Dorsetshire Rifle Volunteers—De Cornichous was as dead as a door nail.

We cannot undertake to describe the heart-rending grief of his family, which found vent in sobs and tears till the victor came to the grand stand, and in a bold tone summoned the Baron de Cowcumbers.

"Baron," said he, "grieve no longer. Far from depriving thee of a son, I have come to restore to thine arms thy long lost children. Yea, caittiff was not thy son, nor does the Lady Adeliza possess any claim to that title."

Here the young lady alluded to gave a faint scream and fainted away. Astonishment sat on every countenance.

"There," continued the knight, pointing to the lady in black, "there sits your daughter Anna Maria Adeliza de Cowcumbers, stolen from you in infancy!"

"The proofs, Sir Knight; the proofs!" asked the Baron; as for the Baroness she was crying for grief with one eye and for joy with the other.

"Behold them!" and at a sign Mrs. Moloney was brought in by a file of the guard and, dropping on her knees, confessed the share she had taken in the plot. The locket and the spoons were produced, and in another instant the real Adeliza was in her father's arms. The Baroness still kept on crying, but this time both eyes wept in concert—joy was the order of the day.

"But my son?" asked the Baron.

"Oh, dearest papa,—poor Tim enlisted in Captain Sir Hugo de Bonville's company, and was shot at the siege of Acre. Poor fellow, he never knew that he bore any other name than Tim Moloney."

The Baron let trickle one tear down his bronzed cheek.

"Then I have no male heirs, and I am the last of the De Cowcumbers! Alas!! Alas!! Sir Hugo, you have brought me bad news, but you have restored to me my che-e-ild. Bless you for it! You must be very thirsty. Will you liquor?"

"Two things will I take from you, Baron. First your liquor—I am thirsty—weak rum and water if you please. I am a soldier, and in Palestine I got accustomed to King's own; and next—your daughter. You stare! Have I not won her? Do I not love her?"

The Baron frowned—the Baroness left off crying, and Adeliza (late Kathleen) blushed. De Cowcumbers reflected for a moment, then with a sudden effort he said—

"I have made up my mind to throw no impediment in the way of my children's inclination. If she loves you"—and the blush deepening on his daughter's cheek answered him—"Well, I think she does. Take her, only make some provision for the unhappy girl who has been brought up as my daughter. Bless you my children,—be happy."

And, Gentlemen, let us quaff one bumper of Champagne to the health and happiness of the lord of Bonville Castle and the heiress of Cowcumbers Hall.

COLONIAL AMUSEMENTS.

THERE is an old proverb that a man may be known by the company he keeps. It may be said with almost as much truth that a very good estimate may be found of the character of a community, by the nature of its amusements. The peculiar idiosyncracies of the various people of the civilised world are quite as strongly marked in their amusements as in any other branch of their social economy. Thus we find the volatile and impulsive Frenchman adopts as his means of recreation modes of pleasure in accordance with his nature. The proneness to the excitements of the gaming table, the *bal masque* or the theatre; the love of spectacle whether in the shape of reviews, religious festivals, or royal and civic ceremonies; and the desire to participate in frivolous and luxurious pleasures generally, quite as distinctly indicate the tone and temper of the French people, as anything in their political changes. The stolid Hollander enjoys himself after a heavy and ponderous fashion, for although with the other members of the great German nation the educated Dutchman infuses no little cultivated Art into his pleasures, yet the bulk of the inhabitants pursue recreations in a very deliberate and labored style. With but few German communities do athletic amusements prevail, and when they are practised there is an absence of that intense enjoyment which characterises the field games and sports of Englishmen. In the Austrian Tyrol and Switzerland the different physical and social condition of the people is shown forth by the different character of their amusement. The hardy courageous mountaineers find pleasure in the contests with the rifle, the hunting of the nimble chamois and the innocent excitements of the village festival. The luxurious Italians, with their natural keen appreciation of all that is beautiful in the Arts, seek enjoyment in listening to the strains of the opera, the study of the creations of sculptors and painters, and in that *dolce far niente* which they so well know how to enjoy. The sensual indolent Turk finds pleasure in the gratification of his natural taste for idleness and luxury. On the downy cushions of the Divan, lazily inhaling the perfumed smoke and listening to the stories of the improvisatore, or watching the impassioned dance of female slaves, the Turk experiences a delight which we whose blood circulates more quickly can scarcely comprehend. In England alone,—whose people have always been famed for physical prowess and powers of endurance,—do we find anything like a general indulgence in athletic amusements. And the out door sports of Englishmen are generally of that character which calls into action both physical and moral effort. Whether in the hunting field or the cricket ground, on the river or the moors, the pursuit of relaxation and amusement necessitates the exercise of the moral and physical qualities. Muscular strength and moral courage must go hand in hand and these cannot be constantly called into action without producing increased development. It would be difficult to find combined in one individual, skill in our out-door amusement and debased morals. There is something exceedingly incongruous in the idea of a man being a first rate bat, oar, or hand across country, and at the same

time a coward a sneak or a scoundrel. It is considerations of this sort that make it so desirable that out door pastimes and sports should not be suffered to grow into disuetude, but that they should be encouraged and increased. Many of the games of older time have certainly died out, but their place has been filled by others which, while preserving the general principles of their predecessors, are better adapted to our habits and education. The six foot bow and the cloth yard shaft have made way for the rifle; the quarter staff for the bat; the bull-bait for the fox-hunt; the cock-pit for the foot race or rowing match. Whether *all* our existing athletic sports are worth retaining admits of some doubt, for in spite of all that has been said in favor of the prize-ring, we confess to being unable to recognise in it any essential value. The proper and scientific use of Nature's weapons is undoubtedly a very necessary part of a man's education, but we do not see that this need be in any way identified with "pugilism" as the term is commonly understood. Although out door sports and athletic amusements generally are widely practised and encouraged in the Home country, there is still room for their more extensive application in connection with the education of youth. There is not that general adoption of gymnastics as an essential part of education that there ought to be, and which there will doubtless be in the course of a few years.

When we have seen what the character of the amusements of Englishmen in England has effected, the enquiry suggests itself—what is the character of our own amusements here in New Zealand? Are we maintaining the standard of England's sports and pastimes? Are we preserving the healthy, invigorating, and elevating enjoyments of the old country, or are we falling into the adoption of a mongrel code of pleasure, made up of continental frivolities and vices, with just sufficient British metal about them to save appearances? If we lived in India or Australia, we might perhaps with some little reason modify our out-door exercises and sports to the nature of the climate, but here in New Zealand we breathe a truly English atmosphere, only without the *desagremens* of an English winter, and we can practice and enjoy every out-door sport that is cultivated in England. And yet, to our shame be it said, instead of the rational and invigorating amusements of our native land, we are rapidly falling into idle sensual habits, preferring the liquor shops, the billiard room, or the card table to the games which stalwart Britons should indulge in. There is no disguising the fact, that the social standard of the pleasures most commonly indulged in by the colonists, is immeasurably beneath what it ought to be. True, we have our horse races, regattas, cricket clubs, and rifle matches; but these are only partially shared and indifferently supported. The bar of the hotel and the billiard room, are the chief resorts of our youths, and almost equally so of their elders. The "nobbler" reigns supreme in almost every town and settlement in New Zealand, and although perhaps we are not more prone to drunkenness than others, there can be no question that drinking as a habit prevails to a very serious extent. It is impossible that this can exist without producing a great deterioration of morals—to say nothing of its destructive effect on our social and domestic relations. Perhaps the most serious phase of this "drinking institution," is the impunity with which it is practised. High and low, rich and poor alike enjoy almost a perfect immunity from the social consequences the practice would entail in the old country. No one seems ashamed of frequenting the

bar of a public house, or the billiard room, devoted to business. In England no respectable man thus spends his time; the man, be he of any other profession, who made a habit of so doing, would be considered as a man of low convenience and loss of character. We remember a banker of a merchant stopped his account, because he was in the habit of frequenting a billiard room. It is not necessarily wrong in playing a game of billiards with a glass of liquor, but when men in business choose to spend their leisure for such relaxation, it is justly considered as an evil and unbusinesslike habit. But it is with regard to the colony, that the prevailing habits of drinking are so much to be deplored. Any of our readers who have had some experience will be able to bear out our remarks on the two evils to which we have referred, are the cause of much trouble. They beget expensive habits—for both playing and drinking are attended with considerable cost, and the hallowing, elevating influences of domestic life are the wreck and ruin of many a promising youth. It is urged that billiards is a game not of chance, but requiring manual skill, patience, and calculation, and could even, as did Canon Stowell, of Manchester, be made a matter of favour of the game. It is undoubtedly all that admirers claim for it, but it does not follow that because it is a game of skill, it is a game of chance. In nine cases out of ten the billiard-room is attached to a public house, and is the resort of sharpers, loafers, and rascals, and affords temptations to dissipation and gaming, which prove fatal to many. The game of billiards is an expensive, and very engrossing. Few regular billiard-rooms are men whom one would care to associate with in family circle, or with whom one would care to associate in public. The habit of incessant liquor drinking is the most striking and most to be regretted feature of the colonists. There may, perhaps, not be as many habitual drunkards in the Colony than in England, but it is certain that there is a much larger proportion of men ruined or killed by drinking, and that too among the young. The reader may, especially if he have lived any where in the colony, be able to call to mind many painful cases under his own observation. The strength of the habit of drinking consists in the immunity its votaries escape the consequences which attach to it in England. Unpleasant as it is, it is "respectable" to frequent the liquor bar; until employed, of our young men discourage the habit, and until New Zealand show their marked disapproval of it, it will continue to flourish as an institution. But if society itself round with some of the conventional laws as strongly as a safeguard in England, we should see some improvement in our social habits. Almost as a necessary step in breaking down the prevailing vices of the colony, and the encouragement of athletic and genial outdoor sports, the Government downwards general effort should extend the practice of those manly and invigorating sports, so prominent a part in forming the character of the English people.

No town or settlement should be without its gymnasium, its cricket ground, and rifle range. No public school should be considered complete without the provision for training and practising the pupils in athletic exercises and sports. Fathers of families and employers of labour should each and all encourage the pursuit of healthy and invigorating recreation. Rifle shooting, cricket, running, wrestling, and sports of a kindred character, should constitute the principle amusement of our colonial youth. If such were the case, we should find that in place of a race of indolent, dissipated men, we were rearing a stalwart, healthy, and courageous race, fitted to do all for New Zealand that Englishmen have done for England. But there are other walks of pleasure to which greater general attention might with great advantage be given. Music and the Drama open out a vast field, and one that rightly cultivated is capable of producing the best effects on our social character. Music, that Art which of all others combines so much that is pleasurable and elevating, is not cultivated and encouraged as it ought to be. Our Choral Societies have it in their power to materially assist in elevating the tone and character of colonial amusements, and for this reason it should be considered a duty to encourage and support their efforts. Music should form an essential part of the education of youth, and singing classes should exist in every school. The Drama, too, can largely influence the public taste and morals, and we are glad to think that its cultivation is increasing amongst us. If once we can break down the objectionable features in our pleasures to which we have referred, and supply their place with more rational means of enjoyment, we may hope to see a speedy change for the better in the manners and habits of colonial society,—a consummation devoutly to be wished.

A RETROSPECT.

THE completion of our first volume seems to justify us in pausing to indulge in a little self-satisfaction, and in asking for the congratulations of our readers.

It is not the intrinsic merits of our work upon which we now dwell with a certain feeling of complacent triumph; it is rather the fact that there is now bound up in veritable covers, a volume which marks the commencement of the standard periodical literature of New Zealand.

Nothing seems more wonderful than that incessant flood of fiction, poetry, criticism, and light literature which overspreads the length and breadth of Great Britain. It is read with interest by millions; it furnishes the principal mental food for thousands; it is the expected guest of every home. The wisdom and learning which used to enshrine themselves in ponderous tomes, whose covers were rarely opened but on the table of the professed student, now delight to come forth, and with the easy costume and graceful manner which shows intercourse with the world, to call at the houses of the rich, the fashionable, or the busy, and to mix affably in all classes of society. It is astonishing how much deep research, how much calm thought, how much ingenuity and originality, is, through the existence of this shilling literature, placed upon drawing room tables, and read by those who never imagined themselves to be students. Here, we have a paper written by an eminent scientific authority, treating of such high subjects as the age of the world, the antiquity of man, the origin of species; subjects which can trace their development by a process of slow elaboration, from the great resuscitation of science which took place two centuries ago, and which are now as familiar to the minds of the reading public as the material results of science, the railways and the telegraphs, are to its senses. There, we find an article upon the origin of languages, or the physiological laws by which they have grown and divided, an article whose careful research and profound analysis are far beyond the highest flights of the most learned work of a few years ago. Among these universal pages too, we have the best works of the greatest masters of fiction, that wonderful element of modern literature, of which it is difficult to say whether the demand or the supply is the most astonishing. And here, also, interspersed as mere ornament among the more important and substantial productions, we find gems of poetry of quality good enough to have made a man's reputation in former years. For, without at all touching upon the question whether poetry has deteriorated in value in modern times, we think it is undeniable that the public taste has become more refined and exacting, and that much of what was called very good poetry a hundred years ago, would run much risk of being excluded from the pages of a modern monthly magazine.

But to every view there are two sides, and the beauties and glories of modern periodical literature are not without their drawbacks. None can be more fully aware than ourselves how large a portion of our shilling goes to purchase that which is mere show and ends in nothing, mere sound and fury, signifying nothing,—mere conventionalism,

repeated parrot-like, and clothed with elegant disguises of diction. None can be more conscious than we how inferior is the learning obtained by the best summary in a periodical magazine, to that acquired by a process of careful and intelligent labour. The worst of these summaries is that they place before the reader the great results of enquiry in some particular department, without enabling him in any degree to understand the process of enquiry by which those results were obtained. The consequence is that he often fails to see the true import, and to apprehend the true value of the results themselves. It is certain also that questions of high importance in any branch of knowledge whatsoever, require a certain mental training in those who approach them, in order that their bearings may be properly understood. A person who approaches the question of the origin of species without any previous scientific knowledge, or acquaintance with the laws and analogies of material nature, is not in a fit position to form a judgment upon the subject. He will see no improbability in what to a scientific mind is mere gratuitous assumption. He will rashly denounce as absurd or impossible what to more instructed eyes appears quite within the orderly and ordinary limits of Nature's operations. A reader who is entirely untrained in any habits of close thinking or of logical reasoning, is not likely to enter with success upon a consideration of those difficult questions of theology and biblical criticism which have lately from time disturbed the public mind. Under such circumstances he is only too likely to adopt the opinion of his periodical, without having carefully enquired what is to be said on both sides.

These are the necessary and unavoidable drawbacks of our modern periodical literature, but we think that they are very much outweighed by the advantages. It is better to know something of the leading topics of the day than to know nothing. As the admission to polite and learned society has in itself a refining and elevating effect upon the minds of even the uninstructed and ignorant, so the contemplation of great and important questions may have a good effect even upon those who have not properly studied the matters to which they relate, particularly when they are set forth with that sobriety of manner and calmness of argument which is, we are happy to say, the general character of British periodical literature. And when we remember that after all, the principal end and object of magazine writing is to provide amusement, and to introduce a cheap literary luxury in the bulk of the population, we no longer complain that the monthly magazine does not impart profound learning and high scholarship, but we rather wonder that matter so light and yet of so good quality can be supplied at so low a cost.

The apparent wonder ceases when we think of the population, the wealth, the talent of the old country, and we can understand how the Cornhill Magazine, with its ample amount of letter-press and its well-executed illustrations, can be sold for a shilling. But a country whose whole population consists of only a few thousands, is in a very different situation for any undertaking of this kind from one whose reading class alone may be numbered by millions, and whether such a project as that of a monthly magazine could or could not be made to succeed, was a question which experiment alone could answer. It seemed doubtful whether sufficient talent could be obtained to make the Magazine worth reading, and whether sufficient readers could be obtained to make it pay. If the thing had been looked at simply as a question of

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profit, it is very probable that the undertaking would never have succeeded beyond the period of incubation. But we did not look upon it precisely in this way. We had a fancy for the work, and we entered upon it as a labour of love. We desired to see a monthly magazine established in this country. We believed that it would stimulate and call forth much literary talent hitherto lying dormant; that it would form an arena in which public questions might be discussed somewhat more fully and more calmly than was possible in the columns of the daily press; and that it might supply a means by which those who might be possessed of useful and interesting information regarding the Colony, its history, its antiquities, or its natural features, might be enabled to lay such information before the public without the risk or expense of publishing in a separate form what was perhaps too scanty in bulk or too slight in quality for such an undertaking. Such were the feelings and the views which moved us to the execution of our project; but at the same time we did not disregard altogether the mercenary point of view. Much as we desired to see this class of literature set on foot in New Zealand, we were not in a position to enter upon the task of stimulating monthly the literary appetite of the country at a pecuniary loss to ourselves. We therefore carefully considered the prospects which appeared of the commercial success of our undertaking; we came to the conclusion that they were such as to warrant the attempt, and in that faith we began. We did not expect or hope any immediate success of a striking or brilliant kind, but were convinced that by steady perseverance, and constant attempts at improvement, a periodical might be established which should find an adequate support from the reading public of New Zealand. We knew that in a young colony material interests must needs be paramount; that the task of opening up the resources of the country must to a great extent absorb the energies of its inhabitants; and that not until the muscles of men should have accomplished that grand task, could their minds be expected to become in any great degree absorbed by literary pursuits. With this knowledge, and with these expectations, we published our first number. The success which we met with was not of a kind to intoxicate our minds. Had our expectations been less sober, we might perhaps have been discouraged; but our faith in our own calculations was not shaken, and we went on. There was, however, one difficulty which we had not reckoned on, and that was the war. It may have been blindness on our part; but although we saw plainly enough that war was very probable, yet, in common with many others, we were inclined to hope that it might be indefinitely deferred, and that at all events we might have time so far to establish ourselves with the public that a Maori war should not be able to shake our footing. Undoubtedly, however, the outbreak of the war, if it could have been calculated on, would have rendered the wisdom of our enterprise very questionable in a commercial point of view, and, as it is, it has constituted one of our chief difficulties.

But we had embarked in our undertaking, and retreat was not to be thought of. The only course which appeared to be open to us was to make our periodical as good as lay in our power, and to trust to time and patience for the approval of the public. Therefore the same month that saw the war break out in this Province with a sudden violence that overturned the existing order of things, saw also our Magazine enlarged from 48 pages to 64. The result did not disappoint us. It is

true that the whole community was agitated by the exciting topics attendant upon the outbreak of war; it is true that numbers were called away from the quiet routine of their usual life to the unaccustomed hardships of a camp; it is true that some of those on whose talents and information we had relied for contributions found their time fully occupied and their strength fully tasked by new and harassing occupations; but for all this we had no reason to repent of our persistence; month by month the circulation of the Magazine has increased, and now the completion of a volume enables us to look back with some pleasure upon the difficulties which we have encountered. Such difficulties can scarcely occur again; we now step firmly, and breathe freely. The SOUTHERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE is established.

It is far from our intention to enumerate the merits of our periodical; it is still further from our intention to discuss its faults. We know that it possesses the latter; we trust that it is not altogether destitute of the former; but it is to the judgment or the indulgence of the reader that both the one and the other must submit. All that we can do is carefully to exclude faults, and strenuously to cultivate excellences in future numbers, and this we purpose to do, relying at the same time upon the candour of the reader to admit that at this object we have always aimed, although we may not always have attained it.

We may not conclude this long talk about ourselves and our doings until we have taken the opportunity of expressing our cordial thanks to the contributors who, at a considerable cost of time and trouble, have given us gratuitous and most efficient aid. If our Magazine commands at this moment a sufficient amount of public approval to insure its success, the result is in no small degree owing to the valuable assistance which has been thus liberally afforded.

From the contemplation of the difficulties which have beset our undertaking in its outset, we feel a pleasure in looking forward a few years and seeing in imagination a flourishing and settled country, in which not only industrial pursuits will flourish, but science also, and the fine arts, and a literature far higher than anything which the popular periodical can supply. Then, we doubt not, we shall be jostled by competitors of varying degrees of excellence, but amongst them all, we feel a satisfaction in the thought, that the SOUTHERN MONTHLY MAGAZINE will be known as the pioneer of the periodical literature of New Zealand.



ERRATA.

Page 95—33rd line, for “Cythua” read *Cythna*.

ditto 49th line, for “excited” read *excites*.

Page 214—After “party spirit,” line 14, for the comma put a full stop. For “inasmuch” read *Inasmuch*. Line 15, after “infallible” erase the full stop. For “Occasional” read *occasional*.

Page 333—one line from bottom, for “Stormly” read *sternly*.

Page 349—line 19, for “istos” read *istis*.

Page 448—line 11, for “Sentin” read *Lenten*.

Page 547—line 4 from bottom, after “which” insert *there were*.

Page 550—line 3, after “but” insert *we may*.

ditto line 17 from bottom, for “profitable” read *justifiable*.

Page 566—line 3, for “him” read *been*.

ditto line 16, for “still” read *I tell*.

Page 570—line 23, for “Phinning” read *Shinning*.

Page 600—line 29, for “do most” read *most do*.

Page 616—line 9 from bottom, for “Manchester” read *Harchester*.

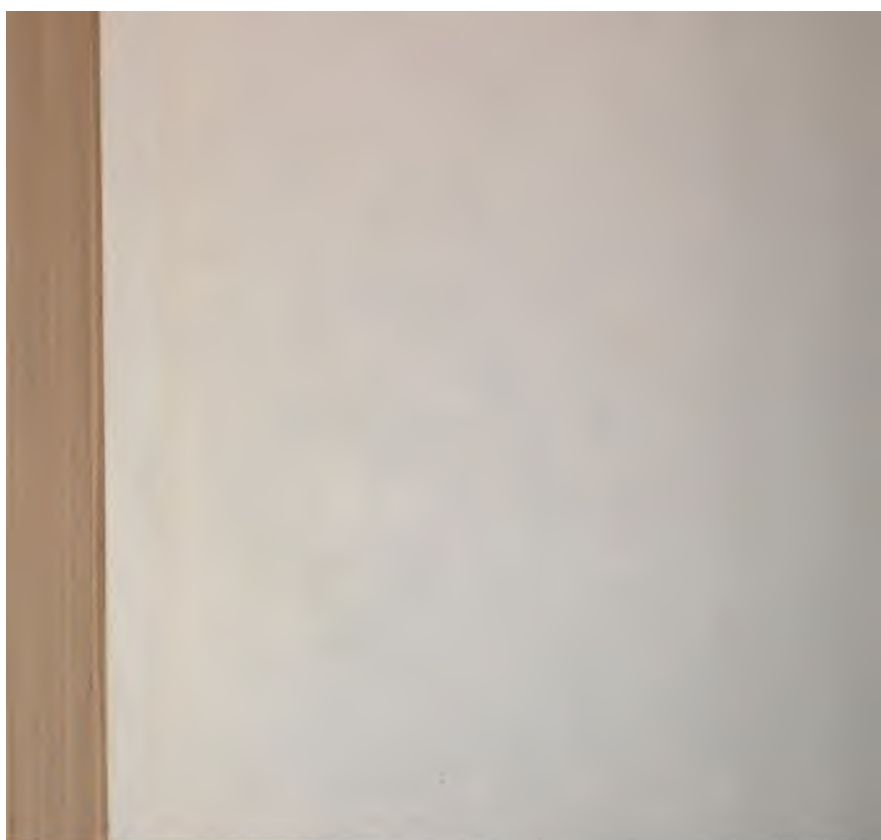
Page 626—lines 15 and 16 from the bottom, for “were yet” read *ever yet*.

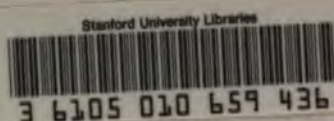
ditto line 11 from bottom, for “consider” read *confess*.

Page 630—line 8 from bottom, for “1852” read 1862.

At page 512, an unfortunate mistake of the printer has caused the introduction into the body of the volume of an Army List which was intended as a mere appendix to the particular number in which it occurred.







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